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BY SLEDGE TO THE MIDDLE AGES

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DEAREST FAMILY, —

You know I always did maintain, against the popular assumption and your grave doubts, that a woman could travel alone more easily than a man. A man is expected to look after himself and do things for himself, and besides he is often darkly suspected of being a spy or some sort of subterranean agent, and is in consequence cross-questioned and harried, examined and watched, until he begins to wonder himself if he has any right to be there. Whereas a woman alone, whether she wants it so or not, seems always to be an object of public concern and beneficence. In fact it seems probable that she could travel to any iniquitous city or barbarous country in the world and be convinced that it was full of kindly people. For everywhere there are some who take pleasure in good deeds and she is their involuntary target. To officials she can completely explain her 'profession' by the innocuous term of 'housewife,' and the 'purpose of her journey,' 'to join her husband.' These anyone can understand and warm to. Her existence is explained, her journey justified.

And now I feel as if this journey of mine were going to prove or disprove my theory forever, for I am sure that

nothing could be much more difficult for a woman to do alone than to set out across the snow wastes of Siberia in the dead of winter toward a vague spot in Central Asia with the ridiculous name of Chuguchak.

Do you remember how, less than three years ago, when Dorothy and I crossed Siberia on a comfortable modern express train, it seemed an adventuresome and daring journey fraught with unknown dangers? How ridiculously simple that seems now compared with what I am about to do! We would walk up and down the platform at stations like the one where I am now and feel delicious thrills at being in Siberia, and yet we felt so protected, knowing that we should jump back on to the train again and should n't have to leave it until we were safe in China. I should no more have thought of stopping in a town like this than I should of letting go Mother's hand and venturing across the nursery before I had learned to walk. Yet this morning I watched the Trans-Siberian express disappear into the snowy distance with a feeling of exaltation that now I was really in Siberia with a journey ahead of me into a region few foreigners have traveled.

I have been in Siberia, as a matter of fact, for four days now, but always

under the protection of the friendly express train. So far my journey has been beautifully simple and proved my theory to perfection, for it might easily have been difficult if the world were n't so full of those people who like to be nice to women traveling alone.

In fact I feel as if I had been handed along from place to place on a series of silver platters. In Peking, in the short week I had after Owen's wireless came from Urumchi, everyone set to work helping me, and with shoppings and packings and farewells I left there in a whirl. Then at Mukden a young Englishman, friend of a friend in Peking, tended to all the irksome business of transferring luggage for me, securing my reservation and seeing me safe on to my next train.

The train this time was on the Japanese line which runs from Mukden to Changchun, and had Pullman cars so exactly like those in America that it made me homesick, since I felt already out of China and yet not in America, for the porters were small and Japanese instead of big and black, and there were neatly folded kimonos and leather slippers supplied to destroy the illusion of the curtained berths.

From Changchun to Harbin I felt farther still from China, for the train and porters were Russian. The porters in the Harbin station were Russian, too, and wore big white aprons.

At Harbin I was looked after again by friends of friends, who helped me to secure my visa for Chinese Turkestan and changed my money, partly into yen for my railway ticket, partly into Harbin dollars for last odds and ends of shopping, and partly into rubles to use in Siberia; who entertained me delightfully and gave me introductions to people in Manchouli and here; and who saw me off at the station with fudge and fruit cake and mince pies.

I wish I could tell you about Harbin, as I am sure it is like no place else on earth. It is a Russian city in China, ugly and crass like other frontier towns, full of riffraff, and famed for the extravagance of its night life and its cabarets crowded with the débris of the Russian imperialist refugees and Chinese a little carried away by the feeling of race superiority given by their ability to domineer over the ragtag and bobtail of white Russians who form a large part of the city's population. The Chinese flaunt their Russian women in an attempt to live up to the youngsters of the American and European business communities, who flaunt their Russian women in an attempt to live up to the East.

In Manchouli on the Russian border I had to wait a day to arrange with the customs for permission to carry four cameras and a lot of films and photographic supplies through Siberia. I was met at the station by the Chinese postmaster and by Manchouli's only English-speaking inhabitant, the latter a most surprising person to find in that scraggly frontier town—a delightful hermit who raises goldfish and Angora cats and who entertained me charmingly in his little study lined with books and Persian rugs. All my meals in Manchouli I had with him and wished there might be more.

At Manchouli, too, I had my first experience of a Russian hotel, cold and ugly enough, where I managed to ask for tea and hot water, and where a price list on the door, which I laboriously spelled out with the help of my pocket dictionary, informed me how much I must pay for each, as well as for the towel and sheets and pillowcase which I had also ordered in my best phrase-book Russian, and how much I should have had to pay had I had a samovar or a bath.

While I was being entertained by

the friendly postmaster or the charming Englishman, by some mysterious means permission was obtained for all my luggage to go through uninspected and my ticket was bought, and I had only to wait in the station master's inner office while other passengers' suitcases were being emptied and their most private belongings exhibited to the public gaze. Then post-office coolies carried my luggage on to the train, where I discovered to my delight that I had a pleasant compartment entirely to myself.

On Russian trains one travels 'hard' or 'soft' or 'wagon-lits'—a 'hard' ticket entitling one to an upholstered berth in a car much like a third-class sleeping car on the Continent, a 'soft' ticket to a berth in a well-fitted second-class compartment, and 'wagon-lits' to a place on one of the old international sleeping cars taken over by the Trans-Siberian and run only on the semiweekly express trains. I traveled 'soft' and found it clean and comfortable, probably more comfortable with my compartment all to myself than if I'd traveled grandly 'wagon-lits,' though I was amused to discover that I was looked down on socially by the other foreigners on the train, who spoke of it condescendingly as traveling 'Russian' in contrast to traveling 'international.'

Out of the window of my compartment was snow—crisp, sunny snow everywhere as far as I could see. Lake Baikal was buried deep, with little sleighs darting across it like black flies, and I wondered if they were anything like the sleigh that I should travel in after I left the railway.

It was a great lark to hop out at little stations in the tingling cold and eat a bowl of hot cabbage soup with sour cream in it at the station buffet, or buy a circle of hot fresh bread, new butter, and a little roasted chicken for

my supper from a peasant woman at a wooden stall.

After four sunny, snowy days of Siberia I reached here this morning and wished again that I were n't trying to carry quite so much luggage to the middle of Asia. Watching it on and off trains had become a dizzier process at every stop. Here it was speedily loaded on a sledge, and when I told the white-aproned porter I was waiting for the train to Semipalatinsk he trundled it half a block to a sort of left-luggage office and deposited it in a heap on the floor.

I had rather expected I should have to spend this eighteen hours' wait between trains sitting on it in the station, but I find that it would not have been allowed in the station at all, which is far too crowded with people to leave room for their luggage, so I am free of it till 3.45 in the morning, which is the ungodly time my train departs for Semipalatinsk.

The ticket office is closed till train time, and with my six phrases of the Russian language, the jam of passengers, and my jam of luggage I felt quite hopeless about ever getting it and me on to the train without assistance. I had a letter to somebody somewhere here, but when I looked out of the station door the city seemed a long way off and the day felt very cold. However, I took a deep breath and set out.

There was a row of droshkies across from the station. I chose the kindest-looking of the drivers and showed him the address on my letter. He answered with a torrent of language which I finally assorted into meaning that it would cost me five rubles to get there in a droshky, but I could go in an automobile for thirty kopecks.

'Where is the automobile?' I asked.

'I'll show you,' volunteered a small boy at my heels, and led me to the top

of the hill, where a motor bus was rapidly filling with passengers.

After a ride of twenty minutes all the passengers helpfully put me off at a street corner, and one of them, who was also dismounting, led me to a building the address of which corresponded to the one on my letter. A great many people lived in the building, none of whom seemed ever to have heard of the man I was looking for until one told me he had moved away, he did n't know where. Well, Nova Sibersk is a rather large city, and I was on a wide street of shops and public buildings; but, now that it seemed to be difficult, I wanted more than ever to find my friend of the letter. So I kept on showing people the name on the envelope and rather enjoyed the sensation of feeling like a waif. And after a while I was somehow shoved along to a large new office building and into a room filled with clerks and typists and up to a very busy and important-looking man at a desk in one corner. He was friendly and to the point.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'I want someone to buy my ticket and help me on to the train for Semipalatinsk to-night,' I answered.

'Very well,' he said, and spoke to a clerk.

In a minute a villainous-looking chap in a huge fur hat swaggered in. He looked like a very tough driver of a very big brewery wagon.

'This man,' said my friend, 'will do all you want. He will come to the station at ten to-night. Pay him three rubles for his services. Is there anything else?'

'No, thank you,' I answered gratefully, and came back to the station.

I am ensconced here in the first-class buffet, a small room with a fancy counter covered with fruit in piles and pastries in rows, and two long tables covered with once white cloths and

laden with rubber plants and Christmas trees in pots and silver candelabra and three-tiered cake plates, and surrounded by a varied collection of jaded travelers, all of the men in high boots and huge coats of every known kind of fur and fur hats, some of them quite as big as dishpans. And all of them have beards. Siberia should have been called 'Sibeardia'!

In the waiting room outside, too, there is a wonderful collection of humans — Buriats and Tatars and Mongols and others of the strange races who occupy corners of Siberia, many of them, in fur hats and tight-waisted coats and high boots, looking exactly like various versions of Santa Claus.

My guide may look like a ruffian, but he seems to have a good heart. He has just come in, though it is only three instead of ten, and has gallantly brought me some tea and cakes and settled down to be friendly. With the aid of my pocket dictionary we have been holding spirited conversation. He has no feeling for the alphabet at all, but is indefatigable in thumbing through pages of the dictionary until he finds the word he wants. He has told me how many Communists there are in England, in France, in Germany, and the total for the world, and has asked me numberless questions about both China and America. I am writing this while he looks up words in order to tell me something new and remarkable about Soviet Russia. 'Did you know John Reed?' he has just asked me. 'I worship him. He was Russia's wonderful friend.'

He has also been pointing out to me various individuals here in the waiting room and whispering to me darkly that they are 'white' and 'no true friends of Russia.' Then, pointing to a young woman across the table with whom I had been trying to talk before he came

in, he scrambled through the dictionary to point out to me that she was an 'entertainer of suspected persons.'

This city used to be called Novo Nikolayevsk until the people who no longer honor tsars changed it to 'New Siberia,' and it has been growing fast since the building of the branch railway to Semipalatinsk has brought Central Asian commerce here instead of by river to Omsk. And it is a New Siberia. I wish I could tell you what a feeling I have had of the difference between the people here and on the train and the Russians of the old Russia whom I have known in New York and Peking. The latter live so tragically in the past, whereas these people live so hopefully for the future.

But my ardent guide has brought me some soup, so I must change my pencil for a spoon. I'll write more on the train.

February 2

I am on the last train I'll see this year, and not only is it a very strange train, but I am very surprised to be here.

At ten last night my guide was still entertaining me when a woman with a shawl over her head came up and muttered in his ear. 'That's my wife,' he grinned. 'She wants me to come home. I'll be back before one to tend to your luggage.'

As my train did n't leave till 3.45 I had n't worried when at one he had n't returned. But a few minutes after one the 'entertainer of suspected persons' came rushing up to me, talking very excitedly, and others joined her, all trying to explain something to me in very rapid Russian, which I finally gathered to be that there was a rule that no baggage would be weighed and checked after one o'clock, also that the left-luggage room closed at one. Well, I knew that a rule was a rule in Russia.

I'd been running into them all day. No luggage allowed in the waiting room. No sleeping allowed in the station. It was almost as bad as America. I began to see visions of waiting another twenty-four hours in the station without sleeping, and knew it could n't be done.

By this time a crowd had collected, all trying to tell me what to do. But the young woman took me by the arm and marched me to the baggage room, where the man was just locking up. He was surly at first, but weakened at her tale of my sad plight and promised to wait till I could bring my stuff to be weighed. Then we rushed to the left-luggage office half a block away and found it locked. She banged on the door and a very cross man appeared, but she finally melted him too and he promised to keep open till we could find a porter.

But we could n't find a porter. She told my tale to every porter in the station, but they were all busy. Finally we went to the first baggageman with a second tale of woe. He was grumpy, but produced a porter, and the porter got my eleven pieces of baggage over in several trips, my efficient friend waiting at one baggage room and I at the other; it was weighed, I paid the excess, and we sat on it till train time, having kept both baggage offices open an hour after their closing time.

All this to prove that it is lucky for women traveling alone that there are so many Boy-Scout-intentioned people in the world.

Miss Entertainer of Suspected Persons was very friendly and saw me on to the train, which was a good thing, too, as the porter put me on the wrong car and there was a most awful fuss and I should n't have known what it was all about.

Just before the train started, who

should appear but the faithless guide, with a pathetic tale of how he had gone to sleep, and demanding his three rubles for what he had n't done; and since I could n't explain to a car of interested spectators about how he had n't earned it, it seemed easier to pay.

This train is all 'hard,' but I slept well on my broad berth, across from a frowzy woman in a red kerchief who ate raw fish in the middle of the night. We are jogging slowly across more fields of snow, stopping longer than we go and yet running quite according to schedule. This leisurely rate gives me long walks at the tiny stations, where I buy *piroshkies*, delicious hot meat pastries, and eat them as I walk and feel farther and farther away from anything I've ever known before. To-morrow I reach Semipalatinsk, the jumping-off place where I start my long trip by sledge to Chinese Turkestan.

SEMPALATINSK, February 3

Life becomes more and more surprising. You'd be aghast at where I am living, but it's wonderful — a tenement room with a family of four and a dog and a cat and two boarders. And none of them can speak anything that I can speak, but just the same we have a merry time.

This journey is being so difficult that I feel more exhilarated and on top of the world each time I accomplish a stage of it. Whereas certainly the fact that I am here at all is no credit to me, but only because Russia is so full of nice people.

I must confess that when I reached here I felt somewhat as if I had come to a blank wall across my way, and that a rendezvous with one's husband at a place called Chuguchak in Chinese Turkestan seemed almost as impossible as everyone in Peking had told us it was. It must be possible. Chuguchak is on the map, and other people

go there. But it is four hundred miles away, across desolate wastes of snow. The road, they tell me, is well-nigh impossible and the cold terrific. To get there I must hire a sleigh and, if possible, I must find a traveling companion, as the sleigh drivers are unreliable and there are Kirghiz bandits on the road. And I'm sure I don't know how to accomplish all this. The people here seem horrified at the idea of my attempting it. Of course, lack of language is my chief difficulty, as my Russian is quite inadequate for anything so complicated.

My only move when I came to Semipalatinsk was to find a woman about whom I knew nothing at all except that her name was Kosloff and that her husband worked in the post office. I had met her brother when we were marooned in Kwei-hwa last summer and he had given me a letter to her.

When I arrived, after thirty-three hours 'hard,' and climbed out of the dim car into a glittering world of snow, I was assaulted by a mob of drivers all inviting me with howls to ride in their sleighs. They were mostly grinning red-skinned Orientals, Sarts or Tatars, and they had comic little sleighs about the size and shape of baby carriages attached to horses that looked huge and rawboned compared with China ponies. Beyond the sleighs was a white plain across which rose roofs and towers and church domes of the city.

The frowzy woman watched my luggage in the car while the porter made trips back and forth, and then she slid merrily off with her man in a tiny raft of a sleigh lined with straw. I picked the merriest driver; he piled his baby carriage with my luggage, and me perched on top, till I was certain we'd topple over. And sure enough we did, right in the middle of the plain. The sleigh turned quite over, the driver and

I and the luggage flew in all directions, and the horse ran away.

Everything retrieved, we drove into the city, across a great market place full of Russians and strange Orientals and stalls and carts of produce, past a wild-looking chap galloping in with a string of huge horses, the halter of each tied to the tail of the one in front, and to the post office, where I found Kosloff. He was cordial and sent me on home to his wife.

We drove up to a two-story unpainted log house and I banged on the front door to no effect. I went around to the back and a woman in a shawl pointed me up some steep stairs and through a door into a kitchen littered with dirty dishes, remnants of food, dogs, cats, and babies, where several women with rough red hands and faces were working. A merry roly-poly girl owned to being Mrs. Kosloff and took me into her little room, a typical tenement-house room where she and her husband, two small children, the dog and the cat, all lived together in grubby squalor.

The Kosloffs insisted on my staying with them, which seemed impossible, as, except for sharing a kitchen with the other occupants of the tenement, they had only the one room, which was nearly half filled with my luggage. But I saw they were going to be really offended if I would not accept their hospitality, so here I am. Mr. Kosloff has given me his bed, two boards on horses, Chinese style, and he sleeps on the floor.

Mr. Kosloff came home at four and we had dinner — a *piroque*, which was a sort of fish pie, soup, and little birds. We sat on packing boxes around an oilcloth-covered table. There were n't enough dishes and everything was dirty, but it tasted wonderful, as it was my first real meal since leaving Manchouli a week ago. Mrs. Kosloff feeds

two men who live in the next room, as well as her own family.

It is easy to see that the Kosloffs have not always lived as they do now, and I liked their manner of being apologetic about and at the same time unashamed of their poverty. We have had great fun laughing over our pocket-dictionary conversations, and they have told me a little about themselves. At the time of the Revolution many of their friends and relatives fled from Russia and some took an active part in General Anenkoff's attacks against the Bolsheviki from across the Turkestan border. They themselves were undecided whether to attempt to flee to America or remain in Russia, but could not bear the idea of living in any other country and so stayed on, hoping for the gradual return of prosperity under Communist rule. The Communists, however, were suspicious of them because of their many connections with imperialists. For a while Mr. Kosloff was imprisoned and later had much difficulty obtaining work, and, while he has become a thoroughly loyal Communist, it is only very recently that he has been really trusted by his party.

They seem very confident that better times are coming soon, and suffer their poverty cheerfully for what they consider a great cause. The two handsome youths who board with them, now actors in a local company, also talked of Communism ardently and with the idealism of youth, and the little girl proudly showed me pictures of Lenin in her schoolbook.

February 4

I slept well on my board bed, and helped wash last night's greasy dishes in a saucer of water with no soap and dried them with a dirty rag. Then we had breakfast of the cold remains of the fish pie, tea, and bread and butter.

The room was cold, shivery cold, and the baby spread his tea over most of the table and hit us all with his spoon. They feed him all the sugar he yells for. Neither the dog, the cat, nor the baby is house-broken.

After breakfast we made a gesture of cleaning up and Mrs. Kosloff took me to the Soviet House to register. It was bitter cold, but sunny. It all looked exactly as a Siberian town should look — houses of plaster or log lining wide snowy streets that lead to a green-domed church. On the way home we stopped in the market to buy fresh butter and honey and black bread. Everywhere I have been in Siberia food seems plentiful and very cheap, though other prices are high. It was there in the market place, with its frontier mixture of races and costumes and its camels and horses and ponies, that I realized that I was really at the gateway of Central Asia.

Mrs. Kosloff enterprisingly accosted every group of Orientals we met while we were out to ask if they had come from Chuguchak and how they came and what the road was like. They all reported that the road is bad and cold and that it takes from ten to twenty days to make the trip. We've followed several clues as to possible drivers, all in vain, and now I feel balked and discouraged and at a loss what to do next. I was told at the Soviet House that I must leave Semipalatinsk in a couple of days in order to cross the border before my visa expires.

But what really worries me is that I can't get in touch with Owen and so have no way of knowing if he has been able to get to Chuguchak himself. I expected to find letters or a telegram here, but none have come. There is a telegraph line from here to the Turkestan border, from which messages can be sent by courier to the Russian consul in Chuguchak to be delivered if

advisable. I sent two messages, but no answer has come. He had wanted to come here to meet me if he could get a Russian visa, but there has not been time for him to do that since he wirelessed me from Urumchi, and as my visa is expiring fast I can't wait on the chance that he will come. But it would be tragic to pass him on the way. It is all very confusing.

February 6

Suddenly I seem to be on my way.

Instead of living in the Kosloffs' merry, grubby tenement I am sitting on the felt-covered floor of a mud-walled low-ceilinged Kazak hut, with scarcely enough light to write by at nine o'clock in the morning, for the hut is buried in snow.

But first I must tell you how I got here. Yesterday morning, still no telegram, and only one day left. My Russian friends had failed to find a sleigh for me, so I determined to look for one myself. I went first to the Chinese consulate, thinking that they must have made arrangements there for Chinese travelers passing through and might be able to help me. The consul was cordial, and I was so stirred to find someone with whom I could talk that my Chinese has never been so fluent.

He told me that a courier from the consulate was starting out that very afternoon, traveling down with some cargo, and that I could go with him if I wished. I shied a little when I heard 'cargo,' knowing how slowly freight usually travels, but he assured me that we should n't be more than ten days on the road. He spoke of it as a wonderful opportunity, and yet when it came I was almost afraid to take it because I had n't heard from Owen. I explained my fears to him and he reassured me again, saying that even if he had started from Chuguchak I could n't miss him, as there was only one road

and everyone traveling it stopped at the same inns at night. So he called the courier, a merry Chinese youth, and it was all arranged on the spot that a sleigh would call for me at three that afternoon.

It was then twelve. Mrs. Kosloff dumped the baby with a neighbor and went out to help me buy food for the trip and big felt boots. Everyone in Siberia wears felt boots to the knees, huge and shapeless and awkward to walk in, but the only things to keep feet warm in this bitter climate. I tried on a dozen pairs in as many little stalls in the market before I found some that were in the least comfortable.

The sleigh was waiting when we got home, and Mr. Kosloff with a bottle of vodka, which he said I must drink when I got cold but must not give to the drivers. I packed and got into my fur-lined leather suit in a great rush and swallowed some dinner and kissed all the Kosloffs. They had been so generous and hospitable that I wished I could have done more for them than leave some clothes behind that I said I had n't room for.

We drove to the inn from which we were to start and found fourteen sledges in the yard all loaded with crates of matches. It seemed that the courier and I were supposed to perch on top of the matches. The consul had told me that the courier was taking two sleighs and that I should have one all to myself, but the courier assured me that fourteen sledges were better than two because of bandits, and he had the drivers arrange one of them more comfortably for me.

The sledges are crude triangular little rafts made of a rough network of small logs and dragged along on very low runners. The usual passenger sleighs have covers over them, something like a Peking cart, and are pulled by two horses, but these were

quite uncovered, and as they were heavily loaded and had only one horse apiece my heart sank to think how slowly they would travel.

The Russian drivers, who look like pirates but seem to be good-hearted enough, fixed a little nest for me, put straw on the logs and my bed roll on top of that, and matches and my luggage all around the edge. There is n't room to stretch out my legs, so I get cramped, but it is better than being exposed to the weather.

They were hours getting ready to start, with a great bustle of roping boxes and feeding horses and mending harness. The sun had set and I thought they were really ready at last when everyone yelled 'Chai pit!' ('Drink tea!') and we all piled into the low, dark little inn. It was full of men sitting around long rough tables, and fitted exactly my picture of what a den of bandits ought to look like. The men were swarthy and unshaven and were dressed in rough, dirty sheepskin clothes with gay sashes around their waists.

A red-bearded chap at the head of one table, evidently the innkeeper, was settling accounts with a crowd of men, which consisted in much shouting and pounding of the table till I thought there'd be a riot. At another table there was a huge samovar and men were drinking tea out of wooden bowls and munching hunks of black bread. They called to me to sit down with them and gave me a bowl of tea and sugar for it. They all seem to know the Chinese courier, and call him 'Kitaiski,' which means 'Chinese.'

We were off at last, about seven. The drivers tucked me into my sleeping bag as far as I could get with my big boots and fur suit and big fur coat on top of that, and covered me over with fur and canvas till I thought I could never get cold, though the town

thermometer registered forty degrees below zero Fahrenheit when we left.

I could n't see out of my nest at all, and we went crunching along on the snow with bells jingling for what seemed like days and nights before we stopped. And when we did I was so numb that I could scarcely struggle out from under cover. When I got my head out the world seemed very weird indeed — nothing but wide stretches of snow in every direction. Misty flurries of snow were falling and there was no light but the light from the snow. The air felt biting cold on my face. In the dim white light I could see that the drivers were unhitching the horses, which seemed mysterious, as there was no sign of any shelter.

Then I saw that they were leading them into a black hole in a snowdrift. Kitaiski went in, too, and I tumbled out of my sledge and followed him. He lit matches so I could see a little. We were in a great low square cave full of horses, on the far side of which was a mud wall and a little door in the wall about three feet high. It all seemed like the weirdest kind of an Arabian Night — out of a completely white and empty world into that black cave of horses, the flare of a match lighting it a little way; the brown side of a great horse, heads of others; then darkness and stumbling till the next flare.

Then the little door pulled open and we climbed into another wide low room, smoke-filled, and lit with candlelight and firelight. Near the door a scrawny woman in a loose dirty white cotton garment and a once white kerchief was stuffing great branches of twigs into a crackling fire in a low mud fireplace. Behind her, in the centre of the room, was a round table about a foot high with a samovar beside it and pirate drivers sitting around it drinking tea. In dark corners sleepy heads were appearing from under bed covers and

brown arms and legs struggling into white clothes.

Kitaiski led me into an inner room, where the floor was covered with felts and a dozen figures were sleeping. I looked at my watch and it was two o'clock. Kitaiski helped me bring in my bed roll and I was soon asleep on the floor.

I was half conscious of a good deal of talking and shouting and opening and closing of doors all night, but the first time I really wakened daylight was beginning to creep in through the one tiny window, where a shaft was dug from the surface of the snow. An old woman crawled out from under covers on a wooden bed against the wall. I watched her dress and wash in a basin of water and go over to the little window, kneel, and bow her head to the ground, muttering prayers all the while, all this in the half dawn. Then children began to cry and other women appeared and dressed them. They brought out a low round table and a samovar and invited Kitaiski and me to have tea with the family.

I fished a loaf of bread out of the sack in my sledge to eat with my tea, and it was frozen as hard as a lump of ice. The old woman put it on the top of the samovar to thaw.

Kitaiski tells me these people are Kazaks, a tribe of Kirghiz. The Russians call them all Kirghiz, but the true Kirghiz live mostly in the Pamirs. They are Mohammedans, though not very strict about it. He can talk their queer guttural language. The women wear white kerchiefs with a square of red embroidery under the chin and loose calico clothes, full long gowns and tight short-skirted jackets, and silver rings, bracelets, and earrings.

The only pieces of furniture in the room are two wooden beds, curved up at the ends like a Chinese sacrifice table, but lower and wider. They are

painted in gay colors and piled high with different-colored felts and quilts that were used by the members of the family, who slept on the floor.

The outer room, where the drivers slept and had their tea, is also occupied by cats and puppies and chickens and tiny lambs in pens. There are saddles and harnesses and queer crude implements hanging on the walls, and a fire of twigs is crackling in a little mud stove.

It is very cold outside and the wind is blowing bitterly. I have always thought of Siberia as a land of exiles, chain gangs, desert wastes, cold, strange people, and strange languages, and this really feels like that Siberia.

February 7

Life is gorgeous and wonderful. We're having weather. Weather always stirs me, and now I am not watching it through a windowpane. I have been right in it all day, with no roof over my head. All day there has been a snowstorm, a real blizzard, biting wind and whirls of snow, but the horses struggle through it, the drivers shouting and whistling to them and beating them out of holes in the road. The road is scarcely a road at all, but only a long trail which goes up and down like a roller coaster over endless stretches of snow. We bump and bounce along, half the time along the side of hummocks at almost right angles with the earth. Most of the sledges

have completely capsized during the day and I expected mine to at any minute with all my luggage on top of me, but I finally learned, as one does in a sailboat, that just at the minute one is sure it will capsize it usually rights itself.

I had to stay under cover most of the time because of the icy wind, so I just jounced along and trusted in the gods.

There was always something the matter with one or another of the sledges, so that we stood still more than we went, and at five, when we reached another Kazak hut, we had traveled only twenty versts. Kitaiski says there are huts or little mud villages all along the road where we shall stop to rest. They are the only shelter on the way and are from twenty to thirty versts apart, thus dividing the road into what the drivers call *stanka* or stages. To-day we have done only one *stanka*, whereas, if we are to reach Chuguchak in ten days, we need to cover two or three a day.

Our lodging to-night is much like last night's except that it is smaller and dirtier. When I went out this morning I saw that we were in a tiny village of huts all buried in the snow, and to-night we are in its exact duplicate. All that is visible is doors in the snowdrifts and chimneys sticking out the top. There are sledges at them all, and it seems quite hopeless to think of finding Owen on the road if he has started.

(To be continued)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

A PREFACE

WE met in England. A mutual friend presented me. I still recall the words of introduction:—

‘John, here is an American priest who will listen to you!’

Almost immediately the scholarly-looking clergyman and I fell into a discussion of religion. He heard my case with a tolerant, even a sympathetic air. It took a little while to tell the story of my Catholic training as a child and my attraction to Anglicanism at the age of fourteen. Afterward the discord of my years as a student of the Jesuits was sounded.

Then came a description of the confusing, baffling influences—Dante, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, Emerson, Carlyle, Huysmans, William James, Chesterton, Fogazzaro, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Dr. Roderrick MacEachen, Dr. John A. Ryan. I told him how disturbing Darwin had been to me, and I was conscious of his look of thoughtful sympathy as I sentimentalized over Durtal in *En Route* and philosophized over *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

During those formative years my quest was the purest modern reflection of primitive Christianity. At first the twentieth century’s Catholic image had struck me as being innocently distorted; later it appeared to be deliberately false. There was no trace of apostolic footprints in the present-day unevangelical field of Catholic Theology. Although admiring the Christian economics of the early Church, I marked in despair how the Christlike voice of Dr.

John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council cried in an American Catholic wilderness.

I made a clean breast of everything. I told how my religious bark drifted into Christian Science waters soon after my graduation from a Catholic college. Not to anchor there. It tarried merely long enough to take on another cargo of doubt, and was caught once more in the swift current of Anglicanism. ‘High Church,’ although it did not satisfy my intellect, brought some meed of balm. Dogma had not sealed the stained-glass windows. There was a sweep of air, and I could breathe.

Finally I spoke of residence at Rome. Throughout my life Rome’s titles carried certain messages to me: ‘Mistress of the World’; ‘The Holy City’; ‘City of the Popes’; ‘The Eternal City.’ Once I had gone so far as to invent my own title—‘The Tabernacle of the World.’ My childish imagination had visualized Rome as the central tabernacle, the holy of holies, in the white marble altar of universal Catholicism. Perhaps this focal point of a world religion, through some divine magic, might mend the shattered vase of faith. Ave Roma!

But for me in those youthful years Rome proved not the world’s tabernacle but the ‘kitchen of the Pope,’ as the pamphleteers used to call it. The odor was not of sanctity. Thousands of pots were kept boiling. There were politics to brew and clericalism to stew. Skilled hands prepared the bill of fare for the world-wide Church.

Everywhere Catholic clergy and laity would follow it — everywhere but in Italy itself. Vale Roma!

I was no stranger to Rome. My experience both as American press correspondent and as an official of our government afforded me unusual opportunities for observation and study. The conclusions of the late twenties were not the results of an emotional Cook's tour of Italy, but the silted knowledge of several years in Rome.

Gradually my Catholic faith had left me. My spirit, long troubled, was become strangely quiet. For the moment I was an agnostic. But my agnosticism was not the end but the beginning of constructive thought.

It was just a month after I had left Italy that I met the American priest in England. The attraction of mediæval church architecture had drawn me to the English cathedral towns. We stood together in the vast nave of Canterbury. In the past there had been other clergymen upon whom I poured the mingled currents of my soul. Not many — six or seven, perhaps; all Roman Catholics save one Episcopal bishop of happy memory. The Romans had become instantly 'professional.' I was a 'lost sheep,' or an 'intellectual upstart.' One beautiful exception there was — an American Jesuit of 'the understanding heart,' now dead, whom I had met in the Gregorian University at Rome.

And now here was this indulgent 'Father,' standing in the shining beauty of the reredos of Canterbury! My youthful rationalism touched but did not revolt him. He was human enough to hear my dilemma and divine enough to comment upon it intelligently.

'Do you go to church now?' he kindly asked when I had finished.

'Occasionally to an Anglican service,' I replied. 'But even there I find that one is invited to sleep upon the stuffy

pillow of Theology. The fact that Theology has all but smothered religion in the Roman Church does not seem to trouble or influence anybody.'

At this remark the good Father's eyes lighted with sudden humor. For a moment only. The smiling twinkle passed and he spoke seriously.

'That's right. You are an apprentice. Go to some church and manifest a good intention toward the Master. In the end the God of humanity will set your topsy-turvy religious house to rights. Love is the divine housekeeper.'

'Do you mean, Father, that there is no essential error in individual religious thinking?'

'I say, my son, that there is essential religious error in your *not thinking*. The more highly organized, the more ecclesiastically authoritative the Church is, the less conspicuous the religion of good works among its members. Scientific history will not bear false witness against its neighbors!'

That was all. The priest went his way and I went mine. He took my American address, but did not offer his own. I had nothing but his ordinary family name. The time was almost a decade ago.

Upon returning to the United States I made some confidential inquiries about the background of this priest who so instantly and completely understood me. The findings had interest and significance. He was a prominent professor at a Catholic college in the West. For thirteen years his public writings on religious subjects had enjoyed the episcopal imprimatur of approval. To the hierarchy's outer eye he was orthodox, or at least sufficiently orthodox to be tolerated.

Indeed, I found out more than this during the investigation. Extraordinary facts came to light. The priest-professor was one of a growing number of Catholic clergymen who in their

own consciences were interpreting the Church in terms of personal experience and modern science. The fetish of ecclesiastical authority grew more and more difficult to bear. Some opposed celibacy and advocated marriage for the clergy. Some favored public-school education over parochial-school education; they recalled the late Archbishop Ireland's opposition to the existing parochial-school system and declared that time had 'proved Ireland right.'

'Why has this state of things been kept a close secret?' I asked a Catholic physician known throughout the country. He was startlingly frank.

'Because Catholic modernists on this side of the water as well as on the other side hope for a peaceful religious revolution in the Church itself. Were they to reveal themselves at this premature date, they, like Luther or the more recent Loisy, would be forced from the Church. Their Catholic influence would be gone. For officially they would be non-Catholics. As non-Catholics they would have no effective approach to nonthinking Catholics.'

'But what about conscience?' I heard myself asking.

'We are acting not only in the light of reason but according to the instinct of conscience as well. Catholic modernism is nothing but an honest and holy attempt at the resurrection of the undogmatized Church of the first three centuries. Catholics like that priest-acquaintance of yours are the true Christian Catholics of to-day.'

The material concerns of a workaday world began to fill my nights and days. I paid too little heed to my innermost self. Indeed, I became almost indifferent to it. I smile as I remember the reminders of well-meaning friends. In my Christmas stocking there was always a highly polished replica of the rock of Peter. A kindly relative preached this annual sermon in stone.

The gesture amused but could no longer convince me.

Nevertheless, certain religious impulses would not be suppressed. Under their propulsion the business of living for others as well as for myself became a kind of religion. Just when I supposed I had done with formal controversy, life turned and laughed at me.

I received a packet from the half-forgotten priest of Canterbury. It was a sheaf of manuscripts in a paper folder. The postmark was an isolated monastic town in Central Europe. The writer, in a covering note, identified himself as the helpful acquaintance of long ago. He wrote briefly and to the point: —

It must be almost ten years since I heard your confession in the Canterbury Cathedral. Will you hear mine now? Afterward, try to publish it anonymously. There might be strengthening inspiration in it for some dying soul. It is the life breath of my spirit, though my body, like a wheel, whirls on.

(Signed) FATHER —

I am thus become the literary executor of a living man.

The unexpected appointment staggered me. My ears were no strangers to the requests of the dying. But never was there such a last wish as this. There was something thrilling in the message, as of the last request of a dying soul.

I read the articles, read and reread the message. It seemed a voice beyond the grave. A moral compulsion seemed to be in the call. Here was a command which no man must gainsay.

It is in this mood that I have given these four papers to be published in successive issues of the *Atlantic*. Explicitly they are a modernistic philosophy of the Roman Catholic religion. In their implications they form an appealing autobiography of a wounded and loving human soul.

JOHN HEARLEY

I. AN ANCIENT PRIESTHOOD IN A NEW WORLD

THE series of papers of which this is the first is designed to constitute constructive criticism. In preparing them I have not been animated by any sense of bitterness or resentment. Contrariwise, I am prompted by love for the dear old Church to which I owe allegiance. She has been a tender Mother, not only to me, but to my ancestors; to them in a land where fealty to her often entailed the throes of persecution. Had I loved the Church less, my pen might have remained listless.

In fact, I have written not one word against my Church. The abuses which I attempt to delineate refer no more to the Church than they do to Christ. They are the barnacles which have grown on the bark of Peter through long centuries. I am writing, therefore, in the hope that those constituted in authority may come to see the necessity of dry-docking.

For obvious reasons I am constrained to take shelter behind the screen of anonymity. To reveal my identity would not aid the cause which I have at heart. With no name attached, the articles will necessarily be judged by their content alone. The issue will not be confused by the intrusion of a personality.

I

Why don't priests marry? Priestly celibacy is the great paradox of Catholicism. The Church insists upon the supreme importance of family life. Her priests are exhorted to be moral patterns for the people. It is not, then, a question why priests do not marry. The great problem is, Does a bachelor priesthood fit into the scheme of the modern world? Not only the lay mind, but that of many a cleric, pauses to reflect upon this grave issue.

Celibacy of the clergy does not touch directly upon the sphere of dogma. It is purely a matter of discipline. The fact is that there are thousands of priests to-day who are living in the marriage state with the blessing and sanction of Mother Church. These belong to the Ruthenian or other Oriental rites. Many of these dwell with their wives and children here in the United States.

When the ecclesiastical law of celibacy was first promulgated is not known. It is, however, not ascribed to Evangelical or Apostolic origin. Christ healed Saint Peter's mother-in-law. Hence the Prince of the Apostles was a married man. The New Testament argument for celibacy is taken from Saint Paul (I Cor. vii. 32-33): 'He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things of the Lord, how he may please God: But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided.' The context here, however, clearly shows that Saint Paul was speaking to 'all men,' without special reference to the clergy. No law of celibacy prevailed in the early centuries. An attempt at the Council of Nicæa (325 A.D.) to formulate such a law failed.

Be that as it may, the rule of celibacy is taught in all its force to-day. In these later times it has even achieved a certain dogmatic position. The teaching is that the vow of celibacy is implicitly contained in the ordination to the diaconate. It may surprise many to learn that priests do not pronounce a vow of celibacy. Nor are they questioned upon the subject at ordination. Every candidate knows, nevertheless, what is expected of him. The young Levite has been carried from his early

youth upon a wave of pious fervor and enthusiasm. He has been taught that he is choosing the better part. He is aspiring to a nobler estate, from which the 'basier' concerns of the flesh are excluded.

Most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures, particularly those 'lesser joys' of marital life, when they were as yet children. It is the custom to seek out likely boys who manifest signs of piety and to convince them that they have a vocation to the priesthood. This vocation is supposed to represent some mystic calling from God. Yet it is practically of Catholic doctrine that the priestly vocation consists in the official call to ordination which comes from the bishop. However, many boys of twelve or fourteen are admonished to follow the vocation which has 'manifested itself' (*sic*) in them. Sometimes they are even threatened with the loss of their soul if they fail to follow the divine call.

It is a particular mark of zeal on the part of priests and bishops to 'foster vocations' among the youth subject to their care. Lately a nation-wide campaign for vocations was conducted in the United States. If a boy consents to become a priest, he will be taken gladly and educated free of charge as soon as he completes the grades. Bishops order special collections for this purpose each year, at Pentecost. Of late years many bishops have established colleges particularly to develop vocations. The tendency is to segregate these youthful candidates from secular students. It is thought thus to guard them against the danger of losing their priestly vocation. There might be such a loss were they too much in contact with worldly-minded boys, not blessed with a vocation. Some zealots would fain apply the Italian method. In Italy boys are taken at ten or eleven years of age,

clothed with the priestly habit, and then kept apart from the seductions of home and the outside world in general. During the vacation they spend the time at a country place under the surveillance of priestly masters.

The present course of instruction prescribed for priestly candidates extends over a period of twelve years. Six years are required for classical studies, foremost among which is Latin. Then follow two years of scholastic philosophy and four years of theology. These latter six years constitute the seminary course proper. It is a course which embraces practically no modern elements. It is mediæval in character. In the first two years Aristotelian philosophy in its scholastic dress is the form and basis of the course. Modern philosophy, psychology, and the infinite research of the last two or three centuries find little place in this sacred curriculum. The philosophical textbooks are written in Latin, as are the theologues. Professors are enjoined to deliver their lectures in Latin, though they may afterward use the vernacular to explain the meaning. In theology the Church has prescribed a textbook compiled by Saint Thomas seven hundred years ago. However, modern Latin commentaries on the work are permitted. Besides theology, the students are given courses in Scripture, church history, canon law, and liturgy. In all these studies they are simply supposed to memorize the ideas handed down by great minds which have gone before.

In the whole course of this education no individual thought is required, nor for that matter permitted. In the texts the problems, thought out centuries ago, are stated. Then follow the proofs and the line of argumentation, covering Scriptural texts, decrees of the Pope, and the like. At examinations the students are required to reproduce these

data as faithfully as possible. The teaching is polemical. In moral theology, solutions are generally obtained by casuistry. Volumes are written, filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution. The student studies these. Thus he is educated in moral principles.

In Scripture the same cut-and-dried system prevails. Texts are interpreted for the student. He has but to con these interpretations and give them out at examination. The Biblical professor, too, is provided with ready-made interpretations, from which he may not depart without endangering his reputation for orthodoxy. There is a commission at Rome established to solve all Biblical difficulties. But Rome did not feel secure even with this provision. A recent papal decree requires that all Biblical professors must attend a Roman Jesuit school, — over which, incidentally, an American presides, — known as the Biblical Institute. It seems that all others are subject to suspicion, liable to teach heresy. In history the student memorizes the opinions set down in the prescribed textbook. Trained in childlike trust, he accepts this deposit of knowledge as his own.

II

In all the years of his training the candidate for the priesthood must strive to mould his mentality to a fixed pattern. If he succeeds he is then said to possess the spirit of the priesthood. His whole seminary life is one of routine and formalism. Every hour of the day is regulated for him. He leads a community life, follows the group in his prayers, his studies, and all his activities. It is thought by these external practices to develop a man of regular habits. It is a system little adapted to produce men of thought and individuality.

The course of training for the priesthood is a narrowing process; it produces fixed ideas. Always the priesthood is glorified. The students must listen daily to pious discourses on the high dignity to which they aspire. From this continual preachment a peculiar psychology is developed in them. They become jealous of the high honors for which they are being groomed. They feel constrained to become champions of the priestly dignity. They grow impatient when confronted with the opinions of those who have not been trained in sacred science. In this frame of mind they go out into the modern world to become leaders of men.

Then it is that the power of the priesthood makes movement in their being. Though they are yet in their early twenties, they are wise from their mediæval studies. Though they have no experience of the world and its ways, they are aglow with the supernatural graces of the holy priesthood. They are fathers of the faithful. They have been sent to preach in the name of Christ — to preach the theological conclusions which they have learned by rote. They have been empowered to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. Proudly they stand at the altar, clad in sacerdotal robes, while the people kneel before them.

The people respect them, having been taught from childhood to honor the priest as God's own representative. They bow the head, lift the hat, before him. He in turn is a zealot for the honor of the priesthood which is in him. He stands before them and speaks in a strange tongue. When he baptizes their little ones, he must first address them in Latin. Then the whole ceremony is performed in this mysterious tongue. Likewise does he use that dead language when he anoints the sick; when he officiates at funerals; when he

assists at marriage; when he administers the sacrament of penance; when he says vespers and benediction; when he offers the sacrifice of the Mass. He also trains his choir to sing this unintelligible tongue at solemn services.

'Oremus,' he says to the people. Few, perhaps, in the congregation know that he has said, 'Let us pray.' Even now that he is proceeding with a prayer they do not comprehend one word, though he uses the first person plural. The mind halts at this strange procedure.

Strange, indeed, it is to assemble people into a church and then conduct divine services in a language which they do not understand. Why should it be so? Perhaps it has to do with the centralization of ecclesiastical power in Rome. Who knows? But to find a rational basis for the practice is beyond the most zealous protagonist. It is said to be necessary for unity in the Church. Why, then, is it not necessary in the Orient, where some twenty languages are used in these same Catholic services? Latin is not universally used in the liturgy of the Church. It is used only in the so-called Western World.

The Catholic liturgy is beautiful. Yet how pathetic to hear a priest mumbling in a strange idiom such touching prayers on a dying person: 'Depart, O Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Father Omnipotent, in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Angels and Archangels . . . ' The use of Latin is indicative of the spirit which the Church engenders in her priests. They feel that they are officially dispensing salvation.

To be saved, it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest. They are taught that it is their first duty to attend Mass

on Sundays and holy days of obligation. They need not bother their heads about what is going on, in Latin, between the priest and God. The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention. Physical presence fulfills the precept. However, it must be admitted that the people are not required to pray in Latin, as they were in the Middle Ages. To-day none other than priests and certain religious are bound to pray in Latin.

The priest is bound under pain of mortal sin to pray approximately one hour daily. For this purpose he has a book known as the Roman Breviary. Here the prayers, called the office, are set down for each day of the year. The law requiring him to say this daily portion of prayer does not, however, obligate him to follow the meaning of the words. He need but formulate the words with his lips and tongue. In fact, certain religious, most of whom understand no word of Latin, recite the Latin office daily. It is all based on the principle of formalism, which prevails throughout the practices of the Church. The people are taught to serve God in much the same manner as boys are taught to serve the priest at Mass. These young lads learn to make the responses in Latin without understanding what they are saying. In their haste to follow the priest they usually make elisions and abbreviations that would be ridiculous were the matter not so pathetic.

When the priest gives Communion, he holds the Sacred Host before the people and says in Latin, 'Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world. Lord, I am not worthy . . . May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep thy soul unto life everlasting.' The poor devout communicant kneels there ignorant of

all that is being said — unless perhaps he has discovered the meaning of the words from a double-column prayer book. The childlike faith of the people is remarkable.

Traditionally they are Catholic. If conditions are favorable, if respectability demands, and if piety is simple enough, they remain so. They merge their individuality into a form of worship which demands no personal effort on their part. The priest is the one great personage in the procedure. He tells them what to do. He rates the spirituality of his parish, not by the lives of his people, but by the attendance at Mass and the number of Communion and confessions in his record.

III

It is the Catholic teaching on divine grace, perhaps, which has produced this mental attitude. Scholastics long ago evolved the theory that grace may be gained automatically from the reception of the sacraments. More grace, of course, could be gained by those who had fervor. But the mere worthy reception of a sacrament sufficed, even though it were a perfunctory act. Hence the desire on the part of priests to have their people receive the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and penance frequently.

The people are urged to go to Communion daily and to confess their sins weekly. In this manner they are supposed to grow better and better spiritually. Though the facts do not seem to support the theory, the practice continues. The priest sits long hours in the confessional each week. Often he is there daily.

The confessional presents the most difficult problem of the priest's life. Here he sits as judge between God and man. He must pass upon the worthiness of the penitent to receive absolu-

tion from his sins. If he deems the poor sinner worthy, he forgives him in God's name. If otherwise, he sends him away in his sins. For this serious task he needs all his theological lore. He feels that he must answer to God for the judgments he has passed upon his people.

The sinner must be sorry for his sins to be forgiven. The priest must decide whether or not his sorrow is sincere. To aid him in this he has but the teaching of the old Scholastics which he learned in the seminary. He himself knows little of life. His own life has been guarded from worldly contamination since early childhood. He must pass upon the most intimate relations of connubial life. Of this he knows nothing save that which he has read in his ancient textbooks. He, a celibate, must solve the intricate problems of sex. He must sit hour after hour and listen to the description of sex impulses from the lips of both men and women. They must tell all. They believe that willfully to omit one single detail would be to tell a lie to the Holy Ghost. It would constitute the sin of sacrilege, the gravest of sins. Wherefore they must reveal to him every thought, word, and deed contrary to the law of God. They must also tell the number of times they have sinned, including all the circumstances which might affect the character of their sins.

When the confession is completed, the penitent recites the ready-made act of contrition, which he has memorized. Meanwhile the priest administers absolution, always in Latin. For penance the priest usually prescribes a few prayers or some other act of piety. It has grown to be so commonplace that it easily becomes a matter of routine for many. The priest often hears fifty or sixty confessions in an hour. In most cases these hurried confessions are mere recitals of foibles. After pronouncing

the formula prescribed, 'Bless me, Father, for I have sinned,' there follows some such narrative as this: 'I missed my morning prayers twice and my evening prayers three times; I failed to say my grace at meals once; I had bad thoughts several times, but did n't take pleasure in them.' Though this list theologically does not indicate the semblance of a sin, the penance is imposed and absolution is pronounced. Another confession has been added to the record. It is easy to see how a great sacrament can become almost a meaningless formulary.

There is much routine in religion. The Church organization calls for this. It develops group piety. This is manifest in the number of societies and sodalities that exist. From childhood to old age the people are urged to join these bodies. Such are the Children of Mary, the Saint Aloysius Society, the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Holy Name Society, the Altar Society, and many others. Usually the members are required, at stated intervals, to receive Communion in a body. The parish priest will announce, for example: 'Next Sunday will be Communion Sunday for the Altar Society; it is to be hoped that all the members will be here for confession Saturday afternoon and evening and all present Sunday morning to receive the Holy Eucharist.'

Then follow the seasons of special devotion. The four weeks before Christmas constitute a time of penance known as Advent, and the people are urged to attend the special services held during this period. The six weeks preceding Easter constitute the time of Lent. This is the rigorous season of penance, with fasting and abstinence. Special Lenten services are held several times weekly. There are a course of sermons and also the Stations of the Cross. The Lenten regulations are elaborate, yet mercifully surrounded by many

exceptions and dispensations. The devotions are traditional and vary little in character from year to year.

There is a similar formalism in all the ministrations of the priest. His work constitutes a spiritual rule over the people. All is assiduously arranged for their spiritual lives. They must conform to regulations, fulfill the requirements laid upon them. There is nothing in the system to engender personal religion in the people. The priest is father to his people — an old-fashioned father. He feels that he has done his duty when he has told them what to do or what not to do. Nor does he fail to chide them bitterly when he finds them recreant to his mandates. It is easy to see that in the modern world, when men are learning to think for themselves, the position of the priest is becoming progressively more difficult. Yet there is nothing in his ecclesiastical repertoire which might enable him to meet the spirit of the times.

Much as he might desire it, he cannot recommend to his people the healthy exercise of personal thought. Though a heart of gold beat in his bosom, he must still stand before his people in the guise of a mediæval pedagogue. To be true to his trust he must be a reactionary. He must preach and interpret the teachings of Christ according to the mind of men who never dreamed of an age or a country like this in which we live. His every public expression must conform to the minds of those savants, mostly Italian, who have grouped themselves about the Vatican. They hold it as a sacred duty to fix the standards of his orthodoxy. Rome demands absolute intellectual submission of him. One discordant statement, written or spoken, is sufficient to make him 'suspected' at that high court. The Holy See reserves the right of condemning him, without a hearing, for any opinions which do not conform with the rule of

orthodoxy. Forsooth, this is logical in an ecclesiastical system such as the Catholic Church.

The priest submits humbly, abjectly, if he would maintain his standing. But many there are who rebel at heart. The world would be astounded did it know the number of priests who are struggling with the desire to remain faithful to the forms of ecclesiasticism while their very being cries out against the system. These are not the frivolous, not the careless, the negligent, or the unworthy. They are those who have broken through the fanatic wall that was built about them during the years of their seminary training. They are men who have burned the

midnight oil, and through their travail have come to know the glorious privilege of independent thought. Such men see clearly that religion in the Catholic Church to-day has become a complex and intricate mass of laws, dogmas, and practices that little resemble the simple faith of the early centuries. These men often suffer anguish of soul because of their helplessness. It is not fear that deters them. It is goodness of heart. They would not scandalize those devoted souls who are filled with simple faith. They love the people; they love the Church. They cannot protest against the evils of ecclesiastical bureaucracy without injuring these two objects of their love.

(The next paper in this series will be 'The Heresy of the Parochial School.' We shall be very glad to publish representative letters in comment on or criticism of these articles and shall invite more extended replies from members of the Roman Catholic Church competent to speak in her behalf)

THE VOICE OF THE ARCHANGEL

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

IN the old days, Mrs. Lucy Cashdollar used to run a cooks' agency for bachelor boaters over Bentley's Oyster Booth and Bar in Utica. Her office was a large room, very colorfully got up, with wall-paper patchings, mostly of red and blue; a white china set in the corner cupboard, with broad red stripes round the bulge of the cups; a high walnut bed with a blue quilt folded triangle-wise at the foot; a green rag rug with a yellow border; yellow curtains at the window; and a Franklin stove. When she was n't on duty in the barroom, Mrs. Cashdollar held office hours. At

such times she might have been considered the chief ornament of the room.

She generally sat in a Boston rocker, wearing a scarlet Mother Hubbard, her stocking feet — red or yellow, according to her humor — stretched out to the wood fire, the big toes curled back — through a hole, as likely as not. There she sat, very comfortable and quiet, her meerschaum pipe trailing smoke toward the flames; and, if no one came in for half an hour, her broad nostrils sang a song in very close harmony with the copper kettle on the stove.

Her face was remarkable for exceedingly blue eyes and a rubicund good humor which led one to suspect that she considered it her duty to sample the offerings of the bar before they were put on sale. Her face was plump, but not so plump as her bosom; and her bosom found ample support in the comfortable dimensions of her middle; and the whole of her was held up, in the occasional moments in which she was forced to make use of her feet, by a pair of ankles of proportions superior, if anything, to the rest of her.

In her capacity as cooks' agent for canal-boaters on the Erie, she picked up all the news; her room was a clearing house for gossip. Once a month or so the *Gospel Messenger* would send an editor down to interview her; and she always had on hand five or six stories from which the paper might take its choice, and which it wrote up with great literary taste, but — being a religious periodical — with considerable reversed English on the morals. Mrs. Cashdollar enjoyed these interviews hugely; and she kept a file of the papers containing 'her articles' in a cedar chest under her bed.

It was in one of these dusty numbers that the present writer discovered the facts of the following story — disguised, though they were, with the religious principles of the *Gospel Messenger*. Had Mrs. Cashdollar been endowed with the ability to read, she would unhesitatingly have denounced the editor as a liar; but secretly she would have considered his point of view very beautiful and touching.

I

They had bought a boat to run together, and they came to her in search of a cook. Because they had the same name, most people spoke of them as brothers; but they were not kin. They

did not resemble each other in any way. Stephen Glenn was about twenty-two or -three, dark, slender, and wiry, quick, high-colored. There was a dusky bloom on his cheeks and a sensitive mobility in his full lips suggestive of Southern blood. His smile was eager. Andrew Herkimer Glenn, behind him as they stood in the doorway of Lucy Cashdollar's room, towered a head above him. His blue eyes stared at a height from the ground equal to his own, and completely over Mrs. Cashdollar's head. The two of them, with the light of the fire playing on their dark shirts and ruddy faces, made quite a picture.

Mrs. Cashdollar removed her pipe from her mouth and sent a smoke ring over one of her big toes.

'What can I do for you two gentlemen?' she asked.

Stephen, who had removed his hat, made a lithe bow, and smiled.

'We come for business,' said Andrew, heavily, and he took off his hat with both hands and spat over it into the fire and cocked his head to hear the hiss. Mrs. Cashdollar frowned. Then she saw Stephen smiling at her half apologetically, as if to say, 'It's just his way — he don't mean nothing by it'; and she grunted and grinned, and thereafter confined her attention to him, without observing the effect of the firelight on the shaggy yellow hair of Andrew.

'Set down,' she said to Stephen, motioning toward the Windsor chair with her right foot. 'Excuse me having no slippers on — it's the gout troubles me.' She smiled back at him; she was almost prettily plump in those early days.

The big man sat down on the bed, because there were no other chairs, and cleared his throat.

'It's nothing,' he said. 'I take off my own shoes, once in a while.'

Lucy laid one finger to her right nostril and made a sort of snort through the other. Stephen raised his soft eyes from the toes of his boots and looked at her.

'We've a boat,' he said. 'We've just got her, and she's very nice; but we thought we'd need a cook, ma'm. Joe, downstairs, said you might help us getting one.'

'I suppose the pay's all right.'

'Fifteen dollars — dommed high, too,' growled Andrew, shaking the yellow hair from his eyes and hawking his throat clear.

'Don't you spit again in my room!' cried Lucy, and a shudder ran up her back that made her quiver in front like a mould of jelly.

Andrew went over to the window, raised it, and put his head outside.

'That's better,' said Lucy, when he had lowered the sash. 'Of course it's over the front door — but that ain't my lookout.'

'His'n,' said Andrew.

Lucy took stock of the bigness of him for the first time. With his yellow hair bushy about his ears, his thick beard, and his great shoulders and hands, he looked monstrous. Stephen, somehow, in his fancy waistcoat and light-colored pants, suited his immediate surroundings. She liked to look at him across the embers of her own fire. Any woman might, she said to herself. But the old gray clothes of Andrew, the calluses on his hands, his long square-ended feet — they made the fixings in her room look contemptuously small and out of place, like a bed of zinnias planted in the prairie. And the bright, farsighted blue of his eyes, staring at the opposite wall, had a chilling vacancy.

'The wood basket's by your cheer,' she said to Stephen. 'Would you mind sticking a piece on to the fire?'

As she watched him laying it on, her ridiculous shiver passed up over her

again. But the oily sputter of the birch bark soon sent a yellow warmth along her legs, and she pulled at her pipe and settled herself to business.

'Well,' she said, 'you boys want a cook? I've got one or two on hand looking for places. I guess you'd like one young and pretty?'

'I guess I would,' replied Stephen, giving her his quick smile, so that even she felt a little fire stir under her side.

'Well, I got one might do — seeing your price is agreeable and regular.'

'How old is she?' asked Stephen.

'Nineteen. She's new on the canal; but she's been cooking for me this week, and she's no slouch at it.'

'What's her name?'

'May Friendly.'

'Clean?'

'Yes, she is. She's a nice-looking gal, too; nice-complected; dark hair. Sort of pretty little chitter.'

Andrew swallowed audibly, lowered his eyes to the back of Mrs. Cash-dollar's head, and took over the conversation.

'Be her hands good strong ones?'

'What do you mean?' Mrs. Cash-dollar was amazed.

'I want to see her.'

'Oh, all right. She's in the next room. I'll call her.'

Mrs. Cashdollar heaved herself out of her chair and went over to the door behind the stove.

'May!' she called. 'May Friend-ly!'

Receiving no audible answer, she disappeared from view of the two Glenns. They caught her voice faintly from what must have been the head of a staircase and heard a subterranean mutter in answer. Then both voices faded into silence.

Stephen laughed softly.

'I wonder what the old gal will bring us.'

Andrew grunted, stared round the

walls until his eye fell upon a voluminous and lacy garment behind the door through which they had entered. To his eyes it bore a suggestive and embarrassing intimacy, and he shifted his feet and fixed his gaze on the lazy ribbon of steam that the kettle was spouting.

Stephen laughed again.

'If that bothers you, Andy, what're you going to do with a cook on the boat?'

Andrew's gaze wandered back to the door.

'No funny business — not on my boat.'

'Cripus!' said Stephen. 'It's as much mine's 't is your'n.'

'No funny business,' repeated Andrew, gnarling his fist into a lump and laying it down very gently on his knee.

Stephen snorted.

'Shut up.'

The slipperless steps of Mrs. Cashdollar could be heard painfully mounting the stairs beyond the door. They reached the top and paused while she let out a whistling sigh. Then the Glenns heard lighter steps coming up after Mrs. Cashdollar.

'Well,' said that lady as she came into the room, 'here we be at last.'

She sank into her chair in slow bulgings, like a quilt tossed on the foot of a bed; and her breast rose and fell deeply. Stephen jumped to his feet.

'This here's May Friendly, gents. Mr. Glenn and Mr. Glenn.'

Her hand made a flourish and she went on wrestling with her breath.

'Pleased,' said Stephen, looking the girl over boldly.

She glanced down and made pleats in her skirts. As Mrs. Cashdollar had said, she was a nice-looking girl. Her hands were small and well made, though already the skin was roughened from her work. She wore a simple suit of dark gray, the short jacket drawn

snug about her waist, its tails flaring piquantly in contrast to her smooth-drawn hair and demure face.

Andrew's gaze hovered between the suggestive garment on the back of the door and the girl's feet. For a moment intense silence hung over them, through which the wheeze of Mrs. Cashdollar's pipe became audible.

'Well,' she said, by way of breaking the ice, 'May says the pay's agreeable, and if you gents thinks she's ditto, you and me might settle my commission. That is, if she don't want to back out.'

'There ain't only us two to cook for,' said Stephen. 'The boat's in good shape, new painted. It ain't hard working for us and we ought to get along good.'

He gave her his smile. She nodded slowly and dropped her lids. Stephen noticed that they had uncommonly long lashes.

The silence was resumed for another awkward moment. Then Andrew's voice rumbled out of the bed corner.

'Where you come from?'

She glanced at him.

'Port Leyden.'

'I come from Boonville,' he said slowly. 'I had a farm there. You've got better farming land down the river.'

'Yes,' she said, dubiously.

Mrs. Cashdollar wiggled her pudgy shoulders with impatience and drew in her breath in preparation for further conversation. But Andrew went on.

'Know anything about dairying?'

'Some,' she said.

'I like cows,' he said. 'Only there ain't pasture for more'n dinkeys where my farm was.'

'There is n't much good stock down my way,' said the girl.

Mrs. Cashdollar sniffed.

'Durnedest things to ask a cook I ever see!' she exclaimed. 'It's getting late. If you like her and she likes you,

why n't you make a deal? You ain't asked how she cooks, but I'll tell you she's all right.'

Stephen laughed.

'You ain't getting a wife, Andy.' He turned to the girl. 'We ain't hard,' he said. 'Ever been to the theatre?'

She looked up quickly.

'No.'

'I'll take you to-morrow night, if you want,' he promised.

'I'd like to.'

'A woman like me's got to get sleep,' Mrs. Cashdollar complained. 'Are you suited, gents?'

'Yes,' said Stephen.

'You, May?'

'Yes.'

'My commission's two dollars,' said Mrs. Cashdollar. 'Cash.'

Andrew slowly pulled a wallet from his hip pocket and paid her.

'Our boat's at the Butterfield dock,' said Stephen. 'It's the Eastern Belle.'

'Got a red stripe,' said Andrew. 'End boat.'

'She'll be down in the morning,' said Mrs. Cashdollar. 'Excuse me not getting up, gents. It's the gout troubles me. Good night.'

They went out, Andrew leading.

'What're you looking at *him* for?' Mrs. Cashdollar asked. 'He ain't nothing but a lump of mud. Now that young feller's got looks—see him smile. He'll give you a good time, May—if you want it.'

She had seen the girl's eyes fixed on Andrew's yellow hair as the lamplight picked it out through the darkness in the doorway.

'You get down and get 'em a good breakfast, and you'll start right. Give a man a good breakfast and you won't have to think about him till the next morning. Now go on out. A woman like me's got to get sleep.'

She closed the door after the girl, knocked out her pipe, and took a

yellow-ribboned nightcap from behind the door. In front of her mirror she let down her hair and skewered it up again and adjusted the nightcap with care.

'Yes, sir, he'll give her a good time if she wants it—or not. Them quiet ones like her's generally got a devil into them if a man can fetch a-hold of its tail.'

'I wonder who they be,' she said to herself as she began to undress. 'I never seen them afore.'

Mrs. Cashdollar never saw them again, but she heard about all three of them from time to time.

II

The two Glenns first ran across each other at an auction in Whitestown. Though they had come into competition over some smaller articles, they had taken no stock in each other until they found themselves and a third man bidding for a heavy work team. The horses were blacks, about eighteen hundred at fifteen hands, and handsome to look at. Andrew, whose passion was cows and horses, hung grimly to the bidding until he had reached one hundred and fifty dollars. Now and then he would turn his eyes from the team and scowl at the other two.

'One twenty-five,' Stephen had said; and Andrew had called out, 'One fifty,' which was twenty dollars more than he could pay. Stephen had made a grimace and turned his back; but just then the third bidder had said, 'One sixty.'

This was a thin man with a pointed chin and sloping forehead who had been walking about with a heavy driving whip in his hand, much bored until the team was put up.

The auctioneer rubbed his hands together and echoed, 'One sixty,' in an ecstatic, whispering voice. 'One sixty,'

he repeated. 'Ain't anybody going to raise this gent's bid? Such a team, so cheap; four and five; own brothers! Look at 'em!'

Andrew swallowed hard and muttered, 'One sixty-five,' in his beard, but not loud enough for the auctioneer to hear him.

'Throw in with me,' said a voice at his shoulder, 'and we'll get him yet.'

He looked down with a sudden gleam in his eye at the little dark man who had been bidding against him a moment before. Stephen smiled eagerly; and all at once a slow grin overspread Andrew's face, showing his big square teeth; a chuckle rose in him; and he threw back his head and opened his mouth and laughed to himself, a deep laugh, which shook him down in his bowels.

'How much?' he asked.

'I bid one twenty-five,' said Stephen, grinning over the other's laugh.

The auctioneer was leaning beseechingly in Andrew's direction, his pudgy hands moving unctuously, his face sweating as he stretched his remarks to give Andrew time.

'Own brothers,' he was saying. 'Bred in this town. Equal to any weight. Up to any haul. Kind. Gentle. There ain't a kick into them. Set on their hocks,' he invited. 'Look at them quarters. There's power. Short backs. Look at them legs—run your hand down them. What do you feel?' he said to the hostler, who had complied with his request. 'Nothing!' he answered himself. 'Clean and sweet . . .'

The man with the pointed chin cracked his whip savagely.

'They're mine,' he said. 'No stretching! They was mine two minutes ago, damn you!'

'Going . . .' cried the auctioneer. 'Look at them shoulders! Going . . . There ain't a sweeter set of legs in this state! You've see how they match as a pair, gents?'

'One seventy-five,' said Andrew solemnly, his big hands quivering with delight.

The hot noon sun shone straight down on the group in the space the crowd had cleared for them, and touched the coats of the blacks with a gun-metal sheen.

'Ninety!' There was a snap in the voice of the man with the pointed chin, and he cracked his whip so that the pair threw up their heads and gathered their haunches under them.

'You shut up with that whip!' cried the hostler, running his hand over the withers of the nearest horse.

'Two hundred,' said Andrew, and he took off his hat.

The crowd shifted round them in great amusement, and men eased the sweat out of their suspenders with their thumbs.

'Five,' said the man with the pointed chin.

'Ten,' said Andrew.

'Twelve.'

'Fifteen.'

'Sixteen.'

The auctioneer rubbed his hands together. 'Two sixteen,' he whimpered. 'Dollars. Cash.'

'You'll get him now,' Stephen whispered. 'Twenty-five and he'll run.'

'Not all to once,' rumbled Andrew. 'I want to make him wiggle.'

It was his first experience in handling what seemed to him unlimited capital.

'Seventeen,' he said.

'Eighteen.'

'Nineteen.'

'Twenty.'

'Twenty-one.'

The other drew a long sobbing breath, tried to swear, choked, and pushed his way through the crowd, the long lash of his whip trailing along the ground after him.

'Two twenty-one!' cried the auctioneer. 'Going . . . What a team for the money! Ain't nobody going to say twenty-two?'

'You shut up!' Andrew growled.

'Going . . . Gone!' His mallet came down with a smack on the rail of his booth. 'This team is sold for two hundred and twenty-one dollars to the big gent with the yellow hair.'

Mixed laughter and applause rose from the crowd.

Andrew went over to the team and laid a soothing hand along their backs and grinned and grinned.

Stephen came after him. 'Well,' he said with his quick smile, 'they're ours. I calculated sure he would n't go over twenty.'

Andrew still grinned.

'Saved four dollars making him wiggle.'

He ran his hand caressingly all over the horse, which twitched its skin with enjoyment.

'They're worth the price,' the hostler vouchsafed. 'I've see 'em when they was foaled and watched them this six year. They're a pretty team to haul with and used to handling boats.'

'I thought they was four and five!' exclaimed Stephen.

Andrew gave him a pitying smile. The hostler spat.

'Was there ever a team auctioned which wasn't four and five if they was under ten and eleven?' he asked aggrievedly.

He thrust the lead ropes into Andrew's hand and shambled off with a friendly slap on the rump of the near horse as he passed. The team looked after him.

'Well, now they're ours, what're we going to do with 'em?'

'I got a boat this morning,' said Andrew, running his hand down his nose and over his beard, 'and I come up here to buy a team. I was aiming

to boat it a season. There's no pay to my farm; it ain't no land for growth. So I sold it. I reckon I'll have to take you on to come with me as a partner.'

'Suits me,' said Stephen.

Andrew looked down at him, and, Stephen being so much younger and having that soft smiling look in his eyes, he felt a paternal kindness overwhelming him. He had felt much the same way toward a heifer he had once had. She was the best blood he had on his farm, and she had gentle eyes.

'Suits me,' he said.

They settled down to life on Andrew's boat, the Eastern Belle—one of the old bullhead Erie boats of eighty feet, with a well-built cabin aft and four stalls under the lift hatch forward. Most of their hauling took them westward, for they got pretty steady work from the Butterfield chain of feed mills; and they got to know Syracuse and Rochester and even Buffalo, and the points in between.

Andrew managed the culinary end. In his life alone on his farm he had learned to cook potatoes, and flapjacks, eggs, and coffee—good enough cooking for a man alone, for whom eating becomes part of the day's chores; but with someone to talk to over the food, there is more need for variety. It irked them both—Stephen especially, who was useless in such matters, and, consequently, particular.

He was city bred, born in New York, where he had acquired a grace which amazed Andrew but left him full of admiration. Beyond a certain gift and liking for horses, Stephen was of no value to the running of the boat. He went off as soon as they tied up at a town or city dock and moved about scraping intimate acquaintances with what women attracted his notice. He was eminently successful; he had a gift

for clothes as well as his soft eyes and eager smile to help him. Andrew stayed aboard and growled to himself, for he had the heavy moral sense of inexperience. But his feeling of fatherliness grew deeper; and other men learned that to quarrel with Stephen meant quarreling with Andrew.

Stephen returned his ponderous affection with a bantering good nature, verging at times upon contempt. He listened attentively to Andrew's slow lectures on thrift and laughed them off with spending his share of the earnings of the Eastern Belle. It became a weekly ritual between them. In his way, each derived a certain pleasure from it.

But the cooking was another matter; the food palled. Stephen suggested a cook. Andrew scoffed at the extravagance until Stephen, appreciating his hold over his partner, began taking his meals in stores along the towpath when he could, and eating ashore altogether while they stayed in the larger ports.

A few weeks of this became unbearable for Andrew. One evening in Utica, as Stephen was leaving the boat, he suggested hiring a cook.

'It'll cost a lot,' said Stephen with lugubrious hesitation.

'It'll save you buying your meals. She'll know better where to save than I do,' said Andrew.

'I guess that's so. Still, you got to pay her a salary.'

'I'll ask the 'keep over to Bentley's what's right. Joe would do right by me there.'

Stephen shook his head and mumbled to himself in Andrew's sourest manner, and grinned to see Andrew's heedlessness.

'Joe'll know what's right,' said Andrew.

Joe did, but it amused him to mention a top wage for Andrew's benefit.

Being accustomed to all business involving womenfolk, Stephen scented a discrepancy.

'If you say fifteen dollars to Luey up above,' Joe whispered to him, 'you'll get a danged good cook. She come in yesterday, and she's green to the canal'; and he gave an attractive description of a young girl, while Andrew down the bar ruminated over his Black Strap. Fifteen dollars a month was more than he had planned to spend.

But he followed Stephen upstairs, and, between them and Mrs. Cash-dollar, they secured the services of May Friendly.

III

She came aboard early, and from his bunk Stephen heard her chucking wood in the stove. Andrew, whose job it had been to build the fire and put on the coffee, still snored softly.

They slept in a small cubicle behind the cabin, directly under the steersman's place. What light and air there was came in through small ventilating slits just under the deck. It was a dim little hole, with the planks two feet over your head, so that you had to sit up carefully.

Stephen got up quietly and went out into the cabin with his shirt unbuttoned and his shoes in his hand. He got a drink of water from the barrel under the short steps and looked over the dipper at May while he drank. She was dressed in a red gingham work dress, and the sunlight coming through the small high windows at the side slanted across her back and made a small shadow between her shoulders.

'Good morning,' Stephen said.

She gave him a cool glance out of her black eyes, which were pointed finely at the outer corners.

'Good morning,' she said. 'When do you mostly eat?'

'Seven,' he said. 'But there ain't no rush. Andy's sleeping.'

He went out on deck with a bucket to wash. She listened to him sloshing round busily and then went on with her inspection of the cabin. On the whole, it was fairly clean. It was tiny — with little more than room enough for the stove and three chairs and a small cupboard in the corner. It was the first boat May Friendly had been on, and the disposition of pans and dishes in out-of-the-way lockers fascinated her. With all the sunlight streaming into its windows, it seemed more spacious than she had imagined a boat cabin could be. The walls were papered in a nasturtium pattern, the spruce floor was oiled. When curtains had been put at the windows and the shaving mug and razors had been relegated to properly remote corners, the room would have possibilities. She had resigned herself already to the apathetic satisfaction of a woman who has lived a life of conscientious routine.

At the back of the cabin was a curtain of faded green stuff through which she had seen Stephen appear. He had said that Andrew was sleeping, but she hesitated before lifting it. She could hear Stephen rubbing himself down with short gasps on deck. As her fingertips met the curtain, she blushed suddenly and vividly. Then she pulled it open. She could just see the bunks side by side, with their heads toward the stern, and she drew in her breath on observing that there was no partition. It was very dark and the air was none too good; but, above the even breathing, she could hear a pleasant sound of ripples along the stern of the boat. A finger of sunlight from a knothole had enabled her barely to see; and now she noticed that it moved slowly, as though the boat had swung a trifle on its moorings. Suddenly it caught up an answering gleam in Andrew's yellow

hair, moved upward along his cheek.

When she heard Stephen walking back to the cabin steps, she slipped over to the stove and lifted the lid of the coffee kettle. The finger of sunlight had left a green spot on her vision, but in the sleeping cuddy it continued its slow creeping along Andrew's cheek. As Stephen entered Andrew sneezed violently and rolled over on his bunk.

Stephen came over to where she stood and got hot water for shaving. His beard was light and he shaved quickly; he was done by the time Andrew emerged from the sleeping cuddy, grumbling to himself. While he was on deck, Stephen showed May how to let down the table. It had two drop legs which unfolded to support the outer corners. In a recess behind it stood salt and pepper and vinegar and sugar, ready for the meal.

'Well, now!' exclaimed May. 'That's real clever.'

Wishing she had crockery, she laid out the tin dishes.

'Now you're here,' Stephen observed, 'and we're putting on shine like this, I guess we ought to have chinaware.'

'I seen a nasturtium set over to Banton's, marked down reasonable and missing a cup. It would look real good here,' she said eagerly, glancing at the wall paper.

'It would, at that.'

He sat down, while the smell of frying eggs wove its way into the coffee perfume.

'Would you like to go out to-night, May?'

Her head came up jerkily, like a bird's, at the name; but she smiled and nodded. Her smile was slightly square, showing pretty teeth for a country-woman, and gave one pleasantly the impression that she was startled.

Stephen pulled a handbill out of his shirt pocket.

MR. WINFIELD (Professor of *Canagogy*) wishes to inform the CITIZENS of UTICA that he will give an EXHIBITION of his *Dog-School*, on Saturday Evening, July 12th (1856) at the *Mechanics' Hall*. Doors open at SEVEN, and *Performance* at HALF-PAST SEVEN. Admittance 25 cents.

He read it to her.

'Want to see it?' he asked. 'The dogs is kind of cute.'

'Yes.'

Andrew came in wet and glistening, a damp towel in his hand. He had not bothered much in his dressing, as had Stephen. You were conscious of his undershirt. 'Got to load up to-day. Pull out to-morrow morning. You be on hand, Steve?'

'This morning,' said Stephen. 'Got an errand this afternoon; and me and May's going to Winfield's dog show after supper. Come with us?'

'No.'

'I'll pay,' said Stephen with a grin.

Andrew growled and filled his mouth with coffee. Stephen looked at May with a smile, as if he had given her the reason for Andrew's reluctance. She smiled back. She did not know that Stephen had borrowed from Andrew the night before.

IV

She made quite a picture as she walked down the gang to the dock. She and Stephen matched well. If it were n't for the old boat, you would have taken them for man and wife, gentleman and lady. And the boat did n't look so badly after all, Andrew told himself. He had chosen the red for the striping. Stephen had not cared; he kept up himself, where Andrew kept up his property.

Andrew watched them off from the cabin window. Not man and wife — he corrected himself — they did not look like man and wife: rather they might

be lovers, girl and boy going together. The curtain over the window obstructed his view of them and he brushed it aside angrily. While he and Stephen had loaded in the morning, she had gone off on her own hook and bought this checked gingham, a sort of orange-brown, — too bright, Andrew thought, — but he had to admit to himself that it made the cabin look better. The cabin itself wore an appearance of unaccustomed neatness and smelt clean, and faintly of soap.

Over dinner he had watched Stephen making up to her. He wondered how she could be so cool about it. Toward the end of the meal Stephen had become almost awkward in his eagerness for her approval. Andrew had never seen him like that. He began to think that she must have been on the canal more than Mrs. Cashdollar had admitted.

In the afternoon Stephen had disappeared into the town; and he had not got back until supper. But Andrew had managed to finish loading the boat; he had not had to give time to getting the meals.

While he loaded, May sat in her rocker on the cabin deck and hemmed the curtains. The sun shone on her back and cast her shadow into the pit, where it fell upon Andrew as he moved from one side to the other. Now and then she looked down at him. He handled the bags easily. It was pleasant to see her shadow in the pit beside him — not that he put any stock in such notions. But afterward he went up and sat down on the deck beside her chair and smoked. She had smiled — a small smile that showed mostly in her eyes.

A breeze drew down the Mohawk Valley from the west and plucked up a ripple on the canal. There were not many boats along the canal front; most of the warehouses, with their yellow

and brown windowless fronts, seemed deserted. A clerk, a little shambling man with a puzzled expression on his face, came along the planks and stopped beside the Eastern Belle.

'All right, Andrew?'

Andrew grunted.

'I've arranged with McCormick at the weighlock to pass you through to-morrow morning. Mr. Butterfield wanted you to get through to Boonville by Monday night if you could. McCormick knows your boat, so he'll let you right through, so it's all right. It's quite all right.'

He shoved his hat back on his head and peered up at the two.

'It's quite all right,' he said again. 'He knows your capacity — so it's quite all right.'

'Eanh,' said Andrew.

The little man shuffled on. May glanced up from her sewing as he passed from sight round a corner of the Butterfield granaries.

'Poor old man,' she said, half to herself.

Andrew grunted.

The city rose behind them up the gentle slope of the valley hills, the smoke pulling away to the east, and the church steeples piercing it like needles. On the other bank, the open meadows could be seen between the buildings.

He smoked on quietly to May's sewing. There was no sound but the wash of the ripples.

Then a faint bell ringing came to them down the canal, and away to the west they saw a line of boats drawing in. All at once Andrew drew his pipe from his mouth.

'What'd you get them for?' he demanded, pointing at the gingham lying on her knee.

She looked down at him with her half smile, and he growled something about needless waste and frowned.

Deliberately she held the stuff up at arm's length, and the motion freed the line of her throat.

'Don't you think they would look pretty, now?' she asked, putting her head a little to one side, as though to appraise the curtains herself. She ruffled them slightly and held them out again. But he was not looking at the curtains; he was thinking how smooth her throat would be to kiss. The blood came to his cheeks, and he felt it there. It angered him.

'Don't you go wasting my money after this without asking me.'

'I did n't,' she said. 'I got them myself.'

He grunted — and she, seeing the look on his face, got up after a moment and went down into the cabin.

Andrew sat on by himself for a time. He heard the halters of the team in the bows rattling, and he realized that it would soon be time to feed them. But he stayed where he was. Perhaps he was expecting May to come out again.

About five-thirty, Stephen came aboard and went below. When Andrew had finished feeding the horses and came down to the cabin, he found the supper ready, and Stephen and May dressed up to go out. He sat between them glowering. The sunset slanting through the windows touched the faces of both and found nests in May's hair. Andrew frowned at the curtains, which were hanging over the windows with a sober sort of defiance, and ate stolidly. He scarcely returned their 'Good night' when the meal was over; but he watched them go down the gang to the dock.

V

After a while he lit the lamp, brack-eted to the wall, with a little vent in the ceiling above it to let out the smoke and heat. It became very still; the ripple alongside died away to a whisper. He

heard one of the horses forward lie down in its stall. Then he got his Bible from the shelf on which stood also a small black clock, surmounted by the gilded figure of an angel with a horn. The angel was drawn up to his full height, and the arm carrying the trumpet was slightly flexed, as though the impulse to blow had just possessed his mind.

At times at night, when he heard the clock striking through his sleep, Andrew would jump up suddenly in his bunk, knocking his head against the beams above it, with a cold sweat on him, and a dream of the Last Judgment ringing out of his brain.

Now, as he sat down with his Bible, he let it fall open on his knee, and dropped the index finger of his right hand haphazard on the page after the manner of the superstitiously religious. The passage he thus chanced upon was new to his reading.

15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel . . .

And at the word the clock behind Andrew rang the half hour. He turned swiftly on his chair — but the angel still stood in his accustomed attitude, with the impulse to blow written in the curve of his arm, still waiting the word.

When he dropped his eyes to the page again, he saw that in his start he had lost the place; but he was vaguely thrilled by the words of the last verse he had read — of the shout, of the voice of the archangel. Somewhere he felt in them the presence of a personal truth, too indefinable to be detected by one of his slow mind. He sat brooding, the Bible closed upon his knees,

his hands, half clenched, hanging by the seat of the chair.

He was brought to himself by a knock on the door. It opened to admit a man carrying a package.

'Banton's,' said the man, mouthng a cigar. 'Package collect for Glenn. You him?'

'Eanh,' said Andrew. 'What is it?'

'How should I know? I've got trouble enough looking up this sty so late a Saturday.'

'You don't want to sniff at any sty you're into,' said Andrew, slowly. 'You're kind of likely to get butchered.'

'All right,' said the man, with a tentative approach toward jocularity in his tone.

'How much?'

The man named eight dollars, which Andrew paid.

'Give me a receipt,' said Andrew.

The man pulled a notebook from his pocket and tore off a page.

'Glenn. . . . Glenn?'

'Andrew.'

'All right.'

He went out on deck and down the gang.

'Here, pig! pig! pig!' he called from the dock; and the next instant his heels thumped rapidly away on the boards.

Hardly had the sound died out than Andrew heard a high unmusical whistle coming down the street. It reminded him of the squeak of a knife-grinder's barrow. Methodically he folded the receipt and placed it between the pages of the Bible, which he returned to its proper position on the shelf. He went out on deck and sat down facing his shadow outside of the cabin door. Black driven clouds scuttled across a half moon high over the valley from north to south; but on the canal there was no wind.

The whistle approached tortuously in tone and volume, and between the

notes halting footsteps became audible. At length a small figure of a man, surmounted by a large pack which gave him the appearance of an immense humpback, rose out of the darkness by the boat side.

'Hullo, Andrew,' said a high voice.

'That you, Harvey?'

'Eanh.'

'Come aboard a spell.'

The little man toiled up the gang and plunked his pack down at Andrew's feet.

'Just packed up,' he said. 'Aiming to work through the Watertown road.'

Harvey Cannwhacker was one of the cigar peddlers who used to haunt the canal and the surrounding country. They moved from town to town, rolling cigars according to demand; they were met on back roads and the trails leading into the lumber camps; they toiled along miles of towpath, sleeping in lock-tenders' shanties or appearing out of the dark beside boats tied up for the night. They went everywhere, knew everyone, saw everything, the bag upon their backs a badge of privilege.

'Been up to Lucy Cashdollar's. She said you'd got a cook.'

'Eanh.'

'Any good?'

'I don't know,' said Andrew.

'I seen Steve and her going into Mechanics' Hall,' said Harvey. 'He looked like he was making a set at her. She's a good-looker.'

Harvey slipped the palms of his hands outward along his knees, as though he were rolling a cigar, and he murmured under his breath his selling chant, 'One for a penny, a penny for one; built right and rolled tight; and warranted to draw.'

'Ah,' he said aloud after a moment. 'I knowed her back Port Leyden way. Her family was a great one with cows. She's a good hand for dairyin'.'

'Is that right?' said Andrew. 'Lucy Cashdollar said she was new on the canal. I had n't thought so.'

'Where 're you a-hauling to?'

'Boonville,' said Andrew.

'One for a penny,' Harvey muttered; then aloud, 'It's been a hard winter, last winter.'

'Eanh.'

'You like boating?'

Andrew grunted.

'Boonville ain't no land for heavy farming.'

'No,' said Andrew.

'You and Steve get along good?'

'Pretty good,' Andrew said. It did not occur to him to be ruffled by this personal questioning. One expected it of a cigar peddler; besides, he knew Harvey.

'He's a good boy,' he said, with an air of comfortable pride, as if he had been responsible for Stephen's character.

'Lazy,' said Harvey. 'Tags after women. . . . One for a penny. . . '

The dew was beginning to glisten on the deck, and the clouds under the moon grew thin.

'You don't like boating, Andrew,' Harvey said suddenly. 'You was n't cut for it. You ought to go back to farming!'

'Where?'

'You ought to go west; go out to Ohio; go further.'

'That's too fur.'

'No, it ain't. Good land costs too much here. You was built for that land, Andrew.'

'How do you know?'

Harvey hunched himself over his thin knees, and as he fronted the moon his eyes gleamed under his brows.

'I been there, Andrew. It's all flat country. It's a long, flat country. The earth's heavy on a plough. You can raise heavy cattle there.'

'Eanh.'

'I been there. But it ain't no land for a little man like me.'

'I got money saved up,' Andrew said after a while. 'But I had n't ought to leave Steve. He would n't come.'

'He'd leave you if he wanted,' said Harvey.

'I had n't ought to leave him.'

They listened awhile to the water wash.

'You ought to marry,' said Harvey. 'A man ought to marry.'

'Who? Who'd I marry?'

'Marry your cook — take her out to Ohio with you. She's good for dairying'. I knew her Port Leyden way. I knew her folks.'

'Steve wants her,' said Andrew.

'What's he done for you?'

Harvey got up from the deck and swung his pack on to his shoulders.

'Maybe I'll see you on the feeder. I aim to cut across Potato Hill and come down Delta way.'

His pack bowing him down, he shuffled off the boat.

In the cabin behind Andrew the clock struck the hour, and he started again — the words of the verses he had read coming back to him.

'Go west,' Harvey had said. 'It's a long, flat country. You was built for that land.'

The earth was heavy against a plough out there — his big hands itched for the helves. He had always wanted to go where he could raise heavy cattle.

But there was the question of Stephen. He had spent a life alone until he had come across Stephen; he could not leave him now.

Hunched forward, with his hands hanging over his knees, Andrew muddled over his problem. His years of loneliness had unsuited him for discerning his own wishes; his mind was dozing; he ruminated moodily, but he seldom thought — rather he accepted

two sides of a question and drifted between them until circumstances reared one of them to actuality. All his life he had hungered after a fat land; and all his life he had hung on to the bare living of his little farm by Boonville. Now that he had sold it, he had only a vague idea of how the sale had come about. Someone had offered him more than the farm was really worth. He had been unable to refuse the opportunity of laying by a little money; his mother had left him a little money which he had refused to touch; his neighbors called him miserly. The boat had come as part payment for the farm; so now he was boating. That was all there was to it.

He got up and went back into the cabin and took off his shoes. His glance fell upon the package that had come earlier in the evening; but he did not open it.

May had fashioned a sort of partition between her bunk and the others, so that the sleeping cuddy was sufficiently divided into two rooms.

Andrew stretched out, with his arms under his head, scowling at the chink of light the lowered lamp cast over the curtains. The clock struck eleven in the cabin. May and Stephen were later than he had expected; or, seeing that it was Stephen, he might have expected it after all. . . . A man ought to marry, Harvey had said. . . . He heard the clock strike the half hour again, and he dozed.

He did not hear them when they came in a little later. They did not speak for a moment; but he saw their shadows make a single silhouette against the curtains. Then May's voice broke out, and Stephen warned her not to wake Andrew. They both laughed, quietly, a little awkwardly.

For a while each turned on the bunk on either side of Andrew; but his even breathing was undisturbed.

The wind rose and riffled the water against the stern of the Eastern Belle, and the clock struck midnight, and finally the three slept.

VI

They pulled out from the weighlock at six o'clock. Behind them the keeper of the lock stared sleepily at their wake and held the shuddering tails of his nightshirt down about his legs. A heavy mist lay on the water, which looked black along the quays and reflected the lower parts of boats, the decks of which remained invisible. Shadows in the whiteness marked the entrances to streets. A delicious stillness hovered round them, imparting ghostliness to the smooth glide of the boat. It seemed to May upon the cabin deck that the world slipped by beneath them while they hung quiet as a cloud in a noonday sky. Only the plodding heave of the black team ahead and Andrew's long stride connected them with earth.

As the horses moved out on to the open towpath, a breeze from the hills brought them the smell of meadows; trees rose up beside them now and then with a whispering of leaves and restless shapes. Looking behind her, May saw the lower houses appearing here and there, and a dull gold gleam on the water; but the mist still clung to the crest of the city. While she watched, she heard a stir upon the air; and the high crown of mist was filled with the sound of church bells ringing early Mass. A cow floundered out of a swale alongside the towpath, her big head glistening, a pocket of denser mist loitering about her horns. Cowbells echoed faintly from the hills; a dog barked; and a rooster crowed away off on her left. And all at once the glow on the water shot swiftly after the Eastern Belle and fell about May's face; and as

the mist lifted suddenly she saw that the sun was risen.

A little below her, on the small deck left for the steersman, Stephen stood, his brown shirt open over his chest, showing the smooth brown skin. He gave her his quick smile suddenly and cast a half-humorous glance ahead of them to where Andrew walked beside the black horses, hat in hand, with the new sunlight on his yellow hair.

'He says he's been telling you you been extravagant with them curtains and all.'

'Eanh,' said May with a slow smile.

'He'll probably give you some more talk every week. He was born kind of miserly; he can't help it.'

He spoke with the consciousness of his own liberality strong upon him; he forgot that the preceding night's entertainment had been borrowed.

'He's a kind of a sod,' Stephen said. 'He likes to set quiet and let his roots grow down close. I'll bet he set here on the boat all last night.'

May also glanced amusedly at Andrew and then looked back at Stephen, and they both laughed. Andrew heard them, for his head lifted quickly, but he walked on without turning.

'There's a package downstairs from Banton's,' said Stephen. 'I got it yesterday; it's for you. You'd better go and open it.'

She opened her eyes wide.

'For me?'

He laughed again.

'You better go see.'

She went into the cabin and sat down opposite the package. Her previous evening with Stephen had been a new experience to her. The crowded hall, the brilliance of the lanterns on the stage, the subdued murmuring of the crowd, at first had frightened her by their newness. But as she glanced round she perceived that Stephen was as handsome as any escort in the

assemblage; when he leaned close to her to whisper some remark, he looked almost beautiful; the reflection of the stage lighting just lit his soft eyes. Then she saw that men watched her as she moved, and it came upon her that she suited his looks; that the pair of them could match with any pair about them. Contrary to Stephen's expectation, instead of making her dependent on him, the experience gave her native hardness a sudden perspective and she found a reliance in her own judgment. She was fond of him already, he could see that; but she was not carried away. She had let him kiss her on their return, several times; and she had responded with a warmth she had never divined in herself; but at that point she had stopped him. Though she appreciated his beauty, it did not dominate her. Instead of her fearing him, her feeling was one of almost contemptuous friendliness. He might take liberties with her, but he could not claim her.

It was in this mood that she opened the package and unwrapped the nasturtium china set she coveted. A wave of pleasure swept her as the sun picked out the bright reds and greens and yellows against the white. She ranged the pieces on the table to admire their lines. There was a commodiousness about the belly of the teapot which transmitted through her hand, as she wiped away the shop dust, a comforting sense of establishment. She held it up in both hands and then poured herself imaginary tea into one of the cups. Her knowledge of china was limited to the ancestral assortment of odds and ends common to farmers' houses. An entire set dazed her. She raised the empty cup to her lips.

Then she ran out on deck to thank Stephen. He held her with one arm, and in her delight she almost granted him the efficacy of his bribe, for she read it as such in his eyes.

'There's hardly room for all of it,' she said.

'It ought to go into the cupboard.'

'The teapot won't.'

'Set it out by the clock.'

'But there's only room for Andrew's Bible there.'

'Set it somewhere else,' he said.

She had longed for permission. She wanted the pot where she could see it continually. But as she turned to go down her eyes fell upon Andrew walking beside the team with his deliberate tread. The sight sobered her.

Andrew frightened her. Her instinct made her aware of a possible upheaval of his phlegmatic nature which would overwhelm her woman's nice sense of balance. Stephen was more easily understood, his purpose being readable and reducing all consideration of him in a woman's mind to the power of his beauty. Beyond his size and yellow hair, Andrew possessed no striking features; beside Stephen he resembled a somnolent great forest tree, unaffected by the surface breezes shivering the sapling, but terrible in the high winds. His blue eyes were not cold, but cool from lack of decision. His heavy face remained immobile, even in a fight, and was lighted only by a petty astuteness in money matters. She had had evidence of that already; he would give her no freedom. But at least she had a china set.

She placed the dishes in the cupboard, after hiding the former tin ones on a small shelf behind the stove, until she came to the teapot. This, as she had foreseen, would not fit in the cupboard, so she turned to the clock shelf. Andrew's Bible was one of the large leather varieties, blooming with many-colored prints; there was no chance of wedging the teapot between it and the clock. She took it down, and her shoulder sagged as she felt the weight. The pages opened slightly to let a slip

of paper flutter to the floor. Hastily she stooped to pick it up.

It was inevitable that her eye should fall upon the writing, and as inevitable that she should read it. The penciled hand was sprawly, but sufficiently legible. It was the receipt for a package from Banton's, collect on delivery, made out to Andrew Glenn, signed by W. Ad. Joynt, agent. The date was of the preceding day. She went back to the wrappings of the parcel and turned them over until she found the letters C. O. D. It became evident to her then that, whoever had ordered the dishes, Andrew had paid for them.

VII

They tied up for the night outside of Delta on the Boonville feeder. The town itself was a mile and a half back from the canal; but Denslow's Delta House took the town's place pretty well. It was a long rambling structure with odd wings growing out of the sides of a big square house of three stories, like whelps out of Scylla's belly. At times they could give forth as much noise, and almost as unlovely. But in the off season the house stood very quiet, with lights only in the ground-floor centre windows, and a white whisper of smoke coming out of one corner of the great chimney.

They had come down from Boonville empty, and ahead of them when they tied up at the wharf was another boat as empty as their own. It was a late hour for supper, for the sun was set, and a cloudy sky made it seem later. But Andrew ate deliberately across the table from May. Stephen had gone up to the Delta House as soon as they landed.

Andrew glowered. Although an air of established comfort and neatness now pervaded the cabin of the Eastern Belle, it was evident that he and

May were ill at ease. Harvey Canny-whacker's advice had taken root in him, obsessed him, until he had approached May. He had asked her above Boonville, in the midst of the bleak hills in which he had been born, to go west with him. Slim and self-contained, as she walked beside him on the towpath, she had told him no. She had had more than a taste of his parsimony, which, as a farmer's child, she was born to understand, but which, in his present way of living, she found it hard to forgive. She had felt an irresistible impulse to hurt him, and she had given way to it. If she had expected an outward sign of pain, she was disappointed; and instantly she had regretted her weakness, remembering his unclaimed gift. He spoke nothing about himself, so that it was impossible for her to read any purpose in him.

Andrew had walked on beside the team and repeated her answer to himself. For his slow mind there had not been time for pain to sink in. He had asked her because a man, according to Harvey, ought to be married. He would not be hurt until he woke to the realization of being in love. At the moment it was another deal closed, as it happened, in his disfavor.

But the sight of her about his boat, and the feeling of her presence, made the idea of going to Ohio seem empty. That idea had run so supremely in his head that he had not realized his omission of a proposal of marriage. The two were synonymous ideas; and she had understood them so. But he had taken it for granted that her negative implied her attachment to Stephen. He could not know that a few hours afterward she had denied Stephen. Had he been informed of it, he would have refused to believe it. It was not in Stephen's character to be denied.

He finished his tea from the new nasturtium cup and rose from the table.

May glanced up at him with a peculiar veiled expression in her eyes.

'They're real pretty,' she said, giving him an opening. 'I like them a lot.'

He snorted.

'All puddery snick-snacks. It's land counts in this land — land and stock. Building on the land and growing on to it's what counts. You can't make no progress in a chiney set.'

He reached for his hat.

'Where're you going?'

'I got to find Stephen.'

He paused for a minute in the doorway and cast a long look over the cabin. It was this he would leave to go west — all of it pretty puddery, but he was growing to like it. But it was all puddery — he would go west. The horses forward stamped all at once. A big team — they ought to be pulling on a plough, not taking a square-ended boat back and forth between little nowheres. He looked at May — and she seemed to him very desirable there, sitting with her hands among the crockery dishes. She ought to be raising children. While he watched her, the color mounted to her face. His eyes fell on a small mirror across the cabin; and in it he saw the yellow of his hair, and his eyes clear blue, filling the small glass. He stooped to go out of the door, and he awoke to his own size; the boat had grown too small to hold him. As he came out on deck he heard the clock strike eight — clear notes, suddenly resonant on the night air.

There was a smell of frost in the night; the stars were beginning to show among the clouds; here and there they found reflections in the black water of the canal.

Andrew went over to the other boat and knocked on the cabin door; but no one answered him. He walked forward to the stable to look at the horses. It was inky dark there, and the horses shifted in their stalls at his unfamiliar

smell. But he stepped in beside them and felt them over. They were heavy horses, as heavy as the black team, hard and in good condition — a trifle poor, perhaps. He knew the owner, Reuben Philmy, a little dazed man who wanted enough money to set up a little garden — a little garden! Andrew felt a quiver in the legs of the horse by which he stood, as if he, too, snorted at the thought.

When he came out on deck again, Andrew heard Philmy coming aboard.

'Hello,' said Andrew. 'It's me, Andrew Glenn.'

'I thought that was your boat,' said the other in a small, weak voice. 'Hello, Andrew.'

'I want to buy your boat,' said Andrew.

They talked for a while in the starlight, and then Andrew reached into his pocket, and a little later he walked away toward the Delta House.

As he paused before the door, the moon, a full white moon, came out from the clouds, bringing a bright wind with it. He could see the white gleam of the plank road running straight away to Westernville, on the far side of the canal. Close at hand, it spanned the water over a bridge, the white rails of which arched from shore to shore like a web of silver mist. On this he heard now the thump of heels sounding with a tight, frosty ring; and presently a high unmusical whistle proceeded from the lips of the walker. In a few moments his humped shadow became visible, black against the gray-washed stillness of the roadside fields. Andrew went out to meet him.

'I guessed I might run into you here, Andrew.'

'We just stopped for the night, Harvey.'

The peddler dumped his pack down and leaned back against the snake fence where the protruding crossed

ends of the rails made a rest for his back.

'Going on in the morning?' he asked.

'Eanh — as far as Rome.'

'Where're you heading?'

'West,' said Andrew.

The peddler pushed his hat forward over his eyes and drew in his breath with a low whistle.

'I bought Philmy's boat and team,' said Andrew.

'Going alone?'

'Eanh.'

The cold breeze rustled the roadside grass.

'A man ought to get married,' said the peddler.

'I reckon,' Andrew said.

'Did you ask her?'

'Eanh.'

'She said no.'

'Eanh.'

'Why?' Harvey asked.

'I reckon she wants Stephen.'

'She's said no to him, too,' said Harvey.

'How'd you know that?'

'He's setting up the road a spell by himself.'

'He's tired of her,' Andrew said.

'He would n't leave her with nobody else round to tag after. I'll bet she's turned him off.'

With his forefinger Andrew outlined the toe of his boot in the road where he squatted.

'She'd make a good wife,' said Harvey.

'I guess that's so.'

'What I think is,' said Harvey, 'that she wants a bit of both of you.'

Andrew was silent.

'Either you take her or you don't. One of you alone could take her in a minute.'

'I can't leave Steve by himself,' said Andrew. 'It ain't right.'

'You'll have to if you're going west. You'd better settle it between

you right off if you're going to start west.'

'How?'

'You could do it a lot of ways — you could fight it out.'

'Cripus! He would n't stand no show.'

The peddler chuckled.

'Well, you might draw lots.'

Andrew deliberated.

'That'd be too sudden,' he said after a while.

'I got some cards,' said the peddler. 'I allus carry them.'

'Eanh.'

'Well, you could mix 'em good and then draw off the top for the first queen.'

This protracted method appealed to Andrew.

'That's all right,' he said.

In the act of pulling the cards out of his pocket, the peddler cocked his head.

At the same instant Stephen's face appeared over the snake fence behind them.

'What do you want to win for?' he asked Andrew. 'What good would that do you?'

Andrew hunched lower under the remark; he had not thought of that. For the first time he felt the pang at her refusal which had lain dormant in him.

Harvey cursed beneath his breath; then glanced up at Stephen. The moon shone in his small black eyes. He looked all at once like a crouched, inquisitive rat.

'I don't see as it'll help you an awful lot to win, either,' he observed.

Stephen drew back, and his cheek darkened.

'If it was n't for Andrew being round all the while, I'd have learned her already. Where are your damn cards?'

The peddler held them up.

'I'll mix,' he said, and he did so, slipping the cards dexterously from one hand to the other with his nimble fingers, until, in the moonlight, they became a running thread, with a faint gleam now and then against their backs. Suddenly he offered them to Andrew, backs up, upon his palm.

'Let him draw first,' said Andrew.

Stephen laughed.

'Andy's scared.'

He took off the top card and held it slantwise against the moon.

'Pip,' he said.

Andrew drew and struck a match where he squatted and laid the card down by his feet. Stephen drew again; then Andrew. And again they laid down the cards.

Stephen took another card, quickly, and laughed as he turned it down. He seemed quite at ease and asked for one of Harvey's cigars and borrowed Andrew's last match to light it. Andrew drew and examined his card by the glow of the cigar end, the faint light just touching his nose and brows and the outer hairs of his beard. Stephen looked at the next card, and laughed again.

'There! The damn black hussy. Tough luck, Andy.'

Andrew grunted.

He held his card close to the cigar — the two of clubs. Then he picked up the cards he had put down and handed them to Harvey.

Stephen vaulted over the fence.

'It's too bad, Andy,' he said again. There was a note of genuine disappointment in his voice, and he added quite honestly, 'We'll miss you.'

Andrew got slowly to his feet until he faced him.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'You can have the boat.'

Then he hit him with his full strength on the side of the face. Stephen crumpled backward on his heels and

stretched out, his fingers plucking at the dust.

'Jeepers!' Harvey whispered. 'Jeepers Cripus!'

And his hand went unconsciously to his own jaw.

'Jeepers!' he said once more.

Andrew stared from his fist to Stephen and back again. He shook his head.

After a moment he reached over and picked Stephen up and slung him across his shoulders.

'I'd better take him back,' he said.

Harvey swung up his pack and they set off for the boats. As they went side by side their shadows looked like the shadows of twins.

VIII

'Come on in,' May said.

Harvey opened the door and Andrew bunted his way in and dropped Stephen in the rocking-chair. Then, as if to survey his work, he stood back and looked him over in the lamplight. Stephen's skin was waxy, with an unpleasant yellow tinge beginning to show. The long lashes folded on his high cheeks might have been a woman's, as might his slim-fingered hands. He lay back with a grotesque crumpledness in his arms and legs. On his waistcoat there was still a white spot made by his cigar ash.

May looked from him to Andrew with a wondering horror.

'What've you been doing?' she cried suddenly. 'What've you done to him?'

Though she did not mind picking a flower herself, she could not bear to see one wilt under another's hand.

Andrew gazed at his fist before answering her.

'Why, I guess I hit him one.'

'Jeepers!' exclaimed Harvey. 'I'll bet your neck!'

'Eanh.'

May got some water from the butt and began daubing Stephen's face and neck. Andrew watched her for a moment. Then he turned heavily to Harvey.

'I reckon I better start now. Will you steer me 's fur 's Rome?'

'Why, yes,' Harvey said. 'I reckon I might as well.'

May glanced up quickly.

'Where 're you going?'

'West,' said Andrew. He banged the cabin door after him.

Harvey started to pick up his pack; but before he could swing it up May caught his arm.

'Tell me,' she said breathlessly.

He looked at her with relish.

'Why, you could n't pick neither one of 'em, and Andrew would n't let him have you while he was round, so they played for you with these-here cards,'—he produced them as evidence,—'and Steve won, and Andrew busted him for it. He did it real handy.'

'You know,' he went on, reading her expression, 'he's liable to do that.'

He swung up his pack and opened the door. They heard the *tump-tump* of the horses coming down the gang of the boat ahead and a jangle of traces.

'It's a good boat, but I'll bet it's dirty,' Harvey said.

'You stay here,' said May. She ran out after Andrew and went aboard the other boat while he hitched the team to the eveners.

'All right, Harvey,' Andrew said, as he came back and pushed the gang back on deck.

'All right,' replied Harvey, from the bow of the Eastern Belle.

He grinned as the boat swung away from the wharf. In the pale light he saw May Friendly raise her arm to him. He waved back. The moon traced the wash from the stern as the boat went round a bend. He waited a few minutes longer.

'Low bridge!' he heard Andrew's deep voice calling.

'Lo-ow bridge!' May's voice faintly gave the steersman's answer.

Harvey chuckled as he returned to the cabin. He sat down at the table and opened his pack and began rolling cigars.

'One for a penny, a penny for one,' he chanted. 'Built right and rolled tight, and warranted to drawr.'

Behind him Stephen moaned.

'That you, Harvey?' he asked weakly. 'Where's Andy?'

'I guess he woke up,' said Harvey. 'Them sleepy ones wake up once in a while.'

He sifted the filling on to a leaf.

'It's like something inside of them said, "Jeepers!"' he went on, 'and they did n't hear it for a while.'

'Where 's May?'

Harvey chuckled.

'She don't seem to believe in cards,' he replied. 'By grab!' he added. 'Durned if she did n't wake up, too!'

He licked his thumbs with relish and rolled the wrapping on tight.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

ACCORDING to the lexicographers, *cacoethes* is an ill habit, or the itch for doing something unadvisable; and they invariably add: 'as in *scribendi cacoethes*, scribbling mania.' Why is this the inevitable illustration? Why have these words been so long and so intimately associated? Dictionaries are social as well as etymological histories, summing up briefly the garnered wisdom of the ages upon innumerable subjects; and the deduction in this case is that the itch for writing has always been regarded, not only as an affliction, but as the most contagious and prevalent of afflictions.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that 'itch,' 'mania,' 'ill habit,' are misleading terms, by no means descriptive of a malady which, in its higher manifestations, is one of the noblest of all the diseases of the human spirit. Now and then, to be sure, even an illustrious victim speaks of it as though it were, in truth, nothing but a disgusting irritation, something to be ashamed of. Tolstoy, for example, in a letter written in mid-course of his career, said. 'I abstain from writing and feel a kind of moral purity, such as one feels from not smoking. I do not know how to rejoice sufficiently at having conquered that habit.' But I doubt whether Tolstoy was really as happy as he professed to be at the moment. If he abstained from writing, the reason was, more than likely, that his inspiration had failed him, temporarily, and he was trying to make a virtue of necessity. Had he been permanently cured, I venture to

say that thenceforth he would have been the most miserable of men.

For a remarkable feature of this disease, and one of the most difficult to explain, is that, however great a victim's sufferings in the throes of it, the moment relief comes it is found to be no relief at all. I believe that the wondrous wise man in the nursery rhyme must have been suffering from *cacoethes scribendi*. 'He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes' was merely a pictorial way of saying that he found the disease intolerable and took heroic measures to effect a cure. Having momentarily regained his health, he found that condition even less endurable, and immediately elected to become ill again.

I have heard it said that an infallible as well as a permanent cure for the malady is the cooling salve of public indifference and neglect. Cooling this unguent undoubtedly is; but healing? I doubt it. One thinks of innumerable instances which lead to a contrary opinion; of men, some of them rich in worldly possessions, and therefore under no compulsion to write; others wretchedly poor; some of remarkable and varied gifts; some with talents pathetically meagre; but all of them having this in common — that they spent their lives in obscure and solitary literary toil without once hearing a heartening shout of public acclaim.

Consider for a moment a particular, and by no means an exceptional, case — that of Samuel Butler. Although he sometimes wrote music or painted

pictures, he was first and last a literary man, and during his life he published fourteen books, all at his own expense. Only one, *Erewhon*, netted him even a small profit, and his return from that was only sixty-two pounds and some odd shillings. The others were total failures, commercially. Butler was out of pocket 779 pounds, 18 shillings, 1½ pence for the lot of them. After *Erewhon*, his most successful book was *Life and Habit*, which found six hundred and forty purchasers, and the least successful a volume of essays, of which not a single copy was sold. Nevertheless, Butler continued writing to the end of his days. There is an interesting note in his *Journal*, published after his death, with reference to his books and how they came to be written. 'I never make them,' he said; 'they grow; they come to me and insist on being written, and on being such and such. I did not want to write *Erewhon*. I wanted to go on painting and found it an abominable nuisance being dragged willy-nilly into writing it. So with all my books — the subjects were never of my own choosing; they pressed themselves upon me with more force than I could resist. If I had not liked the subjects I should have kicked, and nothing would have got me to do them at all. . . .' That final statement I don't for a moment believe. He might have kicked, but he would have written nevertheless.

Mr. Arthur Machen, the author of those strange and memorable tales, *The Great God Pan*, *The Hill of Dreams*, *The Secret Glory*, and so forth, furnishes another example of a man who was not deterred from writing by the lack of public encouragement. He resembles Samuel Butler in that his peculiar temperament, his own predilections, as well as the outward circumstances of his life, seem to have made it necessary that he should write the books he

did write, and only those. Although he is an artist in a small and lonely field, for pure, passionate, lifelong devotion to the task of cultivating its grudging soil I doubt whether his equal can be found in all the history of letters. Certainly there has never been a more heroic sufferer from the dread scourge — *cacoethes scribendi*. His volume of reminiscences, *Far Off Things*, contains a passage that needs to be quoted in full, it puts so well the case for all men of limited talent who are searching for the way to the full heaven of Art which is never to be theirs: —

No; the only course is to go on stumbling and struggling and blundering like a man lost in a dense thicket on a dark night; a thicket, I say, of rebounding boughs that punish with the sting of a whiplash, of thorns that savagely lacerate the flesh, — it is the flesh of the heart, alas! that they tear, — of sharp rocks of agony and black pools of despair. Such is the obscure wood of the literary life; such, at least, it was to me. You struggle to find your way; but again and again you ask yourself whether, for you, there is any way. You think you have hit upon the lucky track at last. And lo! before your feet is the black pit. And such is not alone the adventure of little, ineffectual struggling men. How old was glorious Cervantes, now serene forever amongst the immortals, when he found his way to that village of La Mancha? Fifty, I think, or almost fifty. And he had been striving for years to write plays, and poetry, and short stories of passion and sentiment; and it was only the roar of applause that thundered up from the world when the Knight and the Squire were seen riding over the hill that convinced Cervantes that at last he had discovered his true path; if indeed he were ever convinced of the magnitude and majesty of the achievement of *Don Quixote*.

And if these things are done with the great, what will be done with the little? If the clear-voiced leaders of the everlasting choir are to suffer so and agonize, what of miserable little Welshmen stammering and stuttering by the Wandle, in the obscure

rectory among the hills, in waste places by Shepherd's Bush, in gloomy Great Russell Street, where the ghosts of dead, disappointed authors go sighing to and fro? For the fate of the little literary man there is no articulate speech that is sufficient; one must fall back upon *aoi*, or *oimoi*, or *alas*, or some such vague lament of unutterable woe.

It is a pity that no one competent to do so has ever made a study, historically and pathologically, of the *cacoethes scribendi*. If ever such a study is made, Mr. Machen's two volumes, *Things Near and Far* and *Far Off Things*, should be consulted. He has gone into the facts of his own case with painstaking thoroughness, and has reached certain conclusions that need to be tested in the light of wider evidence. For example: like Samuel Butler he kept a careful record of his returns from the sale of his books. He runs through the list of these books, written between 1880 and 1922, and finds that there are eighteen titles. His total receipts for these eighteen volumes, which cost him forty-two years of toil, amounted to the sum of six hundred and thirty-five pounds; in other words, for nearly half a century of labor, he had been paid at the rate of fifteen pounds and a few shillings per annum. 'It seems clear,' he adds, 'that my literary activities cannot be adequately accounted for on the hypothesis of mere greed and moneygrubbing.' Then he wonders what the motive, or motives, can be that induce men to devote their lives to literature — why it is that so many writers are willing to endure horrible poverty, disappointment, mortification, and despair for such slender rewards, for no reward, in fact, that could be adequate. And his conclusion is this: that life, if looked at honestly, without shrinking, is intolerable, and that men will do anything to hide from the serious facts of life, 'follow

any track, however desperate, trivial, perilous, or painful, if only these serious facts can be evaded and forgotten, though it be but for a few hours.' To write books is one method of escape — of hard escape, to be sure, but offering advantages over other methods to certain types of men.

I question the validity of this conclusion, not in individual instances, but as a general statement of the case. Life is not so horrible as all this comes to. Rabelais, Cervantes, Charles Dickens, the three artists whom Mr. Machen loves and reveres above all others, relished life keenly, and their enormous capacity for loving it as men was the measure of their greatness as artists. The writing of books was no attempt to escape on their part. Their purpose was, rather, to convince others of the foolishness of wanting to escape, by showing them the value of the gift of life, whether considered as a stirring adventure or a fascinating spectacle. I doubt whether any sweeping statement can be made with respect to the causes of *cacoethes scribendi*. They seem to be as many and varied as its victims.

One of the most eminent of these victims, Joseph Conrad, would have been the last, surely, to have agreed with Mr. Machen that a literary career offers a means of escape from the keener sufferings of life. His recently published letters, many of them written in the midst of his work, reveal a man suffering, as an artist, the torments of the damned. There were, to be sure, contributory causes: ill health, worry about money, and the like, but these by no means account for such anguish of mind and spirit. No one familiar with Conrad's work could have been unprepared for the revelations of the letters, — such tales as *Heart of Darkness*, *Lord Jim*, *Victory*, *Under Western Eyes*, foreshadowed

them, — but I doubt whether even the most sympathetic and discerning of his readers had any real conception, beforehand, of the grievous cost to him of the act of creation. But I had forgotten his autobiographical narrative, *A Personal Record*: there he did let the reader behind the scenes, so to speak, in one of the finest passages, considered merely as prose, that ever came from his pen. In speaking of the labor it cost him to write *Nostromo*, he said: —

For twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that makes life really lovable and gentle — something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn.

It would be an excellent thing if this extract, suitably printed and framed, were to be hung on the walls of classrooms wherever English literature is studied and the art of writing professedly taught. It is reasonable to suppose that students, reading and re-reading it day after day, would eventually not only remember the words, but would have a conception, at least, of what they mean — of the difficulties of the tasks confronting the serious artist, of the nature of the gifts necessary to conquer them, and of the *peine forte et dure* which is his portion in life. If, as a

result, some of them were to be deterred from undertaking literary careers, what a blessing that would be, both to themselves and to the public at large.

For there is no doubt that *cacoethes scribendi* is becoming all too common a malady in these days. All of us journeymen scribblers are out of the discussion, of course. We are merely artisans, like blacksmiths, or carpenters, or bricklayers, and profess to be nothing more. But the countless host of contemporary novelists, dramatists, poets, make no such modest claims to modest merit. They demand to be taken seriously; and every year larger and yet larger numbers of young men and women join the ranks of this army, which threatens, eventually, to include the whole of our adult and adolescent population. Most of them are wholly lacking in gifts for their high calling, save only, occasionally, in that of dogged persistence. The importance of this quality becomes grossly exaggerated in their eyes. They believe it to be half the battle, when in reality it is not one quarter of it. They are misled, too, by the doctrine, so persistently preached at them in an era of cheaply won material success, that any man can achieve what he wills to achieve, if only he wills it hard enough. 'Lives of great men all remind us . . .' That faith is as widely disseminated and, I venture to say, as widely held to-day as it was half a century ago, when Longfellow so unhappily implanted it in every school-boy's heart.

I sometimes think that liberty to aspire — supposed to be among the crowning glories of our democratic age — is really the most doubtful of its blessings. Certainly it is responsible for a great deal of needless misery. Consider this army of would-be artists, so many of whom are trying to stretch meagre gifts to the limit of their aspirations; or worse, creating

gifts for themselves out of pure imagination. If they were denied the opportunity, how much happier they would be. There is a definition of art, to be found in Mr. Santayana's *Dialogues in Limbo*, which, I think, should also be printed and framed for hanging in classrooms. It is this: 'Art, which is action guided by knowledge, is the principle of benefit, and without art, the freer a man is the more miserable

he must become.' Action guided by knowledge, particularly by self-knowledge, is precisely the kind of action so many of us know nothing about, and that is why we lead such inartistic lives — why, for example, we think we are authentic sufferers from *cacoethes scribendi* when in reality our complaint no more resembles this glorious malady than 'Little Birdie in a Tree' resembles Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale.'

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

I. THE PART PLAYED BY A WOMAN

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

I

'We are the oldest government in Europe,' remarked Chicherin in 1923, during the residence of the present writer in Moscow. This droll comment of the Bolshevik Commissar for Foreign Affairs was historically correct then, — more so to-day, — if by government that astute diplomat understood a given cabinet or a *sovmarkom* exercising supreme power and performing the customary administrative functions. The parliamentary system which requires sporadically a vote of confidence in support of the dominant political party, failing which the cabinet is expected to resign, has indeed occasioned a bewildering succession of ministries upon the stage of European politics since November 7, 1917. The Moscow system, on the contrary, provides, antecedently, for the liquidation of any menacing opposition by the

simple device of eliminating the opposers. Those who attempted serious political resistance found themselves either in the execution chamber of the Lubyanka or on their way to freezing exile in the convict camps on Solovetsky Island in the White Sea.

To be sure, during the decade just ended, there have been notable losses and substitutions in the higher ranks of the Soviet hierarchy. Sverdlov, Volodarsky, and Uritsky, all active leaders, were assassinated in the early days of the Revolution. Lenin, the flaming torch that fired the Russian masses and sought to fire the world, the creator of the Soviet state and founder of the Third International, died the thousand living deaths of a deranged paralytic before his actual demise in 1924. Vorovsky, able propagandist and first Soviet representative to Italy,

was murdered in Switzerland in 1923 and lies buried outside the Kremlin walls, close to the grave of John Reed. On the afternoon of Vorovsky's funeral the author of these articles wandered through Red Square and meditated on the significance of the strange fellowship that could so unite in common burial a Russian revolutionist and the brilliant but erratic Harvard graduate.

Krassin, easily distinguishable among the other commissars as brains temporizing with victorious passions, recently succumbed to a mortal illness while Soviet Ambassador to England. Dzerzhinsky, chief of the dreaded secret police, the Cheka, executioner of 1,800,000 victims, the man with the eyes of a gazelle and the soul of a Fouquier-Tinville, expired suddenly and mysteriously in 1926 after an impassioned speech of protest against certain heterodox tendencies of his colleagues. Voikov, who signed the death warrant of Tsar Nicholas II and the imperial family, was himself murdered in Warsaw on June 7, 1927, falling victim to the vengeance of an exiled Russian youth not twenty years of age.

But after each casualty the ranks closed tighter. Internal dissension is met by stern domestic discipline. Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev dispute the supremacy of Stalin, Bucharin, and Rykov. They pay the penalty of schism by relegation to obscure posts within the Party. Thus the essential dictatorship of ten men, the Political Bureau of the Communist Party, persists unchallenged over 140,000,000 Russians. With unshaken confidence, Moscow is celebrating its tenth year in continuous control of approximately one seventh of the habitable surface of the earth.

If history may be conceived as philosophy teaching by example, may it not be time, even as early as the

tenth year after the event, to seek a helpful interpretation of the Russian experiment?

For Russia not only presents a story that will engage the best historians of the world for generations to come; it is an actual, insistent fact of the present. Bolshevism is an international reality which only the hopelessly intransigent can ignore. If the World War did not entirely destroy modern organized society, it assuredly did bring civilization to the crossroads. The victors of the second Russian revolution, that of November 1917, frankly and brutally took the road to the extreme left, driving a weakened, demoralized Russia before them, calling on stronger nations to follow. That way madness lies, as they have now learned and reluctantly admitted, taught by the inexorable laws of nature operating through economic pressure. But it is my deliberate judgment, based on six years' close observation of European and Russian affairs, that no lasting peace is possible in Europe or Asia until the breach between Russia and the West is securely bridged. For that difference, that breach, is not a chasm dug by national hatred, by historic feud or racial antipathy. One or other of such specific motives made Greeks the natural enemies of Turks, made France distrust Germany, and set Celt against Saxon. But the issue created by the second Russian revolution strikes at the very concept of human society as now organized and proposes an entirely new civilization.

It was not merely a revolution in the accepted sense as historically understood, — that is, a re-allocation of sovereignty, — but revolution in the domain of economics, religion, art, literature, science, education, and all other human activities. It sought to create a new archetype of humanity, the 'collective man,' and a new culture

adapted to the impersonal 'mass man' who should displace forever 'the soul-encumbered individual man.' It was meant, and so proclaimed by its protagonists, to be a challenge to the modern State as constituted, not merely in Imperial Russia, but throughout the entire civilized world. It was philosophic materialism in arms, the most radical school of thought that has ever come upon the stage of human affairs.

The leaders of Bolshevism deliberately identified and confused, in the estimation of the masses, all civilization with the particular Russian form detested by the peasants because of their economic serfdom under it and hated by the liberals because of the savage repression of all their efforts for the enlargement of human liberty through constitutional reform. Interpreting all life, therefore, in terms of their own memories of Siberia, the Bolsheviki generalized savagely, and, of course, erroneously. Lenin registered his bitter oath of universal revenge on the day his brother Alexander Ulianov was executed by the Tsarist Government in 1887 for attempted regicide. Lenin was wrong. But the Tsars were equally wrong in obstinately refusing to modify an insupportable autocracy that drove men to such desperation.

II

The Russian problem derives its hugeness and its complexity from the very soil that gave it birth, inheriting these characteristics as legitimately and historically as the Russian peasant does his wise simplicity and his naïve mysticism. To be sure, such of the intelligentsia as escaped the Cheka during the Terror often begged us foreigners to consider Bolshevism, not as Russian in character and origin at all, but as a distinctly foreign invention, imported into Russia by the

German High Staff during the war as a purely military manoeuvre to destroy the morale of the Russian people and cripple the army. Both objectives were achieved with characteristic efficiency, even though the Frankenstein monster thus created almost destroyed its sponsor when Bolshevik revolutionary propaganda nearly triumphed in Germany in 1923.

In substantiation of their protests, it was often pointed out to us by native Russians that the anti-individualistic character of Soviet institutions is as far removed from the dreamy idealism of Slav peasantry as it is from the avowed aspirations of typical revolutionary leaders like Alexander Herzen, Plekhanov, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Chernov, Martov, Spiridonova, Milyukov, Pitirim, Sorokin, and Grandmother Breshkovskaya. This reservation must, however, be interpreted as their criticism of Bolshevism's impracticable, unworkable answer to Russia's century-long struggle for political freedom and economic independence. It does not, I think, invalidate my contention that Russia's present fate was clearly Russia's destiny, self-imposed, foreseen through decades, and inescapable, granted the policy pursued by the Russian Government for the thirty-seven years that elapsed between the assassination of Alexander II and the murder of Nicholas II.

Time, before whose impartial tribunal all men and institutions pass for judgment, is gradually furnishing the perspective indispensable for an objective and unobstructed view of that sinister record of blunder, Asiatic callousness, reaction, and Byzantine haughtiness. The unfolding panorama of Russian history from 1613 — when young Michael Romanov, son of the Patriarch Philaret, mounted the throne — until the last of the Romanovs perished in the hideous massacre of

Ekaterinburg reveals a destiny that swept to its finale with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. A thesis common in monarchist and émigré circles labors to prove that the Bolshevik revolution was an unnatural, un-Russian phenomenon artificially created by two foreign influences, German militarism and Jewish hatred, and then imposed by treachery on a demoralized and exhausted people. But on the strength of the record, and in view of documentary evidence now becoming increasingly available, I am obliged to reject that theory. Though the instrumental rôle played both by Jews and by Germany was considerable and active, and though I am familiar with the remarkable work of Mrs. Webster tracing the revolutionary movement, through Lenin and Marx, back to Bakunin, Anacharsis Clootz, Gracchus Babeuf, and the Illuminati of Weishaupt, I maintain that Bolshevism is a natural phase in the evolution of a strictly historical process originating in the soil, the culture, and the politics of Russia itself. When one disentangles the matted roots of that gnarled and knotted growth he will discover many domestic causes: one philosophic, another geographic, some political, economic, and racial, one religious, and the final, psychological and emotional. The first six can only be touched upon lightly here and will form the subject of a later and more detailed study. The last will be examined more minutely in the present paper.

1. The impetus and direction given to revolutionary thought by the morbid pessimism of so many Russian intellectuals during the latter half of the nineteenth century only served to tighten the noose around their own necks. Despite the prophetic warnings of true lovers of the fatherland, like Dostoevsky and Ivan Bunin, they

popularized a philosophy of despair that helped Russia into the abyss.

2. The 'land hunger' of the peasants, that perennial thirst of all predominantly agricultural communities, was but poorly satisfied, nay, was aggravated, by the terms of the political emancipation of 1861, which still left them, to all intents and purposes, economic serfs.

3. The 'constitution hunger' of the moderate and truly patriotic liberals was answered by a stupid policy of savage repression and a reassertion of autocracy that drove the revolutionaries underground, thus creating a multiplicity of secret organizations dedicated to the overthrow of Tsardom through ruthless direct action and political assassination.

4. The rapid growth of industrial and factory life in Russia, notably from 1867 to 1897, without a corresponding improvement in the status of labor, gave rise to a surly class consciousness. And class consciousness is the fertile soil where professional agitators sow the bitter seeds of class hatred. Class hatred is the herald of revolution.

5. The bewildering ethnological composition of a population which was nothing more than a loose agglomeration of over two hundred unassimilated nationalities will, I think, bear me out in believing that Russia was probably the only land on the face of the earth that could have produced so swiftly and so completely the chaotic enigma she now presents to the civilized world. Walk with me through the streets of Moscow, that mart where East and West meet, but blend not. Let your gaze range from the fair-haired Slav or Aryan from Great Russia and Siberia to the semibarbaric countenances and Asiatic types discernible among the slant-eyed soldiers, worshipers of Buddha, who thronged the streets in 1922. Kirghiz, Kalmuks, Chuvashes,

Tatars, and Chinese! In a word, visualize the component human elements of the far-flung empire of the Tsars and you will begin to appreciate what Kipling meant when he wrote that Russia must be considered, not as the most eastern of western nations, but as the most westerly nation of the East. And you cannot but agree that this heterogeneous admixture of races, religions, and antagonistic interests contained within itself the fatal germs of domestic discord, the seeds of fratricidal strife and bloody revolution, to end eventually in complete economic and social disintegration.

6. The influence of sectarianism cannot be overlooked in any complete account of the progress of revolution in Russia. Apart from the twelve million Roman Catholics residing within the confines of the Empire, mainly of Polish origin and consequently treated with hostility as tolerated aliens, and the seven millions or more of Protestants, there existed a bewildering complexity of dissident sects. Tenacious of their old and new beliefs, fanatically opposed to the state religion, the sectarians were prepared to die, as they frequently did, for their religious practices. If we add to the strictly Orthodox communities of Raskolniks (Separatists) and Starovyeri (Old Believers) the rationalist and chiliastic groups, the Adventists and the New Adventists, the Nemoliakhi and Neplatel'shchiki (nonpayers of taxes), the Stranniki (pilgrims), the Medal'shchiki (medalists), the Jehovahists (universal brothers), the Sviatodulkhovsti (adherents of the Holy Ghost), the Dukhobors and Molokani (Zionists), the Fire Baptists and Morel'shchiki (self-immolators), the Khlysty (scourgers), the Skoptsy (self-mutilators), and the Trudnoviki (cloistral communists), a total is reached which embraced probably a third of the population. And since orthodoxy and

autocracy were inseparably linked in the Russian idea of the State, nonconformers were penalized and systematically oppressed. The victims were in moral and intellectual rebellion long before the armed revolt of 1917. They constituted a sociopolitical factor of truly elemental power, smouldering with resentment and ripe for explosion.

Russia was an ethnological museum superintended by a vigilant autocrat and policed by the Third Section of Chancery, the Political Police. With the downfall of the overseer and the murder of the policeman, bedlam broke loose. Russia was a pyramid, but an inverted pyramid with a huge, unwieldy, and inert superstructure of discontented, illiterate masses balanced unsteadily on that slender apex furnished by the fraction of the population included in the nobility, the aristocracy, and the bureaucracy. With the crumbling of the demoralized autocracy, upon which practically the whole of organized life was balanced, human society turned turtle. As the area affected was one sixth of the surface of this planet, and as the human element then involved numbered over 170,000,000 people, the resulting chaos was proportionate to the possibilities for disorder and destruction, which were boundless, inherent in such an unstable system, never far from the surface and only outwardly controlled by the Okhrana, the secret police of the Tsars. Consequently, when the crash came, it marked the most stupendous single political event, I believe, since the break-up of the Roman Empire. Not only did the ensuing human wreckage cover the plains of Muscovy, but the flotsam and the jetsam have been washed up on every shore of the civilized world, so that the Russian émigré — that most tragic and, be it truthfully said, that most amiable personage — can claim kinship with Vergil's Æneas

when he says, '*Quae regio in terra nostri non plena laboris!* — What corner of the earth has not known our sorrow!'

Russia was the last island fortress of absolutism in the rising tide of democracy, the outstanding anachronism of the twentieth century. Ringed round by the bayonets of the Preobrazhenski and Volinski regiments, its ukases executed by the knouts of Cossacks and the flashing sabres of the Hussars, it defied the elements for three hundred years — until the deluge came. Whose hand unloosed the flood gates? In my opinion, a woman, all unconsciously, had more to do with the final debacle than any other single cause.

III

The part played by this unhappy woman in the final catastrophe cannot be overestimated. A German princess of the House of Hesse, it would appear that she never completely won the sympathy and confidence of her adopted people, but, like her equally unfortunate prototype, Marie Antoinette, she was vaguely distrusted by the Russian people as a foreigner and a Germanophile. Of the charge, however, of treason, history probably will clear the memory of Alexandra Feodorovna, if it can never clear her memory of tendencies, practices, and imprudences that contributed notably to Russia's ruin. The domination which this imperious, proud, aloof, and resolute woman exercised over her irresolute and impressionable husband became such a menace that more than one grand duke, duchess, and general cried out in warning against it. They were usually exiled to their estates, far from Petrograd.

Russia had touched the nadir of misfortune and corrupt administration. Food supplies were insufficient; transportation, the nerves of the body

economic, was paralyzed; the supply of ammunition was not only inadequate, but systematically sabotaged; shells were manufactured in Russian factories that fitted no Russian ordnance; soldiers were sent to the front barefoot. Mr. Francis, the American Ambassador to Russia during the Revolution, recounts in his correspondence that Russian troops were sent to battle with but one rifle for every two men. The unarmed trooper was instructed to seize the rifle of a comrade as the latter fell. The defeatists destroyed the morale and confidence of the people and evoked the gaunt spectre of national disaster.

Intelligent ministers, who realized the gravity of both the internal and the external situation and dared to protest, out of loyalty to Russia, were summarily dismissed at the bidding of 'dark forces' and 'invisible influences,' acting through the Empress. Twenty-one cabinet members followed each other to disgrace during the merry game of 'ministerial leapfrog.' The head and front of the offending was the unspeakable Rasputin, whose sinister influence over the Tsarina gave rise to a mass of scandalous reports that discredited the monarchy, encouraged the enemies of the throne, and drove patriotic Russians to desperation.

Unsavoury as this episode must ever be, it cannot be dismissed as a legend. Gregory Rasputin was one of the contributing causes of the Russian Revolution.

This coarse and depraved adventurer was born a Siberian peasant. While posing as one inspired of God, a *staretz*, as the type is called in Russia, he was 'discovered' by the wife of a wealthy Moscow merchant during a pilgrimage to a Siberian shrine. Under her auspices he was introduced to the most exclusive circles of the capital. It should be noted at this point that

Rasputin, though frequently called a monk, was not a priest of the Russian Church, nor was he even in holy orders at any time, but was one of the wandering pilgrims so frequently met in the country districts of Russia. As regards ecclesiastical jurisdiction, he was absolutely a free lance and the authorities found it impossible to control his actions. His chief title to preëminence seems to have been a certain power of healing the sick by the application of personal magnetism.

The possession of occult powers, and the mysticism of charlatans, never failed to exercise a fatal fascination for the intellectuals of Russia. Philippe, the butcher's boy of Lyons, whose vogue at the Russian court ceased as Rasputin came on the scene in 1905, is a case in point. And historians of the Russian Revolution will find a curious confirmation of the same psychic abnormality in the quacks, charlatans, spiritists and mesmerists, 'table-rappers' and 'table-turners,' who overawed French society with their dabbling in the supernatural on the very eve of the French Revolution. 'They danced to death along a flowery way.'

Isvolsky, in his *Recollections of a Foreign Minister*, records the influence of the Comte de Saint-Germain over the Landgrave of Hesse, of the 'unknown Philosopher' over the Duchess of Bourbon, and of Cagliostro over Cardinal de Bourbon. Similarly, the influence of Rasputin over the Tsarina was based upon his mysterious but conceded ability to heal the young Tsarevitch by means which still remain an open question.

It is a matter of history that the Tsar and the Tsarina had been long disappointed in the birth of four daughters but of no male heir to the throne. This situation continued until 1904, when a boy was born. The Tsarevitch, Alexis, was, consequently, the child of pre-

dilection on whom the affections of father and mother were unsparingly lavished. But the rejoicing at his birth soon turned into bitter grief and desperation, for it was found that the infant son suffered from the strange disease often found among royal children in Europe, known as hæmophilia. Victims of this malady are known in medicine as hæmophiliacs, or 'bleeders.' It shows itself in a certain weakness of the veins and of the arteries of the skin, so that the sufferer is liable, at the slightest injury or contusion, to bleed profusely. The slightest scratch, or the bumping of a hand or an ankle against a projection, will cause either bleeding or a discolored swelling on the afflicted member, accompanied with the most excruciating pain. This mysterious disease is transmitted through the mother and only to the males. The sister of the Tsarina, Princess Henry of Prussia, had transmitted it to all three of her sons. One of the Tsarina's younger brothers also suffered from it, likewise her Uncle Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son. The oldest son of the King of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, is likewise a sufferer, and grave doubt is now entertained if he will live to succeed King Alfonso.

Everything known to medical science was done for the precious heir to the Russian throne, in whom were concentrated all the hopes of the Romanov dynasty. In fact, the care lavished on her only son gave rise to the criticism at court that Alexandra was more of a nurse than an empress. It is at this point that Rasputin enters on the scene.

I consulted many persons in Moscow and Petrograd, among them physicians and scholars familiar with the current reports involving the Empress and Rasputin. I likewise discussed this and allied topics in London last July with

Sir Bernard Pares, whose lifelong study of Russia and residence in Russia during the Revolution make him one of the world's leading scholars in the field of Russian history. Alexander Kerensky, former Premier of Russia in the Provisional Government, who personally visited and conversed with the Tsarina in her imprisonment, likewise gave me several hours on the same subject. The consensus of opinion is that Alexandra was, in point of morality, above reproach and cannot be accused of improper relations with the greasy muzhik. The same cannot be said of other high personages in her entourage.

Gregory Rasputin was simply a clever adventurer, a habitual drunkard, and a licentious roué who utilized for his purposes some hypnotic or mesmeric power not definitely catalogued. Whatever the explanation may be, the outstanding fact upon which all agree is that Rasputin could stop the paroxysms of pain into which the young Tsarevitch was so often thrown by his dread affliction. The maternal love of the Tsarina for her boy and her terror when she realized the danger to his health, complicated by an emotional religious fervor, furnished the foundation for Rasputin's influence at court. On one occasion Rasputin was actually sent away from Petrograd by order of the Emperor. The Tsarevitch fell ill. The doctors tried every known remedy, but the hemorrhage grew steadily worse and death was expected at any moment. The distracted Tsarina had Rasputin recalled to his bedside. Over the blood-soaked bandages Rasputin made the sign of the cross, mumbled some incantations, laid his hand upon the still, white face, and the bleeding stopped. He was never again to leave the court, as he himself had prophesied on receiving the order of expulsion.

The manner and secret of his success are still debated. Out of the welter of hypotheses advanced by his contemporaries I select two as the most probable. The first group attributes his influence to a species of mesmerism or personal magnetism, the application of which soothed and hypnotized the sufferer until nature itself was enabled to exercise its recuperative power. The second group advances a more complicated and more subtle explanation. They suspect that Madame Viroubova, one of Rasputin's admitted devotees and lady in waiting to the Tsarina, administered an irritating physic or drug to the Tsarevitch at stated intervals. This drug is supposed to have been supplied by a mysterious Badmaiev, a doctor of Oriental origin who flits in and out of the scene. The potion was administered so as to coincide with the appearance of Rasputin, who timed his visits shrewdly. As the effects wore off, the impostor made it appear that the cure was due to the hocus-pocus which he pronounced over the suffering child.

The hypnotic explanation receives added force from the testimony of several Russian statesmen not likely to be influenced by romantic tales. Rodzianko, Speaker of the Duma, — a huge man, physically robust, and of demonstrated will power, — confesses that Rasputin, on one occasion, gave him a disconcerting exhibition of occult power. It was at the Tercentenary Celebration of the Romanov dynasty. Rasputin, uninvited, had wormed his way into the place for honor guests at a service in the Kazan Cathedral in Petrograd. Rodzianko ordered him out: —

‘I drew quite close to him and said in an impressive whisper, “What are you doing here?” He shot an insolent look at me and replied, “What’s that to do with you?”’

“If you address me as ‘thou’ I will

drag you from the Cathedral by the beard. Don't you know I am the President of the Duma?"

'Rasputin faced me and seemed to run me over with his eyes; first my face, then in the region of the heart, then again he stared me in the eyes. This lasted for several moments.

'Personally I had never yielded to hypnotic suggestion, of which I had had frequent experience. Yet here I felt myself confronted by an unknown power of tremendous force. I suddenly became possessed of an almost animal fury, the blood rushed to my heart, and I realized I was working myself into a state of absolute frenzy. I, too, stared straight into Rasputin's eyes and, speaking literally, felt my own starting out of my head. Probably I must have looked rather formidable, for Rasputin suddenly began to squirm. . . .'

On another occasion, as far back as 1911, Stolypin, whom no one ever accused of being a weakling, had a similar encounter with Rasputin. Summoned to the Premier's study to answer to charges of notorious public immorality, the staretz attempted to hypnotize the statesman.

'He ran his pale eyes over me,' said Stolypin, 'mumbled mysterious and inarticulate words from the Scriptures, made strange movements with his hands, and I began to feel an indescribable loathing for this vermin sitting opposite me. Still I did realize that the man possessed great hypnotic power which was beginning to produce a fairly strong moral impression on me, though certainly one of repulsion. I pulled myself together and, addressing him roughly, told him . . .'

IV

The Empress and her intimate coterie regarded Rasputin as a saint, a prophet, and a healer sent by God.

The step from personal favor to political power was not difficult in a system of absolutism where all power emanated from the autocrat. Rasputin, it is claimed, made and unmade ministers of State, generals, and bishops. His lodgings were besieged by petitioners seeking favors at the court. But by the Russian people at large he was considered the evil genius of the hour, a licentious impostor, whose drunkenness and eroticism were masked under the fair mantle of religion. His hold became so powerful that any man who offended or ignored him ran the risk of being dismissed from office, whether he was a cabinet minister or a doorkeeper. No public official was safe at his hands, nor any woman's honor. Among countless others, Sazonov, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was replaced by Sturmer, the pro-German, on the recommendation of the Rasputin clique. This is believed to have been the fate even of the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose removal from the rank of Commander in Chief of all the Russian armies followed an incident that has become classic in the writing of that period.

Rasputin telegraphed the Grand Duke Nicholas for permission to come to the front in order to bless the troops. The Grand Duke replied: 'Do come, so that I may hang you.' Mortally offended by this affront to her favorite, the Empress pursued Nicholas with implacable resentment and finally succeeded in having him transferred from Commander in Chief of the Russian armies to innocuous desuetude in the Caucasus, on the Turkish front.

Why did not the Tsar have the courage to cut this Gordian knot that was slowly strangling Russia? In answer to the protests and the warnings of one old general, Nicholas is reported to have said, 'I prefer five Rasputins to one hysterical woman.'

Nicholas II is also reported to have

said that there were two black-letter days in his life. The first was May 28, 1905, the date of the defeat of the Russian fleet in the Straits of Tsushima, between Japan and Korea. The second was October 17, 1906, marking the establishing of a Duma and the proclamation of a Bill of Rights. Shall not history add a third — August 23, 1915, the day on which he left Petrograd for the front, leaving the Tsarina to rule in his stead?

The extent and character of the Tsarina's unhealthy influence over the last of the Romanovs may be judged from the tone of the letters to her husband while he was at the front. No serious historian of the Russian Revolution can afford to neglect the revelations contained in these astounding documents. For that matter, put your discerning investigator in possession of the intimate correspondence, memoirs, confidential confessions, and diaries of the chief actors in any great movement, and he will not need the state archives. Revolutions are made by men and women determining events. Men are swayed by powerful human emotions. Women create them. And the master passion, particularly in neurotic females, can be as elegantly indifferent to the realities of life and war as ever Montesquieu was to the existence of God.

The letters of the Tsarina, four hundred in number, preserved with pathetic fidelity in a small black casket of wood marked with the Tsar's initials, were carried about by him in his exile from place to place. Discovered by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg after the official murder of the imperial family, they have been published, with an introduction by Sir Bernard Pares. All were written in English.

Perhaps never in recorded literature did a human soul strip itself so bare to posterity as did this ecstatic queen of

forty-six years and mother of five children. 'My well beloved'; 'My only treasure'; 'My sun'; 'My soul.' 'The most tender kisses and caresses from your loving little wife.' 'I bless you, I embrace your dear face, your pretty neck, and your dear little hands.' 'Good-bye, dear Nicky — I embrace you again and again. I have slept poorly. All the time I embraced your cushion [pillow].'

'Good-bye, my angel, spouse of my heart. I envy my flowers that you took away with you. I embrace every dear little place of your body with tender love.' And so on, through four hundred epistles. One was sent each day, supplemented by frequent telegrams. Reverence for the inviolability of such personal communications and a decent respect for the sacredness of connubial relations would ordinarily safeguard such a correspondence. If it be permissible to lift the veil at all, it is not to dishonor the dead, but to indicate the subtle approach to political questions which the Tsarina made through the gateway of the Tsar's affections. Hers is a cry of frenzied love for her husband and fear for her child. But the moving finger that was writing Russia's destiny on the wall was that of Rasputin and the defeatists.

Note the finesse of the progressive attack on the Tsar's vacillating will: —

I cannot find words [declares the Empress] to express all I want to: my heart is far too full. I only long to hold you tight in my arms and to whisper words of immense love, courage, strength, and endless blessings. More than hard to let you go alone, so completely alone! But God is very near to you, more near than ever. You have fought this great fight for your country and throne — alone and with bravery and decision. Never have they seen such firmness in you before, and it cannot remain without good fruit. . . . Lovey, I am here. Don't laugh at silly old wifey; but she has

the 'trousers' on unseen. . . . Your faith has been tried and you remained firm as a rock. For that you will be blessed. God anointed you at your coronation. He placed you where you stand and you have done your duty. . . . Our Friend's prayers arise night and day for you to Heaven, and God will hear them. . . . This is the beginning of the glory of your reign. He [Rasputin] said so and I absolutely believe it. . . . All is for the good. As our Friend says, the worst is over. . . . When you leave [I] shall wire to Friend-to-night through Ania [the Tsaritsa's lady in waiting, one of Rasputin's devotees] and he will particularly think of you. Only get Nikolasha's nomination [his transference to the Caucasus] quicker done. No dawdling! It is bad for the cause and for Alexeyev [the Head of the General Staff] too. . . . I know what you feel; the meeting with N. [Nikolasha] won't be agreeable. You did trust him, and now you know what months ago our Friend said, that he was acting wrongly toward you and your country and wife. It's not the people who would do harm to your people, but Nikolasha and his set, Gutchkov [a popular member of the Duma], Rodzianko [the Speaker of the Duma], Samarin [the Procurator of the Holy Synod who was responsible for the second dismissal of Rasputin]. . . . You see they are afraid of me. . . . They know I have a will of my own when I feel I am in the right. . . . You make them tremble before your courage and will. God is with you and our Friend for you. All is well; and later all will thank you for having saved the country. Don't doubt! Believe and all will be well; and the Army is everything. A few strikes are nothing in comparison; as they can and shall be suppressed. . . .

In another letter she repeats this counsel:—

Our Friend [Rasputin] entreats you to be firm, to be master, and not always give in to Trepov. You know much better than that man; and still you let him lead you. Why not our Friend, who leads through God? Only believe more in our Friend instead of Trepov. He lives for you and Russia.

Would I write thus [she says in a letter dated December 13] did I not know you so very easily waver and change your mind, and what it costs me to keep you to stick to your opinions?

[To make him firm she strikes the note of duty toward his son.] We must give a strong country to baby; we dare not be weak for his sake. Else he will have a yet harder reign, setting our faults right, and drawing the reins in tightly which you let loose. You have to suffer for faults in the reigns of your predecessors. And God knows what hardships are yours. Let our legacy be a lighter one for Alexei! He has a strong will and mind of his own. Don't let things slip through your fingers and make him have to build up all again. Be firm. I, your wall, am behind you and won't give way. I know He [Rasputin] leads us right; and you listen to a false man like Trepov.

Only not a responsible Cabinet, which all are mad about. It's all getting calmer and better; only one wants to feel your hand. How long years people have told me the same: 'Russia loves to feel the whip.' It's their nature—tender love and then the iron hand to punish and guide. How I wish I could pour my will into your veins. The Virgin above you, with you. Remember the miracle, our Friend's vision.

Darling, remember that it does not lie in the man Protopopov or X. Y. Z.; but it's the question of monarchy and your prestige now, which must not be shattered in the time of the Duma. Don't think they will stop at him. But they will make all others leave who are devoted to you, one by one. And then ourselves! Remember last year your leaving for the Army, when also you were alone, with us two against everybody, who promised Revolution if you went. You stood up against all and God blessed your decision. . . . The Tsar rules and not the Duma. . . . Show to all that you are the master and that your will must be obeyed. The time of great indulgence and gentleness is over; now comes your reign of will and power. And they shall be made to bow down before you, to listen to your orders.

Two letters are particularly significant. Pobyedonostsev could not have counseled the Emperor worse.

Play the Emperor! Remember you are the Autocrat. Speak to your Ministers as their Master. Do not be too good. Do not tell all the world that you bring disaster. Your angelic goodness, your forbearance, your patience, are well known, and everyone takes advantage of you. Make haste, my own darling; your little wife must always be behind you to spur you on.

Be like Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, the Emperor Paul. Crush them all. No, do not laugh, you naughty child. I so long to see you treat in this way those who try to govern you, when it is you who should govern them.

Could human folly have proposed a more destructive trio of tyrants as models to guide the feet of a monarch already stumbling in his ruin? Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, and the Emperor Paul!

Peter the Great — who first started the Russian State on the wrong path, the typical despot who forced men to wear their clothes and shave their beards in a certain style because he so preferred it; the scorner of religion and the Church; regarded as Antichrist by his own people; the murderer who slew his own son Alexis because that unfortunate prince dared to defend the rights of his oppressed countrymen! Dimitri Merejkovski, in his remarkable psychological novel, *Peter and Alexis*, has left a vivid picture of this incident.

Lenin regarded Peter the Great as the first Bolshevik and declared that he was his political ancestor. Constantine Aksakov, brilliant Russian idealist, ardent lover of his people, and dreamer of a golden age for Russia, has left a characteristic indictment of the compulsory enlightenment inaugurated by Peter: —

A man of genius and of bloodstained fame, you stand far off in the halo of terrible glory and armed with your axe. In the name of usefulness and science you have often dyed your hand in the blood of your people, and your swift thought told you that the seed of knowledge would swiftly grow when watered with blood. But wait! The spirit of the people has drawn back in the time of trouble, but it keeps its eternal right. It is waiting for the hour when a national voice will again call forth the waves of the people. You have despised all Russian life and in return a curse lies on your great work. You have discarded Moscow and, far from the people, you have built a solitary city which bears your name in a foreign tongue. But your feat is a wrong and the nation will rise again some day for ancient Moscow.

Prophetic words! To-day, two generations after Aksakov's death, Petrograd is a decaying, half-deserted city. Its very name has been changed to Leningrad, and the sceptre has returned to Moscow.

Ivan the Terrible — the Russian Nero, who instituted a reign of terror against his own subjects that has passed into a proverb! 'He abandoned the palace in the Kremlin, and built himself and his satellites a whole new quarter in Moscow, summarily evicting the actual tenants; but he did not live much in the capital, preferring to direct his reign of terror from the forest of Alexandrov, which village he made his residence. Here he led the life of a lunatic, and forced his two sons, Ivan and Theodore, to do the same. The mornings were spent in bell-ringing and prostration; during dinner he read aloud the lives of the saints, in the afternoon he watched his victims being tortured, and in the evening he listened to soothsayers or got drunk. Everybody whom he suspected he had murdered, tortured, or imprisoned; these included his cousin and all his family, and many of the boyars and their

families. The Metropolitan of Moscow was outraged, imprisoned, and finally put to death for remonstrating with him. Not content with this, Ivan toured his unfortunate country, dealing death and destruction wherever he went. He literally devastated the prosperous city of Novgorod, and decimated its inhabitants, because it had dared to oppose his grandfather, and had rendered itself suspect of treachery. Finally, his suspicions fell on his own followers, and some of the chief *oprichniki* were executed. He made the people of Russia realize what it meant to invite a sovereign to come and rule upon his own terms. He did infinitely more material and moral harm to his country and to his subjects in twenty years than the Tatars had done in two hundred, and the irony of it was that he completely failed in his object.

Among his victims was his own son, Ivan, whom he killed in a fit of rage in the presence of the victim's young wife, crushing his head with the heavy iron staff studded with iron points which the father was in the habit of carrying.

'Be like the Emperor Paul!' Now the Emperor Paul was known throughout Europe as the 'crowned madman,' whose despotism knew no bounds. So savage was his persecution, even of his own family, that a band of noblemen penetrated to his sleeping room on March 23, 1801, and murdered him. The Emperor had leaped from his bed at the sound of the approaching officers and hid behind some friendly curtain, but the leader of the band, touching the bedclothes, said, 'The nest is warm — the bird cannot be far away.' The members of the avenging group held the terrified despot while one of them calmly strangled him with the sash of his uniform. Among the murderers was the great-great-grandfather of Isvolsky, who served as Minister of

Foreign Affairs under Nicholas II, a descendant of the murdered emperor.

In early December, 1916, the Grand Duke Alexander, a favorite of the royal couple, was delegated by a group of near relations of the Tsar to present to the Autocrat a petition begging him to grant a constitution — or at least a cabinet responsible to the people — before it should be too late. The Grand Duke, on his return from the interview, reported the conversation: —

'There is a superb chance now at hand. In three days we shall celebrate the sixth of December, Saint Nicholas's Day. Announce a constitution for that day; dismiss Sturmer and Protopopov, and you will see with what enthusiasm and love your people will acclaim you.'

The Emperor sat in pensive silence. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette with a bored gesture. The Empress shook her head, negatively. Nicholas answered: —

'What you ask is impossible. On the day of my coronation I swore to preserve the autocracy. I must keep that oath intact for my son.'

V

Driven finally to desperation by the futility of their efforts to curb the invisible influences and the dark forces surrounding the Empress, a small band of men of high birth, some related to the royal family, resolved to take the law of life and death into their own hands. The first victim marked for death was Rasputin. An intercepted letter revealed the fact that the Empress herself would have been the next to be removed.

The versions of Rasputin's death differ somewhat in details, but substantially they all agree that the 'prophet,' on the night of December 30, 1916, was enticed to the house of Prince Felix Youssoupov on the Moika, in Petrograd, and there assassinated in cold blood. Besides the Prince, the

conspirators included the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich and Pourishkevich, leader of the right wing of the Duma. The body was bundled into a blanket; a dog was killed to explain the pistol shot and account for the blood; the body finally was conveyed to the Neva in the automobile of a very high personage, and pushed under the ice.

When the news spread through Russia that Rasputin was no more, men breathed freely, and hope mounted in their breasts. But the hope was short-lived. The domineering will of the Empress was unbroken, and a period of depression ensued. The Prince and the other nobles implicated in the taking off of Rasputin were banished, some to their estates in Russia and one to distant Persia. Practically all the members, near and distant, of the royal family united in beseeching the Emperor and the Empress to profit by the manifestations of popular unrest. Seventeen members of the royal family signed this protest. But the Tsarina was unmoved and the Tsar was obliged to request his own mother, the Dowager Empress, to leave the city and retire to her estates in the Crimea. The

Romanovs, like the Bourbons, learned nothing and forgot nothing. The Tsarina became more resentful, more bitter, more autocratic than ever.

Three weeks before the final debacle, in February 1917, a faint ray of hope flickered through the thickening gloom. But once more the invisible forces — or was it the Tsarina? — intervened. Rodzianko narrates the incident: —

The Duma was in session for nearly a week. I learned casually that the Emperor had summoned several of the ministers, including Golitsyn, and expressed his desire to discuss the question of a responsible ministry. The conference ended in the Emperor's decision to go to the Duma next day and proclaim his will to grant a responsible ministry. Prince Golitsyn was overjoyed and came home in high spirits. That same evening he was again summoned to the Palace, where the Emperor announced to him his intention to leave for the Stavka.

'How is that, Your Majesty?' asked Golitsyn, amazed. 'What about a responsible ministry? You intended to go to the Duma to-morrow.'

'I have changed my mind. . . . I am leaving for the Stavka to-night.'

Russia was doomed.

(A second paper by Father Walsh, 'The End of the Monarchy,' will appear in the February number)

THE HURRICANE

BY GRACE ZARING STONE

THE evening of August 28 was very hot and windless, with light rain. Father G—— and O—— called, and while we were talking a marine orderly brought a radio message from the weather bureau in San Juan saying that a hurricane was making up in Dominica.

'That's funny,' said Father G——. 'I just passed one of my old souls in the garden and she told me there was a bad gale making up in Dominica. How in the world did she know?'

'She smells it,' said O——.

Ellis said many of the Cha-Chas had beached their boats that day. He added that while the weather was threatening, the gale, if it made up, would probably shift its course before reaching us.

It rained all night very gently and softly, falling straight down and enclosing us as in a curtained airless room.

At 6 A.M. the phone rang. I heard Ellis talking to the harbor master, a Saba man and an old sailor. Ellis said: 'Falling barometer and a steady wind? Better hoist the first storm warning.'

It was a white morning of rain and clouds, but a light wind had come up, blowing out of the south. Low mists moved across the mountain tops. I leaned over the gallery rail looking into my drowned garden and saw, down at the Fort, a red flag with a black centre being limply hoisted.

I had to go down to the barracks to help the Colonel's widow pack for the next transport. The Colonel's quarters are on the sea side of the Fort, close to the water. I moved through the dim,

hot rooms with the feeling that my body was dissolving with heat.

No one spoke of the gale, so as not to disturb the poor woman any more than she already was. About noon I went on to the gallery to rest and smoke a cigarette. The harbor was as calm as if all the water in it were oil, but every now and then an almost invisible swell broke in a diffused sound on the rocks below. It was still raining.

From where I sat I could see the signal station at the entrance to the harbor, where approaching boats are signaled and where the storm flag was hoisted as well as over the Fort. Captain S—— stood in the doorway talking to me. As he talked the expression of his eyes changed, and, following his look, I saw a second flag being hoisted over the station. We went inside and found Captain C—— talking to the Colonel's widow. He was telling her that the marines would close up her quarters and she had better come to his house. When I left they were already banging at her hurricane windows. I ran along King's Wharf. Paymaster M—— picked me up in his Ford, which was in front of the Commissary. We went skidding up the wet hill to our quarters. Already the town had an air of panic. People were running, autos splashed past, doors were being banged. When I reached our door Eleanor waited me, dancing up and down.

'Are we going to have a hurricane? Are we going to have a hurricane?' she shouted.

Alfred was driving the iron bolts in the windows and doors to the east. I went out to the gallery and looked over the town. Denmark Hill, across from us, had a blind aspect; most of the hurricane doors and windows were already closed. As I stood there the cannon at the Fort gave the final signal — two shots in rapid succession, a pause, and then two more. In this harbor, walled like a room, it split the air, thundering back and forth.

Ellis came home. He said he had seen an old negro down by the Navy Building who had said to him: 'You can't run away from God, sir, you can't run away from God.' To him it would be the voice of God speaking out of a whirlwind and he would not be afraid.

All afternoon, as I supervised the taking down of pictures and the stowing of silver and rugs in case we should lose our roof, I tried to decide whether I was really afraid, or just enjoying the idea of being afraid. Pricklings and shudders, almost a physical cramp, passed through my nerves, but it was not really, taken in itself, a disagreeable sensation. After I had all the potted plants brought inside, had covered my piano with mattresses, sent out for laundry and provisions, for some sewing being done by a woman living in a flimsy shack, had all the iron bars and bolts driven in the twenty-eight windows and doors of the house, I was physically tired and it was nearly six o'clock.

There was very little change, apparently. It still rained, it still blew, but not with any unusual violence. The house was so close and swarming with mosquitoes we decided to get a breath of air in the car. Eleanor and I got in and Ellis drove us down Main Street toward the beach. Every door was bolted but that of the apothecary, and there people had gathered, looking

anxiously out and discussing possibilities. I noticed in the deserted street, bolted and barred, what beautiful mottled colors the walls were, washed and stained by the rain. The country outside the town was equally deserted; the road was even clear of pigs, fowls, and goats — these precious ones having been gathered to safety.

At John Brewer's Bay enormous waves broke all up and down the coast. The sky seemed very close. Ellis got out to get our bath suits from the bathhouse, but when he tried to start the car again the engine was wet and it refused duty. For the first time the wind began to come in sharp gusts, quite violent and with a sort of terrifying rhythm. We finally got the car started and blew a tire. While Ellis laboriously changed it I felt myself growing intensely irritable. We were three miles from town and I had visions of carrying Eleanor to the Moravian Mission of Nisky, a mile away. But the tire was changed at last and we started for home.

The town was dark by now. We drove up to Father G——'s house, which was bolted. He came out, sat in our car a moment, and smoked a cigarette with us. I noticed his hands shook ever so little. In his house were eighteen of his oldest parishioners, — black, of course, — telling tales of former hurricanes. He said that about half an hour earlier a long level sun ray had come through the clouds and they had all given themselves up for lost. They said it was a sign. A woman wrapped in sacking, carrying a child, passed us on her way to the parish hall. All the hovels were being abandoned for the churches, Fort, and stronger buildings.

'What will happen to the Cha-Cha settlement on the North Shore?' asked Father G——.

Ellis replied that the always faithful

and dependable Kjeldsen, an employee of the Public Works and an old Danish ex-sergeant, had ridden on horseback to warn the people there. He was certainly the man for it. A smoke signal had been lit on Castle Hill to warn St. John and Tortola and the Kays between, but because of the rain the fire had repeatedly gone out. We talked until the wind became too strong, and then drove home.

After dinner, about nine o'clock, Father G—— phoned. While Ellis shouted at him all the lights went out. We lit the hurricane lanterns. I tried to persuade the servants to stay in our solidly built house, but they all went home, even old Maria, who had a bedridden sister to look after. Alfred led the procession with a hurricane lantern we let him have. Though they could scarcely stand up, he was shouting with joy, singing a sort of chant: 'Oh, de big gale, de big gale!'

We left one door on the lee side open, the one on the western gallery. The town, seen from this door, was a solid wall of darkness. The flicker of our lantern showed only the sharp lines of rain. We finally had to close this door. I looked through the tiny pane of glass, just big enough for an eye, in one of the doors on the harbor side and saw a few lights from the ships. They were moored to buoys and had full steam up to ride it out.

Our last phone call was from the harbor master. He said the barometer was falling and water was coming up over the harbor building. I tried to read Gertrude Atherton's description of a hurricane in *The Conqueror*, but the noise was becoming too terrible. In fact, while I tried to shut it out, it gradually filled all my consciousness. It was impossible to think of anything else. It still came in rhythmical gusts which seemed to break over us like tremendous waves. We put out the

lanterns and lay down, dressed, on the bed. I took Eleanor, who was wide awake, by me, and Ellis, to my disgust, fell asleep. From years of watch-keeping, I suppose, he can fall asleep at any time it seems desirable to him to do so. But this was beyond me. I found I could only concentrate on the noise, trying to burrow into the centre of this fear, to be inside of it somehow and so no longer feel it. It was impossible to wait those gusts in the dark. I lit a candle by the bed. I began to distinguish other sounds along with the wind — the falling of walls, trees, light and telephone poles and the shrieking of galvanized roofing torn loose and driven across our roof. Every time these sheets struck our roof, it sounded as if it must be going. But Eleanor derived great comfort from this. She would cry, 'Mama, is that the garvanize?' and, on being told that it was, was mysteriously consoled.

About two in the morning a shudder passed over us in the house, in the earth, in the air, in my own nerves. I could not tell, but many people told me afterward that they felt an earthquake at that hour.

The only steady thing in the world seemed the flame of my candle beside the bed. For Eleanor's amusement I made, with my fingers held up to the light, absurd shadows of beasts and bogies on the walls. While I was doing this, we both must have gone to sleep.

When I woke, the candle was out; it was black and hot enough to choke. Someone was pounding on our door. I opened it. The street was filled with ashy, green light like under-sea light, and I looked out on a mutilated, distorted world. The wind still blew, but not intolerably, and no rain fell. Outside stood Estella. She comes every morning at seven-thirty and she was here now. It was seven-thirty.

ERICH VON FALKENHAYN

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

No man in all history has controlled such vast forces as Erich von Falkenhayn, and on his qualities and limitations, more than on those of any other man, turned the issue of the greatest — in scale — of all wars. He was born on September 11, 1861, at Burg Belchau in the district of Thorn, now ceded to Poland. It is a strange requital of Fate that the birthplaces of the two greatest directors of Germany at war, Falkenhayn and Ludendorff, should both rest now on alien soil. Entering, through the cadet schools, an ordinary line regiment, he was singled out for distinction when he passed out from the *Kriegsakademie* in 1890, third of his class. Six years later he went to the Far East as instructor to Chinese troops, selected as a missionary in propagating the gospel of German world power and as an agent in the plan of converting China into a useful military ally, with a view to the future. But the method which succeeded in Turkey was a failure in China. It would even seem from his later career that, instead of impressing German military ideas on China, he allowed the Chinese doctrine of war to gain a hold on himself.

He served on the staff of the German expeditionary force in the Boxer troubles and then, returning to Germany, spent three years in command of a battalion and five years as chief of staff of an army corps. Suddenly, early in 1911, he was promoted to command a

Guard regiment, a move of great significance. To soldierly gifts and the subtlety of a courtier, Falkenhayn now added a social hallmark which was almost essential to attain high position under the régime of William II. With Falkenhayn the effect was magical, for two years later he was promoted lieutenant general and became Minister of War. Such a rise at the early age of fifty-one was an astonishing tribute to his ability and influence. For in the German army youth might wield the power behind the throne, but the nominal authority and the posts of high distinction were customarily reserved for either royalty or old age, so old that it verged sometimes on senile decrepitude.

The Kaiser has much to answer for, but from a strictly German point of view his worst sin was perhaps that by his lack of military judgment and by his military selections he undermined the strength of Germany's armed power, and so prepared her downfall. The more one studies the history of the war, the more does one realize how many times she had victory almost within her grasp, and that only through crass incapacity and, still more, lack of character at the top did she forfeit the repeated chances. The greatest military machine ever created was in the hands of men morally and physically, even more than mentally, unfitted for the control. William II undoubtedly thought more of birth than of ability

in making his selections, but in some cases this tendency seems to have been due more to an almost superstitious belief in heredity than to a partiality toward the aristocracy. True, he liked to have a flattering and subservient entourage, and, with an overweening conceit of his military knowledge, expected deference to his views on matters martial. Even the great Graf von Schlieffen, Chief of the General Staff from 1891 to 1906, from whose brain came the German war plan of 1914, felt the necessity of pandering to this weakness. He issued instructions for manœuvres and war games providing that 'when the Kaiser takes part he must be allowed to win; he cannot, as Kaiser, be beaten by one of his generals.'

On the other hand, Schlieffen's successor, Helmuth von Moltke, although a weaker and an inferior mind, actually restrained the Kaiser's military vanity, and was less a pliant courtier than is commonly supposed. That he was able to do so may have been due to the fact that he was essentially the Kaiser's own choice in defiance of public opinion. Nearly thirty years of his career had been spent in the gilded post of aide-de-camp to his uncle, the great von Moltke of the 1866 and 1870 wars, and to the Kaiser. Thus when, in 1904, he was suddenly raised to real responsibility as one of the two Deputy Chiefs of the General Staff, the army realized that such a step must have some future significance. Their perplexity was not prolonged. When in 1906 Schlieffen, disabled by a kick from a horse, was absent from his post, Moltke acted for him, and the next year definitely succeeded him as Chief of the General Staff. The names actually submitted, some time before, to the Kaiser as suitable had been those of von der Goltz and von Beseler. Von der Goltz,

a famous military writer, and the prophet of the *Nation in Arms*, found, like many other soldiers, that active thought and the power of expressing it create uneasiness rather than appreciation in high places. Von Beseler, later the conqueror of Antwerp, belonged to the Engineers, and, although Deputy Chief of the General Staff, was therefore ignored by the Kaiser, who 'knew' only Guard and Cavalry officers. But, above all, the choice of Moltke seems to have been due to the Kaiser's belief in his historic name as an omen of victory.

If Moltke's elevation was unjustified by his achievements, the strength of his pedestal enabled him to make a stand against interference from his 'creator.' He told the Kaiser frankly that at manœuvres 'the decisions of the commanding generals are always influenced by the interference of Your Majesty, so that the officers lose all desire for initiative and become inert and unreliable.' And the Kaiser gave way, abstaining from active command or interference until July 1914. Moltke was thus emboldened to take liberties with the war plan of his illustrious predecessor. The first change was wise, politically at least. Moltke preferred to risk delay by the forts of Liège rather than to avoid them by crossing the strip of Dutch territory known as the Maastricht Appendix, an act of military convenience which might range Holland as well as Belgium on the side of Germany's foes. But Moltke revealed less moral audacity than his predecessor in matters that were purely military. Schlieffen had concentrated all his efforts on building up an overwhelming right wing in the projected advance into France. He had taken the calculated risk of weakening the left wing with the view that this wing could retire gradually before a French onslaught without serious danger, and

by its very yielding draw the French on to their destruction by drawing them away from northwestern France, which would thus be all the more exposed to the smashing onrush of the German right wing.

Moltke shrank from the risk, and as new reserves became available strengthened the left wing at the expense of the right. And, like many timid men, he wished to risk too little at the outset and to gain too much later, thinking that a strong left wing would not only avert initial danger but enable him to envelop the French armies on both flanks, repeating 1870 and leading to a greater Sedan. Thus, when the test came, the German war machine was laboring under too great a strain, and this, coupled with Moltke's inability to keep control, caused the breakdown on the Marne, and the loss of the first and greatest chance of Germany's victory in the war. Moltke's papers after his death threw a vivid light, not only on the complexity and rigidity of the German war machine, but on the way a national, as opposed to a professional, army tends inevitably toward war. Once set in motion it gathers weight and pace like an avalanche, escaping direction and making almost hopeless any attempts either to orient or to retard its course.

On July 31, 1914, Moltke was summoned by the Kaiser and shown a telegram from the German Ambassador in London which said that Secretary of State Grey had informed him Great Britain would engage to keep France out of the war if Germany would reciprocally engage not to undertake hostilities against France. The Kaiser then said to Moltke: 'Now we need only wage war against Russia; thus we simply march the whole of our army eastward.' Moltke replied: 'Your Majesty, that is impossible. The deployment of a host of millions of men

cannot be improvised; it means a whole year of laborious work, and once settled cannot be altered. If Your Majesty insists on leading the whole army to the east, it will not be an army ready for battle, but a disorderly crowd of unorganized armed men without supply arrangements.'

The Kaiser was 'much upset' and retorted bitterly: 'Your uncle would have given me a different answer.' The machine which they had created was beyond the power of men to control, and not only were they swept inevitably in its wake toward war, but they proved equally helpless to guide it strategically once its ponderous and remorseless passage over the French frontier had begun.

Moltke, who had already disturbed the balance between the two wings which Schlieffen had contrived, upset it still more by repeated reductions in the weight of the marching right wing. He first detached active divisions to watch the fortresses of Antwerp, Givet, and Maubeuge, and then, on August 25, to reinforce the Eastern Front against Russia, in the belief that the decision in the West was already ensured! The delusion was strengthened by the roseate reports of the various army commanders, each anxious for his own credit, and by the failure of the Supreme Command to keep in touch with — far less to keep control over — the advancing armies. A suspicion of the truth began to dawn upon Moltke through the comparatively small captures of men and guns, and in this state of doubt the Kaiser's easy optimism irritated him: 'He has already a shout-hurrah mood that I hate like death.' When disillusionment finally came in the Battle of the Marne, Moltke, more sensitive than his opponent, Joffre, lost his nerve. He felt instinctively that the loss of the Marne meant the ultimate loss of the war, and with still truer

instinct remarked, 'We shall have to pay for all that we have destroyed.'

Between September 5 and 9 no orders from Moltke were issued to the Army Commands, and from September 7 to 9 no information or report as to the situation was sent by them to Moltke. These were the crucial days of the Marne battle, which began on September 6 and ended with the retreat of the German armies, beginning with the Second, on September 9. The fact would be incredible if it was not attested by ample evidence. This retreat was ordered rather than compelled, due to the panic fears of leaders so saturated with military convention that a slight indentation of their front and a partial bending of their flanks led them to conclude that, by the rules of the game, they were beaten. There was no necessity to fall back if they had appreciated the defensive power of modern arms as well as they appreciated the convention of strategy. The French were unperturbed by the presence of the far deeper St. Mihiel wedge which remained in their front during four years, and in 1918 the Allied commanders did not find it necessary to fall back and straighten the line even when the enemy had driven wedges forty miles deep into their front. At the Marne the German soldiers were not beaten, but only their leaders. On the morrow of this defeat Moltke was displaced, the failure of his physical vigor being made, according to customary subterfuge, the excuse for a dismissal really due to failure of moral vigor.

II

This sketch of Moltke, his character and career, is a necessary preliminary if we are to understand the problem of his successor, Falkenhayn, and the conditions which surrounded his advent to power. Moltke's confession on the eve

of war that he could not alter the rigid plan had evidently both irritated the Kaiser and disturbed his confidence in Moltke's grip on the situation, for as early as August 10 the Chief of the Military Cabinet asked Falkenhayn privately if he was prepared to take over the duties of Chief of the General Staff. During the advance through Belgium into France, Falkenhayn had uneasy qualms over the blind and headlong pace of the German onrush, and urged the need and value of securing the advance by consolidating each step in its wake. On September 3 there is an entry in his diary: 'Impressed again on Moltke . . . the necessity of occupying the north coast and also of halting for rest on the Marne.' One of the most amazing features of the war is that the Germans, with the Allied armies in full retreat, made no attempt to secure the Channel ports, which lay at their mercy. The British had evacuated Calais, Boulogne, and the whole coast as far as Le Havre, even transferred their base to St. Nazaire on the Bay of Biscay. German Uhlans roamed at will over the northwest of France, settled down in Amiens as if they were permanent lodgers, yet left the vital ports in tranquil isolation. A month later they were to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives in the vain attempt to gain what they could have secured without losing a drop of blood.

On the eve of the Battle of the Marne, September 5, there is this significant entry in Falkenhayn's diary: 'The German Staff itself admits to-day that the retreat of the French is being carried out in complete order, but it cannot come to a new decision. . . . Only one thing is certain: our General Staff has completely lost its head. Schlieffen's notes do not help any further, and so Moltke's wits come to an end.' A deadly sarcasm!

The choice of Falkenhayn to succeed

Moltke was dictated not merely by Falkenhayn's record and the proved truth of his criticisms, but even more by his presence at Great Headquarters as Minister of War. For the Germans had no wish to advertise the failure of their first Chief—a confession that their plan had miscarried—and they could camouflage the change better by slipping Falkenhayn into Moltke's seat than by recalling anyone from the front. Moreover, although Falkenhayn took over the duties of Chief of the General Staff on September 14, his appointment was not publicly announced until November 3, and he retained the functions of Minister of War as well until February 1915.

The first need was to restore confidence and cohesion in an army defeated through no fault of its own. The rapidity of the recovery is a tribute both to the sound body of the army and to the tonic administered by Falkenhayn's reassertion of higher control. He had seen the faults of 1870 repeated, more disastrously, in 1914, the army commanders acting independently and taking their own course without attention to a Supreme Command which was wanting in the power to control them. Falkenhayn's fault here was that he swung too far to the other extreme, centralizing power excessively in his own person. His character and manner aggravated the failings of this tendency. If he was not well served, it was partly his own fault. The head of the Operations Section was a source of friction as well as a man of limited mind, but Falkenhayn, who realized Tappen's inadequacy, declared that he did not want an adviser, only 'a conscientious man who carried out his orders punctually.' Aloof, reserved, notoriously ambitious, Falkenhayn was not the man to inspire affection in his subordinates or trust in his peers. General Stürgkh, Austrian representative

at the German Headquarters, gives a vivid impression of him: 'Tall, slim, with a particularly youthful face, in which were a pair of very sharp and clever but sarcastic eyes, with the striking contrast of a very gray but very thick head of hair.'

Perhaps it was not surprising that under his régime the commanders at the front emphasized their successes rather than their difficulties—a habit of facile optimism which drew from him after one of his visits the bitter comment that 'the lies that these army commanders combine in telling are quite incredible.' Sympathy is a better magnet for truth than is sarcasm.

III

The reaction of the Marne on the two sides was characteristic of the mentality and predisposition of the rival commanders. The Allies, whose blind optimism had led them into disaster after disaster since the outset, were so elated—and inflated—by the 'miracle of the Marne' that they were carried away by their ideas of a decisive manœuvre against the German flank. In the 'Race to the Sea' they buoyantly made a series of inadequate and belated attempts to turn the German flank, until they suddenly came down with a bump—to find themselves desperately, and almost despairingly, struggling to hold out against the German onslaught at Ypres.

With the Central Powers the outlook of Falkenhayn was now the decisive influence, and the impression derived not merely from his critics but from his own account is that neither the outlook nor the direction was really clear as to its goal. He was too obsessed with the principle of security at the expense of the principle of concentration, and in his failure to fulfill the second he undermined the foundations of the first. On

taking over the reins from Moltke, he still adhered to the Schlieffen plan of seeking a decision in the West, but the course he followed did not appear to have any far-reaching aim. Both in clearing his right rear by the reduction of Antwerp and in the subsequent effort to gain the Channel ports, Falkenhayn's guiding idea seems to have been merely that of 'firmly establishing the right flank on the sea' as a protection to 'the western territory of the Empire, with its sensitive as well as indispensable resources. . . .' His actions and his mental attitude were those of a commander striving to ward off impending defeat rather than one whose mighty army had only missed decisive victory by a hair's breadth. He erred on the side of pessimism as much as the Allies on the side of optimism. Nor, in pursuit of his limited object, did his method fulfill the Schlieffen principle of drawing from the left wing in order to mass on the vital right wing. The prolonged attacks in October and November around Ypres were made largely with raw formations, while war-experienced troops lay almost idle between the Aisne and the Vosges. Colonel Gröner, Director of the Field Railways, even went so far as to submit a detailed plan to Falkenhayn for the transfer of six army corps from the left to the right wing, but it was rejected. When we remember how close to the breaking point was the British line at Ypres, the verdict can only be that for a second time the German Supreme Command saved the Allies. At this juncture, too, Ludendorff was pleading vehemently for reinforcements to give weight to the wedge which he planned to drive into the joint of the Russian phalanx near Lodz. Without them, Ludendorff shattered the only serious advance during the war of the 'Russian steam roller' and almost surrounded a whole army. With them, the 'almost'

might have been deleted. But Falkenhayn missed the chance by delaying to send the reinforcements until failure in the long-drawn-out Ypres offensive had passed from assurance to fact.

Early in 1915 Falkenhayn, persuaded at last of the strength of the Allied trench barrier, took the momentous decision to stand on the defensive in the West. But his object in so doing seems to have been vague. His feeling that the war must ultimately be decided in France led him to distrust the value, as he doubted the possibility, of a decision against Russia. Hence while he realized that the Eastern Front was the only practicable theatre for operations in the near future, he withheld the necessary reinforcements until his hand was forced by the threatening situation of the Austro-Hungarian front. And even then he doled out reserves reluctantly and meagrely, enough to secure success, but never in quantity and time for decisive victory.

It is to his credit, however, that he realized a long war was now inevitable, and that he set to work to develop Germany's resources for such a war of attrition. The technique of field entrenchment was carried to a higher pitch than with any other country; the military railways were expanded for the lateral movement of reserves; the supply of munitions and of the raw material for their manufacture was tackled so energetically and comprehensively that an ample flow was ensured from the spring of 1915 onward — a time when the British were only awakening to the problem. Here were laid the foundations of the economic organization and utilization of resources which were to be the secret of Germany's resisting power to the pressure of the British blockade.

The same period witnessed also the one great success for German diplomacy, the entry of Turkey into the

war, although this was due fundamentally to a combination of pre-war causes with the course of events. Diplomacy finds its strongest arguments in military success. And it received strong support from Falkenhayn, who was convinced of 'the decisive importance of Turkey joining in the struggle,' first, as a barrier against the channel of Allied munition supply to Russia, and secondly, as a distraction to the military efforts of Britain and Russia.

At the same time a vast campaign of propaganda was launched in Asia, to undermine British prestige and the loyalty of Britain's Mohammedan subjects. The defect of German propaganda, its crudeness, was less apparent when directed to primitive races than when applied to the civilized peoples of Europe and America.

But while Falkenhayn was expanding the basis of Germany's war efforts he was nearly unseated himself. Moltke, since his fall, had been intriguing for Falkenhayn's removal and his own return, on the grounds that Falkenhayn was too young and did not inspire confidence in the army. The failure at Ypres reënforced this attempt, which apparently was supported by the Kaiserin and Hindenburg, but Falkenhayn, with equal craft, checkmated it by telling the Kaiser that Moltke's own physician had reported him unfit. The tale served its purpose and Falkenhayn remained.

IV

On the Eastern Front, the campaign of 1914 had shown that a German force could count upon defeating any larger Russian force, but that when Austrians and Russians met on an equality victory rested with the Russians.

From the beginning of 1915 the Russians developed a steadily increasing pressure on the Austro-Hungarian front in the Carpathians, threatening

to force the mountain gateways into the Hungarian plain. Falkenhayn was forced, reluctantly, to dispatch German reënforcements as a stiffening to the Austrians, and thus was dragged into a relief offensive in the East rather than adopting it as a clearly defined plan. In contrast, Ludendorff, who was the directing brain of the German forces in the East, had his eyes firmly fixed on the ultimate object, and from now on advocated unceasingly a whole-hearted effort to break Russia. He differed from Falkenhayn not merely over the object but over the plan, urging, instead of a direct blow at the Russian forces in the Polish salient, a wide Napoleonic manœuvre through Vilna to cut their communications. Ludendorff's was a strategy of decision, Falkenhayn's at best a strategy of attrition.

Nor was this the only mental tug-of-wills, for Falkenhayn was throughout in ceaseless dispute with Conrad von Hötzendorf, the Chief of the Austrian General Staff. Conrad had launched the Austrian army in a premature and costly offensive into Poland, in August 1914, to relieve the Russian pressure on Germany, while the latter was seeking a decision in France, and now he considered that Austria should be given full support in repayment for this sacrifice. Withheld until the Austrian resistance was severely strained, the growing danger of his ally's collapse forced Falkenhayn to concede support, if not in generous measure.

On April 1, 1915, Conrad proposed to Falkenhayn a plan to get the most advantage from these slender reënforcements — a rupture of the Russian left centre between the Carpathians and the upper Vistula. This Tarnow-Gorlice sector offered the least obstacle to an advance and the best protection to the flanks of a penetration. Falkenhayn accepted the proposal; by suppressing

the earlier correspondence and quoting only his own letter of April 13 he tried to give the impression in his post-war book that he originated the plan. To satisfy the prestige of both allies, the combined Austro-German attacking force was put under a German general, Mackensen, and he in turn under the Austrian Supreme Command.

A large cavalry raid from East Prussia in the north and the gas attack at Ypres — thus disclosing prematurely, for a trifling advantage, this new means of surprise — were used to cloak the concentration, between Tarnow and Gorlice, of seven German divisions and seven Austrian divisions and 1500 guns against a front weakly held, by only six Russian divisions, and lacking in rear lines of trenches.

On May 2, 1915, after an intense bombardment had flattened the Russian trenches, the attack was launched and swept through with little opposition. The surprise was complete, the exploitation rapid, and the whole Russian line along the Carpathians was rolled up, until on May 14 the advance through Galicia reached the San, eighty miles from its starting point. Defeat almost turned into disaster when this river was forced at Jaroslau, but the impetus of the advance had momentarily spent itself and German reserves were lacking. Falkenhayn now realized that he had committed himself too far in Galicia to draw back, and that only by bringing more troops from France could he hope to fulfill his purpose of transferring troops back there, as this could only be possible when Russia's offensive power was crippled and her menace to Austria removed.

A fresh bound captured Lemberg by June 22, but the Russians, from their vast man-power resources, had almost made good the loss of 400,000 prisoners, and Falkenhayn's anxiety about

the stability of his troops drew him on willy-nilly to continue the offensive, although still with limited objects and with one eye on the situation in France. He now changed the direction from eastward to northward and in conjunction ordered Ludendorff — all this time fretting impatiently in East Prussia — to strike southeastward. Ludendorff argued that this plan was too much of a frontal attack, and that although the closing in of the two wings might squeeze the Russians it would not cut off their retreat. He wanted to strike far back at their communications while they were still entangled in Poland, but Falkenhayn again rejected the plan, fearing that it would mean a deeper German commitment. The upshot proved Ludendorff's forecast, and at the end of September the Russian retreat, after a nerve-racking series of escapes from the salients which the Germans since May had systematically created and then sought to pinch out, came to a definite halt on a straightened line from Riga on the Baltic to Czernowitz on the Rumanian frontier. Russia had been badly lamed, but not destroyed, and, although never again a direct menace to Germany, she was to keep Austria on the rack and to delay the full concentration of German strength in the West for two years, until 1918.

Late in August, Falkenhayn decided to break off large-scale operations on the Eastern Front in order to fulfill and extend his policy of security at all points. Bulgaria's entry into the war was now arranged and he wished to exploit it in order to remove finally the menace from Serbia and to open direct railway communication with his easternmost ally, Turkey, which was still hard-pressed at the Dardanelles. Further, he wished to transfer troops back to France to meet the Franco-British offensive expected in September.

Beginning on October 6, the converging attack of the Austro-German and Bulgarian armies overran Serbia and drove the remnant of her armies out of the country, despite a belated and inadequate attempt of her allies to go to her succor. The French and British forces barely saved themselves by a hasty retreat to Salonika, to which they held on for reasons primarily of policy and prestige. Thither the Serbian army was shipped, to be reconstituted for a fresh share in the struggle. Falkenhayn was satisfied to have opened direct communication with Turkey and opposed Conrad's wish for a continuation of the offensive in order to drive the Franco-British forces from their foothold at Salonika. In his book he puts forward the excuse that examination of the railway system showed that it was insufficient to supply the needs of such an offensive, but recent documents have revealed that the head of the Railway Section, who was sent to investigate, actually reported the opposite.

His limited object achieved, Falkenhayn preferred to leave Salonika in passivity, under guard of the Bulgarians, while he steadily withdrew the German forces for use elsewhere. With gentle sarcasm, the Germans termed Salonika their 'largest internment camp,' and with half a million Allied troops locked up there the jibe had some justification — until 1918. Then the enemy foothold which Falkenhayn had ignored was suddenly expanded, and the collapse of Bulgaria knocked away the first prop of the Germanic Alliance.

V

With the dawn of 1916, Falkenhayn, feeling now secure everywhere, prepared to fulfill his long-cherished plan for an offensive in the West, but with characteristic limitations. Always an adherent of the strategy of attrition, he

now carried this ruling idea into tactics, and produced the new form of attack by methodical stages, each with a limited objective.

In a memorandum to the Kaiser at Christmas, 1915, he argued that England was the staple of the enemy alliance. 'The history of the English wars against the Netherlands, Spain, France, and Napoleon is being repeated. Germany can expect no mercy from this enemy, so long as he still retains the slightest hope of achieving his object.' Except by submarine warfare, however, England and her army were out of reach, for Falkenhayn considered that the English sector of the front did not lend itself to offensive operations. 'In view of our feelings for our archenemy in the war, that is certainly distressing, but it can be endured if we realize that for England the campaign on the Continent . . . is at bottom a side show. Her real weapons here are the French, Russian, and Italian armies.' Falkenhayn regarded Russia as already paralyzed and Italy's military achievements as unlikely to affect the situation. 'Only France remains. . . . France has almost arrived at the end of her military effort. If her people can be made to understand clearly that in a military sense they have nothing more to hope for, the breaking point would be reached and England's best weapon knocked out of her hand.'

He added that a break-through in mass was unnecessary, and that instead the Germans should aim to bleed France to death by choosing a point of attack 'for the retention of which the French would be compelled to throw in every man they have.' Such an objective was either Belfort or Verdun, and Falkenhayn chose Verdun, because it was a menace to the main German communications, because it offered a salient and so cramped the defenders, and because of the moral effect if so

renowned a place were lost to France.

Once again Conrad disagreed with Falkenhayn, preferring a concentrated blow to knock Italy out of the war, and arguing that a decision there was more feasible than in the French alternative. Nor was he the only dissentient. The German Crown Prince, who was to have the honor of commanding the Verdun attack, felt that attrition was a two-edged weapon and thought that it would be wiser to finish with Russia first.

Both were overruled, and the Verdun 'bloodletting' incisions began on February 21.

The keynote of the tactical plan was a continuous series of limited advances which by their menace should draw the French reserves into the mincing machine of the German artillery. And each of these advances was itself to be secured from loss by an intense artillery bombardment, brief for surprise, and compensating its short duration by the number of batteries and their rapidity of fire. By this means the objective would be taken and consolidated before the defenders could move up their reserves for counterattack.

But the theory of limitation was carried to an extreme: the first day the front of attack was only two and a half miles. Thus the few scattered packets of surviving Frenchmen caused more delay than would have been possible on a frontage of rational width. This idea of punching a narrow hole was contrary to the advice of members of Falkenhayn's own staff and the executive commanders. When the front was at last extended on March 6 to the other bank of the Meuse, the chance of a break-through had faded, for the French had recovered from their surprise, repaired their original negligence, and the numbers were now balanced. Even so, the superior technique of the German troops and the reluctance of

the French to cede a yard of ground — Falkenhayn had at least gauged the French temperament correctly — turned the balance of attrition in favor of the Germans. But the slow and costly process, and the absence of tangible result, brought no credit to Falkenhayn's 'limited' strategy, and the discontent rose to a height when the offensive failed to prevent ripostes elsewhere. For on June 5, 1916, the Russian army, which Falkenhayn had thought that he could disregard, came to the rescue of France. Under the slight pressure of Brusilov's impromptu advance, the Austrian front collapsed and within three days Brusilov had taken 200,000 prisoners. Never has a mere demonstration had so amazing a success since the walls of Jericho fell at Joshua's trumpet blasts. Although soon checked by its own lack of weight and by prompt German intervention, it compelled Falkenhayn to withdraw troops from the Western Front, and so abandon his plan for a counterstroke against the British offensive preparing on the Somme, as well as the hope of nourishing his Verdun attrition process. It led Rumania to take her fateful decision to enter the war on the side of the Entente. And it caused the downfall of Falkenhayn and his replacement in the supreme command by Hindenburg and Ludendorff. For, although Rumania's unexpected entry was the ostensible reason, the underlying one was the fact that Falkenhayn's 'limited' strategy in 1915 had made possible the Russian recovery which stultified the plan of 1916. Falkenhayn's strategy was history's latest example of the folly of half measures.

VI

He was offered as consolation the post of ambassador at Constantinople and after declining this was given

executive command of the Ninth Army for the campaign against Rumania. Here, if a difficult subordinate, he regilded his laurels by conducting the offensive which threw the Rumanians out of Transylvania, broke through the Carpathians just before the winter snows, and captured Bucharest through a convergent manœuvre with Mackensen's forces from the south. Later he was sent to Turkey for the purpose of regaining Mesopotamia from the British, and when this scheme was abandoned, owing to the burning of the depots with all the ammunition for the campaign, he took over the command in Palestine. He arrived in Jerusalem the day after Allenby's attack on Beersheba, which had forestalled his own offensive, and in a vain attempt to stay the British advance he dissipated the scanty Turkish resources in a series of petty counterattacks. His misunderstanding of local conditions and of the psychology of Turkish troops helped to complete the bankruptcy of Turkish man power, but early in 1918, before the final disaster, he gave way to Liman von Sanders.

Before his death in 1922 he had issued his own account of his work in the Supreme Command and in Rumania, and the studiously impersonal tone — cloaking omissions which cleverly distorted the facts — combined with the likeness of his 'limited' strategy to their own to win him undue credit among British military leaders. Thus the pernicious legend has been created by those who do not trouble to

delve beneath the surface that Falkenhayn was 'the most competent and most farseeing of the German commanders and strategists.'

His countrymen, who knew him intimately, knew him better. Colonel Bauer, the one fixture in the headquarters of the Supreme Command throughout the war and the invaluable assistant in turn of Moltke, Falkenhayn, and Ludendorff, has said of Falkenhayn that he possessed nearly every gift of nature 'except the intuition of a commander; his decisions were half measures, and he wavered even over these. He would probably have made a great statesman, diplomat, or parliamentarian, and was least of all qualified to command in the field.'

The antithesis of Foch, Falkenhayn was an uncompromising realist, and the very excess of this valuable quality was his own poison. Like Napoleon's opponents, he saw too many things at once, and, above all, saw the enemy's strength too clearly. His realization that England was the soul and will of the hostile alliance was proof of his insight, but it merely depressed him.

Falkenhayn's course might well serve as an object lesson of Napoleon's warnings against the 'worst course, which almost always in war is the most pusillanimous — or, if you will, the most prudent.' He was the ablest and most scientific general, 'penny wise, pound foolish,' who ever ruined his country by a refusal to take calculated risks. Limitation of risks led to liquidation.

OF BEAUTY

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

HANDS cool and fragrant, like a garden swept
By wind from off a distant sea at night:
A voice which deeper than the hearing crept
By what it left unsung! God's eremite,
To the high hill of questing I had come,
But, solitary, found no single light:
The seraph-sounding planets all were dumb
And Beauty misted from my eager sight.

Then, with no word, in silence full of grace,
Giving with gladness, making no demands,
I knew her near and lowly bent my face
To quench its thirsting in her quiet hands.
Now through the rain I tread the ghostly hill,
The dawn is coming, and my heart is still.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS, NEW STYLE

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

EVERY proper pilgrimage should be foretold in the measured terms of prophecy, but the words which forecast my journey to Canterbury held a certain bluntness not found in the prognostications of the ancients. Tight-lipped Cassandra would have been shocked by their forceful and unequivocal message. They came to me nine years ago when, as one of the deck officers on a small naval vessel, I found myself on the bridge with a British pilot who had been detailed to take us through the Downs on our way up to London. For three hours he paced the bridge in frigid silence, a silence broken only by an occasional 'Pawt!' or 'Stawb'd!' and tugged at the right end of his moustache with his left hand as, with quick, sure calculation of buoys, lighthouses, and other channel marks, he kept us on our course. His was the rolling gait of a seafaring man, yet it was marked by a peculiar hitch which prepared me for a cockney accent when at last he spoke. Pointing vaguely at the shore, he suddenly wheeled and blurted: 'Gawblimey, sir, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry! Damme, y'll see Cawnterb'ry, I dare say — every snivelin' Yonkee tourist troops there directly he lands! Cawnterb'ry, gawblimey, sir — I say "Stawb'd!"'

Having been grouped so irrevocably with those who tour and snivel, it was only natural that I should carry out his prediction six years later when a business trip took me to London. By rare good fortune I was not alone, for

at the last moment before sailing the entire Mogul Club had decided to go. Now the Mogul Club is the most exclusive club in the world, for it is limited to three men: the Ferial Founder, the Carousing Custodian, and the Member. There is also, it must be admitted, the Permanent Novice, a stripling undergraduate whose status is that of a mere burden bearer, a fetcher of lighted fagots for our pipes, a parrier of our Jovian thrusts when stouter or more dexterous foils are withheld from us — and him we encountered in Piccadilly on the morning of our arrival, wandering lonely as a cloud. We straightway invited him to lunch with us at Simpson's. Notwithstanding this relaxation of our tense club discipline, it must not be supposed that we extended our indulgence beyond steak pie, ale, and propinquity. One of the tenets of the Mogul Club — the one, in fact, to which we most stubbornly cling — is that, though a Permanent Novice may talk, only an officer or a member will be heard. Upheld by this clean-cut dogma, we need not admit the existence of post-adolescent opinions, nor are we called upon to give consideration to callow suggestions and immature plans. We preserve a homogeneity most unusual and refreshing in an adult body. We observe youth, but decline its restrictions.

Luncheon concluded, we dispatched the Permanent Novice up the Strand in search of some palatable cigarettes, and fell to making plans.

'We might go to Canterbury,' said the Ferial Founder. 'I—'

Like a flash there came to my mind the picture of a British pilot, pacing, pacing. . . . 'Gawblimey, sir, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry,' I mumbled.

'What's that, Member?' roared our Founder, for I had interrupted him. (I can withhold it no longer—I am the Member.)

'You speak of it too lightly,' I responded meekly enough. 'One does n't just "go to Canterbury"—it should be a pilgrimage; and, if I am correctly informed, one snivels.' I related the refreshing episode of the taciturn navigator.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Ferial Founder. 'Extraordinary!' Then he added, with a touch of that clear logic for which he is so deeply revered, 'Obviously you should make all the arrangements. Sunday, then!'

When it thus became apparent that I must play the part of courier, I lost no time in shouldering the burdens of my rôle. Surely a movement of such significance—for when, in history, had a Mogul Club visited Canterbury en masse?—could not be undertaken in any casual vein. There must be color, a dash of the picturesque. To go by train would be monstrous—what pageantry does a railroad afford? Besides, cinders and smoke have no place in a pilgrimage.

Like many other men, faced with a project which was to jar the very superstructure of history, I sought counsel. In short, I took the matter up with the hall porter at my hotel. He was impressively brief. 'Motor!' he said. 'Ere's a card as gives the nyme—"Arry Muggs, Motors f'r h'all occysions," h'it says. Number twelve, Eddington Mews, sir. Just over the wye, sir!'

Number twelve, Eddington Mews, proved to be an abandoned stable, and

looming within the dark, cavernous interior I descried a gigantic, not to say formidable, outline. I rang the bell. Mr. Muggs, a little robin of a man with the air of one who had never in his heart of hearts given up his devotion to the stable, listened politely while I explained my errand. 'We wish to drive to Canterbury,' I said.

His eyes shone. 'Ah, then, y'll be tykin' 'Iggins, sir,' he affirmed, hoarsely earnest. 'E mykes a prawper 'obby of Cawnterb'ry, sir; knows every blinkin' bishop, 'n can rattle orf the reekin' s'ynts loike they wos 'is aown mother, sir!' Triumphant he surveyed me.

I was, I am sure, visibly moved. 'And the car?' I suggested.

Drawing back the door so that full light might strike it, he indicated a vast motor car of ancient mien and rich antiquity. Painted a royal crimson, every exposed metal part burnished to a positive heat, it was a chariot before which a Muggs might well stand silently and point. Such Gargantuan, gorgeous bulk overwhelmed mere speech.

Frankly, I gloated. Here were the trappings of mediævalism; here flaming color, glittering steel and brasses, splendor and pomp! But one thing was lacking. As though reading my thoughts, the solicitous Mr. Muggs pressed the horn bulb, and a clear, sweet fanfare awoke the echoes as did the trumpets of Henry's court afield. My cup was full. I accepted the chariot, the as yet unseen 'Iggins, on the spot, without thought of the Ferial Founder's approval. Had not arrogant Wolsey once cried, 'Ego et rex meus'? What, then, if I did conclude arrangements with a high hand? Untroubled of heart, I repaired to my hotel.

Sunday dawned clear and warm. Breakfast dispatched, we barely had time to draw on our coats and look at our watches before a silvery note

floated into the lounge through the open window. 'It's here!' I cried. The Carousing Custodian was the first to the door. Never at his best before ten-thirty in the morning, he glanced at our equipage and exclaimed pettishly: 'I *won't* help carry a religious float through London! In Italy, yes; in Spain, perhaps; but in England, never! I thought we were going to Canterbury.' Calming him as best I might, I thrust him into a seat and turned to acknowledge a respectful greeting from the sapient 'Iggins. He was a tall, slender young man in a white linen coat, and there was something just a bit disquieting in his hard, restless eye.

Getting under way, we found that, although the car was perhaps only slightly older than London Tower, it could, to use a pungent phrase, 'go like hell.' Somewhere within its deep, murky interior there dwelt power as constant as polar magnetism, as inexorable as the cycles of planets. Our chauffeur, who exhibited signs of restiveness, a plaintive eagerness in the metropolitan area, upon reaching open country cast discretion to the winds, forsook his staid Anglican ancestry, and thrust the accelerator to the floor. With a great rush of winds, and the whine of protesting tires, we attacked the clear, clean highroad. I looked up to see the Ferial Founder (a staunch Unitarian) crossing himself. Villages flashed by like the sickening whirl of vertigo. The grand old Juggernaut settled into her real pace — anywhere from sixty-five to eighty miles an hour — and the immaculate 'Iggins, free at last from town restrictions, turned his head to call back to us cordially, 'On our wye now, sir!'

As we reached the summit of Wrotham Hill the chauffeur drew over to the side of the road and shut off the motor. Kent in June! Is there any

other place on the face of the earth so beautiful? The deep valley at our feet, smooth-shouldered hills rubbing the horizon, gently modulating fields of indescribable green splashed with the flame of millions of red poppies! The smell of growing things an incense; the warm golden haze a benediction. God save the King? Ah yes, and God save England!

With a roar we were again on our way. 'Takes your breath away,' I murmured, as I turned for one last look. An inarticulate noise beside me indicated I had been heard.

'Nonsense!' croaked the Carousing Custodian. It was now well past ten-thirty, and his spirit was slowly catching up with his body. 'Nonsense!' he shouted as the winds of flight buffeted us. 'Could n't! None of us — have done any breathing — since London!'

For an hour speech was impossible. Our progress was that of an uncharted comet. To be sure, 'Iggins named each hamlet as we catapulted through it, but his way of turning around to do so, with one hand on the wheel while passing another car at fifty miles an hour, rather distracted the attention of the little band of pilgrims who huddled, shuddering, in the rear seat of his car. We slowed down a bit for the village of Maidstone, a queer little place with an inn called The Bear and Bulldog, and the villagers stared at us with big round eyes, little knowing that we were establishing a record run between London and Canterbury, which, like the Roman roads, would stand undaunted for centuries. As we again slipped off into space — the only phrase I can use which adequately describes the sensation we experienced as our chariot soared into full speed — the Carousing Custodian fought and clawed himself into an upright position long enough to scream into my ear:

'Enjoyed — thought — going to Canterbury — but had n't expected — be canonized so soon.'

Between Maidstone and our destination but one impression survived the kaleidoscopic jumble of flickering country. The Ferial Founder insisted that we slacken our pace as we passed Leeds Castle, for the great gaunt edifice overlooking a pretty lake, half hidden by dense forest, gave life to his casual excursions into the fourteenth century. So thick was the foliage that the shadows beneath the trees were dark as bears' caves, and bright little birds fluttering about the velvet green lawn avoided them as though loath to leave the sanctuary of sunlit spaces.

We arrived at Canterbury at noon, and, valiant trenchermen all, applied ourselves to the mutton, greens, boiled potatoes, and tarts of rural England with gusto. Then, setting out for the Cathedral on foot, — 'Iggins had disappeared into an alehouse upon arrival, — we encountered the shop of one Thomas A. Becket, whereupon the Carousing Custodian insisted that he must shake hands with the proprietor. 'Read about the fellow in college, somewhere. Want to meet him.' Stimulated by our flight through space, he was in the most absurd humor imaginable, and as he emerged from the shop, a moment later, he accosted a passing policeman and asked him where an orange could be purchased.

'An orange?' queried the policeman, somewhat taken aback.

'Wolsey!' whispered our club brother succinctly. Without waiting for an answer, he turned and made for the Cathedral Arch.

Now it is well that as one approaches Canterbury one passes through this arch, for the Cathedral develops slowly, which prepares one, as it were, for the full view upon emerging. Were it otherwise, one's credulity could not

stand the strain. The color of the building is indescribable, like the gray of November clouds, and has a queer ephemeral cast which outrages reality. High, high, rise the Gothic towers, embroidered with delicately wrought stone lace. Where other churches present a stark outline against the sky, Canterbury blends with the heavens as though it were in fact a veritable link between earth and the changeless Infinite.

As we entered, the choir, at practice, was singing an anthem of Palestrina's. By what glorious chance had we come upon them as they chanted an answer to our unspoken question?

'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.'

It was the Ferial Founder who, with a gesture which embraced the forest of pillars and staggering vastness of the interior, said humbly, 'Perhaps that is the explanation of how lowly monks, hundreds of years ago, were able to build this thing — a task which would tax our foremost modern engineers, with all their clever machinery, to the utmost!' As though confirming the validity of this concept, the organ suddenly boomed and rattled through the nave, and the choir burst forth with a great *Te Deum*: 'Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!' Since the days of early childhood, when I piped away in the front row of a boy choir, I have loved, studied, collected *Te Deums*, but only Canterbury could bring me the real meaning of that phrase!

When the music ceased we wandered into the Cloister, and there we found the Carousing Custodian, missing these ten minutes, seated on a great stone.

'I'm so damned jealous,' he grunted, when we had come within speaking

distance, 'so damned jealous of etchers that I could swear.' Then he added, with a nod toward the daintily chiseled columns and arches, 'Only way you could take it all home with you.'

True and thought-provoking words! The Cloister's fine intricacy of line is too meticulous for the painter, its bulk too extended for the sculptor. I fell to wondering whether it could be reduced to words. There is, of course, the nomenclature of architecture, — which only the initiate can use or understand, — but would not this, subject as it is to the limitations of all exact things, fall far short? In what architect's glossary would one find words to convey the subtle colorings and erosions of time, the stains of winter rains and frosts? To what page could one turn for words to describe the shadows projected by rosettes and mouldings, ever changing, ever beautiful? 'No, we can't find help there,' I mused, 'but in poetry perhaps one might —' Common sense interposed: certain details foreign to poetic form must be present, else our picture would bear the aspect of an ill-focused photograph. I gave up in despair: mere words, however grouped, could never do it.

Time and again we returned to the spot, fascinated by the breath-taking vista of greensward framed in exquisite Gothic apertures. We made marvelous discoveries: if one's eye was allowed to follow the outer lines of each pair of arches, these lines ultimately converged to form a single, larger arch, and then each two of these larger arches, viewed in the same way, merged into a great structural arch to uphold a portion of the roof. What ingenious monk devised this clever intertwining of lines? Each main arch had twelve interstices — four large and eight small. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and the lesser Apostles? We pondered; we argued.

Our speculations were brought to an abrupt ending by the sudden appearance of 'Iggins — fidgeting and slightly aromatic. 'H'arfter four, sirs; I fancy you'll be getting back to London?' he said, eyes glued to the ground.

Ah, we questioned one another, where were the tales of 'blinkin' bishops and reekin' s'ynts'? In our enthusiasm we had completely forgotten our chauffeur. What legends might we not have heard, what lore might we not have shared, had we but kept a closer watch upon him!

If the trip down was exciting, the mad homeward rush was almost beyond the resistance of ordinary nerves. Fortified by dark Irish stout, our driver's daring had become epic. Tunbridge Wells and Harrow were to us mere clear areas in an otherwise continuous dust cloud. As we surmounted each hill it seemed impossible that our car, in perfect trajectory, would not leave the earth entirely, to go rocketing through the rarefied atmosphere of intersolar space. The hours of country driving were a bad dream, the suburbs of London a nightmare, the city a delirium.

When at last, with a screeching of brakes, we drew up in front of our hotel, it was several moments before we could collect our faculties sufficiently to alight. Gasping with relief, we made our way into the cozy hallway — to see the Carousing Custodian turn and dash back to the curb, where he pressed another pound into the hands of the incredulous 'Iggins.

'You don't mean to say you're tipping him again,' we protested when he had returned.

Glaring as only the Carousing Custodian can glare when he is questioned, he faced us. 'It's not a tip,' — he spat as he waved us toward the stairway, — 'it's a thank offering.'

THE FUTURE OF AERIAL TRANSPORT

BY NEON

I

Few subjects interest the world as does the marvel of human flight, no prospect is so alluring as 'the conquest of the air,' and when airmen, greatly daring, cross the wide seas they call forth admiration and wonder at their enterprise and courage, their skill and endurance: yet so narrow is the gulf between amazing success and tragic failure, so far are the determining factors beyond the control of the pilot, that enthusiasm yields to misgiving and even to censure, mingled with increasing skepticism regarding the value of long-distance flights.

Eight years have elapsed since Sir John Alcock, an Englishman, and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, of American birth, crossing the Atlantic in the first nonstop flight, won the *Daily Mail* prize of £10,000. They started from St. John's, Newfoundland, on June 14, 1919, and landed at Clifden, Ireland, after 16 hours and 12 minutes. They had crossed the ocean at 118 miles per hour, which is still the speed record for Atlantic flights. Since that time millions have been spent on the development of the aeroplane, on the improvement of the engine, on navigational and other instruments, in order to advance and encourage the art of flying; and much also has been expended on the study of meteorology. It was therefore natural to assume that, if continuous and definite progress or startling advance in aeronautics was possible, long-distance flights could now be

undertaken in more efficient machines, with engines of much higher performance, with more reliable instruments of navigation, more accurate forecasts of wind and weather, with greater certainty of achievement, and in less discomfort.

The £5000 New York-Paris nonstop prize offered a test of progress in aeronautics and of the practicability of long-distance ocean flights; and when the events of the past season are examined and weighed against earlier efforts it will be seen that they show no real advance in performance, no further 'control over the powers of Nature,' no nearer approach to commercial transport. In truth the only essential difference between the successful effort of 1919 and the recent flights is in the load of fuel taken for the voyage. Much more petrol is now taken aboard than would then have been attempted, special and longer runs have been arranged in the direction of the prevailing or favorable wind, enormous tires and other aids are unsparingly supplied; all 'comforts' are reduced to their lowest limits to allow the last drop of fuel to be carried. Yet, in spite of these preparations, the start is more perilous. In September 1926, when Captain René Fonck, the ace of the French airmen, essayed the flight, disaster was immediate. The pilot took off, but the plane was overloaded, and in a few seconds it crashed to the earth in flames. The two mechanics, Clavier

and Islamoff, were burned to death, and the fourteen-ton Sikorsky was utterly destroyed. In the next venture for the same prize, two more victims were claimed. On April 26, 1927, Commander Davis and Lieutenant Wooster of the United States Navy made a test flight with too heavy a load and, failing to clear a line of trees, fell into a marsh.

Lindbergh loaded up to his limit and took off with difficulty, Chamberlin carried so much fuel that the plane would not leave the ground at the first start, Byrd took as much as he dared. The hazards from dangerously full loading present themselves at the start of all long-distance flights; ambulances are placed at points where trouble is feared, and fire fighters are held in readiness for the critical moment. Yet, though a safe start be made, the load may still prove overmuch and entail misfortune or disaster. The second attempt of R.A.F. pilots to fly to India ended after one and one-half hours. Excessive heat had been engendered by the engines running at full throttle to support the great load, and a leak developed in the oiling system. The flight had to be abandoned, and Flight Lieutenant Carr made a skillful landing at Martlesham aerodrome. Had such a trouble developed over the ocean, tragedy would have been well-nigh inevitable. When the *Old Glory* left Maine on a nonstop flight to Rome it was so heavy with fuel that it ran along the hard-packed sand of the beach for nearly two miles before it could rise in the air, for it carried 'a heavier load than any single-motored monoplane ever tried to lift before.' The wireless message received some hours later, 'The ship is heavy, but everything is going fine,' supplies the only clue to the disaster that ensued.

Thus the most difficult mechanical problem in these long-distance flights

is the suspension of the great loads in the air against the natural force of gravity. Reflection shows that in no other form of transport is the propelling power expected to *lift* the vehicle and its load, in addition to propelling it forward. This being so, it is not surprising to find enormous horsepower installed to transport what is relatively an insignificant load. For a long non-stop flight much fuel is necessary; all the available load to the last pound must be taken in petrol, and vigilance and scrupulous care must be exercised to discard everything that is not essential to success.

When the *Marchese di Pinedo* started from Trepassey, Newfoundland, on May 23, 1927, on his flight of 1500 miles to the Azores, he loaded up with petrol, and at the last moment decided to discard his wireless equipment, weighing 400 pounds, judging it safer to take the weight in fuel. Nevertheless it was not enough, for on the voyage he encountered such an adverse air current that his progress over the sea was reduced to 60 miles per hour and he saw his petrol would not last out. Fortunately before it was spent he sighted a schooner and was taken in tow.

Before the two Junker monoplanes *Europa* and *Bremen* started on their attempt to cross the Atlantic in August, 'everybody and everything belonging to the expedition was carefully weighed, and nonessential articles destined to comfort or sustain the airmen had reluctantly to be abandoned in order to keep the weight down to 3800 kilogrammes, of which some 2400 represent fuel.' Nevertheless the *Bremen*, which alone reached the Atlantic, was obliged to turn back, for as time went on Captain Köhl realized that his fuel would not take him to Newfoundland. 'It was useless to continue the struggle,' for the wind was westerly and he was

making little or no way in the adverse current. On his return to Germany Captain Köhl declared, 'If the weather had been merely bad I would have kept on, but I could not fight along at the rate of four miles per hour.' Yet this Junker monoplane was capable of covering 125 miles per hour, and was no doubt flying at this actual speed in the moving air.

II

The domination of the wind over aircraft is complete. An aeroplane in the air cannot *use* the wind. There can be no comparison between the action of wind on a sailing ship and the action of wind — moving air — on an aeroplane flying in it and completely surrounded by it. In the air there can be no 'trimming of sails,' no 'beating to windward,' for to all the courses of the air and to its full speed the aeroplane unconsciously and completely conforms. A 'sea' of air envelops it; within this moving 'sea' the airman unconsciously drives his plane and steers a course. His course over land or sea and his speed 'made good' are the resultant of known and unknown factors. Adequate provision can be made for the known factors, and should no engine trouble occur or compass errors develop, and were the 'sea' in which the airman flies as stationary as the sea or land beneath him, the airman must arrive at his destination and at the prearranged time; were even the movement of the medium known, and could it be relied upon not to alter in rate and direction during the whole journey, the time of safe arrival could be calculated beforehand; but should the aviator's 'sea' take some unexpected course during passage, the time of arrival is uncertain — in a long flight the end may never be known. The skill of the pilot cannot ensure success or avert disaster, for the

wind is at the helm, imposing upon the craft its own direction and speed.

This can be as readily shown by simple arithmetic as it has been demonstrated in recent flights. Take a flight between two capitals separated by 3000 miles of sea, by a plane developing no defects, with an average speed of 100 miles per hour and a load of 40 hours' fuel at this speed. In a dead calm the destination will be safely reached in 30 hours with 10 hours' fuel remaining. In a directly favorable and constant wind of only 30 miles per hour (a very moderate wind at flying heights) the aeroplane, making 130 miles per hour, will reach its goal in 23 hours, the pilot will have 17 hours' fuel remaining in his tanks, and, if he wishes, he can fly on in the same direction for 2200 miles and set up a new record.

It is absurd to reverse the wind conditions, for the airman would not set off; but, were he so rash as to start, he would, with the 30-miles-per-hour current directly against him, be obliged to come down or would fall into the sea 200 miles from his proposed destination. Thus, with the favorable wind he could cover 5200 miles, with the unfavorable about 2800 only, — a difference of some 2400 miles, — nevertheless, in neither case would he lose his direction. If his compasses were correct he would land somewhere along the predetermined route of 3000 geographical miles.

A change of wind on passage, however, upsets all calculations. Should the 30-miles-per-hour favorable wind shift 8 points (90°), say, 10 hours from the start, after he has flown 1300 miles he will have covered at the end of the next 10 hours some 1044 miles toward his destination, but will be, in the absence of external warning, 300 miles off his intended course. In truth he will be lost on the ocean, for the aeroplane in itself, when fixed points are not

available, cannot detect changes in the wind and cannot therefore know the drift. Hence the constant anxiety of the navigator and the necessity of ascertaining the position of the aeroplane and its course from passing vessels at sea, and the reliance upon wireless from land or ship stations — a stay which may prove a broken reed.

The comments of the New York Meteorological Office after the successful flight of Colonel Lindbergh and that of Chamberlin and Mr. Levine merit special consideration. This bureau had been receiving weather reports twice daily from ten ocean liners by radio, and five hundred ships had sent their observations by mail. The report of the meteorologist is significant: —

There really have been only three times since April 20 when a transatlantic flight would have been safe. The first began, strangely enough, on the day that Acosta and Chamberlin started their endurance flight in the Bellanca. If they had taken off for Europe instead of circling over Manhattan, they would undoubtedly have reached it without any trouble. The second time was when Lindbergh made his successful flight (May 20) and the third when Chamberlin took off (June 4).

Colonel Lindbergh was fortunate in his weather; and his luck in having the wind over the Atlantic, as he expected, was amazing. He trusted to a small compass and dead reckoning; his plans for navigation were simple: when he left the seaboard and America behind, following the steamer route, he would every one hundred miles (one hour by his watch) alter course. The weather was better than he expected, 'better than the Weather Bureau had expected.' He saw little during the ocean crossing; and, though the fog obscured his view, the constancy of the wind favored his dead reckoning. In the afternoon he saw some fishing boats.

Was he on the right road to Ireland? When he assured himself that 'it was Ireland rather than Spain or some other country, the rest was child's play.' That he came on the Irish coast just three miles from where he expected was 'a pure coincidence,' and a remarkable one.

Clarence Chamberlin and Mr. Levine placed reliance upon an earth-induction compass, but soon it was 'running wild' and they were left with the ordinary magnetic compass. Icebergs helped in the estimation of drift, but when they had lost direction, and did not know whether they would hit Spain or Ireland, they luckily came upon the Mauretania and found that they were 'somewhere near Ireland or England.'

The Pride of Detroit was more fortunate in the wind than its airmen knew; when they reached land after crossing the ocean they 'had n't any idea what country it was.' After flying about for two hours they inquired by primitive means where they were, and intelligent and resourceful coastguardsmen, by promptly spreading out a Union Jack, gave the airmen the information they needed to make Croydon.

Were the wind and weather not the main factors in long flights, it would be inexplicable that 'the most experienced and careful navigator, Commander Byrd, and the best-equipped aeroplane, the America, should have failed to achieve what others had succeeded in accomplishing.' He, with three companions, left New York on June 29, and though 'conditions over most of the Atlantic were quite favorable,' the weather did not behave in accordance with expert forecasts, and the flight nearly ended in disaster. After reaching the French coast in safety, while darkness was setting in and the weather was getting rainy and thick, something went wrong with the compasses and the

wireless failed to work. Commander Byrd found he was flying in a circle instead of a straight line, but whether to the right or to the left he did not know; his petrol was fast giving out and he decided to come down on water.

The United States Meteorological Report comments thus upon these three Atlantic crossings:—

Had Lindbergh encountered the cross winds that Byrd did, the Spirit of St. Louis would have been blown off her course as far as was the America, in spite of the perfect piloting of the man controlling her destinies; and had Chamberlin encountered the poor visibility conditions that hindered Byrd, it is almost certain that his courageous flight would have ended in disaster.

To sum up, one may say almost everything depends upon the weather.

III

The effect of favorable air currents in successful flights, the value of dead reckoning while the wind remains constant in direction, the ceaseless dread that an unknown and therefore incalculable variation of current may occur, the fear of being carried away and lost in the air from drift, the race against time and fuel supply, the discomfort and danger of flying in fog or at freezing heights, the fickleness of wireless, the uncertainty of the 'land-fall' in ocean flights, the obstacles to the recognition and choice of landing places—all these and other *navigational* hazards have been demonstrated in turn in all long-distance flights, which are and must remain 'hops for heroes only.'

The tragic fate of Saint-Roman and his two companions, and of Nungesser and Coli, had been overshadowed and almost forgotten in the brilliant success of Colonel Lindbergh and the exploits of Chamberlin and Commander Byrd; but as the flying season progressed

tragic failure followed tragic failure, and the adventures that succeeded only showed in clearer light how much weather and wind and sheer luck were the determining factors of triumph or disaster. During 1927 the North Atlantic has been crossed four times in nonstop flights; twice only did the pilots arrive and land safely at the intended destination and without mishap, and twelve lives were lost in disastrous ventures. During the year the Pacific has been traversed by air from California to Honolulu four times, three times without mishap, while seven perished in attempting this ocean crossing and three were killed in preparatory flights. The causes of failure in the many disasters over the seas will forever remain hidden. Saint-Roman, Nungesser, Frost of the Golden Eagle, Pedlar of the Miss Doran, Redfern, Colonel Minchin, Lloyd Bertaud, Captain Tully, and their companions have left no trace. The SOS of Captain Erwin,

We went into a tail spin . . . We have come out of it . . . It was a close call . . . We are in a spin . . . SOS . . .

points the peril that is ever present in flight. It will never be known whether the tragedies were brought about by engine failure, overloading, lubricating trouble, or some mechanical defect, by adverse winds, shortage of fuel, or loss of direction, or by sudden movements and violent upheavals of the air which are the concomitants of thunderstorms and unstable weather conditions. The efficiency of the machines in the successful flights and the testimony of pilots show the perfection to which the internal-combustion engine has attained, but in the air a trifling mechanical defect may lead to precipitate disaster, for an aeroplane, to keep in the air, must keep going.

All the long-distance flights had started in favorable weather, for ships at sea were sending special reports so that the forecasts could be made with as much accuracy as possible. Moreover, the ships crossing the oceans were warned of the intended flights and asked to report passage and render assistance if necessary. As events proved, ships had much to do with these long-distance flights; and the stability of ships on the sea, their perfection of navigation, their reserve of fuel and power, their true mobility, their capacity to succor, are in striking and ludicrous contrast to the frailties and limitations of air machines.

The Pacific Fleet organized a search for the victims of the Dole Race. After the search a report was submitted by Admiral R. H. Jackson, Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet. According to this report the flagship *Holland*, one light cruiser, twenty-three destroyers, two aircraft carriers (with many planes), twenty-three submarines, and three tenders of the Pacific Fleet had searched an area of 350,000 square miles. They had steamed 153,235 miles, the planes had flown 9000 miles, and 3,751,050 gallons of fuel had been consumed. It is true that some small proportion of this search could be classed in 'schedule operations,' but the figures given do not include the extensive search operations by district craft carried on under the supervision of district naval commanders or the search by ships of the mercantile marine.

Again, when the *Old Glory* sent out the SOS message, four vessels took in the signal — the *Transylvania*, the *Carmania*, the *Lapland*, and the *California*. The first two of these great liners were nearest to the estimated position of the plane, and altered course at once in search. Captain David Bone and the officers of the *Transylvania*

kept a strict watch on the horizon for over fifteen hours and zigzagged over an area where it was supposed the *Old Glory* dropped into the sea. 'During all this time fourteen lookouts with binoculars and telescopes tried to find some trace.' All these ships and other vessels coöperated and different areas were searched — all to no avail. Trying to find an aeroplane in the ocean was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and after twenty-four hours there was little hope of possible survival in view of the rough seas at the time of the forced descent. The cost of this fruitless search by these great liners — entirely ignoring the passengers' loss of time — has been estimated at £4000; but ships are in duty bound to endeavor to save life at sea, with no remuneration except in value of the material salvaged. Some nine days later the S.S. *Kyle*, detailed for special search, came upon wreck-age 650 miles due east of Newfoundland; of the unfortunate aviators no sign was seen.

IV

At last the futility of long-distance flights, with the sacrifice of lives toward no end, was amply demonstrated. Facts could no longer be ignored. What should have been known, what could readily have been foreseen, by giving thought to the problems, was now manifest. The reaction was immediate. A conference was called at Washington, President Coolidge was deeply concerned, the American Bar Association demanded legislation, the Australian Commonwealth decided to take action, and the Canadian Government proposed to introduce legislation prohibiting ocean flights. Agitation spread. The press in America and Europe discussed the tragedies and the wisdom or necessity of controlling ocean flights; newspapers spoke of 'the mobs that made heroes of Lindbergh and others,'

'the lavishly advertised performances of aviators acclaimed for their self-devotion to death.' 'Why do people not ask themselves what is the use of it?' 'Has one of these flights contributed in the slightest degree to the success of the next one or added one iota to the progress of aviation?' Some who had been loud in applauding the initial successes as proofs of the conquest of the air were now censuring the waste of life and courage, and insisting on the limitations of the aeroplane and on the influence of the wind, maintaining that the successes were due to the concurrence of good luck and good weather, that flights in which disaster is narrowly escaped through good fortune teach the world little. Public opinion, which was being educated toward 'air-mindedness,' was held largely responsible for the tragedies!

The aeronautical correspondent of the *Times* of London said:—

These flights of the Atlantic are simply the result of a public opinion, which shortsightedly has awarded praise out of all proportion . . . and the remedy lies in that same public opinion positively discouraging brave but foolhardy men from gambling their lives against the chance of a short-lived notoriety.

The British Air Ministry, 'after mature consideration,' said little; its attitude was noncommittal — 'it would not be wise to interfere.' The position was indeed difficult, for the Air Vice-Marshal, Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, had expressed his opinion in no uncertain terms after the loss of the *St. Raphael*:—

The flight from East to West has to be done, and it is idle to talk of prohibiting the attempt. Courage, courage, courage, should be our motto. . . . Do not let us always be playing for safety. I could have put money on Minchin getting across safely.

And Lord Thomson, late Secretary of State for Air, had proclaimed in January 1927 that sensational non-stop flights had 'great practical value,' that the entire future of British aviation was summed up in two words, 'long hops,' that 'with the advent of "long hops" aviation will begin to assert itself as a means of locomotion and will acquire full commercial status.' This exponent of the air was now frankly alarmed:—

I am afraid it is going to do harm to aviation. . . . I don't like some of the things that are happening. . . . I am particularly against the carrying of passengers.

As a London newspaper expressed the idea next day, 'The effort should be made unhampered by passengers who serve no useful or desirable purpose.' Fuel is indeed the only freight for long-distance flights. It had at last become manifest that these ventures had no bearing upon the development of aerial transport. It was nothing but a gamble, with human lives as the stakes and the dice loaded — doubly loaded — against the flyers toward the West.

The aeroplane had demonstrated its deficiencies and its inherent limitations; gravity had shown the force of its grip, and wind the power of its embrace, but the public were not left to ponder on these things. No sooner was one illusion dispelled than another was projected. 'The flights have been attempted in quite unsuitable machines'; 'Ocean flights ought not to be attempted in landplanes'; 'What is wanted to-day is safe flying'; 'Seaplanes should be used for the sea — flying boats for the ocean.'

Machines are needed which are so staunchly built of metal that they would survive even if they came down on the water in rough weather. Sea craft should be able to

ride out a storm. They further require wireless powerful enough to summon help in the event of any mischance; they must have multiple engines and carry a very large quantity of petrol in order to avoid the risk of fuel failure if adverse weather and winds are encountered or if direction is temporarily lost.

No one can find fault with these requirements; they are the elementary essentials for safety; but a little reflection will soon destroy the illusion that such conditions are possible. The law of gravity makes no distinction between an aeroplane and a flying boat: modifications in design can readily be made in accordance with the purpose for which the plane is desired, variation can be made in the distribution of the load, but the maximum load that can be lifted for any engine power is the same. The stronger the seaplane is made in an effort to attain seaworthiness, the heavier will be its structure and the less weight remains for fuel, for wireless, or for crew: if a powerful wireless is taken, still less fuel can be carried; with little fuel the voyage is strictly limited. The carrying of an anchor is no light matter. A seaplane must take this gear with her and lift it into the air. The heavier it is, the less fuel can be carried; if it is too light, the safety of the craft is endangered.

Seaplanes cannot be used for long-distance flights. It will be remembered that the seaplane flown by Commander Rodgers in 1925 in the San Francisco-Honolulu flight came down 200 miles from Honolulu for want of fuel. The first successful crossing, in June 1927, was in an Army aeroplane, and Lieutenant Maitland reported that 'sufficient gasoline for another 600 miles' was left in his machine. Again, the first nonstop crossing of the South Atlantic was achieved by aeroplane. On October 15, 1927, two French

lieutenants, Costes and Le Brix, flew the shortest sea passage, a distance of 2000 miles, in $21\frac{1}{4}$ hours. All the previous crossings had been accomplished by stages in seaplanes.

The opinions of naval men can well be quoted here. Admiral Sir W. H. Henderson, putting the matter in a nutshell, says:—

The seaplane or flying boat offers a chance of a few hours of life to derelict airmen, but, conversant as I am with Atlantic weather conditions and the difficulty of locating an aeroplane in an ocean, I would prefer to trust my life to the extra fuel possible in a landplane.

Commander F. L. M. Boothby, R.N. (Retd.), reminds the public that

The flying boat, advocated by some, is at present less efficient than the aeroplane in the air and slightly more so on the water. A sea that would rapidly break up an aeroplane could be ridden out by a flying boat, but it would last next to no time in an ordinary heavy sea.

In the opinion of Admiral Mark Kerr,

It is unlikely that the biggest flying boat of the present time would last more than a few hours on the Atlantic on 300 days of the year.

Seaplane services are being tried out. A transport company essayed a mail service on the Khartum-Kisumu route with a seaplane, the D. H. 50 Pelican. It was damaged in a test flight in January 1927, and the Air Ministry lent the company a seaplane while the Pelican was being repaired. But this borrowed seaplane promptly sank in Lake Victoria Nyanza. At last, on October 9, the Pelican was prepared to resume its work, yet no sooner were air-mail facilities announced than they were suspended—the Pelican had crashed a second time in a test flight.

V

It is generally recognized that air machines, wonderful as they are, are still far from being satisfactory; that especially in weight-carrying capacity there is room for radical improvement. Any criticism, however, of the shortcomings of aircraft or any statement of their inherent limitations is met at once by the retort that 'aeroplanes are in their infancy'; that, given time and money for experiment and research, difficulties will be overcome, 'the air will be conquered.' Repeated disappointment and dreadful tragedy are met by the plea that aeroplanes are not yet properly developed, the study of aerodynamics is not sufficiently advanced — and the public is persistently led to expect great improvement in aeroplanes and much practical advance in the art of mechanical flight.

But consideration of the matter will show that flight became possible only after the introduction and development of an engine of light weight per horsepower, — the internal-combustion engine, — and that this engine, continuously improved and developed during the last thirty-five years, has now in all vital respects reached its limit of perfection. All engineering knowledge accumulated since the dawn of the mechanical age has gone generally to the design and construction of the aeroplane as it is to-day; twenty-five years have been devoted to this specialized branch of engineering — mechanical flight. All the body of knowledge from the common stock has been available and intensively applied to the development of aviation, at fabulous cost to the taxpayers of all nations.

Engineers and experts are agreed on the point that the aeroplane has long passed its experimental stage. Sir Alan Cobham, the famous long-distance pilot, referring to his Australian flight,

says, 'From a mechanical point of view the aeroplane was as near perfect as any form of transport can be,' and neither Colonel Lindbergh nor Mr. Levine had any fault to find with their engines or with their planes — albeit their engines were not new types, and were of designs that had been years in use. Major de Havilland, a well-known manufacturer, states: —

There is no revolutionary change to be expected in aeroplanes. Design is more or less stabilized, and it is only in details, in materials, in strength with lightness, that any alteration may be looked for.

The maximum weight that an aero-engine can lift and carry is practically fixed. The engine itself is light; the big factor, apart from the weight of the plane itself, is the fuel it requires. In a long, spectacular flight all the available load must be taken in fuel to cover the distance; no freight can be carried; all but the barest necessities must be left behind. Paying freight can only be taken when the distance is strictly limited: the shorter the distance, the less fuel required, and the more weight left for freight. This at once shows that the aeroplane, for any practical purpose, is a short-distance vehicle of transport. Moreover, common sense indicates and experience proves that, if safety is aimed at, the structure of the vehicle should not lack strength and the limit of loading should not be approached; if comfort is desired, some part of the paying load must be sacrificed. All these factors further reduce the load of fuel that can be carried, the distance that can be covered. 'As a matter of common knowledge,' states the Secretary-General of the Air League of the British Empire, 'a commercial machine carries but little more than the maximum paying load. Moreover, both passengers

and freight are carefully weighed in order to ensure there shall be no overloading.' When strong adverse winds are encountered the restricted amount of petrol carried may not last out and a forced landing becomes inevitable. For the air journey of some 200 miles on the cross-Channel service, when weather conditions are not too adverse, twelve to fourteen persons are carried by the new large passenger planes with engines developing 1200 horsepower. It is worth contrasting the useful achievement of a similar horsepower when *relying on gravity* instead of *resisting* it. A great train rushing smoothly and swiftly along rails, irrespective of weather, at a rate comparable to the speed of a heavy aeroplane, presents the most startling contrast in effort and achievement. The famous railway engine King George V can run, it is said, at nearly 100 miles per hour and draw 'almost any load.'

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand why the 'air' cannot compete with older and cheaper forms of transport — why aviation fails to pay its way. Colonel Lindbergh, speaking on the commercial aspect of the air mails in the United States said: —

Our mail service is in a few cases on a paying basis. By a paying basis I do not mean that there is any margin, any large margin of profit. Most of these air lines are just about holding their own or losing a little each year.

Air mails are thus not very profitable to the contractors. The expense of the United States air-mail service ending June 30, 1926, was \$2,944,648. The total receipts for the same period were \$980,271 — a loss of \$1,964,377 chargeable to public funds. For each ounce of letter mail carried by air mail from Boston to New York the contractor is paid over eighteen cents; twenty cents is paid by the sender,

and government subsidy supplies the balance.

All existing air routes, indeed, are dependent upon subsidies. If they were cut off, civil aviation would practically come to an end. The cost to the British taxpayer of every mile flown by Imperial Airways on home routes is 3s. 4½d., or £70 for the return journey Croydon-Paris: on the route Cairo-Basra every mile costs the taxpayer £1, or £1200 for each completed flight; and in addition further aid is given in the provision of landing grounds, petrol stations, and sheds. Germany has a network of air routes, but 70 per cent of the cost of German aerial transport has to be obtained from taxation or subsidy, this assistance amounting to the enormous sum of £2,137,000 yearly; and though each passenger receives free insurance with his ticket, and other encouragements to air travel are given, the machines, it is said, usually leave half full. The subsidies paid by France to aviation companies have aggregated 60,000,000 francs, yearly payments being based on mileage, and additional help has been given through the purchase by the Government of new types of machines destined for civil purposes. In October 1927, the French Government resolved to ask the Chamber to sanction further expenditure which will commit it to spending 140,000,000 francs, or \$5,650,000, a year on civil flying for a period of ten years.

Leaving profit out of the question, how is the gulf between subsidy and solvency to be bridged? How is commercial success to be achieved for aviation? It is not by further development of the aero-engine, for that has practically, if not quite, reached its limit; not by increasing the size of the planes, for no real saving is thus effected, except in pilots. Engines are as reliable and aeroplanes nearly as perfect as they can well be; external aids

are now supplied in plenty, and aerial pilots are expert, ready, and resourceful. Though small improvements will undoubtedly take place, there can be no specific increase in performance. For any spectacular improvement we must await some quite new discovery — some new phenomenon, upon the nature of which it is idle to speculate. It involves a new source of motive energy, an energy which implies little or no weight; but gravity will still exercise its unfailing force, and the wind will continue to be beyond the control of man.

As things are, flying is too expensive a mode of transport to be considered by the ordinary man or woman. To the great majority with means, the deafening roar of the engines, the sense of danger, the great uncertainty, added to the not inconsiderable fare, more than balance the possible gain in time. There remain the few with the desire and the means to travel by air, which they do at considerable cost to the State.

Under special circumstances for emergency transport, aeroplanes may be of great service. Banks find aeroplanes useful for the carrying of bullion across the Channel and between cities not too far apart, but the real advantage or desirability of these and other services can only be tested when state subsidy ceases and civil aviation flies by itself. In undeveloped countries, where other means of rapid transport are not available and where flying conditions are good, aeroplanes may prove

of distinct value, and their use justified in providing medical aid and communications to 'back blocks'; they do it, however, at a cost which must entail considerable assistance from public funds.

The poverty of the demand on the part of the public for aeroplanes as vehicles of transport is a perpetual disappointment to those interested parties and leagues who are concerned in creating what is termed 'air-mindedness' among the people. Even the sport of flying is not carried on without government encouragement, and the race for the Schneider Cup has now become a contest between Air Ministries and a further addition to the heavy burden of taxation.

Though subsidies now support aerial transport in every direction, and propaganda seeks to popularize it, eventually civil aviation must be left to fly by itself; and, while economic factors will then determine its scope, the aeroplane will remain a vehicle of emergency and quick transport under conditions favorable to its use, reasonably safe for comparatively short distances, perilous on long flights, with a freedom of route denied to other vehicles of transport, yet governed in its incomings and outgoings by the inconstant wind. But the force of gravity, ever pulling the plane and its load to earth, will ever set a limit to the achievements of aircraft and be the insurmountable barrier to commercial success in the air.

THE COMMON SECRETARY

BY R. H. MOTTRAM

I

AN architect called Geoffrey Skene and a bank clerk called Stephen Dormer, both of them coming from the town of Easthampton in England, met at a crossroads in French Flanders. It was not a coincidence. Each of them had a limited yearly holiday. Each was bound, sooner or later, to go back to look at the place where he had been involved in that incredible, unescapable, and most fortunately finished and done-with war. Although slightly acquainted, they had been too English to mention their identical destination to each other as they met, occasionally, in the street of their town; therefore, English-like, they met at an otherwise insignificant spot in what their ancestors, who had frequently fought there, had been used to call the Low Countries.

But Skene and Dormer had not come there from any profound interest in the past or the place. They had come, English leisure giving rein to English curiosity, to gaze at a spot on earth where they had so nearly died, so accidentally it now seemed, those years ago.

They had not found it.

When Skene came up to Dormer the latter, formed by years of routine and probity, was surveying a tourist map with some annoyance. Not to be able to find a place, if not in a directory at least on a map, was outside his experience, even in war time.

Skene, member of a liberal profession,

took it lightly; after they had said, 'Hallo, did n't know you were coming here!' both together, and frowned, he admitted: 'Well, I'm blest if I know where it was!'

'I can't see where I'm wrong!' replied Dormer, to his map, aggrieved. 'It's the right distance from the canal!'

'When were you here?' asked Skene, gazing abroad with trained surveyor's eyes.

'April, '18.'

'Ah. It's been — knocked about a good bit since then.'

'Yes, but I'd been here time and again.'

'Of course; one had to come this way from the Somme to the salient.'

'Exactly. The village started with a row of little houses. There were no outlying buildings.'

'That's right.'

'The row of trees beside the *pavé* just left off, and the buildings began. Then, after a bit, you came to the square.'

'Well, come on,' said Skene; 'let's pace it out.'

Around them lay the wet richness of Flanders. The road was clear, but about it the fields had a half-kempt, hummocky appearance.

'A hundred!' counted Dormer. 'We ought to be in the square. Look here, on the map, where the word — er — "Kick-and-push" —'

'Kieckenputs!'

'Is that how you pronounce it? We used to call it "Kick-and-push."'

Well, against that there's a cross. That means the church — but where is it?'

'Wait a bit!' cried Skene, his voice rising. 'What are all those bricks? Why, Dormer, you old ass, we're there!'

'Nonsense!'

'Did n't the cobbles go diagonally across the Grand Place? Well, look here!'

'Um!'

'There's your church.'

'That — mess, there! It is n't three feet high!'

'That's the church, all the same. Ah, look there, those corrugated iron roofs — that's the new village!'

'Well, I'm —'

'Yes, you are. Come along and see.'

Skene led him, still grudgingly regarding his map, through what appeared to be the store yard of a bankrupt builder, down a muddy lane, where even the cobbles of the Route Nationale ceased.

'This was mined,' said Skene. 'I remember hearing it go up!'

On the wooden door of the first elephant hut was a small dilapidated tin and enamel notice: —

SECRÉTAIRE COMMUNAL

'There!' said Dormer. 'The Common Secretary, as the boys used to call him. I'd quite forgotten him.'

'He has n't forgotten us. Come on!'

They pushed open the door and entered.

The interior showed the creditable struggle which minor officialism was making against something so much bigger and more violent than itself. Here, in an army hut, on that abandoned battlefield that had so ruthlessly obliterated the village which was its sole reason for existence, had found shelter a little old man, his office chair,

his desk, his stove, his cat, and all those pompous declarations and meticulous printed lists that go to govern rural France. The atmosphere, there in the midst of those fields slowly being reclaimed by agriculture, was the atmosphere of theory and ink of those tall buildings that line the Seine.

The little old man went on writing one of the interminable lists peculiar to his kind, in the official purple ink, for some time after the two Englishmen entered. It seemed as though he were allowing the official period to elapse before noticing them. When he did look up, he said nothing — waiting, no doubt, for them to state their business.

'Good morning, M. Robinet,' began Skene, in French.

'Good morning!'

'And how are you getting on, and all my good friends in the Commune of Kieckenpuit?'

'Monsieur, I do not know which persons are designated your friends!'

'Oh, come, you must remember me!'

'No, monsieur, I have not the pleasure.'

'I was here in the war!'

'Ah! That!' The little old man sighed and wagged his head, weighted with memories. But apparently not one was of Skene, for he only remarked: 'Yes, we had a heap of English here — and then the Americans.'

'Well, I was Lieutenant Skene. I used to come and see you about billets and horse lines and all that.'

'Ah! I saw so many. But what is there that I can do for your service?'

'Why, nothing!' Skene sounded a bit crestfallen. 'I'll go and see some of the farmers. They'll remember me.'

'It is always possible. Only I would point out that many of my *administrés* have left!'

'All right, I'll go and see,' repeated Skene, nettled.

'Yes, you can always do that.'

So saying, the little old man gave the stove a poke with an English bayonet that hung on a nail, and resumed writing.

II

Outside, Skene said to Dormer: 'Just fancy that! I must have seen him hundreds of times!'

'I never had much opinion of the French,' replied his friend. 'I found them very insular!'

They walked on, side by side, for some distance, until they were clear of the huts. On either side of them stretched the fields, queerly distorted as if by earthquake. Hardly a tree was to be seen, but everywhere stumps splintered at the top into a queer fan shape. They sat on one of these.

'Do you suppose that chap would remember?' Dormer was pointing to a figure ploughing the field just beyond them.

Skene made no attempt to find out. The neglect of M. Robinet still burned within him.

'That old man I used to see sometimes as often as once a week. I must say he was a model of his particular sort. He kept wonderful books, containing all sorts of unnecessary details about his administrés, as he called them. He knew all their private histories, all their family feuds, and would give sly hints as to which were to be trusted and what might be conveniently hidden from me. Well, the war rolled on and on —'

'Worse and worse!' agreed Dormer. 'I know.'

'And finally, in getting out of the Lys Valley, we had to come back this way. You may remember what a game it was, clearing the civilians of half the countryside out, and then making a stand while the army was reconstituted behind us. We were a crew. Details

of all sorts. Labor Corps — tunnelers, cooks, scullions, grooms, clerks.

'Well, after about three days of it we landed up here, at Kieckenpuits. It was empty, of course, doors all open, fires still burning in the stoves. My C. O. used to swear he found a cat asleep on the hearth of one house. However —'

'I'd believe anything about those days!' Dormer conceded.

'I hope we set a proper guard. I don't remember much except going into all these houses and eating and drinking everything we could find. Some sort of scheme of defense was formulated, the road barricaded; we dug in and covered up. And then —'

'I know,' Dormer supplied. 'Old Fritz never came.'

'That's just it. Had we only known, he had taken some nasty knocks, and the edge of his offensive was already blunted. He was tired of outmarching his guns and getting it in the neck. We had a peaceful night of it, with the whole Lys Valley below us one great Crystal Palace Fireworks display. Loveliest sight you ever saw!'

'Bit too noisy for me!'

'It was noisy, but wonderful to watch. Then, when it got light, old Fritz found out that we were waiting for him, and he took a dislike to poor old Kieckenpuits — a long-range dislike!'

'He was quite right.'

'Of course he was! What was the use of his walking up the road and being potted. He sat back and started on us with those five-point-nines of his!'

'Nasty quick brutes!'

'Quick! After the first salvo I got our chaps away from the church, because I realized we were a dot on the map, just the sort of shoot Fritz liked and did so well. I was too soon.'

'Much?'

'No, about one minute. The next

salvo, punctual as clockwork, caught the church tower. Just beside me a corporal from some East Anglian battalion said: "My 'eart, thar she goo, wallop." It was the last word he ever spoke. A piece of stone as big as your head caught him between the shoulders and nearly went through him. It bent his head right over until he was looking backward, and upside down. Dead, of course. A gunner who was trying to find a place for an O-pip said it was a wonderful shoot. So it was!

'Old Fritz was wonderful!'

'He was. He went bracketing up and down the main road and the crossroads, just like an old lady planting tulips. He kept on getting our poor devils, at one place or another, and I kept getting 'em away, when I could.'

'I know. Most depressin'.'

'It was. Just about half an hour after we had had too much of it, and I had to begin looking out that not more than two men went with a stretcher, it began to rain.'

'Then Fritz shut up!'

'Pre-cisely. Just like an old lady, thinking it was a horrid wet afternoon, and putting the rest of the tulips back in the box until it faired up!'

'Perfect godsend, of course.'

'Only just as depressin'. I was tired of it. After four years, to come to that. Well, next thing was a G.S.O. of sorts, from Corps Headquarters on a motor bike. He was earning his keep, that chap, dashing about forming "strong points." At the moment, of course, Fritz was trying to work round on the low ground south of us, where there was no one in particular to stop him. This merchant took away half the machine-gunners we'd scraped together, promised us some rations, and went off to the right. I sat behind a pigsty — which was my headquarters,

billet, and funk hole — and watched the road. Nothing happened for a bit, except a lot of noise. I suppose the G.S.O. stopped the Boche on the right, so the next thing was a commotion in front of us.'

'Machine-gunning, and all that.'

'Just so. I crawled about the churchyard until I found out who was loosing off our none too plentiful S.A.A. A Labor Corps sergeant, about seventy years old, swore he had seen someone moving, but, so far as I could make out, the men were firing to keep their hearts up!'

'Men will do that.'

'Mind you, there was something in it. Fritz was shooting a bit. From the way the stuff was dropping I suspected that a stray Boche machine-gunner, at least a thousand yards off, was warming his tummy for exactly the same reason as ours were. 'There was nothin' to be done, so I dodged back to my pigsty, where my servant had succeeded in boiling some water and making a mug of tea.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, nectar, the stinking stuff. While I was scalding my throat out with it I nearly spilled the lot for joy. There was someone coming up the road behind us. I soon sobered up, though. It was n't a limber, it was n't reënforcements; it was, as it got nearer, a little old man under an umbrella. The rain had ceased and a miserable sort of sunset struggled through — in Fritz's eyes, fortunately. That made him nervous, and he started sloshing the whole place. Anyhow, by the time the little old man got up to where I was taking cover, there was any amount of loose lead, ricocheting all over the pavé, *whew, wheel!*'

'I know.'

'So I called out to the chap to stop. He turned, and it was M. Robinet, the Communal Secretary!

"What are you doing there?" I called out to him.

"I am doing my duty. You do yours," he replied, just as cross as two sticks. So I tried him this way: "Have a cup of tea?"

"I have no time for foolishness," says he, fumbling his way up the blocks and sandbags of our barricade. The sentry on the barricade was looking alternately at me and at this apparition in the field of battle. I signed to him, "All right," and shouted to old Robinet as he stood balancing on his wizened old legs on the pile of stuff we had made — it was a stiff climb for the old man, impeded with an umbrella. "Come back," I said; "you're going to your death!"

"I'm going to fetch the matrix of the *cadastre*!"

Dormer stared for a moment, and then recollected. 'The land-registry thing that the Government makes 'em keep.'

'That's it. Key to the land register, we should call it. It was so damn silly that I jumped over the barricade after him, calling to him to stop. The Boches were tuning up; and the office he used to occupy south of the churchyard — Let's see: we are about where the Boches were that day — it would be there!'

'Can't make out much,' grunted Dormer, frowning at the noncommittal landscape. 'It's all overgrown!'

'Well, anyhow, I ran after him and caught hold of his umbrella. He left it in my hand and went on. I threw the beastly thing into the ditch. We got across the few yards which led to his office — how, I can't think, since we were in full view of the Boche, who at once took the necessary steps, as they say in staff memoranda. The air was fairly thick with flying metal, but you remember that old Fritz was never so good at a sporting shot as on the map.

So, amid the cheers of my men, we got to his rotten old office. A whizz-bang had lifted the roof, covered everything with dust, thrown the schoolbooks and official documents to every corner of the place. He went down on his knees and grubbed up a trap in the floor. He'd put the register in his cellar.

'Meanwhile, of course, ever since we shinned over the barricade, I had been exhorting him to give it a miss, pointing out that the Boche had got his commune, and might as well have his cadastral map and register. It was no good. He snubbed me — in the middle of that battle of the European War that little old man told me off as if I were a naughty school kid. "I know quite well what I am doing," he told me. "I have no need of your enlightenment on the subject." I took it in good part until he emerged with his register, done up in a handkerchief, from his cellar. Then I caught him by the scruff of the neck, pushed him through the back door and up the lane to the Labor Corps machine-gun emplacement. And it was time. While we were hauling him over the sandbags a five-nine hit the barricade on the road, and knocked it endways. We never found a trace of my poor old sentry.

'I was rushing about, seeing after my chaps, and old Robinet followed me and kept on pulling at my equipment to attract attention. Do you know what he wanted? His umbrella! "Where is it?" he demanded. "Gone to Hell. Go and find it," I told him. "But you don't understand," he said; "that umbrella belonged to Monsieur le Maire. What shall one say to him?" I did n't know. I had other things to think of. Just then the gunner-fellow managed to get a peep at the Boche and give his guns a chance. You know how it felt when, just as the whole show seemed lost, you found there was someone else carrying on the war — that

they had n't all packed up and gone home. The last I saw of old Robinet, he was trotting off back to St.-Omer — or wherever his Maire had moved to — with the cadastral matrix under his arm. You know also that that day was the turning point. The Boche never got any farther.'

'No. That's why there's nothing worth seeing beyond this. I vote we go home!'

III

The two friends got up and shook themselves, and started homeward, amid the incoherent mounds and hasty tin and boarded reconstructions of the gradually obliterated battlefield. As

they passed the door that bore the tin sign, Skene said, 'I must say good-bye!' and opened it.

'Good-bye, M. Robinet. I've been telling my friend how you saved the matrix of the cadastre!'

Between the desk and the stove two old eyes blinked at him. From the footstool the cat's eyes blinked no less.

'Come and have a drink?' shouted Skene, suddenly feeling an urge toward friendliness.

'Thank you, I have not the time to waste,' muttered the old voice. The face was lowered above the papers. They were forgotten.

'Oh, come on,' grumbled Dormer.

They went.

A FORTUNE IN OIL—THE PROMOTER SPEAKS

BY STONEWALL BROWN

I

ON a golden summer day in 1916, not yet recovered from the nervous 'let-down' familiar to every teacher at the close of a school year, I was strolling down the street of a small Western city when I met an acquaintance of former days, a man older than I, who was at first glance almost unrecognizable in his habiliments of affluence. He did not give me an opportunity to be tactful in satisfying my curiosity, but announced that he was in the oil game, and would I partake of food? The prandial hour (Western usage) was at hand, and I would.

This luncheon marked the beginning of my activity as an oil promoter. My acquaintance was an intense person

on the subject of oil. He talked well and ate with hearty unobtrusiveness at the same time, telling me of the oil business in general and of his proposition (an oil promoter's venture is always a 'proposition') in particular. He was getting rich and named other old acquaintances who were prospering in the oil game. Both he and his investors were going to make money, and lots of it. Getting out his pencil and blueprint, he proved it with figures. Why, any fool could see they could not fail. The proposition was 'proved up' on three sides. They were going to drill so many wells, and, at an absurd minimum of production and an average market, there would be an

income of — 'Here, figure it yourself!' Figures do not lie — nor do liars figure, when your prospect takes the pencil. (Incidentally it is good salesmanship if you can get him to do the figuring. Once started, I never have known one to stop until he had written numerals on a check after having covered the menu and tablecloth.) The promoter believed in his proposition. I believed in it. Did I not have the figures — my own — before me? There is one outstanding characteristic of oil promoters as a class, regardless of the general view to the contrary, and that is their belief in their propositions.

'Why don't you get into the game?' my companion asked, as he gestured for the luncheon bill.

'Me? Why, I know nothing about it,' I replied. 'I have had no business experience. I have no capital. Moreover, people never forgive a teacher or a preacher for making money.'

'Don't need any,' referring to experience and capital and ignoring my philosophizing. 'Now listen. You haven't got anything to do for a while — it's vacation. Here —' He wrote a name on a card. 'You take a trip down to the oil country and see this party. I'll write him to show you around. He's A-1, and will see that you get started.'

In the hectic years that followed I ran across this man's trail many, many times. I never saw him again until I met him in a Federal penitentiary.

It was an afternoon of gold and azure when I walked out over the foothills. I went out there to think. But I did not permit myself to indulge in the intellectual dishonesty of seeking reasons for a decision which I knew I had made already. It would have simplified my cogitations, as well as my narrative, if greed alone had dictated my decision. True, I should

have liked a lot of money, but not well enough to forswear, all of a sudden, a profession into which I had put so much of my life and run off after strange and dubious gods. If greed was pushing me toward the maelstrom, adventure was beckoning, and I ever have been more responsive to a beckon than a shove. Although the absurdity of my entering, without funds or experience, a vast, highly technical, and altogether precarious business was not lost upon me, I wrote out my resignation from my teaching.

II

I arrived at the little oil town about 2 A.M. As the train pulled away I stood in the darkness beside the track, facing the central section of the town and a portion of the far-flung oil fields.

The night was hot and windless. There were noises abroad — strange, ominous, meaningless to me then, but later a language of manifold significance, a kind of dreadful poetry. Drilling was going on for miles around. The grumble and clang of rugged machinery, the growl of gigantic gears, the rumble of great rotaries, the roar of big trucks on rough roads, the clatter of hoisting drill-stems, the metronomic punctuation of drop tools, the whine of winding cables, the menacing sibilance of escaping steam — all combined into a kind of pæan of plunder and rapine, with an undertone like that of our great cities. I knew it for the voice of Progress, the articulation of what we are so unctuously pleased to call our Civilization. Gas flares gave off a lurid and menacing light. The thick, pungent odor of crude oil rode the air and had in it something of the vital, primeval tang that one notes in breezes from forests, or in winds from the sea.

I met Mr. X, to whom I had the card

of introduction, and found him a kindly and fatherly man, but shrewd withal. He owned a considerable amount of land not near enough to the proven territory to be tempting to the big operators. He wanted his holdings developed.

Did I think of getting into the oil business? I did. Did I—ahem—did I have any capital to invest? I did not; I thought of selling something for somebody, stocks or leases, until I had learned the business. Was I well acquainted with many people who had the means to make investments? Yes. Well, suppose we took a ride out through the field.

During the ride with Mr. X, I learned a great deal. I saw at close hand wells being spudded in, wells drilling, wells on the pump; learned the difference between drop tools and rotaries, anticlines and synclines; learned the prices of oil lands; stood over a tank and saw oil flowing in from a near-by well at the rate of three hundred barrels a day at \$1.90 a barrel; heard tales of sudden riches and saw men riding in fine cars who not long before had been clerking in stores or slaving on farms. This first trip into an oil field thrilled me. So did my last. To me an oil field is romance. It is epic!

We stopped on a tract of land belonging to Mr. X and he showed me how the trend of development was approaching. He felt sure we stood over oil. So did I. How should I like to have twenty acres for a lot proposition? I should like it mightily, but could not consider it until I had accumulated some money. Mr. X smiled. I did not then know that capital was so little necessary to promotion. The matter might be arranged, Mr. X thought; the principal essentials for successful promotion were intelligence, square-dealing, salesmanship, nerve.

He thought I should be successful. In response to his request I gave him some references. Well, would I look around a few days and then call and see him? Yes, thanks, I would.

The public is pretty generally familiar with the various forms of oil promotion and the technique of the promoters; but the lot proposition did not have so long or wide an exploitation as did stock-selling. If I may be indulged in a brief exposition, it will throw light on how it was possible for a person to become an oil promoter without either capital or experience.

A small tract of land—say twenty acres—was platted into lots twenty by twenty feet each. Each acre included one or more larger lots, usually forty by forty feet, reserved by the company and upon which it agreed to drill, each lot owner participating in the net proceeds of the oil from these company wells according to the number of lots—or participating rights in case he had disposed of his lots—owned by him. The promoter set aside a company drilling fund from the sale of lots. If he lacked capital, as I did, he got a contract of sale from the owner, which was placed in escrow and which provided that deeds should be issued to purchasers as needed and paid for.

Thus, we should have a lot selling, say, for \$60. From this amount \$10 went to the salesman, \$10 to the drilling fund, and \$10 to the original owner of the land, leaving \$30 for the promoter. If one has a penchant for figures he may calculate quickly the profit on the sale of twenty acres. The only money necessary to start a company of this sort was for surveying, blueprinting, attorney's fees for drawing papers, and printing. The plan is a very plausible one to present and there

are many convincing arguments in its support, the strongest being that the investor, in addition to receiving a pro rata share of the net profits on company wells, as in a stock company, got a warranty deed to his bit of land, so that he could lease it, sell it, — retaining his stock interest, — or even drill a well on it for himself. In time I found myself president of such an oil company.

Many scores, possibly hundreds, of these lot propositions were promoted during the decade 1910-1920. I have not known more than a dozen lot promoters who sold land which they knew to be unproductive, or who did not try sincerely to make money for their investors; and I have known not more than a half-dozen such companies to succeed, from the point of view of the investor. Granting only a reasonable productivity of the land, and — if it is not too great a tax on the reader's credulity — the honesty and sincerity of the promoter, the faults of this form of promotion and the reasons militating against success are apparent to those only who have had a considerable experience in the oil business.

In the first place, the promoter is very rarely an efficient field man, and successful oil development (field operations) is a highly specialized business. Also, there is but a limited amount of oil 'under' a given acre of land; nevertheless, in order to make the promotion attractive, company drill sites are placed close together, so that, if oil is found, practically all the income from production must be used in paying for the operation and maintenance of superfluous wells. Again, from the lot owner's point of view, the tracts are too small for individual development: if there is no oil, there is room enough, but, if good production is found at a shallow depth, every lot

owner wants a well of his own and the result is — as I have seen — derricks so close that a horse cannot be ridden among them, and the sand sucked dry before drilling costs can be recovered. I discovered these things only after bitter experience — which was shared by my investors. My lot company was not a great success. There were charges of mismanagement, then fraud. But fraud is largely a matter of intent, and in all my operations I never have intended loss to any man.

III

'You never have an oil well until you get it.' To an experienced oilman this vapid axiom is pregnant with meaning. Almost anything can occur to delay, or even ruin, a drilling oil well. Almost everything does. I drilled my first well on a proven location and to a depth of about one thousand feet. It was a producer, but between the spudding in and the turning of the oil into the tank there were accident, delay, and such anxiety as I never experienced in later years crowded with many vicissitudes of fortune. I drilled two additional wells, both of which were fair and steady producers. I now had a steady income, was learning the game, and with my own production I was an 'oilman.'

I do not know of any other human activity where one step commits one so irrevocably to taking another and longer stride. Like walking, the oil business is a constant process of preventing a fall. My lot proposition worried me. A test showed that the oil sand 'pinched out' on this tract. I wanted then, and in all my later operations, to make money for my investors. To this end I deeded my first well to my lot owners gratis, and planned to do the same with my second and third wells as soon as conditions would

permit. This action was purely gratuitous. I thought it would make them appreciative. It only made them howl for more.

Thus far I had been playing safe in my drilling operations — that is, paying a high price for a proven location and being reasonably sure of production. But this plan has its limitations. There comes a time in the oil business when an operator must take a chance. It is a gambling business, and he who cannot hazard should be working for a wage.

I saw that I should have to risk much in order to gain much. I secured a likely-looking piece of acreage in the trend of production, apparently, but far enough away to enable me to get it at a fair cost. The plan in such an operation was to prove up the tract by drilling, then to sell off enough acreage at the greatly increased value to pay for the original cost and drilling, leaving the remainder 'velvet.' My first well on this tract was dry. I skidded the rig over to another location and got another duster at the same depth. I played for a deeper sand and kept going down until my money was all gone. Financially I was precisely where I was when I started. I was 'broke.' However, as I took stock, I appreciated the fact that there remained the asset of experience, more valuable in getting a new start than capital if one cannot have both. Nothing succeeds like failure.

I was perched on a pile of casing contemplating my latest dry hole in the earth when an acquaintance drove up, got out of his car, and joined me. No need for questions; the signs of dryness were all about. But just to make conversation:—

'Dry?'

'Very.'

'Better get over to town,' my friend suddenly exclaimed. 'Hell's broke

loose. Gusher right at the edge of the burg. Only seventeen hundred feet. Everybody hog-wild. Well, got to be goin'.'

Two days passed before I went over to Gushertown. In the meantime the excitement had increased. There were many and varied reports concerning the discovery well. It was a fluke, and operators were keeping it under cover in order to sell acreage. It was a real gusher and they dared not turn it loose until ample storage had been provided. It was salt water. It was a high-grade light oil. People were leasing their residence lots, their yards, for thousands of dollars. A dozen additional wells had been started in the town site. And so on.

I approached the town from a side where a hill cut off the view, and as I topped this hill I jammed the brakes on my car as the scene unfolded before me in the glare of the summer sun. The roads leading into the town from every direction were delineated for miles and miles by billows of dust from hurrying hoofs and wheels. I could see new, bright-timbered derricks being built and I could hear faintly the clang of machinery and the staccato of frantic hammers.

I found difficulty in getting a parking place in the town. With every road leading into it jammed with traffic, one can imagine the congestion of the narrow streets. The excitement was contagious. I found myself hastening in the direction of the discovery well, ankle-deep in dust. Arriving, I found that the well had been capped after spewing oil to the height of the derrick and after the precious stuff had run in streams for hundreds of yards down the cotton rows. Storage tanks of large capacity were being hastily, frantically, constructed. One of the drillers, whom I knew, was chewing a quid of tobacco with a violence not habitual. 'What

have you got here, Jim?' I asked, knowing him to be a truthful fellow. 'Orders not to talk,' he replied. 'But lease and buy everything you can get your hands on.'

I joined the back eddy of humanity moving toward the centre of the town. Along the way derricks were being built in yards, trees felled, porches torn away to make room. Men were trading, leasing, buying, and selling as they hurried along. I was moving in a group some of whom I knew. A corner residence lot changed hands as we passed it by. It looked good and I offered four thousand dollars for the lease. My offer was accepted. Before reaching the business section, where an assignment could be drawn, I had sold my lease for seven thousand five hundred and my buyer had resold it for ten thousand dollars.

This was petty trading compared with later developments, but it taught me something. I had nothing to lose and a fortune to gain. I began leasing and buying everything I could get hold of. How could one do this without funds? When a price for a lease, option, or land in fee simple was agreed upon, it was the practice to draw up a contract of sale which provided, usually, for the payment of the purchase price in three days, which interim was allowed for the examination of abstract of title. This contract of sale and a check for a nominal sum as forfeit money — not certified in those early days if one were known — were placed in escrow. This procedure gave one time in which to resell, in which event the new purchaser assumed the deal for an additional cash consideration in hand paid. At the end of a few days I had some twenty thousand dollars in cash and several choice, well-scattered drilling sites, and had had foresight enough to purchase a controlling interest in a rotary drilling outfit. The first well in the town proper

was going down rapidly and, of course, was being watched with intense interest, since its success would indicate the existence of a field instead of a pocket. I decided to await its completion and in the meantime to have a look round.

IV

By this time promotion was in full swing. A word about this. You obtained a contract of sale for a lease on a drilling location — someone's front yard, likely — under the above plan without laying out a dollar. As soon as it was in escrow, and frequently not waiting for the deal's consummation, you drew up a typewritten statement under the heading, **BIG BOOM OIL COMPANY**, stating the names of the officers, location of proposed well, amount of capitalization, and par value of stock. You closed the statement with the following: 'I, the undersigned, hereby subscribe to stock in the above company subject to the provisions of Declaration of Trust to be made of record.' Beneath this you ruled spaces for name, address, and number of shares, and you were ready for business. It was assumed that stock certificates would be printed and delivered when you got round to it. In many cases even receipts were not given. Many times I heard promoters wax indignant when investors asked for something to show that they had purchased stock when the payment had been made in cash. Dozens of such companies at capitalizations of from thirty to seventy-five thousand dollars were sold out in a few days, some in a few hours. Your company promoted, you went to the bank and paid the purchase price for your drilling location, deposited fifteen thousand dollars for drilling your well, and the remainder was your own. These were the early

rules you found in operation. You did not make them—you merely played the game as you found it. Later the rules were tightened: you had an office, had your title verified before starting stock sales, put your common-law declaration on record, and delivered stock certificates when they were paid for.

A million dollars was invested in these small companies in this small town during the first ten days after the gusher sand was discovered.

The fever of investment promotion became a kind of psychosis. Merchants exhibited their propositions in store windows and sold oil stock over their counters; physicians prescribed oil certificates along with their $MgSO_4$; the iceman could tip you off to something good; bankers over a wide section of the country surreptitiously, then openly, then insistently, suggested certain oil 'securities' as being very promising. One bank president in particular amassed a large fortune by lending his name to the directorate of new promotions, for a cash consideration, and then resigning as soon as the stock was sold, thus having 'clean hands' when and if the company failed of success.

This frenzy was not confined to the territory immediately adjacent to the oil fields. The virus was working practically everywhere. Pools were made up in towns a thousand miles away and some man, or group, was sent to Gusherland to invest the money. Usually these persons asked for and received a salesman's commission of fifteen per cent, which they pocketed; often they organized a company themselves, ostensibly for the benefit of the folk back home. We oil promoters have been driven to cover, maligned, imprisoned. No doubt we deserved a deal of such treatment. Yet, if it be treasonable to turn an inquisitive eye upon the

oil investors (that is, the public) who made our operations possible—well, then, it is treason. I wish I could distinguish between the two classes, promoters and investors—call one black, the other white. But I cannot. All of us were caught up like leaves in a great wind, the victims of primal passions and forces which we had not the time, inclination, or intelligence to question or understand. All, practically, were actuated by the same desires. I think the principal differences were of nerve and ability. We—promoters and investors—came from everywhere. Men came to invest and remained to promote. Men left their homes, businesses, ships, cabbages, and wives; the farmer left his mule, the clerk his ribbons, the lawyer his briefs, the preacher his chancel, the doctor his pills. So they came from everywhere by hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. And, as flies are drawn to exposed sweets, came gamblers, loafers, thieves, men about town, philanderers, bootleggers, and harlots.

The second gusher came in; the third; then a fourth, in a new territory on another side of town. Before the heat of summer was past, the great oil field was well established, running out into neighboring farms and ranches, and the most spectacular and sensational oil boom in history was in full swing. The war was forgotten; citizenship was neglected; there was no visible evidence of law except that most primal law: get what you can and hold it if you are strong enough.

The days were obscene. The sidewalks would accommodate but a small part of the crowds, and thousands filled the streets, milled and struggled in a sweltering, sweating, cursing mêlée of greed, ankle-deep in dust, or, if there had been rain, in mud and filth. Through the ubiquitous mass teamsters and truck drivers cursed open their

passages; automobiles went honking and bawling their snail's pace; or, maybe, a lone, bronzed horseman, wearing sombrero and chaps in from the range, rode poised and unconcerned. The corners of the streets were occupied by oil exchanges and selling booths where various stocks were listed and hawked and new companies launched. Around each of these exchanges was a separate eddy, perspiring, gesticulating, shouting—faces drawn and seamed with the continuous tension of avarice, eyes gleaming with the fever of gain. Looking at the mass from an upper window, one saw it as a huge malodorous thing, squirming, twisting, and heaving in a kind of horrible lust.

If the days were obscene, the nights were even more hideous. There was hardly any diminution of the crowds on the streets, but as darkness came, then midnight, dissipation of one sort or another succeeded the excitement of the day. Gambling flourished in shacks and tents, whole streets of it; liquor flowed everywhere; the open countryside was a gigantic brothel. If I described this American scene in detail, no reputable magazine would publish my words and no self-respecting reader would read them.

V

The second stage of oil promotion made itself evident about the time the World War came to an end, and it was well defined. The war needs kept the price of oil high. We got from \$2.00 to \$3.75 a barrel for our crude. Verily it was liquid gold. Money was coming into the growing field from all over this country and from Europe in hundreds of thousands of dollars, millions, from banks and syndicates. There had been a cessation of small promotions—stock selling—in the section of the country adjacent to the oil fields, and promoters who had survived and prospered now turned their attention to the

syndication and exploitation of lease and production groups. Money in any amount was plentifully available by telegraph from a distance or by personal solicitation at home for any venture that held a promise of success, provided it was big enough. Many of the first small companies had paid large dividends. The failures were slower to signalize themselves. This situation, of course, facilitated the advent of larger enterprises. Everyone had money.

One night, after the coming in of a gusher in wildcat territory, I saw a quarter of a million dollars in cash and checks stuffed in wastebaskets behind a desk in a corner of a hotel lobby where frantic crowds were literally fighting for a chance to buy leases from the fortunate promoters. (To illustrate the plentifulness of money, I frequently misplaced large bundles of Liberty bonds in the feverish night-and-day activity of the times—once late at night taking twelve thousand dollars' worth from my pocket, placing them in a bookcase, not missing them, and not finding them until long afterward. This sort of carelessness was common.) Many local promoters secured large holdings of acreage, threw in some nondescript production, and made connections in the East, where professional brokers handled the incorporation and stock issue. Most of such connections were in New York, and most of our local magnates came to grief in such alliances. I never knew a home product 'with New York connections' who was not properly, promptly, and expertly 'cleaned' by his Eastern brethren. This is eulogy, not aspersion.

My operations had been fairly successful. One at least of my companies was paying dividends. My holdings had expanded until I was interested

in oil properties in several States. The building in which I had offices was to be torn down to make room for a skyscraper and no other quarters were available. I went forth and purchased a building. I acquired a fine ranch of several thousand acres. An income of hundreds of dollars a day formed a basis for financing almost any new venture which appealed to me. I was rated as being worth about three hundred thousand dollars. I had no ambition to be rich and decided to get out of the game when I had reached the half-million mark, although others who started with me and without capital were millionaires. I would be reasonable about it, I thought. To make short work of reaching my goal I decided to rush through a drilling campaign and two or three promotions at the same time. Money through stock sales was not so easily available, but stock still could be sold by mail with the use of mailing lists and skillful circularization. I knew that the period of inflation and easy money could not last; but despite evidence of coming deflation I felt I could rush the work through to success.

I paid fifty thousand dollars cash for five acres adjoining big production and spent an additional twenty thousand for drilling a well. It was dry. To retrieve this loss I purchased a drilling site, completely surrounded by big wells, for ten thousand, expended another twenty thousand for drilling, and got a fine well, which flowed about a thousand barrels a day for a few days; then, after showing me just how a real well should behave, it repented its gallantry and caught fire, and I did not have even an opportunity of seeing the scenic grandeur of its destruction! After being shut down while new equipment was installed, it came staggering back to my door like a trusted and honored servantman who

had been out for a week on a terrific spree, and produced, under sputtering protest, fifteen barrels a day. In a few weeks it gasped and died and took its place in the gigantic mausoleum of dead wells. My promotions at the same time began to drag despite all the experience and energy I could bring to bear on them. They suffered from a kind of infantile paralysis. I applied every stimulant known to the profession, and some not known, but to no avail. To succor these youngsters I began disposing of all my liquid assets — not libational — and nursed them by day and walked the floor with them by night. They only howled. I could not leave them on someone's doorstep — that was not being done. I was playing the game according to the rules, and one of the rules was to father your infant as long as there was a crust in the cupboard. I thought to concentrate on one of these companies in the hope that as it grew stronger it would lend aid and encouragement to its brothers. The plan was good; but the well I drilled went from oil to salt water, and salt water does not find a ready and profitable market. This well was my last. I made a trip to a distant city in an effort to raise capital. There was none to raise. When I reached home the line squall of deflation had struck. There was no money. Banks were calling loans. People whom one owed were calling names. At last Hades was to pave, and there was no hot pitch.

VI

I do not know how many millions or hundreds of millions of dollars — one authority says a billion! — were invested in oil ventures, or what percentage of the sum total was loss to the investors. I am not a statistician; nor am I an economist. But I am curious about the dicta of these people. What

do they mean by 'loss?' I do not know.

If one considers the situation as an epic action on a colossal stage directed by tremendous forces in the economic world and by imperious passions and desires in human nature, participated in by practically a whole people acting in many and often interchangeable rôles, where has loss occurred? And how? The dollars which were paid for worthless oil stock in 1918 still are buying bread, gasoline, face paint, stocks and bonds, orange blossoms, widows' weeds, votes, coffins, layettes, and free verse; they still are paying for health, lust, fame, sermons, and rum. I do not know who got them. I know that the oil promoters, as a class, do not have them. We but touched them in their journey. And as most investors were essentially — at least potentially — promoters, so promoters were investors. We invested in turn the gold that was invested with us — invested it on a larger scale and with the identical kinds of trustfulness, hope, motive, and purpose, and with the same results! Greed moved us, too, in our investments — the same desire to get much for little. To get rich quick impelled us to invest in wells and leases just as the same desire impelled the school-teacher in New England, the clerk in Oregon, the planter in Georgia, the miner in Minnesota to invest in oil stock. Is it not so?

But, to use the conventional classification, 'investors' and 'promoters,' which is graphic though hazy, my sympathy lay with the investors, because, while just as avaricious, they were as a class less intelligent; and while their losses, individually, were trifling as compared with those of the promoters, they should have had the protection and guidance which ignorance has the right to expect of intelli-

gence. The pity of it all is that a great and priceless natural resource could have been exploited by any class or group, call them what you will. Therein is shame.

I was in a sanitarium in another state, without funds and broken in health, when I learned that I, together with dozens of other promoters, had been indicted by the Federal Government on a charge of using the mails to defraud. My immediate sensation on hearing the news was relief. Initiative had been taken from me and it was no longer possible to continue the losing struggle to retrieve my losses and those of my investors against the inexorable forces that had operated to effect my ruin. I had done something 'against the peace and dignity of the United States' and should have to pay the penalty. Very well. I would pay without whimpering. I had sat in on the game and played according to the rules as I found them, and I had lost. I knew, of course, that I should have to go to prison, and I had no more liking for the prospect than the reader would have had. True, some of the fraternity, I learned as time passed, were fined only; but I had no money for paying a large fine.

I decided that I would not demand trial, but that, when my health permitted, I would plead guilty to the indictment.

Several reasons prompted this decision. I have ever tried to be honest with myself, and, while I could not plead guilty to that part of the indictment which declared fraudulent intent, yet I knew that I was guilty of something for which I should pay. Betrayal of trust? Yes, a betrayal of the trust of my heritage. I had the feeling of a prodigal who has been with swine for many, many days and who has eaten of the husks of life for a long time. I had marketed my ideals and

my talents as a prostitute markets her body. That is the plain truth of how I felt. I wanted to go back home — back to the home of my building of other years.

As for the infamy of being shut up in a prison, it is not infamy in itself to be shut up in a prison. No man or group of men acting in the name of government can brand us with infamy. With the hot irons of our passions and our deeds we do brand ourselves with infamy.

I had ample time to consider my estate while rebuilding my broken body to a degree of strength which would enable me to stand the physical stress of imprisonment. This period was in itself more trying and fraught with adventure than the preceding one of business success and failure, or the following one of jails and prison. The months when I was making a lone fight for health, without funds or friends, practically, or the stimulating contact of enemies, with periods of amnesia coming over my consciousness like swift fog banks racing before the sun, during which times I was another entity, 'coming to' on ships, in hospitals, in streets of strange cities, in jails for vagrancy or investigation — these are another story.

I was in the East when at last I turned my face toward home. I wanted very much to make my own way back to the Federal district where I was indicted, so I worked my way south, thinking to take ship west from one of the southeastern ports. The stress of circumstances, however, compelled me to surrender myself to the Federal authorities in the far South and ask to be returned to the scene of my high crimes and misdemeanors that I might plead to my indictment and receive my legal punishment.

VII

I wish to point no morals. But I cannot refrain from emphasizing what seems to me to be the principal significance of my narrative. I must have made it clear that I am bent on neither palliation nor defense; yet there is something analogous, I insist, between what has happened to me and what has happened, or is happening, to us as a people. The play goes on; the scene but changes. The period of oil promotions has gone, but other media take its place. The gods of greed and materialism will have their tribute. Yesterday it was oil. To-day it is real estate. To-morrow — what?

ALAN A BHATA

BY EDITH B. SPAULDING

Alan a bhata, the spray-laden north wind
Sighs through the rowan tree dark and alone,
Over the passionate heart of the ocean,
Moaning uncalmed on the reef's icy stone.
Urged by the tempest, the white-crested billows
Break but to sob and to break once again,
Calling unanswered, unanswered forever,
Lonely and cold in the night and the rain.

Once, in a storm that's past, Alan a bhata,
Little we cared for the wind and the sea;
Old was their sorrow, and young was our gladness —
Your gold-barred plaid held the storm wind from me.
Now, as the dark clouds of winter are weeping
Over the isle where the white beacon burns,
Fast fall my tears as the rain in the ocean,
Mourning my boatman who never returns.

WHAT IT COSTS THE DOCTOR

BY W. W. KEEN

I WAS deeply interested in Anne Miller Downes's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October on 'The Cost of Illness.' I am sorry to say that her contentions are in great measure true, but there are good reasons for the high costs.

Medicine in its various branches has so developed that no one man can know it all. The X-ray is a good example. Only a few can be X-ray experts, and those who are such must devote all their time to the subject and be on the alert to learn and utilize every new advance. They must also make a decent living for themselves and their families.

Again, the auxiliary sciences which aid in the diagnosis and cure of disease are outside the knowledge of all but a few doctors. If the patient is to benefit by the most recent discoveries in chemistry, physics, biology, and physiology, in many cases an expert must be called in who will know technically the many varying conditions of the heart and the arteries, of the blood, the urine, the intestinal contents, the endocrine glands, and other organs. In the many brain cases I have cared for I invariably called in the X-ray specialist, the neurologist, the ophthalmologist, and sometimes the aurist, and, if the general condition of the patient required it, other competent physicians.

These statements indicate the many lines of progress which greatly promote the welfare and even may save the life of the patient. Other experts in other lines are also crowding upon us

to aid in diagnosis and treatment. Were I in active practice I should want to have the knowledge of all these experts to aid me in every important case involving danger to life. But, if such experts are to be had, they must be so paid that they can investigate and experiment with test tube, microscope, and the like, and, again, live in comfort.

How to reconcile the purse of the patient with the family purses of the chemist, the microscopist, the physiologist, and the other experts is a most difficult problem. All the doctors I know are glad to do their best to adjust their fees to the income of the patient.

In the November *Harper's Magazine* Dr. Louis I. Dublin points out how that may be accomplished in part.

But there are also other considerations which must weigh heavily with the public in their appreciation of the generosity of the medical profession. I trust that I may not be deemed egotistical if here I draw on my own experience.

The active practitioner's time is never his own. When duty calls, sleep and meals and social engagements always yield to the patient's welfare. At one time, many years ago, I well remember that I was called out of bed, and usually for several hours, for thirteen nights in succession.

One of these nights, toward the end of the thirteen, I can never forget. As my tired head touched the pillow I said to myself, 'Well, anybody must be mighty sick to get me out of bed this

night.' At that very moment my night bell rang, and through my speaking tube the messenger on my doorstep — it was long before the telephone was invented — informed me of a great fire near St. Mary's Hospital. Scores of people had been compelled to jump from windows to save their lives, and the hospital was full to overflowing with the desperately injured. I must go at once. Weary as I was, I responded immediately and spent the entire night there. For the first and only time I saw the thermometer mark one hundred and seven degrees, in a patient who had scarcely an unbroken bone in her body. She died in a short time.

About 7 A.M. I gathered up my instruments and took a Second Street horse car to my home, nearly three miles away. An Irish laborer, going to his work after a good night's sleep, sat down beside me and noted my surgical instrument case. On his inquiring why I was out so early I told him of my night's work. 'Well,' said he, 'you'll get a nice fat fee for all that work, sure.' When I told him that most of the thousands of hospital physicians and surgeons received no pay, he was wholly incredulous, and exclaimed, 'Why the devil do you do it, thin?' and was only half convinced by my explanation.

On another memorable occasion when I was called out of bed, a severe storm had already piled the snow on the streets up to and sometimes beyond the level of my knees. All traffic was stopped; neither street cars nor cabs were available, and I had to tramp nearly three miles from my home. En route I met not one single man or woman. I became so exhausted toward the end that I almost collapsed. But finally I did reach the patient's house. I spent the entire night in ministering to a little child who was desperately ill, and had the satisfaction

of rescuing her from impending death.

One Sunday, while I was at my dinner just after church, a man living in a small street less than a block away rushed at once into my dining room, when the maid opened the front door, crying, 'For God's sake come and see my boy! He is strangling to death from diphtheria!' I lost no time, be sure, in answering that summons, for I had been a witness to the actual strangling to death from diphtheria of a playmate brother when I was but twelve years old, and of a little niece some years later, long before this Sunday call to duty.

I seized my instrument case, which was always ready for just such emergencies, and ran with the father to the bedside of the boy. He was gasping for breath and evidently would soon die if not instantly relieved. Diphtheria had its iron grip on his throat. I did a quick tracheotomy, and it saved his life. It was one of the small percentage of cases in which tracheotomy did save life in diphtheria. This case occurred years before the blessed antitoxin came in 1895 with healing in its wings. Since that date tracheotomy for diphtheria has practically disappeared.

After some time I removed the tube from his windpipe, and the wound quickly closed. I frequently met the little chap playing near my home. He always tipped his cap to me and gave me a cheery 'Hello, Doctor Keen.'

Whenever I think of such experiences my nerves are set a-tingling to my very finger tips. What doctor all over this broad land has not had many like them!

Such cases brought me no money, be it observed, but they paid me better than in gold. The poor are the best paymasters of the doctor — not in coin of the realm, but in the gratitude they cherish for years and years, in prayers for the doctor's welfare, and in the inward glow of satisfaction of duty

done. Our names are household words in many a grateful home.

There are many thousands of physicians and surgeons all over the United States who give their services in hospitals absolutely free. These do not include, of course, the doctors who devote their entire time to hospital work, as superintendents and the like, who of necessity receive a salary.

The last Report of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia gives the following figures on which I base the appended very moderate estimate of fees had they been private cases:—

193,124 visits @ \$1 each.....	\$193,124
10,664 surgical operations @ \$25 each	266,600
Total.....	\$459,724

Thus the medical staff of the Jefferson Hospital alone gives to the community the equivalent of about half a million dollars a year, and this figure is always increasing—and that is only one hospital in one city.

From a pecuniary standpoint,—a far lower level, which I mention only to complete the picture,—the doctors give freely of their time and skill without fee to every private patient who is not able to pay. I am sorry to add that the doctor's bills in families able to pay are often the last to be paid, and not seldom are never paid at all.

I never even entered in my ledger the names of patients who I thought were too poor to pay anything. They appeared only in my visiting book. When finally I closed my medical ledger in 1907, however, there were standing unpaid bills of many thousands of dollars which have never been liquidated. They cannot be charged to 'cost of illness,' but to that hypothetical account, 'the cost of being a doctor.'

But there is also a large additional cost of 'becoming a doctor.' The

physician's education is prolonged far beyond the college or the university, and he must have spent two years in premedical studies unless he has had these in a college or a university. Then come four years of the medical college itself, including, of course, his living expenses. Next he must spend one or two years in a hospital and learn the practical work of his profession. And often, as I know from my own experience, practice comes slowly. One of my old students, now a teacher of renown, whose writings are known all over the country, came to me years ago in great discouragement. He had the prestige of postgraduate study in Europe and was married, yet in the first seven months after he entered upon practice—that is, in two hundred and ten days—his total income from patients (if the plural is allowable) had been just two dollars and fifty cents, or a trifle over one cent a day.

I have obtained from a number of internes in hospitals a statement of their actual expenses for their professional education as outlined above, and the average is practically \$10,000. Of course in the state universities of the West the cost will be less; in some of the larger of the Eastern medical schools it will be considerably more. Not a few medical students have been obliged to borrow a part of the money, and this debt is a millstone around their necks in their earlier years of practice.

Next come the expenses of beginning to practise,—the rent of an office and a waiting room, the purchase of a desk and chairs, a bookcase, a card-catalogue outfit, medical books and journals,—all in anticipation of the lagging patients. As to marriage and children, he who assumes such responsibilities before his practice fully warrants them is a brave man.

ALASKA

BY WILDS P. RICHARDSON

I

THE American people have been led to believe that the purchase of Alaska from Russia was a great business bargain. Writers who make this assertion are in the habit of quoting the original purchase price of \$7,200,000, without mentioning the fact that the Government since that time has expended some \$200,000,000 on the Territory, including about \$70,000,000 upon a railroad as an aid to the development of its resources. An Alaskan enthusiast, speaking before a committee of Congress, declared the Territory to be the richest possession under the American flag and the cheapest piece of real estate ever purchased in the history of the world since a certain mythical transaction in Biblical times.

According to this speaker, Alaska 'has paid for itself in actual wealth 672 times what it cost the taxpayers of the United States.' Since Alaska has in fact yielded in the market value of its products something more than one and one-quarter billion dollars, a simple operation in arithmetic will disclose the value of such a statement.

After sixty years of ownership, assertions about the Territory should be supported by a substantial showing of developed resources, wealth, and population. But the predicted inrushing of people following the construction of the railroad, the fast-growing cities, the population running into seven figures, have not come true. It

is interesting to compare the Alaska purchase with other territories acquired by the United States at various periods of her growth, using for the purpose only the original cost of the purchase.

The total area of Alaska is approximately 586,400 square miles. Its population, estimated liberally, is 60,000, of whom about 30,000 are whites, and the other half natives who were in the Territory at the time of purchase, sixty years ago.

The Louisiana purchase amounted to something over \$27,000,000, including the original \$15,000,000, plus the payment of certain French spoliation claims with accrued interest. Its total area is more than one million square miles. From this area, about one and four-fifths times the area of Alaska and embracing most of the region west of the Mississippi to the Continental Divide, eleven great states with parts of two others have been carved. Their total population is approximately 21,000,000 and their estimated wealth more than \$60,000,000,000. True, we have had Alaska only half as long as the Louisiana territory, but divide the present population and wealth of the latter by two or even three or four, and the results will compare all too favorably with the best that can be said for Alaska. In 1920 the little state of Iowa alone produced, in the value of her farm products, more than the total output of Alaska from all sources from

the date of its purchase up to that time, while the state of Louisiana produced furs last year, according to statistics given to the public press, worth five times the value of the furs exported from Alaska in the same year.

Florida, acquired by treaty in 1819, cost the United States \$5,000,000, not as a direct payment, but in settlement of claims of our citizens against Spain. Its area is one tenth that of Alaska. Its population is 1,250,000 and its estimated wealth about \$2,500,000,000. Figures equally illuminating could be adduced in connection with practically all the other accessions of territory since the birth of the Republic. But the information is available in the Census Bureau and in encyclopædias to anyone who wishes to pursue the subject.

It is not my intention, by comparisons unfavorable to Alaska, to deny or obscure its real value. My purpose is only to call attention to what I believe to be harmful propaganda. Alaska has actually been injured by exaggerated statements concerning its wealth and opportunities. Assertions of this character played an important part in procuring the passage in 1914 of the railroad bill for Alaska. The proponents of the railroad—and they were numerous and well organized—also produced more concrete evidence in the form of samples of minerals and agricultural products, and Congress, unfamiliar with the facts, forgot apparently, for the time being, that one swallow does not make a spring.

I did not oppose the passage of the bill by appearing before any committee or by publishing any views upon the subject, but gave it as my opinion, when asked, that I did not consider it a wise measure on the part of the Government to undertake the construction and

operation of a railroad in Alaska: first, because I believed the Government would find itself involved in a very large initial investment with continuing expenditures for a long time thereafter, before any returns would come; second, because I believed, and still believe, that a small percentage of that amount could be expended more advantageously for Alaska in other ways, especially in the building of roads and trails.

The Territory, as described briefly in a report of the Alaska Road Commission, is broken and rugged in many portions; buried under deep snows for a great portion of the year, with the ground thawing in the summer only a short depth below the surface; covered with a blanket of moss and sometimes dense and tangled underbrush throughout the valleys, and intersected by many swift and dangerous streams fed by the ice-cold waters of melting glaciers and snows of the mountains. Travel through the country without some prepared roadway or trail has accordingly been extremely difficult and dangerous always, even for pack animals and for persons on foot, and practically impossible for wheeled vehicles.

The evidence I possessed could not establish a final presumption against the railroad, or determine what it might accomplish in the future. I was forced, therefore, simply to hope that the project might prove of some ultimate benefit if carried out with economy and good judgment. In face of all the arguments adduced in support of the bill and the general enthusiasm created in its favor, and with the approval of the President, Congress could hardly do otherwise than pass the measure and cannot be justly criticized for such action. The same may not be said of the way in which the project was carried out.

II

The guiding spirit behind the railroad scheme was the then Secretary of the Interior, whose integrity is not here questioned, but who apparently had little practical knowledge of construction projects.

Of the three persons selected by him to constitute the Alaska Engineering Commission, two had never been in Alaska, and were therefore unfamiliar with the physical conditions in the Territory and unacquainted with its existing stage of development. They entered enthusiastically upon the work of constructing a railroad in this northern region, but they were without adequate knowledge of the factors involved, and whatever idea of economy they possessed, or of the real purpose of the bill as passed by the Congress, remained far in the background. One member of the Commission, the one most familiar with Alaskan conditions, continued a member only during the earlier stages of the work.

The purposes and objects of the railroad, according to the original act, were to provide a supply of coal for the use of the Navy; to provide for the transportation of materials and munitions of war (a remote contingency); and 'to aid in the development of the agricultural and mineral or other resources of Alaska and the settlement of the public lands therein.' An open port on the Pacific Coast was to be selected as the first step toward accomplishing these purposes. But the Navy was not consulted as to a suitable place for the delivery of coal, nor was the value of coal which might become available determined in advance. The Army corps of engineers, generally admitted to have expert knowledge of harbor conditions, never was consulted, so far as I know, as to a suitable harbor for

military ends. The Commission selected Anchorage, far up Cook Inlet, where the tide has a range of more than fifty feet. The harbor is partially blocked with ice for three or four months of the year and is being rapidly filled up with hundreds of thousands of tons of silt poured into it annually by the Susitna River and other streams.

On shore, however, was an attractive town site, promising ground for a future city. The land was laid out and lots were sold at auction by an agent of the United States Land Office. Many a credulous and hopeful citizen paid at boom prices all or most of his substance for a lot which had only a fictitious and speculative value then and has had practically no value since. The harbor is now virtually abandoned.

The Government purchased a piece of defunct railroad between Anchorage and Seward, on Resurrection Bay, completed the construction of this section, and Seward has now become the terminus of the road. No considerable tonnage can be handled over the rails of this section in their present condition, on account of adverse grades and difficult curves.

The road has cost about twice as much as was contemplated in the original bill, with little more than half the mileage constructed. There has been no charge of graft or misapplication of funds. The excessive cost was due to a lack of understanding of the physical conditions of the country, to an expensive organization, high salaries, and unnecessary construction. War conditions were responsible for a part of the increase over the estimated cost, but by no means all or even the major part of it. After the war there remained only one member of the original Commission, who completed the road with as little

further expenditure, perhaps, as possible. He was not in a position of control in the beginning and therefore could not be held entirely responsible for the initial excesses.

More detailed comment or criticism can now serve no useful purpose. We have the road, and it is unthinkable that it should be abandoned, but how to make it pay and at least approach fulfillment of the purposes for which its construction was authorized constitutes the real problem of Alaska. The road is costing the Government, if we may consider the interest on the money invested, approximately \$4,000,000 a year to maintain and operate.

Popular assertion has run hand in hand with its appropriate slogan, 'Develop Alaska.' Assertion and slogan both were born and have been nourished in the city of Seattle. We heard no such clamor from without in connection with Texas, California, or territories of the Middle West. Why so much about Alaska? A little analysis may suggest that 'Develop Seattle' is the true inwardness and meaning of the phrase.

Alaska is considered by Seattle as her own particular protégé and she wants the Territory developed. Money spent by the general Government toward this development or in large construction work there adds to the prosperity of Seattle. There is no crime in this, if the expenditures are made with judgment and in a way to bring substantial results.

The present Secretary of the Interior, who inherited the problem of the railroad from his predecessors, naturally desires the road to accomplish the purpose for which it was authorized and built. Doubtless he is exerting his best efforts to that end, as indicated by a comparison in a recent report of the conditions existing three years ago with those at the present time. He was,

nevertheless, constrained to say that the road had not 'accomplished this purpose; that the expected rush of settlers along the right of way had not occurred, nor had the claim been made good that, with adequate transportation facilities, new mines in the interior would be opened and flourish, resulting in heavy shipments of ore, etc.' This mild, perfectly fair, and accurate statement provoked, however, a vigorous protest from the Northwest in the form of an open letter to the Secretary, charging him with not being fair, together with several editorials of like tenor.

A possible justification for the prompt defense of the railroad may, however, exist. It is conceivable that Congress might decide to curtail or even suspend appropriations — a most unfortunate decision though it would be at this stage of the development of Alaska. But the best way, in my judgment, to avert such a catastrophe to the railroad would be to lay the cards on the table, accept the facts as they exist, admit the errors of judgment where such have been made, and put the further fight upon unimpeachable grounds. Upon no other basis can success be attained in the end.

The Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce is active in gathering statistics and information concerning the Territory and distributing it throughout the United States. Most of the information so distributed is accurate and dependable and presented in a form to make the best argument in favor of the Territory. All this, of course, is entirely right and proper. But many persons, even of eminent ability, who devote their energies to the gathering of detailed facts and statistics are unable to draw sound conclusions therefrom. Comparative temperatures in different parts of the country, for example, do not in

themselves always furnish a safe index of agricultural production or even comfort of living; and a comparison with other regions somewhat similarly situated may be misleading. The Scandinavian countries, for example, lying within practically the same parallels of latitude,—such as Norway, Sweden, and Finland,—have a combined population of more than 12,000,000 people, but this population has grown and these countries' resources have been developed, under pressure of necessity, through centuries, beginning far back in primitive history.

There is also sufficient difference in climatic conditions, although the difference in recorded temperatures is not great, materially to affect agricultural production and timber growth. The 'North Cape Stream,' a branch of the Gulf Stream, flows entirely around the Scandinavian peninsula, past North Cape, down to the Murman Coast, and then turns northeastward and is lost in the Arctic basin. No ice ever forms at North Cape, whereas Point Barrow, Alaska, in the same latitude, is closed by ice ten months of the year. Portions of this Scandinavian peninsula are mountainous, but there is no continuous range of high mountains along the western coast of Europe to shut off the tempering influence of the Gulf Stream, which extends with diminishing effect far to the interior. The result is an absence of the deep snowfall found along parts of the coast of Alaska, and a somewhat milder and more moist climate in the interior. These differences, slight as they may appear, make for rather better agricultural conditions and produce splendid forests of pine and fir, instead of 'woodland,' which properly describes the growth throughout most of the interior of Alaska.

The Alaska Bureau will be alert to

defend the Territory against unfavorable comparisons, but facts in the end prove wholesome fare. It may be said that the 'Japan Current' does flow through the Bering Sea and that the ice found there in winter north of the Pribilof Islands is merely down on a visit from the Arctic Ocean. Anyhow, the ice is there.

III

Alaska, after all, is not in need of defense. Her people are not concerned with the question whether the purchase was the best bargain ever made by the United States, or the worst. They know that her resources are ample and varied and they are concerned in the effort to help develop these resources and to make homes and a living for their families.

The natural resources of Alaska are listed by the Alaska Bureau in the following order: fisheries, minerals, timber, furs, agriculture, reindeer, water power, scenery. I should change the order somewhat if it is intended to represent, which is possibly not the case, the ultimate relative value of these resources, and place scenery first. This is the one imperishable asset of Alaska in the ordinary human estimate of duration, although it is not capable of being measured at the present time in terms of money value. With this beauty of scenery is found a climate wonderfully invigorating and healthful, rigorous at times, yet free from most of the diseases common to warmer, and especially tropical, regions. Many persons prefer a climate of this character. Transportation by sea is good, considering that the country is new, and tonnage and passenger charges along the coast are reasonable. The land transportation facilities are being steadily bettered with improvement and extension of roads and trails. Communication by cable, telegraph, and

radio with all settled parts of the Territory is possible, and airplane service has been inaugurated.

The question arises, therefore, and has frequently been put to me, 'Why has Alaska not gone forward faster?' Mr. Roosevelt in the latter part of his administration had occasion to put some inquiries to me concerning Alaska, and made the statement that he hoped the rich placer deposits of gold, which were then producing many millions yearly, would last long enough for a population to become fixed and other industries established. This seemed to be in a fair way of fulfillment. Rich copper deposits were being opened, large coal areas had been located, and oil discovered of high quality but not in large quantity. The timber of south-east Alaska was known to be abundant and of excellent quality for wood pulp. Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War and recently returned from the Philippines, where he had done much to advance the development of those islands, had become interested in Alaska and was giving hearty support to the work of the Army there. Military posts had been built and garrisoned along the coast and on the Yukon, not so much for military purposes as to help the general progress of Alaska; cable and telegraph communication had been established, under direction of General Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, connecting these posts and the principal towns. Work had begun upon a system of roads and trails throughout the Territory under an act of Congress. (Most of the garrisons have been withdrawn in later years, but the operation of the military cable and telegraph system and the construction and extension of roads and trails continue with marked efficiency under the War Department.) Capital seeking investment was turning its eyes toward Alaska.

Exaggerated stories presently began to be circulated concerning the great wealth of the Territory, especially in its coal deposits. But about this time a blow to its further development was dealt by the withdrawal from entry within a short period of years of its coal, oil, and timber lands. There followed, after Mr. Taft became President, a widespread propaganda under the name of conservation of Alaska's resources, especially the coal, which became political in its aspect and in its obvious purpose. It was a period of muckraking against corporations and 'predatory wealth.' The public mind became excited and confused in its ideas on the subject, not discerning the difference between 'conservation' and 'development' in Alaska, and accepting the former term apparently as synonymous with 'trust-busting.' Large numbers of people throughout the United States were led to believe that they possessed a substantial and definite money interest, payable upon demand, in the coal lands of Alaska, of which they were about to be robbed; also that the country was rapidly approaching a time when the inhabitants would all freeze to death, unless this coal of Alaska was protected for future generations. The arguments in support of this belief were about as sound as those advanced in support of the Malthusian theory of overpopulation.

Investigation followed and it was brought out that two fifths of one per cent of the coal in the United States had been used up at that time. The amount of coal involved in Alaska was about one thirtieth of one per cent of the coal areas already located in that territory. And nobody was trying to steal it! Yet it became almost worth one's reputation to express an opinion contrary to this prevailing conviction. The field of investigation was in far-away Alaska, then but little

known, and the public was easily deluded.

The writer believes in the conservation of our natural resources as he understands the right use of the term, and had no interest in the controversy beyond a natural concern for fair play and a desire to see Alaska go forward; but he had knowledge of the facts and did not hesitate to condemn the whole procedure. It is now almost a forgotten episode, except in Alaska, where the greatest injury was done. Development suddenly began to lag, then threatened to stop. It was the vain hope that the building of the railroad would help to correct this, but capital had become indifferent and sought other fields.

Recently a corporation has gone into the Fairbanks district with plans now well under way for extensive gold-dredging operations, giving a hopeful outlook in that district for the near future. Some of the proponents and defenders of the railroad claim that this would not have happened except for the construction of the road, and that this fact alone justifies the government expenditure on the project — \$70,000,000, with more to come, to enable one corporation to take out its own millions. What a change in point of view!

Alaska needs capital to develop industries and support a population, and the cry that the Government is trying to give Alaska away, which once went up whenever any mention of concession or encouragement to capital was made, is no longer popular. In fact the Government could do nothing better with Alaska, so far as its development is concerned, than to 'give it away' — that is, to grant liberal concessions and encouragement to citizens who are willing to go there, make homes, and develop the resources of the country as the settlers in the great

Middle West did. Only such restrictions and reservations as would protect the general interests of the Government, and not measures chimerically intended to protect future generations from freezing to death, should control the progress of the Territory.

Congress and the departments, apparently under threat and fear of public sentiment, seemed unable for several years to frame laws and regulations under which capital was willing to work. In fairness it must be said that conditions have gradually changed. Oil-leasing regulations became acceptable, and several companies, including the Standard, have expended large sums of money exploring for oil, so far without marked success. The coal has become of little interest except for local uses. Two large contracts for timber for the manufacture of wood pulp have been recently let in southeast Alaska by the Forestry Bureau, and this forecasts a valuable and permanent industry, with much added prosperity to that section of the Territory.

This Bureau was originally much criticized in Alaska. To some extent it is still subject to disapproval in those reserved areas which have little timber of value. But through the courtesy and efficiency of its agents, through the money expended in road improvement in the forest area, and through the present happy outlook for the wood-pulp industry, the Bureau has become very popular in southeast Alaska. The development of a wood-pulp industry within the forest reserve of this section of the Territory is of course local and will have no effect upon the railroad or upon general development elsewhere.

IV

Each year, from the Governor's report and from other sources, come

statements of small advances and improvements, with predictions of steady and greater advances in the near future, but these predictions seem slow to materialize.

The question, 'Why does not Alaska advance more rapidly?' still seeks its answer.

Considerable ink has been expended in the public press charging that Alaska does not go forward because of the large number of interlocking bureaus and the lack of coördination between them. Some ineffective efforts have been made to change the situation. As a matter of fact, this has very little to do with the state of the Territory. The bureaus function with efficiency and in pretty much the same way in Alaska as in the United States and in the Hawaiian Islands.

I have observed that Secretaries are generally willing to coördinate to the extent of taking over new activities, but are not enthusiastic about giving up any. This is only human nature, coupled with a reasonable pride in the operations of one's own department. The same sentiment has been observed in the effort for the past three or four years to bring about a general reorganization of the various departments of the government. In Alaska the reorganization of the bureaus might serve to smooth down friction in cases where activities overlap, and perhaps result in some small economies, but can have no material effect upon the development of resources.

Far more effective would be the provision of a single commissioner invested with broad powers, with limitations fixed by Congress, and directly under the President, subject to his final veto; or the investment of the Governor with such powers, backed and supported by enlarged powers in the hands of the territorial legislature. But such a departure in policy lies

probably in the realm of the impossible. Washington, speaking generically, would never give up. A solution must be sought, therefore, in paths more familiar in the history of our Government.

It must be apparent that Alaskan affairs have been muddled; too much experimenting and long-range control, not always in competent hands, form the gist of the matter and explain why this adopted child of the Republic has been needlessly backward.

What is the remedy?

Home Rule! I quote from an editorial appearing in the *New York Herald* of July 5, 1923, entitled 'Conservation in Alaska':—

Alaska will never be satisfied until it gets 'the American chance.' Some day the Federal Government must take the risk that Alaskans will know how to run Alaska and dispose of its resources. It is better that men grow through self-government than that things should be saved for their descendants through the holding power of a paternalistic government.

Just what changes or modifications might be made in the present territorial form of government in Alaska, I am not prepared here to say, leaving that subject to Alaska's representative in Congress and to other members of that body, more experienced in political organization and the science of government than I. But I offer my opinion that the local legislature should be relieved of vexatious and obstructive limitations, and given a free hand in Alaskan affairs. The men composing this body know the problems facing them and there is no occasion to keep them in leading strings. They will not see the country looted.

V

Much has been accomplished during the past three years in the way of

reorganization, stabilization, and economy of operation of the railroad. (Report on Alaska Railroad, 'Then 1923 — Now 1926.') But no considerable or permanent increase in traffic has occurred. The Secretary of the Interior states that 'the general manager, located at the railroad's headquarters in Anchorage, Alaska, has supreme authority over the railroad's affairs,' and that 'the railroad is being managed in the same manner as privately owned railroads in the States.' A privately owned railroad usually has a board of directors and an executive committee who outline a policy for the road and are responsible for its expenditures. It would seem that such a body might very properly be organized to do this in the case of the Alaska railroad, leaving to the general manager the work of carrying out the general policy and superintending operations.

It would become one of the duties of this board to organize a definite plan of colonization with an office centrally located and agents in different parts of the country. This office or agency should collect and condense all available information concerning Alaska, verify its accuracy, and distribute it in communities where it might be expected to bear fruit. Areas contiguous to the railroad should receive most attention, of course, and especially the Tanana Valley and the region around Fairbanks. It is beyond dispute that the road can never succeed financially or fulfill the purpose for which it was authorized until this valley and the country surrounding and tributary to the interior terminal are populated by a permanent citizenry many times greater than is the case at the present time. The population of this region has declined since the beginning of the railroad construction.

Every inducement should be offered

to intending settlers in the way of free railroad transportation of persons, household effects, implements, and animals; some sort of bonus, even, might be given to get them started. The cost of clearing land is high in most cases, as is also the expense of transporting products to market. The cost of transportation will improve with the extension of roads, while the growing towns of the coast engaged in fishing, mining, and other industries will furnish increasing market demands. The United States Land Office at Anchorage has this to say on the subject:—

We do not advise settlers entering upon these lands with the idea of getting their living entirely from the soil while improving their property. Unless the settler has sufficient money to carry him over that period, he must work elsewhere to provide these necessities, not obtainable on the farm. Alaska can absorb the number of settlers each year consistent with the developing of other industries in the vicinity of agricultural districts. With the expansion of these industries market facilities will be increased and the farmer properly supported. This advice is not given for the purpose of discouraging settlement, but to inform the prospective settler correctly as to the present situation.

The last of these sentences should be the guide to all information sent out concerning the Territory.

The present homestead laws appear to be liberal enough, but they should be further liberalized, if it is found advisable, not following necessarily the experiences of the past in other and more favored sections, but seeking what will bring the best results in Alaska.

It would be well if the present United States immigration laws could be amended to permit a larger percentage of immigrants from the Scandinavian countries to move directly to

Alaska, and if an agent could be sent to Scandinavia to superintend the business. Immigrants from those countries make excellent citizens and are familiar with the climatic conditions that prevail in Alaska.

With the formation of a board of directors of the railroad and a definite policy agreed upon, Congress might be asked to authorize an issue of bonds upon the railroad in an amount, say, of \$30,000,000 to run for thirty years, interest guaranteed by the Government; but only so much of the authorized total to be issued each year, and upon the approval of the President, as might be necessary to carry out the policy of the board of directors and to meet any deficiency in operating expenses. This would obviate the necessity of going before Congress each year for appropriations and would permit sufficient time to determine the value and future usefulness of the road.

It might not become necessary to issue bonds to the total amount authorized, and the traffic of the road might be developed in the meanwhile to a point where its earnings would pay the bond interest. If this could not be accomplished by the end of the appointed period, with the Government then involved to the extent of more than \$100,000,000, it might be in order to consider the saving of further expense by disposing of the road for whatever it might bring.

For the present it is essential to save the railroad to Alaska, now that we have it, and to provide for the accomplishment of the purpose for which it was constructed. The proposal to establish a different coast terminal from Seward, bringing the road out at Portage Bay, has been discussed since construction of the road was first begun. The suggestion will probably bring forth expressions of opposition,

but no harm can come from the determination of the matter finally on its merits, all the factors involved being faithfully considered.

VI

From the earliest discoveries in this far province of the North through the period of our own possession, the stories of fur, of giant moose, great Kodiak bear, vast herds of caribou, the beautiful inland waterway of southeast Alaska, the fur seal, the salmon, the glaciers, towering Mount McKinley, the broad Yukon, the rich discoveries of placer gold deep under the frost, have gripped the public mind with a romantic interest which is not readily displaced by talk of material development. This sentiment is of substantial value and may be utilized for the benefit of Alaska, and for the pleasure and happiness of great numbers of people.

Let Alaska be offered to the traveling, touring, scenery-loving public. Let the expenditures already made in Alaska, or further required, for the maintenance of the railroad and for the extension of roads and trails be accepted as contributing to this end, just as expenditures are accepted in the States for improvement of parks and highways. Let the plan of Yellowstone Park be followed in a large way without applying its restrictions to the whole Territory. Alaska will then truly become a possession of the American people. It may be used to preserve and protect big game and the countless forms of wild animal and bird life. As the Alaska Bureau states, 'The last stand of the big game in the dominion of the United States is in Alaska.' Practically every variety of fur-bearing animal and wild fowl known to the North American continent, all still in great numbers, is to be found there, as

well as some varieties not to be found elsewhere.

A policy formed upon such grounds as I have suggested might well supplant the ends enshrined in the traditional 'Develop Alaska.' Indeed, development may be well forgotten for the time being, except the development which may take place spontaneously and unaided. Progress of this type

should be encouraged wherever it may be found profitable. But the traditional slogan and the new policy are not incompatible. They may be worked together, and the limited territorial government may become a true partner of the general government. When this happy consummation is brought about, 'paternalism' will have lost its rancor.

IRELAND'S RELIGIOUS QUESTION

BY J. GANNON

'NOBODY respects the Christian religion more than I do,' Lord Melbourne declared on one occasion, 'but really, when it comes to intruding it into private life . . .' If one substitutes 'public' for 'private' in Melbourne's sentence, one gets an excellent definition of what in Ireland to-day is regarded as the perfection of good political manners.

This attitude, I admit, is not unnatural in a country where, in certain areas at least, an attempt to discuss the religious problem, however honest the intentions of the controversialists may be, is more likely than not to end in police charges in back streets and a multitude of broken heads. In Belfast — where, by the way, even football teams are labeled Orange or Green — I have lively recollections of a strike in which Protestants and Catholics fought side by side, and in order to preserve their cohesion invented the slogan, 'To hell with the man that names religion!' Their idea of religion was aptly described by an Orangeman who, in giving evidence in favor of a prisoner,

protested that his friend could not have marched at the head of a mob cursing the Pope, as he was 'never a religious man.'

It must not be thought that in everyday life Irishmen of different denominations sit glowering darkly at one another. The convention which bars as bad form in mixed company any allusion to existing divisions enables Protestants and Catholics to rub shoulders without friction. An agreement to differ is of course infinitely better than no agreement at all, but it has its drawbacks in that an attempt to investigate the causes and consequences of the differences between the creeds, even if undertaken in a spirit of scientific detachment, is certain to offend one side or the other, and not improbably will be resented by both. Yet I am convinced that the agreement is at once the most important and the most intriguing factor in Irish life, if for no other reason than that the new political entities which have been created in Ireland were delimited roughly in accordance with sectarian

groupings. Upon the ability of the majority in each enclave to arrive at an understanding with its minority depends, not only the harmonious management of domestic affairs, but the possibility of eventual reunion — or at least of a working arrangement in regard to problems common to both Irish Governments, the desirability of which is as freely admitted by Sir James Craig as by Mr. Cosgrave.

I

As usual in Ireland, things are working out in a way that confounds the prophets. Nobody who knew Southern Ireland expected that the transfer of power to a popular legislature would mean the squeezing out of the Protestant element. But few, if any, imagined that when at last an Irish State took shape a considerable proportion of Catholic priests would be perched dubiously on the fence while Protestant bishops united in singing its praises. The paradox, I admit, is less baffling than it may appear to outsiders. In theory the Treaty was a *pis aller* and even its signatories professed at the time to regard it merely as a stepping-stone to the Republic. Naturally a good many Sinn Fein priests, like a good many Sinn Fein politicians, while accepting the settlement, did not feel inclined to fling up their hats too exuberantly in its honor, and the ferocious vendettas of the civil war confirmed them in their views as to the wisdom of walking delicately.

Irish history provides singularly little evidence in support of the theory which presents the Catholic bishops as a body of extraordinarily astute politicians. On the contrary, of all the organizations which have played a part on the Irish political stage during the present generation, I think it would be

difficult to find one with a longer tally of blunders to its account than the Catholic Church. These blunders were not due, as Protestants may be tempted to assume, to a passion for ecclesiastical domination or to a desire to subordinate to its will members of other communions. Nothing could be more fantastically false than the picture by Dean Inge in his recent survey of post-war England in which he depicts the Free State as 'relapsing into barbarism' under the tutelage of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood. Politically the Church in Ireland has followed rather than led, and when it took a line that ran counter to the popular will it has invariably met with the most uncompromising opposition from Catholics who were prepared to yield it unquestioning obedience in spiritual affairs. Daniel O'Connell, the greatest champion of its rights, declared he would as soon take his politics from Rome as his religion from Constantinople, and at one of his meetings during the Veto controversy effigies of the Catholic bishops who were hostile to his views were burned in the streets of Dublin by Catholic mobs. Leaders of all popular movements, from the Young Irelanders to Parnell and John Redmond, found themselves at some stage in their careers in conflict with the hierarchy, and none of them failed on this account to secure backing from the masses for their cause.

Priests in politics may be undesirable, but it is only fair to remember that throughout the nineteenth century without priests no effective political organization would have been possible, for the simple reason that over the greater part of the country they were the only class qualified by education and training to act as leaders. Not a little of the friction which has arisen of late years is due, I believe, to the slowness of the Church to realize that

with the spread of education laymen are emerging who feel themselves competent to take in secular affairs the place which in the old days was allotted to the cleric as a matter of course.

I know Catholics who maintain that on purely ecclesiastical grounds the continuance of British rule offered more solid advantages to their Church. Under the old régime the chances of friction between laity and clergy were reduced to a minimum, while the British authorities, in order to ensure the smooth working of the administrative machine, found it good business to placate the hierarchy. A new Chief Secretary, on landing in Ireland, was less concerned to get in touch with lay political leaders than to discover exactly where he stood with the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin. I do not suggest that the bishops individually were not believers in self-government, but as a body they were by no means so certain about its implications as the general run of curates and parish priests. Their decision to range themselves against the Parliamentarians after the Easter Rebellion was due less to their dislike of partition — which a few years later they swallowed without a protest — than to their fears of what they believed to be the anticlerical bias of leaders like Redmond, Dillon, and Devlin.

One of the turning points in modern Irish political history was the Maynooth declaration by the Catholic bishops, in the spring of 1918, that the Conscription Act recently passed through the Imperial Parliament was 'an oppressive and inhuman law, which the Irish people have the right to resist by all the means that are consonant with the law of God.' This action increased enormously the prestige of the Church, especially as

the Coalition Cabinet, wisely shirking a conflict, made no attempt to enforce compulsory military service. Trouble began, however, when Sinn Féin, dropping passive resistance, resorted to physical force in order to establish the Republic. Throughout the Anglo-Irish struggle there was constant friction between the Republican leaders and churchmen who declined to admit that the shooting of police was morally justified. During the Conscription crusade a well-known theologian, Father Peter Finlay, S. J., laid down the doctrine that 'laws of Parliament may be just or unjust, binding or not binding upon the conscience; and when we Catholics doubt their justice and binding force, we appeal, not to politicians or civil courts for guidance, but to the Catholic bishops. In this sense we set our bishops above Parliament and the laws of Parliament, as every true Christian sets his individual conscience.'

Apparently it was a different thing when episcopal pronouncements ran counter to popular sentiments. The Bishop of Cork (Dr. Cohalan), who toward the end of 1920 launched a sentence of excommunication against the murderers of policemen and others, was warned by the local Sinn Féin organization not to interfere in politics. Commenting on other ecclesiastical criticisms of the I. R. A. (Irish Republican Army) and its methods, a prominent Sinn Féin paper declared: 'We are loath to accuse the bishops of treason, but it is time for Dail Eireann to assert itself.'

The heads of the Church never admitted that the I. R. A. shootings were justifiable; but some of them, as Mr. O'Hegarty — himself a thoroughgoing Separatist — admits in his book, *The Victory of Sinn Féin*, 'mixed their ethics with politics and made the case worse.' A good many

priests left ethics out of the question altogether, and used language in pulpits and on platforms which could not be reconciled either with the teaching of their superiors or with the formulas of canon law.

II

In effect the Sinn Fein position may be described, I think not unfairly, as a practical acceptance of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, inasmuch as it maintained the right of private judgment and challenged the authority of the Church to declare certain issues to be matters of faith and morals. The clash became still more acute when Sinn Fein split over the Treaty. The bishops, as they were bound to do, denounced rebellion against an Irish government established by the will of the people. Republicans — or Irregulars, as they were now called by Sinn Feiners who accepted the Treaty — repudiated flatly the claim of the bishops to forbid the exercise of private judgment in relation to the question of whether it was obligatory upon Irish citizens to render allegiance to the Free State. They put forward a theologian of their own in the person of a Catholic curate, Father O'Flanagan, who had been suspended by his bishop for his political activities. Father O'Flanagan is still one of the pillars of militant Sinn Fein, and his periodic indictments of his ecclesiastical superiors at open-air meetings in the streets of Dublin surpass in pungency any utterance I have heard from Orange platforms. Ireland, he protests, is not priest-ridden but 'bishop-ridden,' and while Republican clergy are muzzled, their Free State fellows 'are given a free leg, even to the extent of desecrating the altars of Almighty God.' On one occasion I heard him assert in reference to an Irregular to

whom the Church had denied burial. 'I would rather go to Heaven with Denis Barry than to Hell with a procession of high ecclesiastics.'

Mr. de Valera, who sets up to be something of an amateur theologian, never seemed to me to be quite comfortable in alliance with Father O'Flanagan; and I imagine his political break with Miss McSwiney was sweetened by the reflection that it enabled him to part company with the redoubtable curate.

When the bishops began, in the phrase of one of their number, to 'count the cost of the gunman's holiday,' they found themselves face to face with things even more objectionable than the oratory of Father O'Flanagan. In his Lenten Pastoral, 1923, issued after the final collapse of the armed revolt against the Free State, Cardinal Logue said that 'the plague of bloodshed, destruction, pillage, rapine, robbery, even sordid theft . . . left in the shade even the most outrageous excesses of the Black-and-Tans.' The Archbishop of Tuam, in a speech delivered about the same time, bewailed the fact that murder to-day is 'almost commonplace'; as a distinguished Jesuit put it, 'Men shot their fellow countrymen with as little compunction as they would shoot a snipe or pheasant.'

The gunman who killed for political reasons was more easily subdued than the host of imitators who, bettering his instruction, shot for private vengeance or personal profit. It sounds like a fable, but it is a true tale that a Dublin golfer, urging his caddy to look for something better than a blind-alley job, received the reply, 'I'd be out of it to-morrow, sir, only I can't get a revolver till I'm sixteen.' And behind the gunman emerged the no less sinister figure of the maker of poteen. If one section of Irishmen inaugurates a

political upheaval by burning police barracks, another finds it simpler and more profitable to darken the sky with the smoke of whiskey stills on every mountain side. Such is the pitch of proficiency which has been attained that, whereas we are importing German engineers, Belgian electricians, and Dutch builders, it was stated recently in a Donegal trial that our brewers of poteen are being offered fancy prices to cross the Atlantic and place their expert knowledge at the service of American moonshiners. In the old days the Church was strong enough to smash this traffic; up to the present the new breed of poteen-makers appear to care as little for its threats as its pleadings, though it is satisfactory to know they are acquiring a wholesome fear of the Civic Guards.

The amazing thing is that leaders of religious thought assumed that Ireland was an exception to the rule that the making of omelettes entails the breaking of eggs. Nothing is more certain than that revolutions, especially if they are fought on the lines of the Irish conflict, inevitably produce a backwash of sexual immorality. Almost the only prohibition imposed on the Black-and-Tans was that there must be no interference with women; in the very few cases where offenses of this kind were proved, ruthless measures were adopted by the British authorities. The hysteria generated by the struggle, together with the flood of illicit whiskey, has resulted in an increase of such offenses in the Free State, and illegitimate births are more numerous than under British rule. The Catholic Bishop of Galway declared a couple of years ago that he bowed his head with shame at the thought of the number of 'lapses from virtue with their terrible consequences' which had occurred in his diocese. 'I know,' he said, 'that some of our

Irish girls are becoming regular devils — girls who have gone on the streets of the big cities, who had been brought up in Catholic homes, but had become a scandal and disgrace to the countryside.' I fear it is characteristic of a general refusal to face facts that the Bishop of Galway should lay the blame, not on our demoralization or on the inability of priests and presbyters to cope with it, but on Sunday papers, 'foul stuff, the product of degenerate England.'

In the same way, in the old days, the parade of courtesans in Dublin streets after dark, which startled visitors, was always attributed to the immorality of the British garrison. The garrison has gone, but the courtesans remain. So confident is the Church that its precepts are an effective safeguard that the Free State authorities are debarred from taking measures to protect the health of their troops, which have been found necessary in other armies. The superior virtue of raw lads herded into barracks may render such precautions superfluous, but the cold fact remains that venereal disease is now invading rural areas where it was formerly unknown.

III

When the Church came down on the Free State side of the fence, steps were taken to deal with anti-treatyite fanatics in its ranks. Father O'Flanagan was the only cleric who was deprived of his faculties, but a large number of others were summarily silenced, and representatives at Rome secured the transfer from Ireland to new and distant spheres of labor of members of monastic orders, mainly Dominicans and Franciscans, who had sided with the Republican activists. There was, however, a widespread tendency on the part of the clergy,

largely in order to avoid friction with dissentients among their flocks, to keep clear of any contact with the Government—a course which not unnaturally caused them to lose influence with both sides. This attitude has been modified of late, and once again, as in the days of Parnell and Redmond, priests are appearing on platforms in support of a popular political movement, though it is now assumed, almost as a matter of course, that their part in the business is to play second fiddle to laymen.

Many Catholics hold the view that a concordat, such as that which existed in France, ought to be arranged between the Free State Government and the Vatican. I doubt if the proposal would commend itself to ministers, and I am certain it would have few attractions for the Church in Ireland, which already enjoys most of the advantages that it could hope to obtain from a formal concordat without its attendant limitations and restrictions. The clergy, though eligible, have been neither elected nor nominated to seats in the Oireachtas, and their influence is not nearly so powerful in the work of administration as it was under Dublin Castle. On the other hand, in legislative and administrative matters which have a bearing upon issues that the Church regards as its special preserve, Free State ministers pursue on their own initiative a line in keeping with that which the Church would adopt if its leaders wielded executive powers.

No episcopal pressure was required to induce the Oireachtas to prevent legislation in regard to divorce. I should say that under British rule Irish courts had no power to grant more than a judicial separation, and that divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* could be obtained only by private-bill legislation at Westminster, a procedure so costly as to

be prohibitive to all save the wealthy few. Northern Ireland retains this method, with the difference that private divorce bills have now to pass through the local instead of the Imperial Parliament. The same course was open to the Free State, and it was a foregone conclusion that in neither the Dail nor the Senate would any measure of the kind have obtained even a first reading. To make assurance doubly sure, however, ministers proposed and carried a resolution in the popular Assembly directing that the standing orders should be so framed as to prevent the introduction of bills of divorce. This decision led to a tussle with the Senate, though the controversy turned not so much on whether facilities for divorce should be granted as on the constitutional point of whether the ministerial policy did not establish the dangerous precedent of legislating by means of standing orders.

The Protestant churches made a vigorous protest, but they did not push it to extremes, though the annulment of the Marlborough marriage strengthens their contention that, while Rome recognizes there are cases in which the bond should be loosed, Free State Protestants are denied relief. Much the most formidable opponent of the anti-divorce party is the poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose speech in the Senate was an extraordinarily brilliant effort, which, however, gave as little satisfaction to orthodox Protestants as to orthodox Catholics, leaving their leaders, as was said at the time, 'in one red burial blent.' On the other hand, his fellow poet, Mr. George Russell (Æ), whom no one is likely to accuse of obscurantism, while objecting to the method adopted by the Government, took the line in his paper, the *Irish Statesman*, that the overwhelming majority of all creeds

in Ireland were hostile to legislation that might serve to weaken the marriage tie, and that, in effect, the plea *de minimis non curat lex* covered the claims of the few who under the old system were rich enough to promote Parliamentary bills to secure divorce *a vinculo*.

The intellectuals are engaged in skirmishes with the churches on other subjects than divorce. Official Protestantism has always been suspicious of the literary movement on account of its nationalist sympathies; official Catholicism suggests that this lip service to nationalism is merely a device to cover a crusade in favor of paganism.

The charge is specifically made in an article by Archbishop Sheehan, 'A Pagan Literary Movement,' reprinted in the *Irish Rosary* for November 1926.

Our Dublin school, while professing to be Irish or Celtic, is neither one nor the other; it is but a toadstool growth on the ancient oak, a poisonous thing, skillfully charged with the subtle venom of the artistic calumniator. It is tinged with Protestant rancor, unrelieved by Protestant Christianity, and on a chemical analysis would be found to show traces of half-baked philosophies and half-held superstitions, mixed up with the squalid and unclean. Its disciples make Ireland their subject, their mine of copy, and pick up human beings from among our Catholic people. In these pages we sometimes appear as the victims of irrational terror adding 'shivering prayer to prayer,' or, as in Robinson's *Whiteheaded Boy*, as a gang of sickening snobs, a filthy crowd of sanctimonious hypocrites, hiding a very sordid soul under the garb of oral religion.

Dr. Sheehan acquits the non-Catholic leaders of the movement, Yeats, Russell, and Stephens, of the charge of 'personal grossness,' but condemns them for 'the patronage which they have extended to the grossness of others.' I confess I am a little puzzled

when I find that the writers whose grossness they are denounced for applauding are all products of Catholic training. It was certainly not Protestant rancor that inspired the picture of Dublin in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a vision bitten in with corrosive acid, beside which the bitterest Protestant onslaught is a decoration in rose color.

There is little to pick and choose between the Irish churches in their attitude to literature, the main difference between them being that the guides to whom Catholics look assume that if English influences were eliminated the source of the evil would dry up, while Protestants have not the same faith in the beneficent effect of Gaelic formulas. Catholic Kilkenny declines to place Bernard Shaw's books in its public library. Not so long ago a leading Dublin newspaper dealt with a performance of *Getting Married* under the heading, 'Shavian Slush.' Protestant Belfast pronounced a similar ban against Nietzsche years before the war. Northern parsons use precisely the same language about imported Sunday papers as Southern priests, though I admit they have not gone quite so far as the Catholic Truth Society, which has given its official blessing to a scheme for licensing venders of books and papers that in practice would subject the sale of reading matter to restrictions almost as severe as those which limit the purchase of laudanum and cocaine.

There is a spice of truth as well as wit in the remark of a Dublin cynic, that Ireland has less to fear to-day from Anglicization than from 'Los Angelesization.' We are, however, taking measures to safeguard against this danger. In films exhibited in the Free State nothing is permitted to appear which would suggest that such an institution as a divorce court

exists anywhere in the world. In our picture theatres all marriages are indissoluble, and irregular unions are unknown — a prohibition which ensured the banning of Chaplin's 'Woman of Paris' until by excisions and changes which reduced the story to nonsense the position of the heroine was regularized. This kind of thing is carried so far that the prolongation of kisses is forbidden, and film lovers, instead of clinging to one another ecstatically, are constrained under the stern frown of the cinema censor merely to touch lips and part.

These things are the offspring less of Puritanism than of prudery, which is nowadays almost the one bond the heads of all our creeds have in common. Their sense of perspective is so warped by this bias that robbery under arms produces no fiercer ecclesiastical tirades than those directed against the users of lip sticks; and to listen to the thunders provoked by the short skirts and artificial-silk stockings of the latter-day country girl one would never imagine that the Irish peasant woman had gone kilted to the knee for centuries, and in the Gaelic-speaking districts, whose chastity is exalted, wears as a rule no stockings at all.

Speculative unbelief, against which Catholicism elsewhere girds on its armor, does not trouble the peace of the Irish priesthood. Up to the present the only hint of a challenge to their authority has been in political matters; and I think the events of the last five years have convinced the clergy that to insist upon clerical leadership in the management of secular affairs is to run the risk of sacrificing the substance for the shadow. Educated Catholics deplore in private the parochial outlook of the majority of their spiritual guides, and resent their neglect of literature and art and their suspiciousness of innovations that do not

conform to stereotyped ideas. Some day these things may become a menace; so far they have proved a source of strength rather than of weakness, for it is largely because the preferences and prejudices of the great majority of Irish priests are also those of their flocks that their pastoral authority is so unquestioningly accepted.

IV

It was said during the Home Rule campaign that the two most surprised people in Ireland the morning after self-government became a fact would be the Protestant who found his throat had not been cut during the night by his Catholic neighbor and the Catholic who found he had to go to work as usual. This was certainly true of the Free State. Whereas a large body of Catholics took up arms in protest, Protestants speedily made the discovery that, in the words of one of their prelates, 'men of all creeds are freer than ever before to dedicate themselves to the service of their country.' Fifty years earlier the final overthrow of Protestant ascendancy by the Disestablishment Act, instead of destroying the Church, as all its spokesmen had prophesied, proved its salvation by deepening its spiritual life and increasing the devotion of its members. The new departure breaks the last evil tradition of the pre-Disestablishment era by ending the abnormal state of affairs under which the religious minority in the South was synonymous with the political minority. Free State parties are still in a state of flux, but, whatever their final form may be, it is certain that the line of cleavage will not be sectarian.

The future of Southern Protestantism depends upon Protestants themselves. 'Our Church,' the Archbishop of Dublin said, 'will have the position

she is worth — that and no more, but no less.' The tact of its leaders and the unanimity with which they have rallied to the support of the new régime have done much to increase their prestige and extend their influence. It is well there are skilled hands to take the tiller, for the prospects of smooth sailing are anything but hopeful. There has been no attack on rights or privileges, nor is there likely to be, but the exodus of so many of the richer Protestants is a heavy drain, and the problem is complicated by the fact that a large proportion of the new generation seek abroad better livings than can be made at home. And this loss is complicated by mixed marriages, for in recent years Catholics are prohibited from entering into wedlock with Protestants unless provision is made that the children of the union shall be brought up in the Catholic faith.

The worst fear of many Protestants to-day is that they may be forced to sacrifice things that seem to them infinitely more important for the barren honor — as they regard it — of laying the foundations of a Gaelic civilization. I doubt if the fear is well founded, because, as far as I can see, the majority of Catholics are not particularly attracted by the idea of building a Gaelic Jerusalem in Ireland's green and pleasant land, and have yet to be convinced by the language enthusiasts that the speaking of Irish is essential to national salvation. Curiously enough, it was Protestants who were the most strenuous hot-gospelers of this dogma. The Gaelic League owes more to the missionary zeal of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the son of a Church of Ireland rector, than to anyone else; the historical background of the movement was provided mainly by Standish O'Grady, another Protestant; non-Catholics like Synge, W. B.

Yeats, Æ., Lady Gregory, and James Stephens created the literary atmosphere from which the new faith derived its sustenance.

Sinn Fein nailed the language flag to the mast in its quarrel with Great Britain, but with relatively few exceptions its leaders knew little more of the tongue than the stumbling sentences which served, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's phrase, as a Gaelic collect to preface their English speeches. If they were not prepared to learn Irish themselves, they soothed their consciences, once they stepped into office, by decreeing that the new generation should be dosed with it in double measure. I think few will now deny that the process of forcible feeding was speeded up too fast. Only a minority of elementary teachers had mastered the rudiments of Gaelic, and the short spell of intensive training which was all that was possible before the subject became part of the curriculum was wholly inadequate. The result is that throughout the country to-day bemuddled instructors are dinning into the ears of dazed pupils, with the aid of absurdly bad textbooks, what they call Irish, but what is at the best a kind of Volapük, stuffed so full of borrowed words and phrases that it has been sarcastically described as 'a language intelligible only to those who know English.'

The cry is now being raised in certain quarters that compulsory Irish in Protestant schools amounts to an act of political and religious tyranny, and it is urged that its imposition constitutes a violation of the Anglo-Irish treaty. This seems to me sheer nonsense. So far, I am glad to say, the heads of the Church of Ireland have not given it official backing — indeed, the crusade of the enthusiasts is directed as much against their own bishops as against the Gaelic League.

They protest, no doubt sincerely, that they are not animated by sectarian motives, but it is obvious to anyone who knows Ireland that their agitation, if it develops as it has begun, will be used to rekindle the dying embers of sectarianism, and equally certain that if it does, and if Irish becomes a bone of contention between the creeds, we may bid farewell to any hope of obtaining a modification of the existing educational programme.

If there has been no organized campaign on the Catholic side against the Gaelicizing of education, there has been no lack of plain speaking by Catholics, large numbers of whom are discovering, to their horror, that after three years of the new system their children are leaving school with a knowledge of neither Irish nor English. The worst blot on the Free State is that since it came into being the standard of education in the primary schools has dropped to a lower level than at any time within living memory. Other causes may be at work as well as the overloading of the programme with Irish, but popular opinion is convinced that the worst of the mischief is due to Irish and Irish alone.

Under an educational system where anything in the nature of popular control existed, I am satisfied this state of affairs could not have arisen. But in Southern Ireland the churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, are agreed that bureaucratic dictatorship is infinitely preferable, from their point of view, to even the shadow of democratic rule.

Even so mild a proposal as a local rate for the cleaning and heating of schools, which would still leave the churches in effective control of the teaching, was rejected lest it might prove the thin end of the wedge. Recently a body of elementary teachers declared that the country schools, all

of which are under clerical management, were 'a standing disgrace to a civilized community' in their failure to provide in many cases even the most primitive form of sanitary arrangements for the wretched boys and girls, who were nevertheless expected to acquire habits of cleanliness and the moral virtues. Clerical dominance may have safeguarded faith, but in the light of the last ten years it does not seem to be equally successful in regard to morals, and I imagine no one will dispute that the general level of Irish education is disgracefully low.

V

Northern Ireland, unlike the Free State, has used its self-governing powers to set up local educational authorities, who are empowered to establish rates to supplement the contributions from the Central Government. It was laid down that teaching was to be undenominational, but the Protestant churches by a well-directed organization compelled the Northern Cabinet to provide for Bible teaching at the State's expense, thus securing their full demand, while neatly dishing the Catholics, who have almost ceased to count for the time being as a factor in Ulster politics as a result of their folly in yielding to the clamor of their extremists to boycott the new Government.

Presbyterians have also scored heavily over the Church of Ireland, which is handicapped by the fact that, while the great majority of its hearers are inside the Six Counties, the Church is organized on a basis which allots two thirds of its bishops to dioceses in the Free State. The practical abolition of landlordism has also weakened its political as well as its social influence in the North, for the leaders of Belfast business, who have obtained control

of the new governmental machine, are Presbyterians almost to a man, whereas even twenty years ago the Episcopalians had almost a monopoly of parliamentary representation.

There is no open friction between the denominations, nor, I think, is it likely to arise, unless the right of Presbyterianism to lead is disputed by other Protestant sections. The holders of this creed made it clear from the first that they were determined, not merely to be the power behind the throne, but to insist that ministers should yoke themselves openly to the chariot of the Church. They are now seeking to better their score over the Education Act by compelling Sir James Craig, in spite of his declaration that so long as he is Prime Minister he will not touch controversial temperance legislation, to introduce a local-option bill on the Scottish model, preliminary to a measure of prohibition as drastic as the Volstead Act.

Presbyterianism is the more determined to raise the Prohibition banner as its official leaders see in a movement of this kind—upon which, theoretically at least, all their sections are in agreement—the best hope of avoiding a bitter quarrel upon questions of doctrine. In principle Irish Presbyterians still look to Scotland as their spiritual home, but of late years American influences have colored in an increasing degree their outlook, and provided them with inspiration and driving force. The Prohibition crusade established new bonds between Ulster and the Middle West; and it was a foregone conclusion that Fundamentalism would make converts in the Six Counties, more especially as it was not a question of transplanting something new, but rather of applying the methods of large-scale production to a native article.

The first onslaught of the Ulster

Fundamentalists was inspired by divinity students, who complained that some of their professors were introducing modernist heresies into their lectures. This was followed by a hail of leaflets issued by a body known as the Presbyterian Bible Standards League, under titles such as 'S.O.S. to Irish Presbyterians,' 'Faith or Infidelity: Which Is It To Be?' 'The Assembly's College a Seed Bed of Rationalism.' The accusers refused to bring forward proof of their charges, which, according to a committee appointed to investigate them, were based on the assumption that 'when a professor chooses a textbook he commits himself to every statement in it.'

The attack on individual professors, however, was only a preliminary to a concerted campaign against the recommendations of a committee appointed by the Assembly to revise the questions put at ordination and to alter the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith. It is objected that the term 'Word of God,' in reference to the Scriptures, and also the doctrine of the Holy Trinity have been so whittled down that 'any old-fashioned Unitarian could subscribe to the proposed questions.' Another grievance is that the committee declined to make the Virgin Birth one of the tests at ordination, in spite of the fact that 'the great Presbyterian Church of the United States . . . has added this question.'

When the issue came up for discussion at the General Assembly last June, the public galleries were packed with a mob which howled down members who had the temerity to speak in favor of revising the doctrinal constitution. After prolonged and passionate controversy, the Assembly shirked a decision by referring the matter to a reconstituted committee, which is to report next June. To

judge by the ardor with which the Fundamentalists are mobilizing their resources, the prospects of a compromise are almost negligible. The spirit of faction, which in Catholic Ireland makes havoc of political combinations, finds in the Presbyterian North its most congenial expression in heresy hunts and theological battles. Once the spirit is properly roused, few things are more difficult than to restrain the fury of internal divisions from destroying the foundations of the Church. It is, I am convinced, in the hope of avoiding or at least of postponing domestic conflict that the temperance reform issue is being pressed with such vigor. Whatever damage may be done to the political fetish of Unionist solidarity is in the eyes of the shrewder Presbyterian leaders a small thing in comparison with pursuing to the bitter end a struggle that might endanger the Ark of the Covenant.

VI

A survey of the Irish churches in action does not provide much evidence in support of the view that, if the whole island had been included in a single political system, leaders of the various

creeds would have speedily adjusted their differences, to the extent at least of ensuring the smooth working of the new state machinery. Everything, I fear, points to the conclusion that, instead of the agreement to differ which is now gradually taking shape, even minor political clashes would have been complicated by the introduction of sectarian bias and bitterness. Partition has certainly not eliminated this bias, but the controversies between Republicans and the Catholic bishops and Sir James Craig's troubles with official Presbyterianism are opening the eyes of Irishmen to the fact — which ten years ago would have been regarded as the wildest paradox — that the political dominance of a creed creates difficulties for its adherents, which may be even more perplexing than the effects of this supremacy upon members of other communions. The prospects of Irish unity, as I see it, depend less upon the willingness to offer political concessions than upon the ability of the majority in the Free State and Northern Ireland to delimit the sphere of their respective churches in secular affairs, on lines that will make possible the fullest and freest coöperation of citizens of all creeds — and none — in the service of the nation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROOFREADING THE BIBLE

A WHILE ago I added to my collection of various versions of the Bible the new translation of the New Testament made by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed and issued by the University of Chicago. Only recently did I have a conjunction of the three unities — time, place, and circumstance — which enabled me to put my feet up on my desk and settle down to a long-anticipated reading of this interesting work.

I had not read far when I came across a typographical error. And then another. And then a positive crux calculated to entangle the mind of the best Shakespearean guesser. From that moment my intention of enjoying the story went by the board. Instead of a Bible reader I had become a proof-reader.

In the hope that the next edition may be a little nearer to perfection, and that the present edition may be called to the attention of collectors who like books because of the flaws in them, let me mention a few errata.

In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, 1.7, the word 'waiting' looks strange without an *i* in it, as follows: 'and there is no gift that you lack while you are waiting for our Lord. . . .' Again, in the same epistle, in the second verse of the sixth chapter, the word 'Christians' seems much lacking without a *t*, to wit: 'Do you not know that the Chrisians are to be the judges of the world?' In the Gospel of Luke, vii.25, there is an error which could only be authoritatively corrected by referring to Professor Goodspeed's manuscript; in which regard it is in the nature of a Shake-

spearean crux and more than the ordinary typographical error. Having entirely miscarried, it has to take on whatever meaning one's imagination may be able to invest it with, namely: 'Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you nd in palaces.'

As this is a crux I am going to take the liberty of solving it. I think the line should be 'Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you find in palaces.' That strikes me as a very good piece of Theobaldian divination, a veritable pass of pate, and I am going to let it go at that. Only trusting that when a new edition comes out, corrected according to the original manuscript, I shall find that I am right. I think I have been right in some of my better-known literary emendations; but I must admit that I never expected to see the day when I should be solving cruxes in the Bible.

My valued friend, Professor William Lyon Phelps, stated, all apropos of nothing, in his department in the September *Scribner's*, the following bald fact: 'Nearly all publications have typographical errors except the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway time-tables.'

What prompted him to set down that remark to stand isolated and alone in his department I do not know; but, striking my eye just when I was engaged in making corrections in a newly printed Testament, it seemed to me to be a sort of *défi*, a challenge from the champion of the Authorized, saying to one and all, 'Come on with your corrections.' I know he is the last person in the world to issue a *défi*; but I was in the mood to take up the challenge, and

in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the thing I believe I almost made out a case.

In Matthew v.14 of the Authorized Version we read: 'A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.' Now, as anyone with a proper education knows, the article 'an' is wrong in this connection. Before words beginning with a consonant sound the 'a' should be used, and before words beginning with a vowel sound 'an' is invariably right. Any good university will bear me out in this statement.

I make haste to accede to what the opposition will now bring forward in defense: namely, that as an Englishman drops his *h*, and 'hill' in this case would begin with a vowel sound, the use of 'an' is correct. The Londoner reading the Bible would possibly say 'an 'ill,' and this would be phonetically orthodox. This I grant. But in that case I want to know why it is that in Joshua xxiv.33 we read: 'And Eleazar the son of Aaron died; and they buried him in a hill. . . .'

In Exodus xxviii.32 we are told: 'And there shall be an hole in the top of it, in the midst thereof. . . .' This might be correct upon the theory that the Englishman would speak of it as 'an 'ole.' Admitted. But at the same time I must point out that in 2 Kings, xii.9, it says: 'But Jehoiada the priest took a chest, and bored a hole in the lid of it. . . .' If the other is correct, this must be wrong; it should be 'an hole.' I have a Geneva Bible printed by the deputies of Christopher Barker in London in 1597, an interesting volume containing much handwriting over three hundred years old, and a copy of an old English hymn in the Old Court hand. This Bible tells me that the priest 'took a chest and bored an hole,' thus differing with its successor.

Whether an Englishman's dropping his *h* constitutes a typographical error

might be open to question, I admit. My argument simply is that both these usages cannot be right; one of them must be an error. And if an Englishman is going to drop his *h* he ought to do it consistently, especially when he is doing it in print and in translating the Bible.

It might be contended that the English language was in a stage of transition, of indetermination between 'a' and 'an' in the presence of an *h*. But Shakespeare, who wrote at the same time, always says 'a hill,' 'a hole,' 'a holiday,' 'a horse,' and so on, consistently. Imagine his saying: —

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop an hole to keep the wind away.

Or imagine Richard exclaiming: —

An horse! an horse! my kingdom for an horse!

An inexperienced faultfinder, disposed to make light of Professor Goodspeed because of a few typographical errors, would be likely to leap with joy when he found that in the First Epistle General of John a whole verse is missing. It is that familiar seventh verse of the fifth chapter: 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.' This is simply absent, the translator saying nothing about its absence.

But this is not an error. The verse does not belong in the Bible — at least, not in the opinion of high authorities. It does not appear in any of the ancient manuscripts. It appeared in a Latin manuscript of the ninth century and a Greek manuscript of the fifteenth. Sir Isaac Newton wrote a dissertation upon it; but what he said was not included in his printed works.

Professor Goodspeed has made a new translation from the most approved Greek text; and as this passage is not in the original it naturally does not appear

in the present New Testament. All of which would suggest that one needs to go slow in finding fault with the modern Bible editor.

This new translation of the New Testament is very successful in attaining the quality it aims at — readability. It was not prompted by any desire for mere novelty, but has behind it reasons both scholarly and literary. Remarkable discoveries of Greek papyri since 1897 have enlarged the knowledge of the language of the common people — a vernacular quite unknown to earlier translators of the Bible. The New Testament was not written in the classical Greek, nor in the literary Greek of its own day, but in the Greek of the streets and of everyday life; and yet classical and literary Greek were the only references the early translators had in trying to work out meanings. Thus the modern scholar found opportunity for a more correct rendering; and, as the original was in an informal and familiar vein, it is proper that the translation should now be in a free and up-to-date English. This American translation is for the minds of our own people.

In one point I find fault with Goodspeed, and that is in his frequent use of the word 'dollar.' He translates everything from pennyworths to talents into dollars, and sometimes with startling results. For instance, there is the passage in Matthew where Jesus, in order to pay the temple tax, tells Simon, called Peter, how he is to raise the money. The Authorized Version quotes Christ as saying: 'Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money. . . .'

The modern version has it: 'Take the first fish that comes up, open its mouth and you will find in it a dollar.'

This is simply taking liberties with

Uncle Sam. For Christ to have produced a dollar from the mouth of a fish in the Sea of Galilee, even one of the first official Liberty dollars of 1794, would have been a miracle indeed.

In proofreading, the most remarkable feats of conjecture and true insight have been achieved by the editors of Shakespeare. As the first edition of his works was very faulty and his own manuscript had been lost or destroyed, the correction of errors resolved itself into the task of reading proof without the author's copy to refer to. This state of affairs has been the source of much happy inspiration as well as small-minded ingenuity; and it has often beclouded the text by leading commentators to think that errors existed where there were none. It is easy for a man who cannot understand Shakespeare to think that the fault lies with the typesetters rather than himself. Theobald is generally considered to have made some of the aptest hits in this sort of proofreading, solving some baffling cruxes.

But to my mind one of the most remarkable feats in this line is that of Rendel Harris in discovering and evidently solving a crux in the New Testament. It is worth taking a glance at.

In the First Epistle General of Peter, chapter three, occur these verses:—

18. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit:

19. By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison;

20. Which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water.

Here we have Peter seeming to say that Christ, who died for all men, went and preached in prison to certain disobedient ones in the time of Noah and

the ark — all of which does not seem to hang together and give the consistent sense that we might expect. In this juncture Rendel Harris had an idea: he conjectured that by an error of the eye the name of Enoch had dropped out of verse 19. Professor Goodspeed has corrected the passage according to Mr. Harris's suggestion, with the following very lucid results: —

For Christ himself died once for all, for sin, an upright man for unrighteous men, to bring us to God, and was physically put to death, but he was made alive in the Spirit. In it Enoch went and preached even to those spirits that were in prison, who had once been disobedient, when in Noah's time God in his patience waited for the ark to be made ready, in which a few people, eight in all, were brought safely through the water.

Here we have the salvation of the whole world by Christ contrasted with the saving of only eight people in the time of Noah, when Enoch, in a like 'spirit' with Christ, tried to save all by preaching in the prisons.

As a tamer of cruxes I extend to Mr. Harris greetings and salutation.

WOOLWORTH AND I (AND ADELE)

It is very quiet now at home. I am having an annual respite from tempestuousness. That is why I have grown to love Woolworth — he is so captivatingly quiet. True, in moments of excessive vivacity he does snap himself, but such exuberance is rare, and it is not annoying — after you find out what it is.

Adele left me with her customary trepidation. She always starts on her vacation convinced that some calamity, directly due to my inherent genius for stupidity, helplessness, and disorder, will quickly overhaul me. Yet I always survive summers.

By now you know that Adele is my

wife. Verily she leads me into long, devious discussions which tear me from my work, tie my thoughts and emotions together in hard knots, rouse me to bigotry and secular expletives — and then placidly goes to sleep at the most critical moment, just when I am thoroughly aware and ready to argue really well.

But at last Adele left me with Woolworth, convinced that we should burn the house down between us, pull up the lawn by the roots, demoralize the kitchen, and finally commit some spectacular, but perfectly witless and superfluous sort of hara-kiri together — Woolworth and I.

By now you probably do not know that Woolworth is a goldfish. In fact, he is a ten-cent-store goldfish and he circulates in a little ten-cent bowl in the bottom of which ten cents' worth of pebbles occur. Woolworth is a typical American. He chews all the time — gum, I suppose. But he chews incessantly, and that is mastication without digestion or assimilation, and that is typically American.

Furthermore, like a rocking-chair, which is typically American too, Woolworth symbolizes movement without progress. For he swims round and round and round, but gets nowhere to speak of, unless you count in the movement of the earth or of our universe, and begin to consider Einstein's plane-of-reference business, which is all very nice, but entirely too technical for a goldfish.

Then, tired of circulating, Woolworth stops suddenly, half reclines upon the pebbles on his what takes the place of an elbow, and chews and meditates there at the bottom of his bowl. He meditates very profoundly. I flick my finger against the outside of the bowl near his face and he ignores it. He is in some sort of East Indian trance, I am sure. He looks positively esoteric. Undoubtedly he could hold

his arm up above his head until his finger nails penetrated his palm if he had a palm, and finger nails, and an arm.

I reach a finger into the bowl and playfully poke him in the back. At once he leaps, affrighted, then recovers his dignity. This retrieved, he regards me with a mixture of solemn anger and disdain. He plainly asks why his profound cogitations should not be respected, which is much more sensible than asking, as flappers do, 'Whadye mean, the goldfish kicked you?'

Woolworth presents an anomaly in nutrition. This is a sore puzzle to me. For my daily work leads me into the abstruse field of protein intake, vitamins, mineral balance, and calories. But Woolworth knows nothing of these things. He disdains them. He has passed that rudimentary stage, for he has so solved the problem of nutrition that he does n't have to eat at all. At least, so far as I can see, he has not eaten a morsel these ten days and he is still active and his color normal.

Perhaps Adele fed him a biscuit occasionally. I am trying to find out, but the mails are slow. Meantime I change his water daily and hope that he finds lots of microbes in it, while at the same time hoping that I get very few from the very same water. I have a suspicion that he gets out and raids the ice box late at night while I sleep. He has a sly and crafty look. Somehow he appears to be just the sort of goldfish who would do a thing like that.

But most of all I bask in his silence. He is so utterly quiet. He never involves me in irrelevant discussions wherein I make rash, absent-minded, incriminating statements because I am trying doggedly to hold my thoughts elsewhere and control my emotions at the same time — trying to solve a problem or complete an article.

He likes the room, the carpet, the wall paper, the curtains, the house. He

expresses no desire for a new refrigerator. The gas stove seems adequate to him and a few stairs do not impress him at all as reason for agitation or fatigue. He is courteously indifferent to the state of my immortal soul.

Hot weather does not annoy Woolworth. If he thinks the grass needs cutting, he is too sedate and tactful to say so. He is quite sure, apparently, that I do not get a clean handkerchief oftener simply because I do not happen to provide myself with a clean handkerchief oftener.

He is also aware that, since I am a nutrition chemist, I shall probably eat atrocious food combinations and he never insists that I eat lettuce and spinach. Instead he instinctively knows that I get my joy out of life and my salary by insisting that other people eat lettuce and spinach.

Woolworth has not yet asked me for money, either. He is so inexpensive as to be positively awe-inspiring.

His noiselessness soothes, quiets, and caresses me with calm. True, when he suddenly turns a corner he snaps himself like a tiny whip and sometimes splashes a drop of water on the floor. But he seldom does that. It is only on very rare occasions that a spasm of undignified skittishness overtakes him and leads to unseemly conduct.

Woolworth is an Oriental mystic, and mystics are wise. Time means nothing to him. He never hurries. He is made with one speed. He has solved the riddle of living without nourishment. He thinks profoundly, but he is wise enough to keep his thoughts strictly to himself.

Oh, that he might inspire me! For when and if Adele sees this she will want to discuss it. If I had the wisdom of Woolworth I'd never have written this out at all.

I must go and give Woolworth more water to chew.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SHORTLY after their marriage in China, Eleanor Lattimore and her husband planned a wedding trip that would take them over the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. Needless to say, it was not to be polite travel. They gathered their forces at Kweihwa, and there on the eve of departure their camels were commandeered, the railway cut, and they themselves interned by the local war lords. Captivity lasted for six months. Eventually Mr. Lattimore got free, and, after dodging through the defeated Christian Army, set out for their goal in advance. Mrs. Lattimore was to meet him in Kashgar. To do so she had to put herself in the hands of Tatar drivers and travel for seventeen days through a Siberian wilderness in weather forty degrees below zero. It is not uncharacteristic of the age that this Odyssey should have a heroine rather than a hero. ¶The venerable author of 'An Ancient Priesthood in a New World' is an American Roman Catholic clergyman of more than national prominence. For over thirty years he has ministered to his large flock with gentle devotion and untiring zeal. Renowned for his intellectual attainments, he has held a high and responsible position in his Church. A man of God and a lover of the people, he is esteemed by all who know him. He has been widely recognized as a deep student of human problems. His brilliant, versatile mind is forever seeking their solution. Other articles from his pen will appear in subsequent issues of the *Atlantic*. John Hearley, who drew up the Preface to the series, has had considerable experience with the press, here and abroad. Formerly he was in charge of the United Press Bureau at Rome. Upon our entering the war he was attached to the staff of Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at our Italian Embassy, and later became Acting Commissioner in Italy for the Committee on Public Information. ¶After graduating from

Harvard three years ago, Walter D. Edmonds returned to his home in upstate New York, where, working on his farm and among the survivors of the old canal days, he has heard the tales and seen the people who make fiction possible.

* * *

The thirty thousand manuscripts which come to the *Atlantic* annually are ample evidence of the elemental urge to write. James Norman Hall, who has pursued his muse north, south, east, and west (eventually coming to rest in the Society Islands), knows the passion of old. ¶The Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., is vice president of Georgetown University and regent of its School of Foreign Service. For several of the war years Father Walsh worked in Russia, first with Mr. Hoover, then dispensing the great relief fund contributed by American Catholics. From every authentic source—literature, newspapers, documents, and individual testimony—Father Walsh has gathered the materials for his successive articles on the fall of the Romanovs. ¶The wife of a United States Naval Officer, Grace Zaring Stone knows each of the Seven Seas by sight, sound, and smell. She is now in the Orient to be near her husband, who is serving with the Yangtze Patrol. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, successor to Colonel Repington as military critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, tells us what went on behind the German lines in times of crises. Bernard Iddings Bell is president of Saint Stephen's College. When submitting the present manuscript, he stated with proper modesty that, though he had been writing verse for some years, he had till now 'kept the results carefully concealed.' But truth will out. Kenneth Griggs Merrill took time off from his duties as manager of a Chicago manufacturing plant to wend on a very modern pilgrimage to Canterbury. 'Neon,' the anonymous English expert on aviation,

observes, from incontrovertible and tragic evidence, that it is the wind more than any other single factor which obstructs the success of long-distance flights.

* * *

That R. H. Mottram has a singular understanding of the French and English temperaments, especially as they were brought in recent contact, all readers of his war trilogy, *The Spanish Farm*, will agree. Stonewall Brown was one of the many who forsook home, business, and caution to take part in the Texas Oil Rush. Edith B. Spaulding makes her first appearance in our columns. The title of her verses, she explains, comes from the Scottish Gaelic, and a *bhata* means 'of the boat.' ¶As a postscript to Mrs. Downes's paper, 'The Cost of Illness,' published in the October *Atlantic*, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, one of the best-beloved of his profession, tells us in a few words just what illness costs the doctor.

* * *

Colonel Wilds P. Richardson, of the United States Army, lived for twenty years in Alaska, engaged for the greater part of that time in the work of road and rail construction under the direction of the War Department. He writes us:—

The fact that I served twenty years in Alaska willingly, beyond the usual requirement of detail, ought to be proof enough that I love the Territory. Exaggerated stories of the wealth of the Territory have been constant. There is wealth there, but it is not to be had without properly systematized and safeguarded labor. Its population has dwindled and still is dwindling. There are reasons for these conditions, which I have tried to point out, with suggestions of remedial measures.

An Irish correspondent, J. Gannon, is said by those who know to be 'far and away the best journalist in Ireland.' His facts, we think, have the advantage of being true, and that is saying much for a paper on this complicated situation.

* * *

Seldom has an article been greeted by such a storm of genuine and interesting protests

as came to us in response to 'The Unknown Soldier,' by James Truslow Adams, published in the November *Atlantic*. Although the author aimed his charge at mediocrity rather than at the Memorial, it was felt that his criticism had scored a double hit. 'What we are objecting to,' wrote a Chicago reader, 'is the linking up, in any manner, of a purely patriotic sentiment with those phases of life (we might add of literature, as well) of which none of us should be proud.'

The limits of space forbid our doing justice to this correspondence, of which we can print but a few salient selections.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You see, it's this way, as *Life* would say. Like many others of your family, when we are through with a copy of the *Atlantic* we pass it on to find other readers before it finally meets the junkman face to face. Though I confess to a mild resentment, as an intrusion on my reading, on finding passages marked in a book from the Public Library, I venture to sometimes mark one or two titles in the index of the *Atlantic*: a single mark—a sort of cum laude—for a notable article, and a double mark for greater distinction. Now here is where I made a mistake. When half through reading 'The Unknown Soldier' by James Truslow Adams in the November *Atlantic*, I was so taken with its charm that I at once turned to the index and gave it my magna cum laude (thus: <<The Unknown Soldier>>), but a little later wished that I had not gone so high in degree.

While I think more of the Common Man than I imagine Mr. Adams would have me, I enjoyed his early gentle sarcasm,—the New Jersey commuter, Mr. Coolidge in chaps, the cock-roaches and all,—but I could not go the full length with him. His devoted reader, far be it from me to suggest that Truslow Adams ever missed a point, but he at least seemed to swerve a bit when, to clinch his argument, he left the Common Man and came down to comparing the individual common man with the individual great man. Of course, all will admit that the unknown X Y back in the days of Lincoln is never 'really going to be a better hero . . . than Lincoln himself,' and none will claim that 'the career of an ordinary sailor is more of an incentive to ambition than that of Nelson.' But it is not the common man that is celebrated in literature or that lies in the Unknown Soldier's grave, but the Common Man—that is, Everyman. Was Lincoln greater than all the men he led?

Was Nelson greater than all the sailors under him? Does not the greatness of the greatest of the earth rest on the countless host before him and about him?

There is, as Mr. Adams suggests, a good deal of twaddle in our adulation of the Common Man, and it makes one sick to see common men in high places magnifying their kinship with the Common Man; but do we want to turn about and refuse to recognize that the Common Man still moves the world, not the least of his achievements being the production of the greatest of men?

D. C. S.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Adams, in the November issue, says that our canonization of the Unknown Soldier represents a deplorable tendency to glorify the common man at the expense of the leader. In magnifying the virtues of the private, he goes on to say, we are belittling the qualities of the general; in paying homage to the humble, we are dethroning the great ones of this earth. Mr. Adams apparently believes that, in the first place, mankind is divided irrevocably into two classes mutually exclusive of each other, the few great and the countless common; and that, in the second place, when we give honor to the common man it is because of his commonness. In other words, we are merely indulging our inferiority complex.

While undoubtedly this tendency does exist in American life, I do not believe that the idealization of the Unknown Soldier is an instance of it. On the contrary, in honoring him we are paying tribute to the hero in ourselves. Though most of us don't know him, we feel that he is there. For however common we may be, does not our capacity for admiring heroism in others attest the same capacity, at least potentially, in our own breast? Else what power is it that, since the dawn of history, has made men, from the greatest of them to the least of them, ready to lay down their lives for their country? The division that figured most conspicuously in the battle of the Argonne was drawn principally from New York's East Side. When we honor the Unknown Soldier among them, it is not for his common, but for his uncommon qualities. The fact that one presumably no greater than we can rise to such heights enhances our faith in human nature and in ourselves. When in the past we have singled out for admiration the recognized leaders and captains of state, the Cæsars and the Napoleons, it has been for the same reason as that for which we now honor the Unknown Soldier. They, like him, were our own representatives.

Mr. Adams says that we are fond of picturing our presidents and other men of note occupied in

lowly and manual labors. He evidently believes that we choose to honor Lincoln because he was a rail-splitter, or Coolidge because he can wield a pitchfork. If this were the case, why do not we honor all rail-splitters and all wielders of the pitchfork? The reason we like to refer to Lincoln as the rail-splitter is because his rise to greatness from humble beginnings indicates the triumph of character over circumstance, of ability over lack of opportunity. We do not honor him because he was born in a log cabin any more than we honor Jesus because He was born in a barn.

When Jesus chose His followers from the humble walks of life, it was, again, not because they were common men, but because they possessed qualities which He prized. For the same reason we choose for our hero the Unknown Soldier.

Mr. Adams and others of our critics complain that our democracy tends to reduce all its citizens to a drab mediocrity and then to set up on a pedestal and worship that same mediocrity. Yet we mediocre worshipers of mediocrity have numbered among our presidents in less than a century and a half two great benefactors of the human race, and I think history will add two more. Can any other form of government show such a record?

MARGARET LEE WOODBURY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Upon reading the article of James Truslow Adams, 'The Unknown Soldier,' I was forcibly struck with one statement of the writer, viz: —

'America pretends to worship education, but I cannot recall a single photograph of any President with a book in his hand.'

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Adams's experience in viewing photographs of the chief executives of the nation must be of somewhat narrow extent, for in most of the famous portraits of the Presidents (from which photographs are generally reproduced) a book (or books) is, as a general thing, in evidence.

I have in my possession a book entitled *Lives and Portraits of the Presidents from Washington to Grant, with portraits by Alonzo Chappell*. While, it is true, this book is somewhat venerable in character, having been copyrighted in 1873, yet the portraits are reproductions of likenesses obtained from authentic sources; and from the Father of his Country down to Andrew Johnson, with three exceptions, all show books. Washington sits with his hand on a closed volume, John Adams has an open book in his left hand, while John Quincy Adams leans hard on a pile of books. Thomas Jefferson is presented with a book lying carelessly on the floor at his feet, as though he had just ceased reading it. James Monroe also has one at his feet, while Andrew

Jackson leans an elbow on a closed book with a slip in its pages, where presumably he had marked his stopping place.

John Tyler again holds a book on his knee, while James K. Polk sits with an open book held with both hands, and looks as though he had just glanced up from its pages. Franklin Pierce has one on his knee (evidently a favorite pose of the artist). James Buchanan stands holding a book, while the great Liberator sits with a lengthy scroll on his knee, perhaps the Emancipation Proclamation. James Madison, Martin Van Buren, and Andrew Johnson are all portrayed with a book or books on the tables by which they are either sitting or standing.

The only portraits remaining, where no books are in evidence, are those of the first Harrison, Zachary Taylor, and Ulysses Grant, the two latter being military in character and President Harrison drawn in outdoor dress.

I have not in my possession any photographs of subsequent Presidents, but think a search might disclose that even these latter would be portrayed with books. However, I think this list sufficient to controvert the deduction sought by Mr. Adams to be drawn from his statement above quoted, and to disclose that not all presidential photographs are lacking in the intellectual atmosphere.

Very truly,

ELIZABETH H. RYAN

* * *

The plight of the women's colleges, as stated in the leading article of the November *Atlantic*, seems to this critic inevitable.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Nothing, not even money, can ever make the women's colleges equal to the best colleges for men, because the former can never assemble such distinguished faculties. No amount of money could lure to their midsts, in any numbers, the first scholars of the country. How many great chemists or economists — whatever their devotion to women's education — would cut themselves off from young men, from shaping the careers of future chemists or economists? The girl's career is dubious; marriage may interrupt it. This is no argument for her having poorer teachers, but it is a good reason for a great scholar's not confining himself to girls.

The women's colleges can never, through their women professors, equal the best colleges for men, for they cannot get enough professorial timber. Not that women are duller than men. But most women teachers are unmarried. Whether they are single from choice or not is immaterial. The fact is that they have missed the great experiences of

marriage and parenthood. Compared to the men professors, they seem limited, often constricted. (The outstanding unmarried women of this country are exceptions.) This limitation is one reason, I believe, why some women have not been advanced in coeducational colleges. Though there may be, for aught I know, discrimination against women, I have never seen, in the two coeducational universities where I have taught, a professorship withheld from a woman who was adequate to it, judging her case absolutely. (Whether she was as able as some men professors is irrelevant here.)

Since I have neither a professorship nor a husband, I belong to the group whose limitations I have been describing, which fact should strengthen my testimony.

Since the women's colleges by themselves cannot give the best education, the best intellectual future for girls lies in two directions — the coeducational college, vastly improved over its present state, and a joint arrangement, like that at Harvard and Radcliffe.

CATHARINE BANCROFT BEATLEY

* * *

How it feels to be alive.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mary Hamilton's account of the conversation, 'The Right to be Happy,' in the October *Atlantic*, set me to thinking to-night. Why am I so happy? Never before have I stopped to analyze my feelings, to figure it out, but to-night I have.

First of all, I believe that happiness is a state of mind — it is something to be cultivated, like any other art. We may all be happy or unhappy, right now. We may cultivate a happy frame of mind by learning to appreciate little things, by having a deep sense of gratitude for the things that we do have — this, with a sense of humor to carry us over the really bad places, and with some imagination, for the ordinary person will mean happiness. It has for me, I believe.

Fate has tried to cheat me of happiness by making me too plain-looking for a woman. All women ought to be pretty. I'm not. I have to work every day and I live alone in a cheap boarding house. But on the other hand Fate has given me some things to make up for what I lack. First of all, I have perfect health, and imagination.

Every morning I awake with that glorious feeling that I am alive and can be up and doing. Every morning I arise at seven o'clock and at seven-thirty catch the car at the corner, and hang on a strap all the way down town. Never once has that trip failed to thrill me. Such interesting people get on my car — all kinds, you

know. There is one man—I call him Frank Johnson in my mind—who always looks so worried and unhappy. Do you know why? I have it all figured out—just about. Some day I may get the details straight from him. I know that he has either a sick wife or ten children. Not both, however. I am not certain whether it is the sick wife that worries him, or whether he is in constant fear of another offspring. This morning we were both hanging on to the same strap, and if I had known then that I was going to write to you to-night I might have said to him rather casually, 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Johnson, how is your wife?' Now if he had said that there was nothing the matter with his wife I would have known that it was not the sick wife that worried him, but the other. Maybe to-morrow morning—but to-morrow morning it may be that Alice will be punching me in the ribs. I know that her name is Alice, or her sister's name is, because one morning she had a slicker on and across the back was written the name. The only trouble being that the slicker was much too big for her, so maybe it belonged to her sister, certainly not her brother. I wish that I could tell you about Alice. She always fills me with the joy of living. Her get-up and breezy ways—mere words fall me. I'm very fond of her and I am keeping an eagle eye on her, too. Some day she is going to have a worried look and I am going to help her if I can. That's where I can use my college education. I can't help her now—she is one of the kind that will have to find out things for herself. She is sure to find out, too. Well, when she needs help, she is certainly going to get it from an unexpected source.

I must go on—you will tire of this.

Most people would say that my life at the office was very humdrum, the same thing every day, but I could write an entire book showing how vastly different each day is and how sweet and interesting. At five o'clock I start for home. I always walk five to ten blocks of the way each night. I love it when it is bright and sunshiny and I adore the rainy days and the cold, peppy days. On the bright days it's pleasant to stroll along and look in the shop windows and breathe deep. On cold days I like to rush along and say 'Hello' to all the newsboys and 'Pardon me' to all the people that I bump. When I get home and have bathed, I count my money, to see if I will have a big dinner, or a small dinner and a show, or just a milk shake and a pleasant evening at home. Saturday is pay day, so the end of the week runs to milk shakes and pleasant evenings at home. The fact is, this is Friday night.

Well, after saying all this it does not seem to me that I have really said or explained why I am so happy. Almost every day I get a chance to give someone a lift, someone who is really out of

luck. I think that is important, too, not to think of one's self too much. But if I were going to state, like one might state an algebra problem, what makes for happiness, I would say:—

1. Good health.
2. The ability to appreciate and enjoy little things.
3. A deep feeling of gratitude for what one has.
4. To honestly like people.
5. Work, sleep, food, a sense of humor, to thoroughly enjoy whatever you are doing now. Sometimes you have to make up your mind to enjoy yourself, but you can make it such a habit that soon, down deep, you begin to feel the joy of living in everything that may happen, little things and big things. Then, with a sense of humor, you can get to liking unpleasant things, so that even when the dentist is pulling your tooth you feel quite thrilled and say, 'My dear, this is life.'

DORIS MAYER

* * *

A home on the rolling deep.

ON BOARD 'HIGHBALL II'
HUNTINGTON, WEST VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is a human appeal in the 'noncommercial advertisement' appearing in the *Atlantic's* September Contributors' Column. I am constrained to wonder: where has R. H. Wheldon been all my life? 'Someone who dislikes automobiles, newspapers, radios, commercialism.' . . . Those four major commodities are discordant notes in the scale of my well-being.

Radios? 'Who wants a worm, let him have it'—so last Christmas Santa Claus parked a radio in the bosom of a hitherto perfectly peaceful family (and the family says it's a *good* radio, capable of carrying on simultaneously with three distant stations *some* of the time, *all* of the time broadcasting the mediocre music of our own Main Street), and the worm has turned! My room on the third floor is nearing completion.

Newspapers? 'From plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us.'

Commercialism? At present suffering an acute attack, whose cloak is Flood Control by Reservoirs, which Congress may pay for, by whose power private interests may profit.

Automobiles? For years past ours has been a cabin cruiser whose dustless highways are a thousand miles of the beautiful Ohio River; a thousand miles more of the tawny untamed Mississippi, with their combined network of navigable tributaries. There one learns to love not the works of 'Mozart, Spengler, and Hardy' the less, but the Infinity of Music, Philosophy,

and Poetry more, for nature is eternal, and the rivers reach the sea. . . . We wonder if R. H. Wheldon has a boat?

Sincerely,

H. WYATT WASHINGTON

* * *

Mass education.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on 'Chaos or Cosmos in American Education' in the October *Atlantic* interested me deeply. As a teacher in a public high school, I see one phase of public education and my experience leads me to agree with much that Dr. Holmes says. I should like, however, to comment on his dictum that American teachers seem not to have an ambition to develop thoroughness in their pupils.

I concede that the results we obtain do in some respects lack the thoroughness we would like them to have; but consider the conditions under which we try to teach. Compulsory education and general prosperity have enormously increased our high-school population. This increase includes young people of many different nationalities, from sharply contrasting home conditions and with divergent personal ambitions; or perhaps with no personal ambition yet existent. These young people vary as to intellect from the very bright to the very slow. In high school they are registered in any course they happen to select, with no method on the part of the school to ascertain whether the pupils' abilities are suited to the courses chosen. Naturally many misfits occur, and failure and discouragement are inevitable.

During the period of this great increase in pupils came the World War, which, for several years, put an end to the erection of school buildings. Principals had to accommodate in any given school perhaps two or more times the number for which the school was planned. Some arrangement such as our Chicago shift system was adopted. The building was in use from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M., and two or more teachers used the same room and the same desk. At least one third of the day a teacher was out of her room, and so could not use her desk or the various materials in her bookcase. Often she had no place and no time to meet pupils who needed help. Studying was done by hundreds of pupils in large assembly halls, not always well lighted or well ventilated, and often with no desks for writing. In some Chicago high schools these conditions have been improved, but in others they still prevail.

With the large increase in school population came the big class, forty to fifty pupils. Some principals strive to keep the size of classes down

near the official average of thirty-five pupils per teacher; others are evidently indifferent as to size of classes, and a teacher may have even six classes of over forty pupils each. Thus the teacher's load varies from 175 to 240 pupils.

Think of the effect of these large classes on a teacher's standards. She starts in with high hopes of what she can accomplish with her pupils, and meets a class in a forty-five-minute recitation period. Ten or fifteen minutes at the least must be given to taking the daily attendance, calling for and signing admits for returned absentees or for a tardy pupil. Perhaps thirty-five minutes are left in which to find out which pupils have and which ones have not done some creditable preparation; thirty-five minutes in which to have pupils demonstrate geometry propositions, practise speaking a foreign language, or make a report on some special topic. Not more than six or eight pupils can be called upon for such exercises in a period and the pupils soon learn that they are likely to be called upon only twice or three times a week. A good many of them soon question: 'Why study every day?'

The situation is further complicated by the fact that teachers are urged to give few failure averages at the close of a term. In some cases a teacher's efficiency rank is determined largely by the percentage of pupils she passes. Some principals are courageous enough to stand for quality rather than quantity, but the schools of a great city are a unit to a certain extent, and all suffer when high executives set as the goal, not the mastery of subject matter, but the securing of a passing grade. Again, the effect naturally is to make the teacher feel that she is unwise to try to maintain a standard demanding thoroughness.

Since the size of the classes prohibits hearing pupils often in oral recitation, many teachers assign a good deal of written work. The perusal of the greater part of this must be done outside of school hours, as teachers have few, if any, free periods during school hours. A high-school English teacher reports that it would necessitate over thirty hours outside of school if she were to read with helpful comment and correction one short theme for each student once a week. Such revision is necessary for thorough composition work by the pupils, but the teacher who spent such an amount of outside time on essay correction would so suffer from eyestrain and nervous fatigue that she would have no enthusiasm for the classroom.

A questionnaire answered last year by many local high-school teachers showed that a majority of them feel that they cannot maintain their standards in the big class in the big school, especially in subjects which are intended to develop diversity or originality, or to perfect individual

performance in a difficult activity. The teachers reported that the method used was largely mass instruction. Mass instruction leads to thoroughness only in subjects in which relatively simple activities are repeated time and again.

The coming of the big school has changed the emphasis in the school from education to administration. The big school, from the teachers' point of view, has 'factory-ized' education; it has created lock-step methods, and made uniformity an ideal.

Sincerely yours,

MARION C. LYONS, *Ex-President*

Local No. 3, American Federation of Teachers

* * *

Pestiferous pets.

BROCKENHURST, HANTS, ENGLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In this age improved by numberless organizations for the investigation and uplift of everything from the house fly to 'Our Literary Slums,' I beg to plead for the formation of yet another. It should be known as 'The Society for the Prevention of Petty Persecutions Perpetrated against Paid Persons by Pestiferous Pets.'

This society would investigate and report on cases of wealthy old women who, soured against their own kind, lavish all their devotion and affection upon the more effeminate variations of the animal kingdom. For some reason cats seem the animal most often idolized. Now, a properly trained cat is a clean, self-respecting individual, yet no animal more quickly becomes a fussy, cantankerous, silly brute when its every whim is regarded of religious significance.

I know of one instance where a woman's niece is expected to rise from her bed between twelve and two each morning and escort the cat downstairs to the front door. The fact that Sir William chooses this rather peculiar hour for commencing his night rambles is regarded as a sign of his aristocratic tendencies.

There are penurious old maids who, while half starving themselves and such persons as are unfortunate enough to be their companions, will feed some sleepy little dog upon the fat of the land.

Too often have I been present when that scene so well told by Mrs. Gaskell has been reenacted. Remember that the Cranford ladies were taking tea with the very Honorable Mrs. Jamieson. Carlo, the small dog, received his tea first, the entire cream pitcher being emptied into his saucer. The Cranford ladies waited for their tea to be diluted with milk, and were then asked to admire Carlo's intelligence and good sense in

declining to drink anything but tea served with cream. Mrs. Gaskell aptly remarks, 'But we silently thought we were quite as intelligent and sensible as Carlo.'

It should be remembered that charity begins at home, and that in all probability most of us are more closely related to our human kind than to even the most deserving of our pet animals.

Sincerely yours,

PEARL ELMER

* * *

Very gratifying is this testimony from one of our charter members.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor, the Atlantic Monthly

DEAR SIR: —

Reading your notes in the November number as to the earlier days of your excellent magazine, I am strongly reminded of an incident in my early life.

When your first number appeared, I had just emerged from the starvation period which then seemed to be an essential part of a young lawyer's career — and had just started to enjoy the comfort of boarding in a private family here. A few days after arrival, I sat down in the parlor and picked up a copy of your first issue, then utterly unknown here, and chanced to open at the article by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of blessed memory.

As I read I commenced to laugh, and the more I read the more I laughed, and had such a violent time that the 'landlady's daughter' finally rushed in, fearing that I had gone off into a fit. I begged her to read also and soon there were two young people loudly laughing in chorus till we finished the article. I loved Dr. Holmes from that day.

When the lecture habit prevailed in old times the good Doctor came here and delighted us with one of his most remarkable productions. It was in the summertime and the great hall was crowded. But no Dr. Holmes was in sight, his train having been delayed. The waiting committee finally gave it up as hopeless — when the famous man suddenly dashed into the hall alone, in his traveling duster, satchel in hand, and rushed down the centre aisle to the vacant platform, threw his duster upon the floor, apologized, and then quickly had his admiring audience in an uproar.

I am the oldest lawyer in Ohio and still active as a counselor, and so forth — no more trials. Ninety-seven and one-half years old.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD P. BRADSTREET

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1928

BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

WHEN I entered college forty years ago the chief purpose in acquiring an education was to fit one's self to enter a profession. The three more obvious ones were law, medicine, and divinity, sometimes called the Three Black Graces, no doubt because of the long Prince Albert coat which was the professional and professorial costume. I never saw a professor in a business suit in all my college course. Our president went even further in this setting off of the professional from the business life by wearing a coat that buttoned up to his chin, which picturesque and distinguished dress made him look like the steel portraits in the front of old books of memoirs. Thus the superior vocations were separated from the sordid ones by dress as well as in other ways.

A boy without enough brains or enough money to get through college was destined for business. If he tried college and failed to absorb the small amount of Greek, Latin, and mathematics which constituted a college education in those days, he dropped out and went into papa's store, or the factory, and became a business man. Or he went back to the farm. A college education was considered superfluous in either case. Young men did not elect

careers. They began by sweeping out and running errands and let nature take its course. The college was looked upon as a device for training professional men, chiefly ministers. The one I attended was founded, so its charter stated, to prepare young men for the ministry; but in my time divinity had begun to feel the competition of law. Out of a class of fifty-two, and half of them women, we produced twelve lawyers. Law was the recognized stepping-stone to politics. Out of those annual crops of young lawyers we were manufacturing our state legislators and congressmen, and as a result have been governed by lawyers ever since. The congressional district in which I was born is still represented by one of my classmates.

The lure of the professions as occupations may be loosely ascribed to the popular belief that they were more respectable, as well as more interesting, than business. Making and selling goods was deemed a humdrum life, not to be endured by free spirits and aspiring minds. Clerks were counterjumpers. Traveling salesmen were drummers. Both expressions carried a stigma. The jobber and wholesaler ranked a step higher than the retailer, but they all

had the shopkeeping mind. Most of them held the popular view of their social and intellectual status. The plodding storekeeper, ambitious for his son, hoped to make a doctor or a lawyer of him. In business you made money, but it had few other compensations. A great gulf yawned between business and the professions.

The condescending attitude of the educated classes toward trade is noticed by the Beards in their candid and admirable history of American civilization. The system of our early colleges was taken over from that of the English universities, which was in its turn an inheritance from the Greek academe where were taught the 'liberal arts,' contrasted with the 'vulgar arts' of trade and industry. Thomas Jefferson sincerely believed that 'the operation of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market inevitably led to chicanery and accumulation of great wealth by speculation, intrigue, and exploitation.' Thus business as we know it was first forced to work itself out from under a social cloud. In the eyes of the cultivated and refined it was vulgar, or, as Emerson characterized it, 'selfish, huckstering trade.'

But there was something more than mere snobbishness in this superior attitude toward business, and it was found in the low standard of morality that characterized it, and was believed to be essential to its conduct. Business was no place for a man with scruples or ideals. Apparently its cardinal virtue was to get the better of someone. Buying and selling retained the character of bartering, with all that the word implied of haggling, misrepresentation, deceit, trickery, short weight. *Caveat emptor* was the unofficial slogan. The only discreditable failure was the failure to make the sale. Anything that accomplished the desired end was not only allowable but commendable. Sharp

practice was taken for granted and even applauded. A brief glance at the history of American business shows that these conditions not only existed, but were in a way inevitable.

The foundations of our interstate commerce, now the concern of so much legislation, were laid by the peddlers, those insinuating scamps who followed the road with packs on their backs from colonial times down to the Civil War. The tin peddler, who traded bright new kitchen utensils for old rags, survived into my own boyhood. These peddlers make a picturesque chapter in our industrial history, which has been graphically described by Richardson Wright in his *Hawkers and Walkers*. Their sharp and unscrupulous methods influenced buying and selling long after the peddler had disappeared and business had begun to settle down into the channels of trade where we find it now. The articles which filled their packs came to be known as Yankee notions, and the peculiar tactics by which they overcame sales resistance were described as Yankee tricks. English visitors of that time often allude to them, and their reports gave us an unenviable reputation abroad, which we have not yet lived down. Probably no spice peddler ever carried wooden nutmegs in his pack, but the term became a symbol, so apposite was it of the peddlers' methods. One hears of shoe-peg oats, oak-leaf cigars, and basswood hams. Of all this tribe Sam Slick was the prophet.

Sam Slick was an imaginary character, a peddler whose adventures were part of the humorous literature of that time. He expounded the use of 'soft sawder' in disposing of six-dollar clocks for forty dollars. One incident told by Mr. Wright gives the character of these Yankee tricks. The peddler started with a dozen clocks. At each sale he guaranteed the clock would run or he

would replace it on his return trip. When he had sold eleven clocks he retraced his steps, using his remaining clock to replace the one sold at the last place, — which, of course, had not run long, — and the clock taken back there to replace the next one, and so on, until each purchaser had been visited and temporarily satisfied with a new clock. Of course he did not canvass the same territory twice.

A large crop of anecdotes was the fruit of these mean and unlovely methods, which afford an amusing but thought-provoking commentary on the business ethics of the times. The famous anecdote of Lincoln is an instance. Lincoln once agreed with a neighbor to swap horses sight unseen. A horse trade was always a challenge to outwit one another. The neighbor arrived leading a disreputable, flea-bitten, pot-bellied, sway-backed old crow-bait, and the assembled spectators awarded the palm to him, until Honest Abe arrived carrying a sawhorse. Such stories were told with unction. In a book of *Wit and Humor*, published before I was born, were many such. One I recall ran something like this: A hard-fisted old deacon who lives over his general store calls down the stairway to the overworked assistant who has been on the job since daybreak: —

‘John.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Have you sanded the sugar?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Have you watered the rum?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Have you dampened the tobacco?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Then come up to prayers.’

In the same old book was another example of parsimonious meanness. Because of the scarcity of ready money, farmers brought their produce to the village store and exchanged it for what they needed, and after the deal was

completed the storekeeper would draw a glass of something from one of the barrels in the back of the store as a libation to the gods of commerce. A farmer came in with an egg which he swapped for a darning needle. The trade completed, he hesitated a moment, and at length inquired: —

‘Ain’t you goin’ to treat?’

‘On that trade?’

‘A trade’s a trade, even if it is small.’

‘Well, what’ll you hev?’

‘Sherry an’ egg.’

The merchant, willing to humor so mean a customer, drew the sherry and broke into it the very egg he had just received. It proved to be a double one.

‘Hey,’ exclaimed the farmer, ‘that egg’s got two yolks. Ain’t you goin’ to give me another darning needle?’

Such humor carries an element of exaggeration, but there must have been something behind it to give it point, as with the prohibition jokes of our day.

The storekeepers and drummers who took over and carried on the work of the peddlers inherited the tradition that in trade, as in love and war, any trick was fair. Goods in shops were never marked with plain figures. Price tickets were unknown. The price was whatever the seller could get, all depending on the shrewdness and knowledge of the buyer. The drummer worked off damaged goods on the dealer, and the dealer worked them off on the consumer, and everybody entered into the spirit of the game, and the outcome furnished conversation and anecdotes. Of course there were honest merchants, but even the most punctilious contented himself with rendering one hundred cents to the dollar. He refrained from cheating his customer, but if the customer insisted on cheating himself, that was his own lookout. Nothing so quixotic

as protecting the customer from his own folly and shortsightedness had yet been dreamed.

Big business, which was just beginning to organize itself, was as mean and tricky as petty business. It was believed that no business could become large honestly, and the newly formed corporations seemed determined to justify that belief. They gave little attention to the ultimate consumer. Their concern was with each other. The object in forming a combination was to crush competition. Miss Tarbell, in her history of Standard Oil, has told how it was done. At the best it merely stayed inside the technical limits of the law. At its worst it was ruthless and nefarious commercial piracy.

The whole business of buying and selling was honeycombed with graft. It ranged from entertainment of buyers — even this mild corruption is frowned on by the best concerns to-day — to out-and-out bribery and even worse. I remember my own dismay at my first offer of a rake-off. Thirty-five years ago my then employer had need of a small printing press, what was known as a 'jobber,' and I, having some knowledge of printing, was commissioned to buy it. I saw representatives of the two large firms in the field. One of them explained that the price of his press was three hundred and fifty, but that he would bill it at four hundred. I would O. K. the bill, and his firm would send me a check for fifty dollars. It was done every day, he added, seeing my perturbation. I cannot draw an impressive picture of myself sternly refusing temptation. In fact, I was scared, and ran as fast as I could to the other man and bought his press without more ado. I learned soon enough that the salesman was right, and the practice only too common, and that many business men had

contempt for one who refused to profit by the system.

A young purchasing agent came to his chief with a check for five thousand dollars, drawn to his order by a large company from which he bought supplies.

'What am I to do with this?' he asked.

His chief regarded him steadily for a moment, and then said, 'Write your name on the back of it,' after which the chief pocketed it and sent the purchasing agent back to his desk.

The liveliest and most picturesque chronicle of this buccaneering period of American industry is the story of the National Cash Register Company. Its methods were no more ruthless than those of its contemporaries, but they were given the glamour of romance by the genius and originality of John Patterson, its founder and president. He determined to make the Dayton concern not only the biggest, but the only cash-register business, and for a long time he successfully checked the advent of rivals in the field. He strangled them at birth if possible. He bought every invention he could buy. He filed patents for every improvement he could think of, holding them in check for infringement suits when the time came. He bought each new machine that appeared and had it analyzed for ways of beating it, and these ways he made public to the employees of saloons using it, and then informed the proprietors of the dangerous knowledge possessed by their barkeepers. Merchants were persuaded to throw out competing machines, which the National people took back on liberal terms if their registers were installed. The machines thus secured were dumped in what was known as the 'Graveyard,' where they rusted pathetically, and were shown to visitors, and became a legend, and no doubt discouraged many would-be inventors.

Salesmen with mechanical training were sent out on the road to show merchants the defects of rival devices, and even to tamper with them if necessary. Patterson finally fell afoul of the Sherman Act, and would have gone to jail, but at the psychological moment occurred the great Dayton flood. He organized the relief work in so prompt and efficient a manner and rendered so valuable a public service that the indictment against him was quashed.

In all these practices Patterson was but the product of his times. On the other hand he contributed to business many of its most cherished practices,—the sales manual, the hundred-point club, the scientific approach, the quota system,—devices of high-powered salesmanship which are in constant use to-day. I for one do not judge him harshly. I have no great admiration for the Sherman Act. Its attitude toward a man who creates new industry is unfair. The competitors who sought to profit by the new business field that Patterson had originated and developed were, after all, parasites. The Government has just served notice on Gillette, the safety-razor man, that the industry he created must be shared with others. Nothing is allowed for the fact that such a business would not exist if it had not been for Gillette, and that all other safety-razor companies owe their business to a market, a state of mind, that he made possible. It is an easy matter, once a new basic idea is discovered, for competitors to make slight changes in the original idea and secure a patent. The patent office does not recognize basic patents. I see no reason why a man should not enjoy a monopoly of a market which would not have existed but for him, and which is concerned only with an acquired habit satisfied with a device which mankind has hitherto done very well without.

These are merely some of the more striking and obvious happenings that stick out in memory and go to show that if the young man of the last quarter of the last century hesitated to go into business because of a belief that success meant the adoption of standards and practices repugnant to honesty and decency he was not entirely wrong in that belief. Business was, on the whole, on a lower moral plane than the professions, and business men honestly believed that anything they could get away with was not only allowable, but good business. But the heritage of trickery and guile acted as a deterrent to high-minded men, whose training and education had given them ideals incompatible with the pursuit of trade. Business and the higher walks of life pursued independent courses and continued to reproduce, each after its own kind.

II

Even the most jaundiced observer must admit that business is ethically better than it used to be. The millennium has not arrived. Human nature has not changed. Men are just as selfish and self-seeking as they ever were. But business has learned the priceless truth, laid down by Benjamin Franklin, and scores of philosophers before him, that honesty is really the best policy. It has learned that the only source of prosperity is the public, which buys and pays, that on its treatment of that public depends, in the long run, its success, and that a permanent customer who comes back is a greater asset than the profit on the first sale.

The old idea of a bargain was that one of the parties must lose. The modern idea is that both parties must be satisfied, and that the exchange of goods or service for money can be carried on successfully and profitably with

clear consciences on both sides. The golden rule is not only good ethics, but a workable business axiom.

The beginning of this new dispensation might be set at the time when the public sharply served notice on big business that enterprises so necessary to its welfare and which depended so greatly on its good will could no longer be administered as the private concerns of their conductors. One of these outbursts was the Hughes Commission, which disciplined the insurance companies and set them on the right path. Another was the antitrust crusades which came to a head in the Roosevelt administration. The insurance companies and the Standard Oil and tobacco companies should bless these prosecutions. Through them they found the road to greater profits. The legal results from these flare-ups may not have been always conclusive, but as an expression of public opinion they were tremendous. They pointed the way for business to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. This same public which demanded that business should be conducted with some consideration for its comfort and well-being rewarded business with the greatest response in industrial history when its demands were granted. There is no moral principle involved. The change from 'the public be damned' to 'the public be served' was shrewd business strategy, more profitable than any ruthless, rule-or-ruin policy of the past. With few exceptions no monopoly is possible to-day, even if the paternal influence of the Sherman Act were withdrawn. Monopolies develop their own competition. The only important factor is the public good will, and that is open to all. The way to win it is to deserve it.

As business men began to realize these things and to trim their sails to the new winds of destiny, the character

of business changed. In no respect was this so striking as in its personnel. That educated young man, whom we have seen with standards so high that he could not take up a business career and retain his self-respect, has been both cause and effect in the change. As business improved its ethics under the influence of public opinion and its own enlightened outlook, his repugnance to soiling his hands with trade began to disappear, and he entered it in increasing numbers, and furthered the change already under way. Business began to offer two appeals to such a mind. It became more adventurous, more glamorous, as the rapidly developing resources of the country opened up new realms of exploration and adventure. It lost that cut-and-dried character symbolized by the bookkeeper bending over his tall desk. Moreover, business was turning to specialists to help it out, trained minds, chemists, engineers, economists, the products of colleges and professional schools. The two worlds were being brought together. The gap was being bridged. A new type of business man appeared who changed the social as well as the intellectual character of the class. Nowadays the big corporations send scouts to the principal colleges at commencement time to spy out the land and appraise the human material coming through, offering openings in their industries to promising young men who are well spoken of by the college authorities. As Mr. Owen D. Young said at the dedication of the new plant of the Harvard Business School, 'not only will scholars go into our factories and exchanges, but men trained in business will go back into the halls of learning.'

In this realignment of business standards, advertising has played an important rôle. It is interesting to note that advertising itself began its career in infamy. It was once the mainstay of

nearly every disreputable and crooked enterprise. It had shamefully abused public confidence. So bad a name had it that legitimate businesses hesitated to employ it. Advertising had to clean house, correct its own abuses, and show itself worthy of confidence before it could offer to guide the new business that was emerging from the welter of the old. And here again, let it be said, no moral principle was involved, no uplift intended. Advertising realized that if it would continue to exist it must win and hold public confidence, and must hinder as far as possible the exploitation of a credulous public. In this it has succeeded to a commendable degree, for while the public is still credulous, and is still exploited, and by advertising at that, there exists a large body of believable advertising, and much to which even the most meticulous can take no exception. The grosser forms of swindling and deceit have been reduced and circumscribed. The bulk of national advertising — that is, advertising of manufacturers as compared with retailers — is placed by agents who are members of an association which has its code of ethics, equal in enlightened selfishness to that of any other professional body, and lived up to at least as fully as the codes of the other professions. There is yet much to be done, but advertising men realize that the confidence of the public is their greatest asset, and a goodly number of them would refuse to betray that confidence, even at the request of a client.

One of the opportunities which appealed to the new generation of business men was advertising. To mobilize public opinion in its favor added a new zest to business, gave it expression, and widened its horizon. But the amazing thing about advertising in connection with business was its reflex action. Advertising improved the business that employed it. Its

immediate effect was to set up standards of quality or service which the business must comply with, or belie its advertising. Advertising brings a business out in the open where it can be observed of all. In the limelight of publicity questionable practices must fade away. Advertising is competition. Each advertiser must tell his best story, to be compared with the best story of his competitors, so he must have a story to tell. George Eastman bought the autographic register for cameras from the inventor not only to add it to the Kodak, but to add it to his advertising, to improve his story. The advertising made the camera better. Ivy Lee has said many times that the main office of the public-relations counsel is not so much to tell the client's story as to advise a course of conduct which will result in having a favorable story to tell. That is even more true of paid publicity. A manufacturer cannot go on year after year telling lies about his product without being found out. Excessive claims tend to right themselves, or be righted, by the sturdy competition of truth.

Study the soap and dentifrice advertising in the magazines and newspapers of recent years. The claims made about both have been the rallying ground of that group that finds all advertising undesirable. Toilet soaps that wash away all facial blemishes and leave the washer fair as Rosamond; dentifrices that remove film from the teeth, and prevent or even cure pyorrhœa. But there was at least one manufacturer ready to do battle with each. When the advertised claims of the complexion soaps began to exceed the bounds of all reasonableness, Kenneth Fraser took the train to Ivorydale and interviewed Colonel Procter. 'What is Ivory Soap going to do in face of advertising like that?' he asked. Colonel Procter said, 'I'll be the goat.

What *is* it going to do?' Fraser told him and came back from Cincinnati with a new advertising account. And straightway the Ivory Soap advertising began to tell just what a toilet soap could do and all it could do, and set up limits and gave the public facts by which it could judge all toilet soaps. The result was a restraining effect on the Palmolive advertising. The same thing is happening in dentifrices. Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder and Colgate's Dental Cream are both using their advertising space to offset undue claims, instead of stretching them further. That is one of the values of advertising. It will correct itself. The lying advertisements will find themselves surrounded by truth and will be forced back in line by the weight of public opinion.

A noteworthy influence in lifting the conduct of business to a little higher plane was the growth of coöperative movements. Associations were formed by men in the same line of trade and manufacture, and thus competitors had an opportunity of getting acquainted with one another, with gratifying results. Each learned to his surprise that the hated competitor was just another man like himself, with the same hopes and fears, and that they had more in common than they had points of disagreement.

'I hate that man!' cried Charles Lamb in vigorous condemnation.

'Hate him?' said his friend. 'Why, you don't even know him!'

'Of course I don't. How could I hate him if I knew him?'

By getting together and working together for the common good of their industry, men found each other out, and the traditional enmity of competition withered up. A man was still a competitor, but no longer an enemy. The old competition meant disposing of competitors, by fair means or foul, and then letting the consuming public pay

the bill to the survivor. The new competition recognizes that all who make and sell are competitors, that dining-room furniture competes with trips to Europe, flivvers with radio, or perfumes with groceries, and that it is far wiser to combine to enlarge the existing market for a product — for oranges, or paints, or cement — than to fight each other for the smaller market that exists. Coöperation means sharing with competitors ideas that will benefit all. There are few business secrets to-day. Prices or processes, patents or patterns, formulas or sales methods — all the cards are laid on the table by advertising or round-table discussions. Thus business has in a way adopted one of the cardinal principles of the professions in considering the common good before the interests of its individual members. This collectivism says to its customer, which is all of us, that not this or that product, or even this or that industry, but the whole of business, the making and selling of goods, the supplying of all service, is attempting to render itself acceptable and satisfactory to all.

III

Not only is there a change in the business man's attitude toward his competitors, but there is a new point of view when he regards himself, his own business, his employees, and his customers. It is recognized that it is possible to make money and pay high wages at the same time; and, more, that the high wages create new customers for more goods, which helps to keep up production. If a manufacturer insists on too large a margin of profit at the expense of his employees, this automatically reduces the number of purchasers of goods, his own or other's, which in the end works around to his business. The employees are part of the public, the consuming public, on

which all business depends. It should be one purpose of the advertising that the employees of a business shall feel the same good will toward the business that the rest of the public does.

When Howard Heinz, president of the H. J. Heinz Company, returned from Europe, where he had been helping Herbert Hoover distribute relief to nations suffering from the after effects of the war, he brought back a conception of his business which was not new to him, but which had undoubtedly been crystallized by the contact with humanity from an uncommercial standpoint. He said to me: 'I learned from my father to look upon our business not merely as a source of profit or revenue. I was taught that a certain responsibility goes with it, and with any large business affecting many people. I feel that, with due consideration to the owners who make the business possible, I am responsible to three groups of people affected by the Heinz business, and that it should be administered so that it is profitable, or satisfactory, or helpful, to them — the three groups being the people who work for it, the grocers who distribute its products, and the customers who consume them.'

Some such idea is in the minds of most enlightened manufacturers today. Some may regard it complacently, others realize that it is nothing but common sense, many do not express it; but it all grows out of the participation of the public in whatever prosperity any business enjoys.

There is hardly a man at the head of our great corporations who needs to work in the economic sense. It came out in the news the other day that Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, had been offered \$250,000 a year to take charge of the Goodyear Rubber Company and had refused. It is likely that a quarter-of-a-million salary was more than he was

getting. That is a large salary even in these days. But what of it? Men like Swope work for something besides money. He had found his work where he was, and pursued it with something of the disinterestedness with which a scientist follows a line of research. The interest of creating an entity out of a great corporation, — something more than a mere money-making machine, — guiding it in making industrial history with chemists and engineers as pilots, invoking advertising to make the public a sharer in its triumph, actually adding to the sum total of human comfort and even of human happiness, as happiness goes in these days, offers more real thrills than any of the old-fashioned professions can offer.

Colonel Du Pont, with wealth and corporations to satisfy any mere money-grubber, buys an old but run-down paint factory, and, in a time so short it sounds like an Arabian Nights story, is doing one third of the paint business of the country. Cyrus Curtis developed three enormous magazines, each a leader in its field, and then moved out and into the offices of the moribund *Public Ledger* and began his business life all over again. And when the *Ledger* showed signs of making good he moved over into New York and started to do the same thing with the *New York Evening Post*. It would be absurd to suggest that Curtis needs more money. This all means that business as it is now conducted is the supreme field of endeavor, calling for every quality of mind that success in the most idealized profession demands, — brains, energy, and imagination, — and that, as such, it draws men to it for the sheer love of doing it. Business may not be the noblest pursuit, but it is true that men are bringing to it some of the qualities which actuate the explorer, scientist, artist: the zest, the open-mindedness, even the disinterestedness, with which

the scientific investigator explores some field of pure research. It is no mere figure of speech to call business a profession. It is getting into the hands of professionally trained men. Its ethical standards are higher, its knowledge broader, and its problems appeal to the professional mind. Its routine, once the sole concern of business men, is now no more to it than the routine of a hospital to a surgeon, or the routine of a law court to a lawyer. And its profits, after a comfortable living is assured, are merely the counters that register the success of the effort.

Business is the new profession, as so many of the newspapers justly observed in their editorial comment on the exercises at the Harvard Business School. It is attracting the men who once gravitated to the old professions, because it now offers not only the interest appeal of the older professions, but also the higher ethical standards. To quote Mr. Young again:—

To-day and here business formally assumes the obligations of a profession, which means responsible action as a group, devotion to its own ideals, the creation of its own codes, the capacity for its own discipline, the awards of its own honors, and the responsibility for its own service.

Mr. Young, as the *World* remarks, is no rhapsodist, but he is after all a business man, and might be inclined to look with a favoring eye on his own field of endeavor, especially on such an auspicious occasion; the more that the General Electric Company, which is one of his numerous interests, is a shining example of what a modern enlightened corporation can be. But we have another and certainly impartial observer in André Siegfried, whose book, *America Comes of Age*, has excited wide and approving comment. In discussing our industrial system, he makes the following significant statement:—

On the other hand, general culture based not only on experience but on education is becoming more indispensable at the top of the ladder. As a business grows, the problems that must be confronted become broader and require minds that are more alert, keen, and highly trained. The time is past when a youth is initiated into business by sweeping out the office. For the directors, the general secretaries, and the assistants that surround them, America sincerely believes in economic education. This does not mean simply a business-college course in bookkeeping, commercial correspondence, economic geography, etc., but an education that will turn out young men of broad culture. This may seem singular when applied to the Americans, whom we usually consider deliberately practical; yet the demand for such culture is to-day nowhere more insistent than in the executive circles of New York, Boston, or Chicago.

More than that, the *New Republic*, which may without disparagement be assigned to the extreme left wing of the opponents of business, in discussing Siegfried's book, admits:—

The conduct of big business tends to be increasingly a matter of expert administration, and, as such, it is leavened by professional standards and by the results of scientific research.

A bird's-eye view of new activities of business undreamed of in the old bad days, all directed toward improving relations with competitors, employees, or customers, is given by Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in an address before the United States Chamber of Commerce. From the reports of some sixty coöperative associations he learns that systematic effort is being made to arbitrate disputes between member and member, and even between member and non-member. Especially heartening is the aid extended to weaker members to help them keep up and stay in

business in face of new competitions, by making available to them information they could not otherwise afford, including legal opinions of value to all members on trade difficulties; putting a stop to unfair competition, especially graft; raising standards of products to meet competition from inferior substitutes; sending inspectors to factories to suggest improvements; and establishing ethical codes governing competition.

The problem of waste is being met and to some extent solved by eliminating duplication, in coöperation with the suggestions of the Department of Commerce, which has scaled the number of styles of hotel china from 700 down to 160, milk bottles from 49 to 9, blankets from 78 to 12, paving brick from 66 to 4, asphalt from 88 to 9, and files and rasps from 1351 to 496.

Research maintained by associations is benefiting not only member manufacturers, but retailers who distribute their products and customers who consume them. A study of retailing has been made to determine the best location for a store, arrangement of the stock, and the proper ratio between assets, liabilities, income, and expenditures. Vocational training in store-keeping is afforded, and assistance offered, to enable independents to meet the competition of the chains. Research is also directed to improving the quality of the goods and to lowering prices to the consumer. Employees are impressed with their responsibility to the public in the products they make, and steps are taken against misbranding. Some associations guarantee products bearing a standardized label. Trade abuses, such as short weight, short measure, misbranding, and misrepresentation, are being corrected, with the weight of a whole industry behind the movement.

A few of the contributions that organized business is making to the

welfare of the workers are suggested by the following brief catalogue:—

Coöperation in shop management, even in some cases including wage adjustments; suggestion systems with prize awards, not on wages, but in the promotion of efficiency, in improvement of apparatus and conditions under which it is used, and in saving of time, money, labor, or material; single company unions; accident prevention; hygienic attention to workrooms; medical and surgical attention, dental work, nursing, cafeteria service, milk supply; profit sharing; stock purchasing by employees helped by contributions from employers; mutual benefit associations with corporate assistance; pensions; efforts in seasonal employments to cut down lay-offs, and even giving allowances in cases of unemployment; intensive health work.

Group insurance has enabled employers to extend wonderful opportunities to their workmen. Says Mr. Fiske:—

The contract may provide for life insurance, accident insurance, insurance against sickness, pensions, insured savings, insured thrift, and some day, we hope, unemployment. Incident to it in some companies are free nursing, the distribution of health and safety literature, surveys of places of employment, free advice on sanitation, healthful conditions as to light, air, pure water, safety, humidity, heat, elimination of dust, occupational-disease control, accident prevention, even on machinery, manufactory methods, cost fixing, distribution and allocation of factory divisions, on personnel, the creation of good morale, recreation, housing, draining, diet, restrooms, rest periods, assistance to building loan associations, mutual benefit societies, social organizations. A long catalogue, is it not?

And yet every one of these items is on the actual programme of one or more of employers. The number of insured is rapidly increasing and is now over five millions and has more than tripled in the last six years. These activities of employers are coöperative in the same way as your trade associations are coöperative.

And it may be added here that, despite all agitation about the wages of labor, the average pay has advanced more than the average cost of living.

These are a few of the meliorations that might be set up against Stuart Chase's pessimistic picture of the selfishness and wastefulness of business. While many of his strictures are just and true, they are conditions that are on their way out. The important thing is that they are recognized by the men who have the most at stake and the power to change them, and their elimination or betterment is the avowed object of the majority in many industries. The purpose is to remove abuses and cure evils without abolishing industry itself, which latter seems to be the drastic method preferred by Stuart Chase and his little group of serious thinkers. Such books as *Your Money's Worth* (Chase and Schlink) and *The Distribution Age* (Borsodi) are thought-provoking but one-sided. They ignore the alleviations, the signs that business realized these conditions before the writers did and took steps to make itself more worthy of public confidence. Against every instance of the public being fooled by advertising, high-pressure selling, misrepresentation, or extortion, can be placed a bigger, further-reaching instance of a successful effort to make the manufacture and selling of goods as near a public service to the ultimate consumer as is humanly possible. Business is exhibiting that quality of a profession which Mr. Young described as the capacity for its own discipline.

IV

'The history of business likewise remains obscure,' say the Beards, 'because those who followed in the footsteps of Gibbon and Carlyle are prone to give more attention to the

titled ruler of a little principality or the petty politician of Buncombe county than to the great captain of industry who takes the whole world for his realm.' It is time for the politicians and soldiers to step aside and give a place in literature to the business men commensurate to that they are taking in producing civilization. After all, the captains of industry are as admirable by any ethical standard as the men who have been celebrated all these years in song and story. They have been and are self-seeking but so are priests and kings. They have done their particular job better, on the average, than those other leaders of mankind. But the business man has suffered from the popular idea that his work at its best is discreditable. He has had none of the éclat that attaches to potentates and primates and grand marshals and premiers — even the basest. That is why the world is so slow to recognize that the most admirable and efficient piece of work being done to-day is the work business is doing. No king, or general, or priest, is accomplishing as much, even in the terms of his own métier, as the captains of industry — the Vails, Swopes, Youngs, Fords, Altmans, Wanamakers, Filenes, Hoovers, Schwabs, and Lamonts. Business is doing its job, and as much cannot be said of the traditional and historic leaders of mankind.

The next step is to draft this intensive training to the solution of the problems of the world. They would be helped by a little real executive experience. The work of governing is given, not to the man trained to govern, but to the man experienced in politics. The ability to be elected to an office is very different from the ability to fill that office. In fact, politics is a disqualification for the businesslike job of governing. We read in the newspapers

that Hoover is popular with the people, but the politicians are afraid of him. They are afraid of him because he is not a politician and has a business man's contempt for politics and all its works. Politicians will never conspire to put business men into office. The contrast of results would be too great. But it is time the people did. The world needs the training that these men have been getting. Government is becoming more and more a matter of commerce, of business; and the attempts of the professional lawmakers to grapple with business, or even understand it, are laughable. And not only domestic government, but world politics needs some of the direct, informed, and practical ways that characterize the conduct of a business. Says an editorial in the *Nation's Business*:—

If the war has taught us anything, it has lessoned us in the economic solidarity of the world. We have learned that no man liveth to himself nor dieth to himself. What is true of individuals is true of nations. When the British Government released its accumulated war stocks of wool in 1921, the market collapsed, and there was not a shepherd on the lonely plains of Australia or the slopes of Judea who did not feel the pinch of hard times. When the Russians withdrew from

the Paris perfumery market, rose gardens in the secluded valleys of the mountains of Bulgaria, which had been producing attar of roses for fifty years, were left untended.

We have learned that trade, whether national or international, is based upon the exchange of the peculiar products of the industry and genius of one man for the fruits of another man's industry and genius.

Both may profit by the exchange. Before the war we regarded the British as our principal trade rivals. We are coming to regard them as customers rather than rivals. As international traders we have more to gain from Britain prosperous than from Britain depressed.

That eternal job of administering this planet must be turned over to the despised business man. The work that religion, government, and war have failed in must be done by business. There is no country in the world as efficiently governed as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company or the General Electric Company. Business has become the world's greatest benefactor.

As Emerson, with prophetic vision, observed some seventy years ago: 'After all, the greatest meliorator of the world is selfish, huckstering trade.'

THE HERESY OF THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

[It may aid the understanding of this paper if we quote the opening paragraphs of the writer's first article in the January *Atlantic*:—

'The series of papers of which this is the first is designed to constitute constructive criticism. In preparing them I have not been animated by any sense of bitterness or resentment. Contrariwise, I am prompted by love for the dear old Church to which I owe allegiance. She has been a tender Mother, not only to me, but to my ancestors; to them in a land where fealty to her often entailed the throes of persecution. Had I loved the Church less, my pen might have remained listless.

'In fact, I have written not one word against my Church. The abuses which I attempt to delineate refer no more to the Church than they do to Christ. They are the barnacles which have grown on the bark of Peter through long centuries. I am writing, therefore, in the hope that those constituted in authority may come to see the necessity of dry-docking.

'For obvious reasons I am constrained to take shelter behind the screen of anonymity. To reveal my identity would not aid the cause which I have at heart. With no name attached, the articles will necessarily be judged by their content alone. The issue will not be confused by the intrusion of a personality.'

I

HER private schools are probably the most destructive influence the Catholic Church has ever experienced. If the Ku-Kluxers and other enemies of Rome knew the truth, they would begin to spend their surplus energies in the construction of parochial schools. It is not generally known that the church school is, par excellence, an American invention. Nowhere else in the whole world is ecclesiastical education pursued so relentlessly. Zeal for religious education in this country is unbounded. The fiery young archbishop of a venerable see declared in his inaugural sermon, 'The Catholic school is the salvation of the Church in America. The policy in this diocese will be *school first, church second*.' Though the expression of our 'fighting' prelate is typically exaggerated, it reveals the attitude of most bishops.

Eagerness for more schools, bigger schools, better schools, has become a veritable craze in the American hierarchy. Since the third plenary council

of Baltimore, in 1884, parochial-school building has proceeded at an amazing pace. At that synod, as at the two preceding, the bishops were urged to establish a school in every parish. The faithful were obliged to send their children to these religious schools. In some dioceses parents are still not admitted to Communion if they refuse to send their children to the parochial school. Nevertheless, a learned bishop could write: 'By natural law, the obligation lies primarily with the parents of a child to provide for his education, as well as for his physical support. This is part of the purpose and aim of the family as an institution. If no provision is made by any other institution, the parents must provide education either by their own effort or that of others whom they employ.' This would seem to recognize the right of parents to provide for the education of their offspring.

It is assumed, then, that the Church by her educational programme is

responding to the will of parents. It is impossible to estimate how widespread this demand might be. Certain it is that many serious clashes occur between the authorities and the people over the question of establishing a parochial school. But a campaign of fifty years' preaching has done much to train the faithful in the idea of ecclesiastical education. No other pulpit topic is more trite than the godlessness of the public schools. Parents are often threatened with eternal perdition if they fail to send their children to God's schools.

God demands, through His representatives, that they support the parish school. They are urged to make sacrifices, monetary sacrifices, for this holy cause. God alone knows how abjectly they have responded to the insistent demands of priests and bishops. Appeal is made to that which is lowest in them and that which is highest. Pride, vanity, religion, love of God, love of their children, are the usual arguments.

'We shall build a magnificent school,' says the zealous pastor. 'It will cost a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, mayhap. Show them what you can do. Manifest your love for education to the world. God wills it. It is for His honor and glory.'

'We shall now take up a subscription for the new school,' he proceeds. 'You will be expected to cover the whole cost by your assessments. Each of you will be informed by the committee how much you are to give. The list of subscriptions will be published so that all may see and know who are doing their part and who are slackers.'

It is an effective system, the system of intense money-collecting. The people are caught in a net of human respect. They are not morally free. They must give what is required of them or be stigmatized publicly.

Yet the multiplication of schools and the collection of millions annually are proudly designated to mark the marvelous faith of our people. The country at large is led to believe that their giving is spontaneous. But the outside world knows little of this story. The truth is, the Church in America has become commercialized. The school is a financial sea anchor chained to the bark of Peter. The good priest of the people is not to blame. He must get the money or get out. He is in the treadmill of commercial rivalry. He is rated, primarily, by his ability to build and to collect.

To be successful, the priest must be a 'go-getter,' a campaign manager, a veritable clerical Babbitt. For the financial projects of the Church grow increasingly heavy. The parochial school itself is almost an unbearable burden to many. Yet in these later years bishops are rivaling one another in the construction and maintenance of high schools. A million dollars is now considered a conservative sum for the establishment of an up-to-date high school. But these too, they tell us, are necessary for the preservation of the faith. Eight years of daily catechism in the parochial school do not suffice to make our youth safe from the seductions of modern life. They might be contaminated if allowed to attend public high schools. It is a confession of weakness.

How intricate, how complex, how unconvincing, must be the faith that cannot be instilled by eight years of intensive teaching! Now the high school is necessary. After the Catholic high school come the Catholic college and university. If some fifty or sixty thousand recreant youths insist upon attending the materialistic state schools, we must follow them. There we must have our Newman clubs or other such safeguards. There lectures,

instructions, and devotions will be given as an antidote to the poisonous teaching of the non-Catholic professors.

All this costs money. But it costs more. It costs the best energies of those who were sent to preach the Gospel. The truth is, the activities of the Catholic Church in America have been diverted from their proper aim. Education has supplanted religion in its own sphere. The Church has become so institutionalized that it has been commercialized. It is already top-heavy. The financial burden is becoming almost unbearable to many. To support the ever-increasing number of institutions the martyr spirit is developed in the people. Poor souls, who must pay the public-school tax and at the same time meet the private-school assessment!

It is unjust, they are told, yet they must bear it manfully. The excellence of the Catholic school is dinned into their ears continually. Nevertheless, many are growing skeptical. They are beginning to apply Christ's test: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' They are beginning to ask wherein these children who are nursed in the lap of Mother Church excel. None can maintain that they are more pious, more religious, than the children of generations which attended the public schools. There are just as many criminals, pro rata, emanating from the Catholic schools as from the public schools. There is as much per capita illicit drink consumed by Catholic alumni as by the unorthodoxly educated. There are proportionately as many moral scandals among those piously reared as among others.

It is altogether probable that the American Catholic is paying double for an inferior result. In the old régime, religious training belonged preëminently to the home. Parents felt that

they were responsible for the upbringing of their children. The children attended Catholic Sunday school, where they received some solid instruction from a man priest. They were taught their prayers at home and there they studied their catechism. Now, however, all is changed. The training has passed from the home and the instruction from the Church. The good sisters now fulfill the twofold function of parent and pastor to the little ones in the matter of religious training.

II

The passing of religious training from the Catholic home has been gradual. Busy mothers found it easy to let the sisters teach the little ones to pray. In their devotion, too, they sometimes assumed that these pious religious were better fitted to teach their children morality.

Indeed the sisters, who are ninety per cent of the Catholic teachers, are devoted and zealous in their work. There is nothing else but goodness and virtue in their penitential lives. Freely and gladly they expend themselves for the little ones of Christ. The more the pity, since they are unfitted for the work.

The tenor of their lives incapacitates them for the mission to which they dedicate themselves. They have renounced the world to live in the seclusion of a convent. They would prepare the children for a life which, because of their profession, is unknown to themselves. Those who have renounced all family ties would teach the young to become the fathers and mothers of future generations. These good souls spend their lives in following the routine of a rule, bound by blind obedience to the will of a superior. It is not strange, then, that the Catholic school is conducted on the routine system. All is

drill. This is particularly true of the religious training.

School opens with singsong prayers. The pupils have already been to their daily Mass. There, perhaps, they had their group prayers and their hymns. The first and most important lesson is catechism — the dogmas of the Church done in ready-made questions and answers. Word for word the poor little memory must repeat the unintelligible words that correspond to the set question. 'What is a venial sin?' asks the pious woman. 'Venial sin is a slight offense, committed against the law of God, in matters of less importance or in matters of great importance; it is an offense committed without due reflection or full consent of the will.' 'What do you mean by Transubstantiation?' 'By Transubstantiation,' says the youthful theologian, 'I mean that by the words of the Consecration of the Mass the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of our Lord's body and blood.'

Thus the lesson proceeds. Tender little minds are confused by sin and theological terminology. Over and over again, for eight years, they learn the dry formularies of their religious text. Their religious practice is of the same type. They are marched in procession to church, under the supervision of their teachers. Obedient to the same watchful eyes, they genuflect, fold the hands piously, and kneel devoutly. They are led out after the services under the same strict surveillance. Their confession days are appointed for them. Here, too, their good guides lead them in and watch over them.

All is group training — the suppression of individuality. During the school term there is full attendance at Mass and reception of the Sacraments. But during the vacation months all is changed. The per cent of attendance often drops to a low ebb. During this

time the children have not to fear that they will be called out before the class to answer for missing Mass or for failing to go to Communion. The reaction comes with freedom. They are surfeited with overmuch piety, thrust upon them. Their pious teachers spend two or three hours daily at their devotions. Surely, then, an hour each day is not too much for the children.

The system is pathetically inefficient. It tends to depersonize the pupils — to create revulsion for religion within them. Many are the heartaches of the devoted souls who strive to mould them after their own ideal. They are in good faith and cannot understand the failures that follow their efforts. They do not realize that in their imprudent zeal they are doing violence to young lives. They are attempting to apply an old, discarded philosophy. They think that frequent repetition of an external act will engender a mental habit.

These devout teachers sin by excess. The children present an outlet for their own repressed lives. In their overzeal they become intellect and will to their pupils. They tell them what to do and what not to do, thinking that, by some miracle, the pupils will eventually learn to decide for themselves. Fine, overgrown boys must submit to this pious mothering. In fact, we are on the road to an American Catholic Church composed entirely of female-trained members.

Female piety is too sweet for manly youths. We are already reaping the whirlwind of our schools. Many thoughtful priests are disturbed by the evident failure of the system, but they are the victims of circumstances. They may not, unscathed, voice their fears and doubts. They see the new generation drifting away from the practice of religion. The same spirit of revolt prevails among the parochial-school-

bred as among others. Generally they end by putting the whole blame on this materialistic age, and letting it go at that.

Some of those older in the service have their own private opinions. They never attended a parochial school in boyhood. They grew up side by side with the sons of other religionists. In all their public-school days they never heard the word 'bigotry'—its meaning would have been unknown. It was never suggested to them that there was a difference between Catholic and non-Catholic teachers. There was no religious animosity in the schools of those days. Religion was sacred; it belonged to the inner sphere of life. Education was intellectual training. Religion was not yet a classroom subject, as the erudite bishop describes it.

Now the reversal has come. We are a people self-ostracized. Our children may not sit in the same classroom with the children of the unorthodox. We must have our own schools, our own charities, our own graveyards. We are the modern Pharisees who will not sit with publicans. Bitterly we complain of the prejudice that has risen against us. We may thank our own aloofness for it. The spirit of segregation is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ. It was His aim to eliminate that narrowness from His people.

The hypocrites of His day were shocked when He dined with sinners and publicans. His disciples were amazed that He held converse with the Samaritan woman. In the end, He sent forth His disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature—Jew and Gentile. But the seclusiveness of the Hebrews seems to have come back. We fear contamination, moral contamination, from those about us. This is true in general, but particularly so in the field of education.

This fear of moral contamination

involves a contradiction. We believe that our faith is 'the victory that overcometh the world.' In God's name, then, let the world feel it. If we have the true faith, we should not hide its light under a basket. If we alone profess Christianity, why deprive the world of our example? Why deprive non-Catholic children of that saving contact with Catholic children? But, the learned prelate will say, children are irresponsible. They are not able to defend their faith. Later they may go forth and let their light shine among men.

This is the essence of the matter. The children are taught a controversial faith. In the higher classes they are sometimes given courses in apologetics. This is the study of arguments for the defense of the faith. Like the answers in the catechism, these arguments are ready-made. The children are supposed to memorize them and thus be enabled to defend their faith against the onslaughts of the unbelieving. This attitude has prevailed since the rise of Protestantism. At that time the Christian religion became controversial in all its forms. It has ever since remained so.

III

The Catholic Church is ever on the defensive against the Protestant movement. This is manifest especially in her educational effort. Her schools abound somewhat in mathematical ratio to the prevalence of Protestantism. She is not so zealous for schools in Catholic countries.

Where are the parochial schools of Spain and the South American countries? No Mexican Indian ever received eight years' daily instruction in the catechism. There is also the land of the Popes. There are no parochial schools in Italy. What is to become of the poor Italians? But perhaps

we American Catholics are more Catholic than the Pope.

The reverse is more likely true. The American Catholic Church seems to be tending toward the heresy of religious intellectualism. It is an elusive heresy, the mother of rationalism. America has ever been a wayward child of the Church.

The spirit of the New World impels her to do things on a bigger and better scale than the rest of the world. The American hierarchy is not famous for its theological lore. But it has built more churches in a decade than the old-fashioned hierarchy of Italy has built in two centuries. Coming from a youthful country, American bishops are prone to be prankish. They like to confuse the Pope's mind by the number of new schools on their list when they make their quinquennial report to him. They will show him how to run the Church on a business basis.

The insidious suggestion is patent. Holy Father, you should learn from us how to care for your people. Why, of the two and a half million Italian Catholics in America not more than a half million practise their religion! See what your lack of schools has done for your people! But look at us — we are spending twenty millions a year on our schools and we have just begun. Wait until we get all our high schools built. We shall have the first intellectualized faith in the world — in fact, we probably have it now.

How that saintly old man of the centuries must smile at this pathetic enthusiasm. In his inherited wisdom he knows the danger of this movement. He knows that religion is not a mere item in a scholastic curriculum. He knows that the world will never be converted to Christ by syllogisms alone. He knows that Saint Peter and the other apostles received less intellectual training than that afforded by the

first grade in an American parochial school.

Rome has been consistently silent on the question of parochial schools. They are, at best, a modern institution. That they are a failure must eventually dawn upon the minds of the faithful. It was not so from the beginning. For fifteen centuries the Apostles' Creed was the only intellectual expression of faith known to the faithful. Until the Council of Trent the vital idea prevailed. The people knew little or nothing about dogma. They were taught to lead good lives. Theological questions were left to the Scholastics.

The ordinary priest, before the Reformation, was less familiar with intellectualistic teaching, with polemical doctrine, than the eighth-grade pupil of the parochial school is to-day. The Roman catechism, decreed in the middle of the sixteenth century by the Council of Trent, is a textbook intended for the instruction of pastors in doctrine. The Reformation movement was proposing doctrinal questions that had been, theretofore, of little interest to parochial priests. To repeat, they had been content to teach the people to lead virtuous lives.

Since that time zeal for dogmatism has grown great in the so-called Protestant countries. Among the Catholic nations there remains a popular indifference to dogma that is striking. In this particular, America is the direct antithesis to the old Catholic countries. Obviously American Catholic doctrinalism is not based on ancient tradition. Such intellectualistic teaching was not considered necessary for salvation by the historic Church. We must not forget that for fifteen centuries there was no popular instruction such as is given in America to-day. If, then, this intense instruction is not necessary for salvation, it must be demanded for other reasons.

It seems evident that we are formulating a new idea of Catholic faith, a rationalizing faith. It is the popularization of theology. Our people are receiving a theologistic training. It is the new 'Americanism' in the Catholic Church. Its fault is that it fails to develop the intellect which it crams. It makes parrotlike Christians. It trains the youth in stereotyped arguments. It stunts the religious growth of its victims.

The argumentation of our religious textbooks has changed but little since the sixteenth century. Doctrines are treated as though the world had not progressed these last three hundred years. This craze for doctrinal knowledge has perverted the historic Christian standard. Doctrinal knowledge — not virtuous living — is the norm of to-day. The test for the first reception of the Sacraments is similar to that required for promotion to a higher grade in school. The fallacy is current that familiarity with the formularies of the faith will sanctify life.

These formulated truths, these cut-and-dried conclusions, can never become vital to the children. They clog the mind and tend to bring about religious nausea. This is the hidden destructivity of the parochial-school system. 'A surfeit of the sweetest things the deepest loathing to the stomach brings,' says Shakespeare. Among those who know, it is proverbial that catechism is the most distasteful study of the Catholic school. There is no other task to which the children must be so insistently driven. It is the pupils' bugbear. From this revulsion undoubtedly grows the well-known indifference of Catholics to religious literature.

IV

The humdrum religious teaching and practice of our schools are the

rocks upon which many spiritual lives are shipwrecked. The inordinate zeal to keep religious formalism and pietism constantly before youth too often produces a reaction that is disastrous. Many are therefore led to say later, 'I got enough religion in my childhood to do me the rest of my life.'

There is no reasonable argument against the theorem that religion is an everyday concern. But Christ never intended that His followers should spend five or six hours a day reviewing the mechanics of religion. In fact, He seems to have had no plans for a formulistic and theologistic religion such as is taught in these latter times. Not only are the minds of the children overburdened with religious teaching, but their eyes are surfeited with pietistic images. Holy pictures and statues are kept constantly before them. Hour after hour they must gaze morbidly on the bleeding figure of an agonized Christ on the Cross. The same monotonous strain is pressed into their ears. They must listen to doggerel hymns filled with sentimental piety. Their readers are composed of pious stories, too, which they hear over and over again.

It is easy for those who are free to think to realize the effect of all this on young minds. Ecclesiastics and other teachers are blinded by their own zeal for religion. Yet many there are who are beginning to reflect on these matters. The leakage of the Church is undoubtedly greater proportionately to-day than it was a generation ago. This estimate cannot be verified, because the number of the fallen away is not recorded by the ecclesiastical authorities. If, however, statistics were at hand, it would undoubtedly be found that the losses of the Catholic Church in America increase in direct ratio to the multiplication of Catholic schools.

The Catholic religion in America, particularly, has become too burdensome for the youth of our day. They have become enslaved religiously by the prevalent fanaticism for religious education, so called. They are exploited for the glory of the Church and the exaltation of its dignitaries. This explains the alarming defection of the younger generation. 'The spirit of the times' is almost always blamed for the religious inconstancy that is so apparent to-day. This, as we have said before, is the much-used alibi of ecclesiastics.

The Catholic Church in America thwarts her own purpose by her educational system. Like the Pharisees of old, the ecclesiastical authorities impose burdens on the people which they themselves will not touch with a finger. These burdens are psychologically unbearable for the young. They may be held in submission for a time, but eventually the reaction comes for many.

The reason is obvious. Human nature cannot bear all this religious formalism. It is like trying to develop a healthy appetite in a child by giving him thrice daily a one-piece diet of baked beans. It is a nutritious diet, but after a while the sight of beans would sicken the child.

Indeed the enemies, real or imagined, of the Catholic Church in America may take heart as long as the Catholic school system flourishes. This system is doing more to make the old religion obnoxious than all its calumniators and opponents. When the Catholic child is six years old, he is taken to an inquisition as relentless as that over which presided the notorious Torquemada. More violence is done to tender souls by the intellectual rack of the parochial schoolroom than was done to the bodies of other victims in the past.

The artificial religious life which

Catholic education develops will not stand the test of modern conditions. If ecclesiastics would pause to consider the situation, they might readily see the facts. They are striving to stem the rapids of modern unbelief by polemics; they have made dogmatic doctrine the sole safeguard of the people against modern intellectualism; they could not, if they would, meet the requirements of this method. Every day brings new intellectual problems which demand solution. They could not keep the pace if they tried. But they are not trying. They are pooh-poohing the speculations of unbelieving intellects, and by this they think to make the young faithful to their religion. There is none so blind as he who will not see. The Christian religion was not doctrinally propagated in the beginning.

Christ taught a philosophy of life which the whole world admires. We believe that doctrine is necessary. Very well. But we must not flatter ourselves that the outside world is fretting about our doctrinalism. Ecclesiastics are inclined, deprecatingly, to call modern life pagan civilization. Saint Peter went into the heart of a pagan civilization that was proud, intellectual, and imperious. When that footsore, unlettered Galilean fisherman walked along the Appian Way he was not considering an intellectual onslaught on the glorious city of Rome. He gathered a few fearful Jews about him and told them of the Christ. He described for them the gospel of love. Meanwhile the great scholars and statesmen of Rome were discoursing learnedly on their gods and goddesses. Yet in three short centuries Rome and her emperor were Christian. How did it happen? Josephus tells us the secret. Says he: 'Behold those Christians, how they live, how they love one another.'

If the bishops are to 'convert America to the faith,' they must first

return to this ancient policy. They must rear a people distinguished by the virtue of their lives. Attendance at Mass and reception of the Sacraments are salutary practices, according to our belief. Yet they do not impress the outside world. Men to-day are not deceived by the crowds that frequent

our churches. There is but one quality that proves the excellence of a religion. It is the excellence of the lives lived by its devotees. When the American bishops cease their school-building crusade and begin the work of developing Christian character, there will be hope for the Church in America.

(We shall be very glad to publish representative letters in comment on or criticism of this article and shall invite more extended replies from members of the Roman Catholic Church competent to speak in her behalf)

DEEP CANYONS

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

I

MARTHA RIDGELY, at the bottom of a vivid canyon in northern Arizona, lay on the ground with her head propped against the cantle of a saddle. Orange and crimson and purple, blue and molten violet — all the colors that the eyes of man can see, and probably all that his eyes cannot see, coated the tortured rocks and gorgeously streamed across the sky. And Martha wondered if the earth were burnishing the clouds with the fieriness of its boulders, or if the sky were spraying the land with pigments from the setting sun.

'One must certainly be the reflection of the other,' she thought. 'It is n't possible for there to be so much free color in the universe!'

Even though she was just come from the less gaudy defiles of an Eastern city, she need not have felt so incredulous a wonder at nature's lavishness. For nature had been lavish with Mrs. Ridgely's own person, staining the

irises of her large eyes with a blue that borrowed no color from the indigo shadows in her black hair, tingeing her cheeks and lips with shades of pink. But Martha, looking in her mirror, had never exclaimed, 'It is n't possible for so much beauty to be!' In fact she had rarely thought at all of her own loveliness; and now, a widow at twenty-seven, she never thought of it save, unwillingly, as one of the reasons why she need be dubious when threatened by any man with solace.

This afternoon, looking up at the brilliant heavens, she asked of them the question that in rebellious anguish she had not been able to cease from asking since, nearly two years before, her husband had been cruelly, uselessly, killed in a motor accident. 'Why? Why?' she whispered. 'Why, if there is a God, did He let it happen?' Then, noticing, between the hued splendor of earth and sky, a thing that had no

color, — a small black ellipse hanging motionless as though it were strung from beneath a flamingo-pink cloud, — she sat up. 'Ed!' she cried. 'An eagle! I see an eagle!'

Ed Griffith, the stout, red-faced young man, Mrs. Ridgely's guide, was tying a halter-hobble on his dun pony. 'That's a buzzard, ma'am,' he said, politely, without looking. 'I seen him a while back.'

The buzzard had seen Ed Griffith and Mrs. Ridgely even a further 'while back.' Indeed he had seen them at dawn when, on the pine-studded rim of the canyon, they had separated from a group of other oblong shapes. And without needing to turn his unfeathered head the buzzard had watched these others, too. There were eight of them, and, had one lagged, the buzzard — and other buzzards — would have known. He lifted his splayed wings and flapped them slowly, twice; then, banking, he was motionless again: he would wait until the larger company also halted to make camp.

And so, as the sunset lustre faded, one of this group of travelers, looking up, was able to mention his discovery of the great bird.

'Look, Edith,' he cried, turning in his saddle and addressing the trigly habited young woman who rode behind him. 'There's an eagle. See him?'

'It is? Oh, George, is it an eagle?' she exclaimed, dropping the reins on her pony's withers.

George raised his voice and spoke to the guide who rode behind Edith Granger. 'Hey, Jim, that's an eagle, all right?'

'You seen it,' Jim answered; and Spud, the guide riding before George Martin, turned his head and smiled contentedly.

Edith Granger laughed with excitement. 'An eagle! An eagle!' she called to her husband and Estelle Smith, who

were farther ahead on the trail; and her voice, striking against the canyon walls, echoed satirically: 'Neagel — neagel.' Mrs. Granger laughed again. 'Oh, I hope Martha sees it. She's wanted to so!' She turned in her saddle. 'Jim, do you think Mrs. Ridgely can see the eagle from where she is?'

Jim's natural moroseness deepened. 'No dam-fool Easterner knows how to turn his head — always has to turn his whole fool body. S'nough to give any horse a saddle sore,' he thought; and then, drawling, he said, 'I expect Mrs. Ridgely won't see no eagle, ma'am. Ed Griffith's kind of a lazy cuss. He won't take no extra trouble. He ain't like me an' the rest o' the boys you got, ma'am. Spud,' — he did not lift his voice, — 'take your face off your shoulder. Mrs. Granger here don't want to look at no weasel faces.'

II

When the night came, the rocks of Arizona might as well have been the gray boulders of Maine: there was no color in all that land of colossal ridges and gullies save two dabs of garnet made by camp fires that were but a few hundred feet apart as the buzzards fly — each deep within canyons that were two days' journey distant as a man on a horse can travel. And, no more than she could look into one of her eyes with the other, could Martha Ridgely, sitting by her camp fire with her hands clasped about her trousered knees, see her friends who were clustered about their camp fire on the other side of the canyon wall. And she felt relieved and secure because this was so.

'I should never have been with them,' she thought. 'I might have known —' She stared into the flames. 'Well, I am alone now; and perhaps — perhaps I can find —'

Martha Ridgely had departed from

her friends, not only because she wanted to be alone in Arizona, but because George Martin had too evidently begun to fancy himself in love with her, and she feared he would soon fancy he needed to tell her that he was. When she joined the party she had not expected to be molested — that was her word for it — in that way. Estelle had been invited for George, the only bachelor on the trip; and Martha felt annoyed with him on Estelle's account as well as on her own. But she had left the party on her own account. She had come to Arizona hoping that there, out of doors, far from all the things that people interpose between themselves and the sky, she might find an answer to the unhappy questioning that her husband's death had left stinging in her heart and mind. Perhaps no one ever found an answer. No one could prove that God lived, that the universe was friendly; but men had found answers to the pain of such questioning. In the wilderness many men had found peace, or at least they had found their own peace; and perhaps, Martha felt, in the wilderness she might find hers.

'I'm here,' she sighed, allowing her hands to unclasp. 'I'm here, alone!' Then slowly she lay back, pulling her blanket over her, and gazed up into a spangled sky, cleared of all the cloud wisps that had gathered in the afternoon, apparently only that the sun might go in radiance. 'Here,' she thought, 'if anywhere, I can find some meaning — if there is any meaning. This country is so beautiful — so beautiful! The stars are beautiful. The lives of so many human beings are beautiful. But if there is no meaning — if there is nothing anywhere that cares — if death and life are alike haphazard, or, worse, just parts of a design that has no designer — no destination — Oh, what is there, *what* is there to cling to — to believe in?'

'Horse comin'! Hear it?' The guide, on the other side of the fire, got to his feet, interrupting her tormented musing.

'Is n't it one of our horses?' Martha asked, sitting up.

'Ours are shod in front. This one's barefoot all round.' He stepped out of the circle of flickering light and Martha, almost with amusement, heard him unfasten the flap of the holster that hung behind his hip. 'Surely,' she thought, 'even Arizona is too civilized for that!' Then she listened to the regular tap of hoofs on rock and, occasionally, the flutter of small pebbles dislodged; and the silence of the night seemed to be made even more profound — and empty — by those faint sounds.

'Peace be to this house!' a high voice called.

Ed Griffith laughed, as inappropriate a noise as though someone had laughed aloud in church. 'Come on in, Joe!' he shouted, stepping back into the firelight. 'The house is yours!'

A moment later the furry head and fringed ears of a burro popped into view as though they came through a hole in a black sheet; and then a long, gaunt man appeared. He was smiling; Martha thought she had never seen so kind a smile, and, interested, she looked at him more closely. His face was thin and long, like his body, and his cheek bones, thrown into high relief by the shifting orange light from the fire, had the sheen of polished copper. It was the face of a man who had been out in many changing weathers: Martha would have thought a hard-bitten man, had it not been for the gentleness and candor of his smile. He was clad in a blue shirt and blue trousers, the latter belted around him with a piece of new golden rope. His feet were bare and his head was uncovered, save by thick yellow hair of jagged lengths, as though he had shorn it off lock by lock with a

sharp stone; and a short fair beard glinted along his jaws.

'Where'd you get the low-life, Joe?' Ed inquired, the tone of his voice indignant.

The visitor put one hand beneath the little burro's white muzzle. 'Take care, Ed, lest the last shall be first one day!' He laughed pleasantly. 'I found my low-life early last season, just after she was foaled. I raised her on cow's milk. How 'bout it, Ruth?' He tweaked one of the burro's solemn ears.

'Well, I ain't supprised,' Ed said gloomily. 'A low-life was the on'y thing *left* for you to take up with. You were bound to do it, I expect. But, Joe, don't you have the gall to tell me you'd *ride* a low-life!'

The stranger gazed up at the sky for a moment, and Martha, with astonishment, saw his face become rapt. 'And straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her,' he murmured. Then he patted the burro's broad cheek and smiled at Ed. 'You don't need to hold anything against Ruth yet,' he said. 'She's young. I won't ride her for another season, and not then if she don't want me to.'

Ed snorted, and, turning, he picked up a frying pan. 'I expect you ate sometime way last month,' he grumbled. 'How about some beans — or have you figured it out by now that beans is your little brothers and sisters, too?'

'Ed, Ed, you kick against the pricks,' the man said. 'It's no use.' He shook his head. 'We saw things alike once — you and me, Ed — on the Rio Grande. It was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth with us then — and a life laid down for a friend. Well, I see no different now. I only see more friends. Every last thing that lives is a friend if you look close. That's all. And I'd like a mess of your beans fine.'

Ed Griffith waved the empty frying

pan across the fire. 'Mrs. Ridgely, ma'am,' he said. 'I been so took aback with Joe an' his low-life I clean forgot to make him known to you. Joe, ma'am, before he got religion, use' to ride a horse.'

'Good evening,' Martha said. 'We are glad to have you in our camp.' Rising, she stepped round the fire. 'Will you introduce me to Ruth? I used to have a burro when I was a child. I adored him — his name was Hurry, because he did n't.'

The stranger looked at her intently, and without surprise, although he had not seen her through the fire until Ed spoke to her; then his blue eyes became compassionate. 'Peace be unto you, ma'am,' he said gravely.

Martha halted before him, and to her amazement she felt a smarting beneath her eyelids — she, who did not cry easily.

'God's hand has been heavy upon you, ma'am. His peace be unto you.'

'What?' she said falteringly. She touched the burro's soft nostrils with fingers that, almost as though they were not her own, she knew were trembling. 'How — how did you —?'

'He that hath eyes to see, let him see,' the man answered. 'Seek, and ye shall find, ma'am. You are not left comfortless. God's peace is round about you like the air you breathe. Ruth never suffered any hand but mine to touch her before, ma'am. She knows.'

Martha smiled tremulously. 'I'm glad,' she said. 'I'm glad she trusts me.'

Then, afraid that she was indeed about to weep, she turned and hurriedly, almost stumbling in her haste, went back to her blanket and, wrapping herself in it, lay down. She knew that hers was not a sorrowful face. The man could not have divined her sorrow from anything that was to be

seen there. Had he also divined the questioning that was within her, the grievous questioning that would not let her be? It was absurd to be impressed by such a man—a poor, emaciated creature with Scriptural phrases upon his lips. Probably he was possessed by a mild sort of religious mania. And yet he had surmised the trouble in her heart; he had even made her feel, for an instant, that there could be, somewhere, a balm for it. Almost he had made her feel that a sufficing answer to her questioning could be found. But who was he? A friend of Ed, the guide! A converted cowboy!

While the two men on the other side of the high, blazing fire were talking in low voices, Martha, her tears unshed, wondered; and then she slept.

She slept soundly, and without consciously dreaming, and in the morning, after she had awakened, she lay still for a space of time and did not open her eyes. She was comfortable, and it was pleasant to listen to the crackling of the fire and, farther away, the liquid tumbling of a brook. 'The sounds made by fire and by water,' she thought, 'are always restful; and that is odd, because they themselves are the most restless things in the world. Perhaps if I could hear the sound the *whole* of life is making —' She did not conclude this reflection, and, aware of how frequently her reflections were impossible of conclusion, she sighed. 'I don't believe I've had a thought in my mind that I could finish since — since he died. I can't do anything but conjecture, vainly; and I can't *not* conjecture.' Then, opening her eyes, she raised herself on one elbow.

Ed was leaning over the fire, cooking; but of the blue-clad visitor and his burro there was no sign.

'Has Mr. Joe left us?' she asked.

'No'm,' Ed replied. 'He's down crick a piece, usin' my razor. He don't

believe in packin' *any* supplies. He even depen's on findin' people soft enough to give him the loan o' their razors.'

Martha felt a curious shock of disappointment; and she realized that she had been impressed by the man Joe. He had seemed to her a kind of John the Baptist crying in a new wilderness; and now he was shaving. Because there was a woman in camp? She had heard the guides joke about shaving, as though invariably it were done, however grumblingly, as a tribute to the presence of woman. 'Is he a preacher?' she asked.

'Joe? No'm, he ain't anythin' reg'lar. The Indians hereabouts call him a "shaman" — that's a medicine man; and there's quite a power of white folks think he's got the true religion. I don't hold with no religion myself. It makes me oneasy. There was a woman once had a notion for me. She was one of them that believe the world's goin' to end every Sunday or so, and she figured I better leave off smokin'. It made me oneasy. I expect I'd 'a' married her if it had n't been for religion. Poor Joe, he ain't the same man 'count o' religion. But,' he added judicially, 'I don't hold with them that call him "Crazy Joe," neither. I knew Joe when he was the best man on a horse in the whole Southwest, not speakin' of old Mexico.'

'Crazy Joe?'

'There's folks call him that. He's done some things — I seen him myself do one thing — I could n't figure it out, an' so I let it be. No use gettin' yourself in a stir. I just let it be. But Joe's all right. He ain't crazy, himself.'

'Crazy Joe,' Martha murmured thoughtfully. Then, rising, she walked slowly up the bank of the noisy creek.

When she came back, tingling from her bath under an icy waterfall, the burro, Ruth, and the tall man were by

the camp fire. 'It's a beautiful morning, ma'am,' he said; and Martha, in spite of herself, scanned him for a trace of masculine coxcombry. But he seemed unconscious of his smoothly shaven jaws. 'I saw a doe and a fawn down crick,' he went on. 'I think they'd 'a' let me talk with 'em if Ruth had n't acted up. Ruth's young yet and there's vanity in her.'

'What do you mean — talk with deer?'

'All living things speak with tongues, ma'am, as you might say,' he answered. 'Each gives praise unto God in his own way. Spirit and flesh are one in the animals. Only men believe they must sacrifice the one to the other. "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," it says in the Book.'

Martha felt uncomfortable. 'He is sincere,' she thought, 'and it's too bad if he's going to be — tiresome.' Then, politely, 'You carry a Bible with you?' she asked.

'Yes'm, the New Testament,' Joe replied. 'I read some in the Old one and then I figured that for me it came under the head of worldly goods, and, if I was to leave all, I'd better not pack it.'

Martha smiled appreciatively. He had spoken her own feeling about the Bible and she was relieved to learn that he was no common, literally minded fanatic. But Joe, misunderstanding her amused expression, moved his hand deprecatingly. 'I was n't greatly educated when I was a boy, you see,' he said. 'And so there's a lot of such things I have to set to one side. Folks brought up to book knowledge can pack a might of it and still not be kept from cleaving to the spirit.'

'D' you-all figure on eatin' any this mornin'?' Ed inquired.

The interruption disappointed Martha; and, as obediently she ate the meal that Ed had prepared, when Joe glanced

up at a buttress of magenta rock and murmured that there was a hole near its top that might be a cliff dwelling she immediately insisted that they attempt to get to it. She wished to see a cliff dwelling; but, with the vague feeling that Joe had something to say that she needed to hear, she wished even more to postpone his departure. He would be leaving, she was sure, when breakfast was finished.

Ed thought they could reach the dark spot that Joe had seen, for a conical heap of jostled stones was piled almost to its edge. So after breakfast they left the ponies tethered, and on foot they began to climb. The way was steep and difficult, so much so that at times they had to crawl over bulging rocks that seemed to Martha alarmingly loose in their sockets of orange clay.

Joe's burro halted beneath one of these knobs of crimson stone and the rest of the way the climbers could hear her melancholy braying and the echo of it ricocheting down the canyon like blasts from a broken trumpet. And they could still, though faintly, hear her raucous pleadings when finally they reached a narrow ledge just below what was not a cliff dwelling but evidently a storehouse that had been cut, ages past, into the solid rock. Martha, panting from her climb and the satisfaction of achieving it, felt a strange, excited emotion as she stared at that small, oblong hole. Beams of ancient wood were sunk into the red stone, a frame for a door that had perished, and over the opening, drawn on the stone in darker red, was a sickle-shaped line crossed by a slanting dash — the owner's symbol.

'How long — how long ago do you suppose that mark was made?' she asked.

'Time enough for the crick to sink just a bit,' Ed chuckled. 'Some folks

gets pretty worked up over cliff dwellings. For me what goes on now is trouble sufficient.'

But Martha looked at Joe.

'A while ago my heart would be heavy when I'd see one of these old houses,' he said to her. 'I'd think of the great numbers of poor humans who'd gone into dust without having heard tell of what we know; and in the pride of my ignorance I'd doubt God's justice. How He works is for man to know only in part; but He is there for whosoever seeks, no matter what name they cry, seeking. I know that, now.'

'You know?' Martha said. 'Can anyone know that?'

Joe glanced at her, and then he continued: 'I believe, ma'am, there's never been a living man in such darkness that he could n't know that. I figure the people who built this house for their grain were n't so far different from the Indians, and I'm acquainted with Indians. Did you ever hear an Indian prayer song, ma'am?'

'No.' Suddenly afraid, Martha whispered the word. For she had turned from the hole in the cliff and was looking down — down into the gorge where the ponies, as small as mantel ornaments, stood by a crooked silver wire that she knew was the brook. And as she stared, feeling as though the ledge of rock beneath her feet tottered and was about to avalanche down the slope studded with scarlet boulders, Joe in a harsh tone, like the golden eagle's screech, began to sing.

His voice seemed to pulsate rhythmically on the same strange note that, to Martha listening, was pain made vocal, pain monotonously prolonged into infinity. He ended the unmelodic chant with a wild and shouted 'Ya! Ya!' — a sound that reeled through the whole vast series of canyons within the canyon; and, when this echo had diminished until only the burro's faint

braying stirred the silence, unexpectedly he spoke, softly. 'There's not much variety either in the tune or in the meaning. "Am I living? Is this real?" it goes.'

"Is this real?" Martha whispered. 'Does it ask that?'

"Am I living? Is this real?" it goes over and over,' Joe answered. 'It's a child's cry, but it's not a cry to nothing. Even a savage knows he's got something to cry to. That's in the end of the song.'

'Does it end? I felt as though you'd stopped because you had to. But the song — the song seemed without end.'

'It ends,' Joe said solemnly. "'O You who are everywhere, I trust You — You!' What other end to the cries of men can there be?'

III

When they were once more on the floor of the canyon, and Martha and Ed were mounted on their ponies ready to ride on down the bank of the stream, 'I'll go with you a ways,' Joe said. And all day he walked beside Martha, his hand resting on her pony's mane, and he talked to her of the high wonders that had been revealed to him since, to the best of his humble strength, he had followed wheresoever his spirit led him. He showed her, too, many of the small creatures that had their lives among the red and purple boulders and by the bright water: big-eared mice, and badgers, and ouzels, the swift little birds that fly under water and scatter glittering drops from their wings.

And all day while Joe, in his clothes of blue denim faded to a gentle color by frequent washings, stepped noiselessly over the garish rocks, never injuring his bare feet, Ruth, like a devoted dog, pattered close behind him. For since she had been left braying below the cliff dwelling she

seemed unwilling to be separated from him by more than an inch of intervening space. And that evening, having declined to graze with the horses, she doubled her stout little legs under her and, lying down by the fire, rested her shaggy head against Joe's shoulder. He fed her with pieces of bread, and this feeding renewed Ed's indignation of the night before.

'Playin' nurse to a low-life!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'The man that owned Black Eagle playin' nurse to a low-life!'

Joe's face lit up. 'He's all right, Ed!' he said eagerly. 'He's as fat as butter!'

'You've *seen* him?'

'Last month,' Joe replied. 'Back of Thunder Mountain. I could 'a' had him. It's all right to tell you, Ed. He's safe where he is, and he knows it. He has a nice herd — forty or fifty head, counting foals and yearlings.'

Martha leaned forward. 'Black Eagle? He's a horse?'

'He's more than a horse, ma'am,' Ed answered her. 'Why, there was a man from the East would 'a' give a thousan' for that horse! I could 'a' made it out if Joe had n't wanted to let Black Eagle go East — if that'd been it; but, oh my —' Further expression beyond him, he threw his brown cigarette into the fire and reached two long fingers into the pocket of his shirt for the paper to roll another.

Martha smiled contentedly at Joe. 'You let Black Eagle go free!'

'Well,' Joe said, 'he'd *been* wild, you see. I knew he could take care of himself.'

Martha appreciated this, for, like many a dweller in cities, she readily felt romance in a story of wild horses; and as she fell asleep that night she visualized, for the pleasure of her mind's eye, a great black stallion, his mane and tail streaming on the

wind and his running hoofs jubilantly beating: free, free, free!

They had camped in the bowl of an ancient lake, a hollow of naked crimson stone, and in the morning, when they rode over the lip of this gaudy basin, it was to enter a defile narrower and deeper than any they had yet been in. Ed, leading the pack pony, rode ahead, walking his horses in the hurrying stream, and Martha, following him, rejoiced like a child in the bubbling fury of the water that pushed about her pony's legs and tossed drops upon her covered stirrups. She looked over her shoulder at Joe as he strode, leaning back to withstand the rush of water that made white frills above the knees of his trousers; and then, almost ecstatically, for such was her present mood, she gazed up to where the sky, like a flat blue lid, was fitted into the space between the high walls of pink rock — wonderful walls moulded into superb undulations by the creek's burrowing.

Suddenly, before she could cry out or gather up the slack reins, her unguided pony stumbled and fell; and, gushed under by the swift water, it lay on its side, kicking and struggling. Joe pulled Martha out of her submerged saddle; then expertly he got the pony to its feet and led it up on a shelving ledge of violet rock. And Martha, knee-deep in the swirling stream, gave the cry she had not uttered, for there was a jet of scarlet blood spouting from the inside of the pony's leg, well above its hock. 'Oh!' she cried. 'He's bleeding! He's bleeding!'

Ed jumped from his horse into the water. 'That does for him,' he said, after one glance at the wound. 'It's an art'ry — too high up to tie. Mrs. Ridgely, just you get on my pony an' ride on a piece. We'll catch you up. Ain't hurt, are you?' he asked, for Martha's face had become white, and

almost strickenly she was staring at Joe, where he leaned against the side of the canyon. His body was limp, a slack line of blue upon the rose-colored stone; and such desolate sorrow was in his face that Martha felt, with a pang almost of terror, that he mourned for all the suffering ever undergone — and ever to be undergone — by living flesh. And when, stiffening, he looked up high into the air, her eyes did not leave his face.

Ed, however, looked up, too. 'God, but you come quick,' he muttered. For spanning the narrow slit of sky overhead was the dark shape of a buzzard. The great vulture's wing tips seemed to brush each rim of the gorge.

But Martha only looked at Joe.

Then, as she watched, he stooped abruptly, and with a sure touch he closed the wound under the pony's quivering haunch. When he took his fingers away, the blood had ceased to flow.

'He'll have to rest up for a couple of days, but he'll be all right,' he said quietly. 'God is good.'

After a moment Ed, his face flushing, spoke gruffly. 'T wunt a big art'ry. But you pinched it shut, all right. I expect we'd better stop right here if we don't want it to open on us. Likely 't wunt an art'ry,' he ended, almost to himself.

Joe was silent. He helped Ed to unsaddle the horses and tether them to the saddles; and not until Ed had gone off to search for firewood was any further word spoken. Then Martha, left alone with Joe, turned to him, 'What manner of man are you?'

'I'm no manner of man,' Joe said, almost crossly; then he smiled apologetically. 'I did n't mean to speak sharp; but you don't understand. I expect it riles me a little when folks don't understand, but then I recollect myself as I was some years ago.

I would n't 'a' understood then. It's this way, ma'am: there's a power comes into you if you let it. If you seek the spirit first, it comes — it must come. It's there, the power that can move the mountains, and, if you have the faith to let it, that power works through you.'

'It depends on seeking the spirit *first*?'

'How shall it be otherwise?' Joe murmured. 'Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth.'

Before her eyes, Martha felt, a miracle had happened. She had read of 'blood healers,' Irish peasants with the uncanny power to stop the flow of blood. 'But this man,' she thought confusedly, 'this man is an American! He could n't have closed that artery by any — by any strange psychical emanation from — from himself.'

But he was known to people as 'Crazy Joe.' What she had seen him do was the same whether he were sane or not; and yet, stirred by a sharp instinct, she knew that her emotion would be less if, to her mind also, he were 'Crazy Joe.' She could be calmly amazed by the miracle; but, nervously, she dreaded being amazed by the man as well. That she could not be — calmly.

'I feel sorry, ma'am,' Joe said. He appeared to be embarrassed. 'I feel sorry to've fixed up that pony before you. I yearned over him: he was a good animal and carried you faithful, and I had to do what I could. But it was n't for you to see, ma'am. I would n't want you to think I thought so — so little of you as that, ma'am.'

'What?' Martha cried. 'What? I don't understand.'

'I would n't want you to think, ma'am, that I don't know you are not one of them who seeketh after a sign. You are of them who be of the spirit. Only grief has kept your eyes from

seeing. Oh, let your eyes be opened, ma'am!

'You wish my eyes to be opened — but not through having seen you do — do that to the pony?'

'That is the least part, ma'am,' Joe answered earnestly. 'I am an ignorant man, not able to find words fit for you,' he went on. 'But mine eyes have seen — what they have seen. I know — it was clear to me from the beginning that death had robbed you and that you, loving the light, were in darkness, sore distressed and seeking peace. Now I tell you, and it is true: there is no death. All things change, ma'am, and move. Nothing dies; but only the spirit liveth ever changeless.' He put his hand upon a tilted slab of orange rock. 'There is no rest in the earth. These rocks have moved and will move again. There *is* no rest save in the truth of the spirit! Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him. You are not of the world, ma'am. I knew that when first I looked upon you; and so did Ruth. She knew that you are of the pure in heart.'

Martha was silent.

'I am not worthy, ma'am, to untie the latchet of your shoes — but I have spoken.' His voice dropped. 'I know where there's likely to be some herbs growing that'll be good in a mash for the pony,' he said. 'Before more time goes I'll get them.'

Martha watched his tall blue figure move away, with Ruth, strange devotee, at his heels. She watched until they disappeared in a cleft between two high purple rocks, shaped by the canyon-funneled winds into twin minarets; and then she stepped to the brink of the stream and, almost as though she were timid about looking up, gazed down at the bouncing white water.

'A wandering evangelist! A faith healer!' Once more she tried to repudiate the feeling that Joe's words seemed to be forcing into her heart. 'Why do I feel he knows truth? Why? Why? And need it matter why — if he does?'

In the mountains all acquired things can be forgotten, and in the shadow of cliffs so tremendous that from their base it is possible to see the pale stars in the daytime the human mind can be humbled and yet entertain vast fancies. 'God lives!' Martha whispered. 'God lives! I believe it!'

IV

A week later, riding along a surly river that had gulped the clear waters of the canyon brook into its brown maw, Martha gazed regretfully after the turreted cliffs that were receding as the river valley widened into desert land.

Her inner turbulence stilled, she was happy. She had found what she had sought. She had found it among the painted canyons; and she felt that, could she ride on forever with Ed and Joe, beneath lonely precipices, she would remain surely possessed of her peace. But all things, it seemed, came somehow to an end: this night she would rejoin the party of her friends. 'Life,' she thought wistfully, 'is so brief, and yet we spend it in carrying out plans merely because we have agreed upon them. In body we cannot, I suppose, be free — ever; nor can we, altogether, in mind.' She glanced at Joe, who trod the caked clay beside her pony. 'But through you,' she concluded her thought, 'I know that in spirit we *are* free!' Then she sighed. 'If only I can keep that knowledge — if only it will not recede from me with the cliffs!'

Joe answered the thought she had

not spoken. 'Your peace will abide with you, ma'am.'

'I won't be afraid, Joe,' Martha said. 'I won't lose the peace which passeth all understanding. I have found it. I truly believe I have. I wish —'

Joe caught a thick strand of her pony's mane and held it. 'I have my reward,' he said. 'Before even I met with you I had it; but now — now I have seen you happy.'

'Ah, Joe!' The distant pinnacles glimmered through the tears that were in Martha's eyes. She wanted to put her hand on Joe's shoulder and tell him to return to his beautiful canyons.

'Dust movin' ahead, ma'am,' Ed called. 'Likely it's the crowd ridin' out to meet you.'

She pulled her pony to a standstill. 'Oh, do you think it's they?'

'No one in these parts 'ud be makin' such a dust,' Ed shouted crossly. 'Think they're playin' White Men an' Injins, I expect.'

Joe took his hand from the pony's long mane. 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' he murmured. Then he stepped back. 'I'll be going,' he said. 'God bless you, ma'am, and keep you.'

'God bless you!' Martha cried.

'He has,' Joe said quietly. Without taking her outstretched hand, he turned, and with Ruth trotting beside him, nuzzling at his swinging arm, he walked away — toward the serrated lavender hills; and he did not look back.

While Martha still gazed after him, the two horsewomen who led the procession of galloping ponies began, as they approached, to make treble ululations in the manner of children who have been informed that the Indians war-whoop by clapping the palms of their hands against their shrieking mouths. And, when they

yanked their ponies to so abrupt a halt that the soil was furrowed, they assailed Martha with greetings and eager questions.

'When you did n't get in yesterday we were all sure you'd vamoosed!' Estelle cried. 'George was so gloomy it would have wrung your heart, Martha!' She laughed a little shrilly.

Martha smiled perfunctorily. 'Well,' she thought, 'I'm beyond being bothered by the idiotic passions of people now. I can be nicer, I think, too, because I am. Poor Estelle —'

'What did delay you?' Edith Granger asked.

'One of the ponies hurt his leg,' Martha explained. 'We had to rest him a while.'

Then the men, Frank Granger and George, came up; and with laughter and shouted gayeties they all rode on together, following the dingy river.

'There are no colors here,' Martha thought. 'They've all been left in the canyons.'

Later, about the camp fire, she made another such comparison. 'There,' she thought, 'it was quiet in the evenings. No one spoke unless he felt like it. But here we must incessantly keep babbling; Ed must be with the other guides, transformed by some impalpable, hostile ruling into a kind of open-air servant; and Joe — is gone. Ah, but I am glad he is gone!' She held out her hands to the warmth of the embers. 'He is something wholly clear and unsullied to remember.' And she wondered if he were camped that night in the open valley, or if he had gone up into a canyon. Then, glancing across an isthmus of darkness at the other camp fire where the guides were, she saw a gleam of blue when a figure crossed behind its flames.

But it could n't have been Joe's figure, she was sure; and all the next day she imagined him wandering alone

with Ruth through magnificent passages in the chiseled hills, or perhaps joining a party of Indians, and, wherever he was, moving always at the behest of his spirit. As she thought of him, he seemed increasingly to partake of the remote sublimity of the canyons. But in the evening when she sat by the fire again, listening to her friends discuss the day's fishing, she realized with a start that Joe was, at all events, not remote. For just beyond the rim of light she saw a long streak of blue. 'That was he — last night!' she thought. 'He never went back to the canyons at all!'

There, his blue clothes daubed with moving shadows, he stood.

She jumped to her feet. 'Joe! It's you!'

'Peace be to this house,' Joe said loudly. Then, stepping fairly into the light, he faced Martha. 'I came back, ma'am, because a voice cried that my work was not yet done. "Go back to her," it cried, "lest these people of the world spoil — spoil her of the treasure laid up for her."'

'Joe!' Martha looked at him as she made this exclamation; but all too clearly she seemed to see the ring of incredulous faces behind her, and, really in terror, she felt that their incredulity was to be replaced by amusement.

'I was not going to speak, ma'am — only to see if all was well. But I have seen; and I must speak!' Joe's voice trembled harshly and he addressed the others. 'I speak not to rebuke, but only that ye be warned lest in ignorance ye bring the world between a soul and that soul's peace.'

'No, no,' Martha began hurriedly; but she could not go on. She gave a protesting moan, and then she heard Frank Granger. 'You intend to remove this ignorance of ours, I trust,' he said, with apparent deference. 'None of us,

I feel quite sure, wish to destroy the peace of this — of this soul you mention. If you'll tell us what to do —'

Joe swallowed visibly, and his tall figure seemed to tilt forward. He raised one shaking arm.

'Evidently,' Frank went on, 'a soul has recently been saved. We did n't know about it. But now that you've told us, of course, we don't want it to — is backslide the word? A small revival meeting would be helpful to us all, I'm sure; and if you'll be so kind —'

Joe looked up into the black sky. 'Ye know not what ye do,' he muttered.

'No, we really don't,' Frank said, encouraged by faint sounds of suppressed laughter. 'But you do —'

Martha whirled about. 'Stop it!' she cried furiously. 'Stop it, all of you! This man is — This man has been good to me, and you — you shan't be rude to him!' She turned to Joe, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright. 'You're troubled, Joe,' she said. 'There's no reason for you to be. But — come.'

She stepped into the thick darkness that hung about the fire like a circular canopy; he followed her.

At a distance, she stopped and spoke gently. 'Joe, don't mind. Those people are n't really unkind. I understand them. They did n't mean to hurt you — to hurt us,' she amended. 'They were just surprised. They —'

Abruptly she was silent.

There was a change in Joe that, by the fire, she had not seen. The serenity was gone from his thin face, leaving it haggard; and in the starlight his eyes were black — black with pain, she thought. And it seemed to her that he was suffering — terribly. 'Oh, don't — you must n't!' she whispered. 'You need n't be troubled,' she went on. 'You need n't fear for me, Joe — truly you need n't!'

'It is n't that!' Joe said. 'I did n't know what it was until that man made me out a fool. I was a fool. I did n't know why I'd come. I thought it was to save you from — from those people's vanities. But it was n't! It was n't!'

Martha took a frightened step in the direction of the sparkling fires. 'You'd better go, I think. Everything's all right. Joe, you'd better go.'

'You spoke for me against that man — against those people! You came to my side. You bade me come with you! Oh, I know now! I know all. I do come with you. I can never leave you now. I feel — you must know, ma'am, how I feel! That's why I came back. That's why! That's why!' His whisper was triumphant.

'That's why!' A hideous and desperate wish to laugh began to stir within Martha. 'That's why!'

'And you,' Joe's rejoicing whisper went on, 'you were angry for me! You were so beautiful! Your face — oh, I will cherish you. We will do God's bidding together! Your soul is one with mine. It is revealed. You see it, too! You —' He stopped suddenly, as a deer, running, falls from the bullet already well lodged in its heart. 'Martha!' he whispered faintly, a sound as though a thin fragment of paper were torn across. Then, for the last time, he divined her: "'Crazy Joe"! You've heard that name for me! *You* call me that! You — *Martha!*'

He had divined her rightly. 'Crazy Joe!' The title crackled in her ears, and through it she could hear the horses, picketed near by, munching and swishing their tails, the dreary lap of the river, and, far off in the canyons, the multiple crescendo of a coyote yelping. Joe stood before her. He was there — standing before her. She could speak to him. She could deny — she could tell him — but she could *not*. He had, indeed, finally divined her.

Numb and mute, she stood. 'Crazy Joe!' 'Crazy Joe!'

And then — he was gone. This time, she knew, really gone.

For a while she continued to stand there alone — transfixed. 'That's all,' she thought wretchedly. 'Poor man, poor man, all he could do in the end was to fall in love with a woman; and all I can ever hear — ever, ever, is that a man is in love with me. What else is there? We think there's something else and all the time it's only *that!* No wonder God cannot bear to live!'

V

'Nothin' int'restin' this mornin'. Mos'ly bills.' With this remark the Irishwoman whose gaunt frame was clad in a maid's black dress and frilled white apron — it should have been swathed in a cloth shawl — slapped a pile of letters down on the table beside Martha's coffee cup. 'You ain't et a thing!' she added truculently.

'Yes, Nora, I have,' Martha answered. 'I've eaten plenty.'

Nora had lived with Martha always: she had been her nurse; and Martha was inured to her ways. It was difficult for her, however, not to wince when Nora commented on the character of the day's mail. For that was a custom to which Martha's husband had most objected. And he had objected to it with emphasis on the morning of the day he had been killed — two years ago exactly. His widow felt that the mail might have been brought in silence on this particular morning, a morning that Nora quite well knew was — an anniversary.

'You might as well clear the table, Nora,' she said with a sigh. Then she rose and, with the disparaged letters in her hand, walked into her compact little sitting room. She went to the window and knelt on the seat there for

a moment, while she gazed across acres of sooty roofs to where sections of an agate-colored river were visible. Then with another sigh she sat down and listlessly began to examine her mail. Among the bills that Nora had mentioned she found a soiled envelope addressed in pencil and postmarked Arizona.

'Arizona!' she thought. 'That to come on *this* day, too! It's from Ed, I suppose.' She opened it, and, unfolding the lined tablet paper, she read:—

DEAR MRS. RIDGELY

I was pleased to get the pictures you sent. The ones of the horses come out good some of them. I will tell you of a sad ocurrence. You recalect Joe that was with us in the canyon. He has met with a misshap and this is the way it was. We had a heavy fall of snow a couple of weeks after you all was gone. It was erly for snow. You know when snow comes here it chokes up on the rims so you cant get out that way. If your unlucky to be in a canyon when the snow has got on the top you wont get out without you go all the way back and thats long sometimes. We was all in town when the snow come and we got uneasy about Joe. We figgird may be he was stuck and thats the way it was. The boys got together and hired a man in an airplane to look for Joe. He found him by the buzirds and I expect

you know what that means. They wasent much use riskin life after that. We will get him out in the spring. He was starved I expect. The man knew it was Joe. He flew low to see the rags on him was blue. I know you thought some of Joe and I figgird you would like to know he was dead. Joe was a good man. You will come West again some day I expect.

Respectfully

ED GRIFFITH

The man I forgot said he saw a lowlife. That fixes it was Joe. That lowlife might live till spring if the grass holds. Jim that was with us says he is bound to shoot some of them buzirds but I told him Joe diden even shoot snakes.

'Starved!' Martha lay face down on the window seat. Ed's letter crumpled in her hand, she lay still, while, welded by distance into a single note, the dissonances made by the traffic on the street far below came faintly up to her.

She lifted her head. 'Tell him, Joe,' she whispered. 'Tell my husband I love him. I know, oh, I know now that your loving me was n't — "only *that*"! Love is part of everything — part of eternity, part of God. Joe, Joe, I understand your loving me, and it was beautiful of you. Tell him, Joe! Tell him I love him and that I believe — that I believe —'

BY SLEDGE TO THE MIDDLE AGES. II

BY ELEANOR LATTIMORE

SIBERIA, *February 9, 1927*

DEAREST FAMILY, —

It has stormed for two days and two nights and I have never been so cold. I stay under cover all the time for fear of freezing my nose.

Kitaiski has given me a dreadful scare about my nose. The morning after we started he gave me a horrified look and said excitedly, 'Mrs., you have frozen your nose. The tip of it will certainly fall off.' Sure enough, there was no feeling in it at all. I began frantically rubbing it, and pretty soon feeling came back, a great deal of feeling. But he is convinced that I shall freeze it on this trip and says I must carry a mirror with me and keep looking at it to see if it is white. So I have been nursing it carefully, and the few times I have had the courage to take a hand out from under cover to fish the mirror out it has been very red indeed.

At the beginning of every march I climb into my sleeping bag, — fur suit, fur coat, big felt boots and all, — then the men tuck me in, put all sorts of things over me, and pull the canvas over my head. I feel suffocated and can't move. We ride six or eight hours at a time. After about the fourth hour I get so stiff and cramped that it seems as if I *had* to move. With a mighty effort I turn a little to one side. This makes a crack somewhere for the cold and I begin slowly to congeal. It starts with my toes and sends little shivers of cold up through my bones, and I get gradually shiverier and stiffer until I

wonder which will happen first — that we arrive or I stiffen completely. I move everything that's movable, toes, fingers, and nose, but it does n't help much.

Last night I tried thinking of other times in my life when I have been as physically uncomfortable — when I was on my back with flu in a little pest-house on the Idaho sagebrush; when I was very seasick on the Empress of Asia; riding all day on a donkey across a hot Shansi plain and being bitten with flies and mosquitoes; thirty hours on a crowded troop train from Kalgan to Peking. That's about all I could think of.

I lie cold and cramped for hours thinking of people and places and happenings I had n't thought about for years. And all the while I listen, listen for a sleigh that might be coming past with Owen in it, and then for the barking of dogs, which means the end of the stage and a fire and food and sleep.

Long before we reach a hut we hear the barking, and it cheers me so that I scarcely mind that the dogs are fierce and leap at me when I climb out of my sledge. Then there is the stumbling on numb feet through the stable and fumbling for the little door into the hut. The door is always padded heavily with felt so that it fits tightly into the door frame, and is tugged open and shut with handles of leather thong. When I find the handle in the dark and yank, it opens suddenly to reveal the little smoke-filled room and a frowzy woman starting to build a fire. I find a broom

of twigs in a corner to brush the snow from my felt boots before it melts to make them soggy, and step around the lambs and kids and babies to deposit my bed roll in a corner.

There are sudden gusts of cold as the men climb in from the dark after tending to their horses. They throw their boots and sheepskins by the fire and start unwinding their feet. Next to their horses their feet are their chief concern, and each has his pet device for keeping warm. One encases his in camel's wool, another wraps his in bits of newspaper, and a third in a dreadful assortment of dirty rags. Kitaiski's felt boots turn up at the toes, and last night he cut up his pet fur hat, a sort of Cossack affair with a scarlet top and a swathe of long curly black astrakhan, to make himself additional stockings.

Then, sitting on the felts with a border of bare feet about the eight-inch-high table, we drink bowl after bowl of tea and eat hard hunks of bread which one of the men has poured on to the table from a grain sack. One of the Kazak women makes the tea with chips scraped from a hard black brick. She rakes coals from the fire to set the pot on and works steadily to keep our bowls all filled. Whenever one has had enough to eat and drink he flops back where he is to go to sleep, and soon the room is full of snoring till the one who is watching outside comes in to call the drivers loudly and kick them hard till they get up to tend to their horses.

February 10

We reached here at one, after going steadily but oh, so slowly since seven this morning. The wind has almost died, and all morning the sun struggled to shine through a gray sky. It is the first time I've been able to ride with my head out from under cover and the first time I have n't been cold since we

started, and just as we drove into the inn yard the sun really broke through and turned the sky blue. I didn't want to stop at all. It is being a beautiful afternoon, but the drivers had a chance to buy some mutton here and it is not nearly cooked yet, at 4.30, so heaven knows when we shall be on the way again.

This is the end of the sixth day and we have gone about two hundred versts instead of the three hundred and sixty we should have gone. I try not to be impatient, for it is being a gorgeous trip. If I only knew where Owen was and that I was really going toward him I should be hugely enjoying myself.

We passed two covered sleighs today, trotting along at an enviable pace. I called 'Owen' at them at the top of my lungs, to the amazement of my driver. It gave me a sinking feeling to watch them drive out of sight and to think he might have been inside. It is almost better to be under cover and not see the sleighs that pass, since there is nothing I can do about it anyway. When we got here I walked up the street and looked at all the sleighs in all the yards, and when I got back the drivers and Kitaiski were squatting around the low table guzzling tea and munching bread. They are burning branches of cedar in the little stove, which makes the room very fragrant.

The men have been teasing my driver about some escapade of his last night, which I don't quite get. In spite of Kitaiski's noblest efforts to explain, it is not hard for me to feign complete ignorance and thus maintain my reputation as a perfect lady. All I could gather was that this driver had suggested that the daughter of the house make room for him near the fire where she was sleeping and had even gone so far as to offer five kopecks for the privilege. She at once got the giggles and shouted, 'Five kopecks are not

enough! Give me half a ruble and no less!' thereby waking everybody in the house. The poor driver will never hear the end of it. They are already calling him 'Five Kopecks.'

The hut we stayed at last night had gorgeously colored felts on the floor and especially gaudy beds and a glowing Russian samovar, but the room was unbearably hot. 'House warm, bugs many,' remarked Kitaiski. He scratches perpetually, but fortunately I am not yet infested.

An old hag who sat up on top of the stove with a baby demanded to know if I were Kitaiski's wife. 'Of course not,' said Kitaiski. 'Can't you see that she is a foreigner?' 'Is she Russian?' the old woman asked. 'She's not a Kazak nor a Mongol, so she must be Chinese or Russian. And if you're not married why are you traveling with her?'

Horses are being hitched at last, and we have had our mutton. A great platter of boiled hunks was put in the middle of the low table and the two drivers who own knives cut it into little bits. We carefully waited till they had finished to give them an equal chance with us, then sat around on the floor and set to with our fingers. Unappetizing as it was, it was welcome after six days of frozen bread and bad tea and I ate heartily. We finished by drinking the water it was cooked in, which made a very good soup.

February 11

One of our horses died this morning. Our carts were already overloaded, but its load was distributed among them to make them go a little slower. And when we got here at two we found two Chinese men with a two-horse sleigh and no luggage who have already been on the road ten days from Chuguchak.

It is now five and the men are starting to cook more mutton. Last night we rode from seven to one and I got

very cold. To-night it will probably be eight or nine to two or three.

We slept last night in an awful little hole, barely room for us all on the floor like sardines. Everyone snored and the air got unbearable. The men drank tea till three and were up at five to tend to the horses. We were out at seven, still windy but bright sun, and I tried walking some. Too many clothes to make much progress.

Day after day after day of nothing but snow. I'm having a good dose of the 'great open spaces.' To-day I loved it, jogging endlessly along and being able to look forever and ever into space, never seeing anyone but the driver of my cart, never saying a word to anyone.

Two or three times a day we pass a string of carts bringing cotton or skins from Chuguchak. We pass them in silence, and except for them there is complete solitude.

February 12

I was awakened this morning by dogs barking and knew we had arrived at another stopping place. We had ridden all night and I had slept in the sledge. We didn't get started till eleven last night, the reason being that the drivers sent a man back to skin the dead horse. He will get the meat, — great feasting in the village, — and the drivers paid him two rubles to get the skin for them.

I spent the evening discussing life with Kitaiski. He thinks that China is several times as civilized as Russia, with which he is inclined to class all foreign countries, and makes Turkestan out a veritable paradise. There are no wars, because it is surrounded by deserts and mountains. There are no robbers, because, if a man is caught robbing, the governor immediately executes him, even though he has stolen only a loaf of bread. There are

no poor people and everyone has plenty to eat. Even the poorest eat only fine white flour, and every kind of fruit is very cheap. Nor does it get cold as it does in Siberia. In Siberia the people are all thieves and liars and there is no justice. A murderer is punished with only a year or two in jail, and it costs a whole ruble to get a bath.

The drivers and Kitaiski are very nice to me. They are crude, of course, and have a lot of vulgar jokes at my expense, but they don't know that I understand them at all and are always polite and respectful to me. They tease Kitaiski about me, but he takes it good-naturedly.

A little brown lamb has just jumped off the bed on to my lap. The old hag here is spinning wool on to a twirling stick. Her daughter has a four-day-old baby that bleats like a little lamb when it cries. She has rigged up a little cradle for it dug out of a log of wood. She herself works around the house as if nothing had happened to her, building fires and waiting on the drivers.

There is a beautiful greyhound here that looks astoundingly like Lanta. We have seen greyhounds all along the way and they are used by the Kazaks not, as one might think, for catching hares and rabbits, but for catching foxes. They say that the price of a good greyhound is as high as that of a good horse. They seem the only dainty graceful things about this rough country and among these rough people. Some of the children are sweet and gentle, but they are grubby dirty beside the greyhounds, who always look clean.

February 13

I walked again yesterday, not for long at a time. My clothes are too hampering. But long enough to get far ahead of the sledges and have the thrill

of feeling completely alone in a wide white world. No sign of life, never any sign of life but the occasional silent strings of sledges piled with bales of cotton in that lovely homespun brown and tan striped sacking, and only one train of them all yesterday.

The sunset turned the snow into a sea of opal. We went from two till dark, rested till one, and went again till dawn. Dawn was in Sergiopol, the first town on the road and halfway to Chuguchak.

I had counted the hours to Sergiopol, not only because it marked half the journey done, but because I hoped it might hold something better than a dirty Kazak hut and that I might be able to wash and change my clothes. So I wanted to weep when, after driving through bare streets of clean little Russian log houses, we turned in at the same kind of filthy pigsty we'd found at every tiny village.

Kitaiski has often remarked that our drivers are infallible in their knack of picking the dirtiest corner of every village. 'But those foreigners,' he would say deprecatingly, 'they don't know clean from dirty.' It was true, they did n't, and it never occurred to them that I might mind the squalor or long to wash my face. They had been reluctant in the first place to take a woman along, but, having accepted me, they treated me as one of them. I liked that and would not for worlds have been a poor sport about it. They did do little extra things to make me comfortable and always gave me the best place to sleep, but nevertheless it was a communistic group and I could picture their scorn if I tried to put on any extra airs like face washing.

They always shared their food with me, so I shared mine with them. Naturally their lusty appetites made short work of the little I had brought, so that I have been living with them on

sour, coarse, frozen bread, bad tea, and hunks of boiled mutton.

So the Sergiopol hut seemed worse than usual. All the town came to stare at the strange foreign woman, and, being town folk, were sophisticated. The Kazaks often remind me of the gypsies who used to camp on our corner lots at home, the women especially, with their dirty cotton clothes, full ruffled skirts, tight jackets, and gay kerchiefs, their dark skins and barbaric jewelry. And they beg like gypsies, too. They beg for my bread, my tea, money, my bracelet. And they are dreadful thieves. Kitaiski is always warning me to watch my belongings, and all the way along our men have taken turns guarding the sleighs and horses day and night.

February 15

Misfortune again. The horse on my sledge has been about to die for two days. He keeps falling down all the time and it gives me the creeps. He has the colic, and they have strangled him and stuck him with needles and beaten him and he gets worse all the time. One good point — they've taken all the cargo off my sledge, so it has only me to pull, and I've been able to stretch out for the first time.

At four yesterday, after a day of snowing and blowing and the horse dying, we came to our first trees in all the eleven days — a clump of elms. That was a real thrill. But the hut where we stayed was, if possible, the filthiest yet, just big enough for us all to get in, hot and smelly and crawling with lice.

We ate more greasy mutton and expected to get on by midnight, but the poor old horse got worse and could n't walk, so we had to stay till morning. There was n't room for everyone to lie down and the house was so stuffy and crawly that I ventured to

try sleeping in my sledge. It was terrifically cold, but freezing to death seemed to be preferable to being eaten and suffocated in a smelly, smoky room of dirty men, all of whom snored or coughed or spit or scratched.

I have had a queer kind of pleasure out of suffering from the filth and squalor and discomfort of this trip. It is so awful that it's funny. And in a way it's rather glorious. I like knowing I can have a grand time in spite of it. And it's glorious because it's real and human. It's all 'experience.' I can explain it exactly, but it seems a great experience to me. And I think I'll never be squeamish about anything again. I'm sure a good many of our 'sensibilities' are very artificial.

Well, I *was* cold sleeping in the car and when they dug me out in the morning there was an inch or two of snow all over me. But at least I was clean and did n't itch.

February 16

At last even Kitaiski has rebelled against the filthy places where we have been stopping. He turned back at the door of the one to-day, saying that he was going to find a cleaner place for us to stay. And sure enough he did, and he and I have now set up house-keeping in a comparatively sweet and pleasant little house. I have had a good wash, the first for days. We have had Chinese tea he fished out of his bag and some dates and sweet chocolate I fished out of mine, and he is feeling very pleased with himself that his sensibilities are fine enough to appreciate cleanliness. 'Those dirty Russians,' says he, 'don't know the difference.'

Alas, Five Kopecks has just come to tell us we are leaving at six. This is the shortest stop we've made yet, just because we have a nice place for once. How really ironical!

February 18

A sunny day yesterday, and the country is getting hilly — rugged hills, so that, all covered with snow, they look like real mountains. We went from one till after sunset and I walked a lot. A young moon was lighting the snow palely when we stopped. I'd love to have gone on all night. But I ate mountains of bread and tea and went to sleep. Kitaiski wakened me at one to 'eat meat.' I can't care for large amounts of tasteless mutton in the middle of the night, but I drank two bowls of soup. And at 2.30 we started again.

Such a road I've never seen nor dreamed of. It got worse and worse, till by morning we were just floundering along. There was deep powdery snow and underneath it holes in the road as high as your head. There was one stretch of half a mile along a hillside that took us four hours. In eight hours we had made about two miles. The horses were always falling into drifts to their necks and the sledges tumbling quite over, and it took ages to dig them out. It was all I could do to get myself over that stretch, one step snow to my ankles and the next step to my hips. I scrambled along with feet and hands both and was worn out when we arrived at three — over twelve hours on the way and only sixteen miles. The horses are worn out, too, and if there is much more road like this we'll never get to Chuguchak. We are in a nasty little hole of a hut now and will probably have to rest the beasts till morning.

Sledge drivers lead a wonderful life, dealing with each day as it comes, never seeming to care where they go or how long it takes them, much less where they sleep or what they have to eat.

Another horse died to-day. Makes me feel like Sven Hedin crossing the

Himalayas. They have readjusted the loads and put the cargo back on my sledge, so that now I have less room than ever.

Real style in Kazak gentlemen's headgear seems to be a sort of flowered calico bonnet that ties under the chin and is lined with thick white fur that frames their brown faces and decidedly detracts from the fierce appearance one expects them to have. They swagger about in their leather suits, bright sashes, and high boots, with their fierce clucking noises, and all the time they look like gentle little rabbits because of their white fur bonnets. The bonnets are a great mistake. The women wear various versions of what look like old-fashioned high-necked nightdresses.

Mutton to-night was more tough and tasteless than ever, but the men licked their fingers with the usual relish. The biggest driver, a sort of fee-fi-fo-fum individual, always cracks the bones open with a hatchet and sucks out the marrow with as loud noises as possible.

February 19

Curiouser and curiouser. I seem suddenly to have been deposited in a picture-book Russian cottage and left here with no one I ever saw before. Just why I am here and how long I am to stay and what's to happen next remains to be seen. Meanwhile it is very entertaining.

We rode all day in a whirling snow-storm, the kind where you can't see the horse's tail in front of your face, and about three we drove into what might have been a town if one could have seen it, and into a sort of yard. One of the drivers appeared out of a whirl of snow and brought me in here and I've seen none of them since. That was three hours ago.

I discovered myself in a two-roomed cottage with a huge white plaster stove, mud floors, and little ruffled

curtains at the windows. A merry old lady and two young girls rushed to take off my snow-caked coat and cap and boots and mittens and bring me water to wash with. Then they started the samovar and soon I was sitting at a table with a homespun cloth, devouring a great bowl of borsch and hunks of black bread and boiled eggs and tea with cream in it. Nothing ever tasted so good as the eggs and cream.

The cottage is neat as a pin and has plants growing in tin cans on all the window sills. The girls have long braids and print kerchiefs and long dresses, and are knitting by the window and singing Russian songs.

This has been the wildest day of all. We started at three this morning and battled twelve hours with the road and made less distance than we did yesterday.

After my horse died they gave me an erratic mare who had upset more loads than all the other horses put together. She is such a dumb-bell. She sees that the road looks rough whereas on either side of the road the deep unbroken snow is as level and smooth as can be. Every few minutes she is tempted to try it and of course she goes into a drift to her neck and has to be hauled out by the tail, with much struggling and beating. We have only five drivers for our fourteen sledges and they walk along at intervals and try to guide the horses by yelling at them. The driver and I both yelled ourselves hoarse at that fool mare this morning, but it did n't seem to have much effect. And I was getting cold and the snow was beginning to get down my neck and run in icy rivulets, so I decided to retire under cover and pray.

I had been under cover only about five minutes, bouncing and jouncing around, when all of a sudden I found myself face down in a snowdrift with my belongings on top of me. After that

I begged some rope from a driver and made some reins and have been driving the nag myself all day. It has worked very well, except that she has a hard mouth and I consequently have a lame arm. I ought to be drawing wages for this trip.

Driving meant that I had to perch precariously on the front of the sledge in the snow. It is the heaviest, wettest snow we have had and I got caked all over, thicker and thicker, including my face. My coat remained fairly water-proof, but the scarf around my neck got saturated and little rivers of ice ran down inside my clothes. It is n't as bitter cold to-day as it has been, but I was well chilled when we arrived.

To-day Kitaiski rebelled again. I love to see Kitaiski rebel — it relieves my feelings so. It takes a lot to make him do it, but when he gets worked up to it he is a man of action. He told me this morning that we should get to village to-day, — I suppose that is where we are now, — and that here he would hire a good sleigh and take me to Bakti on the Turkestan border in two days. If we stay with these fellows it will take at least five.

He talked a great deal about what a good fellow he was and how he knew I wanted to get there soon. I suggested that he was probably eager to get there too. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'fast or slow is all the same to me, but a few dollars more or less does n't make any difference and I'll take you on if you want me to.'

In later conversation, however, it developed that the consul at Semipalatinsk had given him a month to make the round trip to Chuguchak, and that if he had to spend all the time on the road he would n't have any time with his friends there. So this is n't entirely a Boy-Scout move on his part. He had honestly thought we should make the trip in nine or ten

days. He had told me that he had traveled this road many times, but it appears he had never done it before in the winter.

Now I am wondering if he has given me the slip and gone his own way. The snow is still coming down in clouds. It looks as if we were snowed in here for weeks and I'm only sixty-five miles from Owen. I could go quite mad thinking about that.

7 P.M.

The blessed Kitaiski finally did appear, covered with snow, to ask if I really did want him to hire us a good sleigh to take us on to-morrow. I told him I most certainly did. The sledges we came in are about wrecked now. One of them fell all to pieces to-day. And we could n't go slower; so, while I don't entirely believe in Kitaiski, we can't really lose by changing.

He talked big, of course, about how he had a lot of Chinese friends here and they all begged him to stay with them a few days and said he really should n't go on in all this snow, but he told them that he had an American woman in his charge who was quite helpless without him and that her husband was waiting for her in Chuguchak and it would be *pu hao kan* ('not good looking') if he did n't give up his good times with his friends and take me all the way. So I told him he was a good boy and he's gone off now to hire the sleigh, which I won't count on until I see, as, what with the weather and the roads, it may not be so simple.

I just discovered a small boy on top of the stove, lying on his tummy eating sunflower seeds.

February 20

It is snowing again this morning, hard, and I could weep.

Kitaiski showed up again last night to say that we might be able to go this

afternoon if it stopped snowing. We have gone every day until now in the snow, but I suppose there is a limit to how deeply the roads can be buried and still be possible.

This is a sweet cottage. We had a supper last night of tea and black bread, sour cream, salt fish, salt pork, and pickles. The old couple insisted on giving me their big wooden bed, and two of the drivers slept on the floor beside me. The family slept in layers on the stove and the other drivers stayed at an inn. The old lady was up at five making bread. We had a kind of stew for breakfast made of dough boiled with potatoes and a little salt pork. I wish I could *walk* to Chuguchak.

As I was writing just now I heard a great shrieking and yelling outside and looked out of the window to see men tearing down the street on horses, with great sticks and clubs in their hands, and men, women, and children pouring after them, calling excitedly. It looked like the entire town. And just as I was dying of curiosity to know what it was all about Kitaiski appeared and told me they were driving a huge wolf out of town.

The old lady is spinning in a corner at a spinning wheel, mark of advanced civilization. All the spinning I have seen on the road has been done on a twirling stick.

February 21

All the town came to see me yesterday — first two officials for my passport, then a dressy Kirghiz gentleman with a snappy little moustache, and then a whole sewing circle of apple-cheeked girls in white kerchiefs. Finally, about two, up drove Kitaiski with two sledges and announced that we were going, and I realized that it had stopped snowing at last and the sun was breaking through the clouds.

And out of the window I saw appear a whole town of little white plaster houses and green domes of a church and people coming out of their houses after the storm and ploughing through the snow-filled streets.

The old lady rushed around and fed us soup and cold fish and gave me a fresh loaf of bread for the journey. And after much packing and roping and paying off our old drivers we were off at four.

Kitaiski had produced two sledges, one for us and one for our belongings. A Tatar driver drove the luggage and Kitaiski stowed me in the back of our sledge, on the bed rolls, and squatted in front to drive it himself, feeling very important and pleased with himself.

We had a felt rigged up on branches to canopy us and looked very stylish. And the road was much better than it had been. There were stretches where the horses could almost trot.

We reached a Kazak hut at nine and stayed there till four in the morning. The most attractive Kazak woman I have seen yet climbed out of bed to make us tea. She made the usual coy remarks about Kitaiski and me and offered us her bed. How did I dare travel without my husband and with another man? Kitaiski explained that it was because we were both 'educated,' which was a little beyond her comprehension.

I get awfully annoyed at not being able to talk. There are so many things I want to know. Of course, traveling with six men, not being able to talk with them has been in a way a protection, especially against a good many embarrassing conversations. They are pretty crude animals and the Kazak women in the huts where we have stopped are certainly not much in the way of chaperones. They seem to be completely unmoral creatures.

I had heard of travelers being embarrassed by the hospitality of Kazak households which pressed upon them the services of their women and were offended if they were not accepted, and that any Kazak woman was considered to be at the disposal of any passing traveler, and from bits I did understand of the conversations of the drivers I can well believe this to be true.

While we were drinking tea at two in the morning, just before our start, Kitaiski asked me if I had heard this woman chattering to him in the night. It seemed that, although he was my protector, he had been quite willing to forsake my company for hers. She, however, had even refused to eat with him, saying that this was the fast of Ramazan and therefore it was against her religion. He had tried to persuade her, saying that it would n't matter, as her man was away and would n't know she had broken the fast, but much to his surprise she still refused.

We reached here at nine, 'here' being the home of our driver, a white plaster house heavily beamed but furnished inside much like the Kazak huts. His wife has three children, a three-day-old baby, a cute small boy who looks like his father, and a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little girl who looks like hospitality to a Russian traveler.

The driver had promised to get us to Bakti on the Turkestan border to-night, but home seems to be proving too inviting, as it is now after noon and we still have forty miles to go.

Our new sledges have no bells. I miss them.

BAKTI, February 22

The Turkestan border at last, and only twelve miles across the border is Chuguchak. After all, Chuguchak is probably an ordinary little town. Its importance has assumed ridiculously

undue proportions in my mind ever since the day in Peking when this reunion was arranged, and has increased in magnitude during the months of waiting for the wireless message which would set the date for me to start; and as the difficulties of the journey have accumulated it has assumed the significance of a Mecca or a Jerusalem or a rainbow's end.

And now that I am almost there I have a sinking fear. Perhaps the journey's end will be an anticlimax after all, and my pot-of-gold husband not arrived. So I'm trying not to be too excited. But it *is* exciting. And how can Kitaiski be so casual? He has gone off now to find us another sleigh, as the ones we have are not allowed to cross the border.

Bakti is a fair-sized town, and I hoped vainly to the end that here I might clean up a bit for Chuguchak, having changed no clothes and scarcely washed for sixteen days. But here we have still the inevitable one-roomed Kazak house with much too large an audience for anything of the sort.

Even yet I don't dare count on reaching my journey's end to-night. There are still two possible obstacles to delay me: the Russian border officials, for my visa has expired, and the Turkestan border officials, for foreigners are none too welcome in that stronghold of the Middle Ages and I don't know yet how Owen has been received.

It is silly how I always think of Chuguchak as my 'journey's end' when really it is only the beginning. But all the difficulties of the little-traveled roads through Turkestan and across the Himalayas, and even the trips we are planning that no white woman has

done before, seem so simple when I'll be no longer a 'woman traveling alone.'

CHUGUCHAK, February 23

I must mail these letters to you quickly while I still have an envelope large enough to contain them, and I hope you'll read the last one first to know that I am here.

There were two impatient hours at the Russian customs while the officials looked at everything I owned. They'd never seen so many nice and interesting things before and had to ask a great many questions. I even put on a demonstration of how solidified alcohol burns. But there was no trouble about either my things or my expired visa.

Then we trotted out across the snow fields to the Gate of Turkestan, which was a wrecky-looking *pai-lou* of unpainted crumbling wood across the road between two ramshackle shanties. We went into one of the shanties, a small room full of what looked like ordinary Chinese coolies all chattering and drinking tea. One of them, at a table, seemed to be able to read and write, for he inspected our documents and asked many questions and exhibited the queer American passport to all his pals, who tried four ways up to read the words and then decided they were foreign characters; then he remembered he had orders to admit me.

Then two hours across snow fields toward black and white mountains at the foot of which was Chuguchak. Then into muddy streets, and Kitaiski scouting about to discover if Owen had arrived, while I waited perched on the loaded sleigh, and Owen coming round the corner — and there was Chuguchak.

THE MODERN WELL-TEMPERED MIND

BY PAUL F. LAUBENSTEIN

'Is life worth living?' 'It depends on the liver.' Thus did William James with a pun assign to the interpretative humanities their legitimate place in the attempt to trace the cosmic economy, and placed us all in his debt. For in so doing he rendered it unnecessary that anyone should be compelled to wallow in the miasmas of despair to which certain scientifically beset moderns and Spenglerians seem determined to consign us. We may hear the voice of modern science speaking to us, 'each in his own tongue.' James would tell us that the disposition which we bring to the reading of the facts is of as great practical importance as the facts themselves. Science gives us no aid in reading the facts; that is matter for philosophy and religion, whose work includes the interpretation of the data furnished by science.

It is possible for us to look out upon Nature and to see no more than that which is immediately given to us: a series of disconnected phenomena, a chaos with a blind thirst for life, utterly devoid of any pattern or process which man can understand, devoid also of anything like rationality. One may see a Nature everywhere at war with what man wants, continually throwing up obstacles to oppose his desires and his emotions, and conclude that Nature is out of joint, a poor affair indeed. One may see the human being, with his reason and his higher sensibilities, as one of Nature's freaks, analogous to nothing else which she has produced, and out of place in a universe

which itself exhibits no such qualities as these. Although man would fain project a humanity and a teleology upon Nature and thus make her intelligible, would fain make her yield some support for his emotions, his morality, and his spiritual life, in reality there are no correspondences of this kind in Nature herself. In such a universe, to which he is completely alien, he finds life reasonable and bearable only in virtue of his myths, his illusions, his religion, and his philosophy, all born of desire, which interrelate the crazy fragments and give a semblance of rationality and purpose to the whole. By these man has heretofore sustained himself, but now modern science, in explaining, has explained away his myths one by one, and has left him more than ever alone in a world utterly indifferent to his values — the most miserable of all earth's creatures, because he alone has been enabled to ask the question 'Why?' Under such conditions we face, therefore, the vision of a dehumanized world, or else we must make a readjustment more stupendous than any that has ever before been attempted.

This reading of certain facts presented to us by modern science may impress some rather as a modern distemper than as 'The Modern Temper,' the title of Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's stimulating and arresting article which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February 1927, and of which the above is an abstract. Yet the problems treated in this essay and the issues

raised therein are real ones to all who have given sufficient interest to the matter to be aware of the difficulties involved in man's adjustment of his spirit to the new environment amid which science proclaims him to be living, and to all who feel concerned at the prospect of a robotage, either natural or mechanical, which has been prophesied for him.

The first part of the present paper has to do with several specific features of Mr. Krutch's philosophy, the second part with certain issues which it has brought to the fore.

I

Is Mr. Krutch's interpretation of facts, or one cast in the same minor mode, the only type which at the present we can honestly and reasonably hold? Given an ethics which does not rest back upon individual satiety, an eye which can discern positive achievements and significant victories as well as difficulties and defeats, and a full recognition of the truth for which the evolutionary hypothesis stands, might not a different story be told? For any philosophy which blandly ignores the large body of well-authenticated evidence supporting the evolutionary hypothesis, together with the upward trend, however gradual, spasmodic, or irregular it may be, revealed by it, will be deficient just in proportion as it does so.

1. There are those, for example, of an equal robusticity with T. S. Eliot, who would interpret happiness in terms of struggle and effort, in capacity for appreciation, rather than in terms of 'a life in which no lack can be perceived.' The successful attainment of the latter ideal might well result in the production of a race of intellectual, moral, and spiritual morons, or else prove to be a life of unutterable bore-

dom. Hegel could point to the glory and the desirability of strife. He saw the healthy man as one who asks not so much for happiness as for an opportunity to exercise his capacities, for which power and freedom he is willing to pay the penalty of pain. The life and words of that sturdy invalid Robert Louis Stevenson, too, stand as illustrative here: 'For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.' And we recall similar words from Mr. Shaw, in *Man and Superman*, when he defines the true joy of life as 'the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.' The shade of Carlyle, seemingly here invoked, would also nod approval. The struggle, therefore, which seems to be inherent in Nature may be shown to have a direct relation to man's highest needs, in the development not only of his physical, but also of his moral and spiritual powers, which have been responsible for the creation of his highest and most characteristic products, and have sustained him in his pursuit of still higher ends.

2. Nor must we deplore the evolution of these moral and spiritual qualities as the great misery-makers for man, and out of place in this universe. Let him who will envy the amoral contentedness of the animals. They have paid their price for it and they have their reward. 'All the thoughts of the turtle are turtle.' Healthy-minded human beings, however, prefer to pay the higher price to retain their distinctive human qualities: free will (which we act as though we have), the conscious moral sense, the evaluational and the æsthetic

consciousness, powers of retrospection, of appreciation, of interpretation, of aspiration, of conceptual thought, and the like. While the possession of these does breed a certain dissatisfaction with earth, does make necessary a troublesome, continual adjustment to the universe, and exposes man to dangers peculiar only to himself, yet they make available — or seem to — a range of conscious moral choices, a fullness and a richness of life, capacities for development — in short, conscious compensations, also appreciable by him alone, which are well worth all the struggle spent to maintain them.

The significance of Nature's human experiment is to be gauged by her production of the few representative and typical ones who by dint of the striving which she seems to have made conditional to attainment, and in which robust souls have found life's greatest satisfactions and meaning, have revealed and advanced new and unsuspected intellectual, moral, and spiritual possibilities in human nature while at the same time keeping their feet upon the earth — her highest and most successful exemplar being the Carpenter of Nazareth.

There are thus those again who translate the document of human evolution far differently, who, accepting the fundamental scientific principle of efficient causes, see that it is impossible to regard man as a 'fantastic thing that has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth.' Such a view contradicts the very science to which Mr. Krutch gives so much weight, and throws us back upon a creation *ex nihilo*, upon a chaotic universe indeed. Rather must we say here *because of* the nature which gave him birth. The discerning observer, who includes in human experience not

only the facts given by the scientific method, but also those 'transcendental cravings' which have formulated our mythologies, illusions, philosophies, and religions, sees in such cravings, as possessed by man alone, not that which makes him of all Nature its sole maladaptation, but that which is the ultimate product to date of an evolutionary process out of which, to say the least, cause and effect cannot be dropped. If this be true, then are such cravings rooted in Nature, and have a home here. We cannot put them down as chance excrescences. They will 'belong' until they become impotent either to sustain or to promote higher forms of life. But Mr. Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* is even to-day a 'best seller.'

And that harrowing discontent which we call 'divine,' source of the creative joy of the artist, and of the sciences themselves, is it not that which is distinctive of man, and prophetic of what he may become? If the net result of the long, laborious process of evolution thus far has been the production of human personality with its sense of values, there are not lacking those who, if a pronouncement had to be made as to the greater degree of reality attaching either to the world of external Nature or to man's transcendental cravings, would speak in favor of the latter. Mr. Krutch too recognizes their survival value, and in so doing pays tribute to the reality which informs and underlies the fantastic and grotesque garb and symbolism in which they are often clothed.

But, as a matter of fact, we are not called upon to make such a pronouncement or such a separation. Biology and psychology have been busy recently pointing out to us the unity of experience, of which the 'natural' and the 'spiritual' realms are distinguishable but inseparable aspects. It is a common-

place of modern thinking that the world is 'all of a piece.' Investigation revealing the electronic structure of matter is rendering the older dualism between matter and spirit more difficult than ever to maintain, and supports the idea of a *universe* in a very literal sense of the term — supports too, paradoxically, the idea of a universe in which the conflict and the friction making for the perfect adjustment of part to whole are essential to Being itself, and not an antagonism to be deplored.

Impossible, therefore, is the dualism between man and Nature, so devastating a cudgel in the hands of the human defeatist. Strictly, if values exist for man, they exist also for Nature. What are Nature's 'purposes,' her 'values,' her 'will,' save those which our own consciousness comprehends in her and evaluates as such? But some of man's experimental projections after a permanent set of values are bound to meet with the same end as many other of Nature's trials after values and processes that will be possessed of a high survival potency, after those best fitted to sustain life and to promote higher forms of life. Man's values themselves represent an evolution, and that adjustment of relationship between human and extrahuman Nature which the dualist interprets as an indifference to man's values will doubtless remain a constant factor while his purposes ever remould themselves into such as are better adapted to further the total process. But the monistic view of Nature allowed to us by science forbids us to regard man, even with all his 'conflict' with her, as a thing set over against her.

3. Again, we may ask what the stubborn persistence of the ethical and spiritual aspects of experience, with their causal germs in Nature herself, tells us concerning the character of the

world in which we live. If facts have any meaning whatsoever, it can scarcely be maintained that a universe in which man's supersensual longings have persisted up through the crude stages of superstition, animism, and myth to the refined, complicated philosophical systems and ethical monotheisms of today despite obstacle and persecution, a universe in which such pains and struggles have been expended in the production of human values, is one which is utterly indifferent to these yearnings and values. Here have been found elements out of which such values were capable of being wrought. Indifferent the universe may appear as to man's use of its materials, but it has contained possibilities which have enabled him to evolve more than a 'finished animality,' possibilities also integral to Being. The very effort required in the creation of his ethical and spiritual values has led accordingly to their greater appreciation and to their conservation. There is ample ground for the conservatism of religion. And science is steadily placing in our hands powers and instruments whose intelligent use makes it possible for us still further to conserve human values in the face of the more violent aspects of Nature.

Indeed, upon the 'other-regarding' behavior, especially the mother's protection of the young, which is present in certain species of the animal realm, and upon the survival of types possessing these qualities rather than of such as the heavily armored creatures, John Fiske has succeeded in making out rather a strong case for an ethical trend inherent in Nature herself. To be sure, it is only the human evaluational consciousness 'projecting a humanity upon Nature' — a procedure against which Mr. Krutch rightly warns us — which allows us to talk of anything like ethics or morals in connection with animals.

Yet, if by so doing it is possible to observe in the animal kingdom persistent elements in which we can see factors of value for the evolutionary process, elements to which we have attached human values and which are unconsciously cherished by the animal kingdom, then the presence there of such traces argues corresponding characters and qualities inherent in Nature, and may constitute important pointings and leadings, instructive analogies which should be of worth in effecting man's ever-needed adjustment to Nature and in his conscious direction of human evolution.

Furthermore, the faith which the scientist daily shows in the constancy and dependability of Nature's processes, upon which the discovery of scientific laws and certain types of fact depend, presupposes in the universe what we can call by no better name than 'moral trustworthiness.' Nor can we lightly dismiss as mere subjective phantasmagoria all the body of evidence given in William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* and in the experience of the mystics of all ages, who, like the scientists, have expected and have found an answering dependability in Nature on condition of the proper adjustment. The same may be said of the higher reaches of religious experience as found in those other vast collections of 'Varieties' — the sacred books of the world.

Instead of relegating such elements to the scrap heap as anachronisms, we shall probably find in them the very powers needed to evolve that which will progressively yield our hearts' desires, if we are robust, and may find in them a support for that human dignity which has such a strong survival value. Perhaps the ancients spoke better than they knew when they placed man at the centre of the universe. An inquiry into the significance and the place of

this large, vital, and unique area of human experience cannot be omitted in making up any estimate of Nature or of Reality.

4. Lastly, science makes it clear to us that she conceives a rationality, an orderliness at the very heart of the universe. The theorems and principles of science have been invented by the human reason, working upon data supplied by Nature herself. If the scientist believed that Nature had no rationale of her own which was accessible to his reason, he would soon despair of wresting from her any of her secrets. The fundamental working assumption of the scientist, it is the only basis upon which he is able 'with increasing completeness to map out the pattern of Nature.' If her processes be not understandable in human terms, be unrelated to human thought, then scientific revelations as representative of Reality are worthless. And if rationality be an attribute of man alone, then the scientific method, based on reason, is forever disqualified from giving to us a true view of Nature, and the world which reason and systematic investigation disclose is a monstrous scientific myth.

Thus, a modern temper, proceeding with the same material as that used by Mr. Krutch, can also justifiably reach more optimistic conclusions. The laws of Nature require even the minor prelude and fugue to close with the *tierce de Picardie*. One may see in the struggle so prominent in Nature man's greatest need, the condition of his happiness and of his highest attainment. It can be shown that his troublesome transcendental cravings, the climax of the evolutionary process, are part and parcel of a unified experience which produced them, are vital elements of experience, and constitute our hope for the future. A universe which makes possible the achievement of human values and provides for their

conservation, and in which it is possible to see an inherent ethical trend, can scarcely be utterly indifferent to its products. In the fact of the stubborn persistence of this sense of human values may be found one indication of the character of the universe. Science assumes as the condition of the validity of its findings the rationality of Nature.

If it be the case that two equally permissible and reasonable interpretations of phenomena are possible, it is reasonable and in accordance with Nature to choose the one which promises most for the further unfolding of the highest potentialities which the evolutionary process to date has made known to us. That an optimistic reading of scientific facts is permissible and reasonable, and not mere sentimentality or wish-fulfillment, is evident from the views of such scientists as Professors Thomson, Pupin, Whitehead, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others.

But, if we fail to feel the force of any conclusion reached by the human reason which at the same time pronounces the evolution of the distinctively human traits a colossal cosmic blunder, or of a prophecy that man, as man, must in time expect to be expatriated from the universe, we cannot escape the urgency of several important issues which Mr. Krutch's philosophy has raised.

II

In the first place, his article makes clear the extent of our submission to *a new dogmatism of science*, quite as bigoted as that of the most sterile ecclesiastical system, and the responsibility for which must not be laid altogether at the door of the scientists. We are lost and discontented creatures without some authority to which to yield our allegiance. Our vaunted 'open mind' may mean anything from

the purely transmissive mind of the *illuminatus* bewildered at the march of ideas through his consciousness, but holding no loyalties of his own, to the one which has merely exchanged an older authority for a newer one, a spiritual conviction for a scientific theory, or a religious ideal for a literary idol. We have learned to discard the Bible as an authority on every subject under the sun, and to limit the field of its application to religion. We have not yet learned a similar lesson with respect to science. A particular science may earn for itself the right to speak with authority in whatever particular field it chooses to map out for its investigations. There are areas in which certain scientific methods, perfected after many years of experimentation, have proven themselves to be especially successful. We henceforth assume for all science a general adequacy, and its authority 'spills over' from one field into another, irrespective of differences in the material dealt with, and of the types of technique required in different cases.

There are certain false assumptions, gratuitously made, which underlie the new dogmatism of science, and which deserve to be cleared away, in the interest both of science and of philosophy and religion.

1. In the first place, it is high time we stop talking of the 'certitudes of science.' The term is at best a hazy and a misleading one and conveys the impression that science is infallible. It ignores the fact that some sciences have perfected themselves more than others, and its use strengthens a tendency already formed to make of science a fetish, a thing to conjure with and to swear by. Here we have a new variety of myth taking form under our very eyes.

It is a strange human inconsistency which is willing to grant to science the

privilege of making mistakes and later of correcting them, of discarding false views for newer and truer ones, without a shade of discredit to the authority of science, but which stigmatizes with the labels 'superstition,' 'mythology,' 'illusion,' 'delusion,' — what powers either to 'make' or to 'break' we have conferred upon labels! — the corresponding earlier interpretations of Reality made by the human spirit, and adduces as evidence conclusive of the general unreliability of religion its occasional sloughing off of formulations which experience has proven to be untrue in favor of newer and truer views. The fair name of science emerges unsullied from the wreckage of mistaken hypotheses by which, nevertheless, it has been enabled to rise, while the mistaken hypotheses of religion have placed it, at least for some, in a position from which it may never again hope to show its head without discredit — it must continue to bear the brands 'superstition,' 'mythology,' 'illusion,' 'delusion.'

2. A second unwarranted assumption is that scientific methods and categories are interchangeable. So successful have certain sciences been in dealing with three-dimensional matter and with the forces of external Nature that it has been assumed that the same methods which obtain in the physical sciences will also prove to be equally efficacious when applied in the realm of human experience. If in his treatment of life, for example, the biologist or the psychologist can discover nothing but measurable physicochemical results, that is only because with physicochemical methods it is difficult to see what other results he could obtain, and 'constitutes no proof that there is nothing in life that is not physicochemical.' Similarly, methods which have proven successful in dealing with animal behavior can be expected to appertain

only to animal behavior in men, and the results thus obtained constitute no proof that there is nothing in human experience that is not animal behavior. If human behavior is adequately to be described, we must at least have methods and categories of kind. Surely the present diversity of opinion between animist, introspectionist, vitalist, Freudian, behaviorist, and Gestaltist gives little basis here for either scientific dogmatism or certitude.

3. A third gratuitous assumption has been hinted at in the above. It consists in the belief that science — here psychology — is perfectly capable of rendering a true, exhaustive account of human experience. It goes back to the spilling-over process just mentioned. When, after analyzing a situation, psychology synthesizes the elements obtained and tells us the result, the reconstruction is usually lacking in precisely those qualities which make it a human experience: the significance of the original total reality grasped in one act; the essential meaning of the original experience; the place of the experience in the totality of things; the evaluational, the appreciative, the purposive elements — these are not matters for scientific method as we know it to-day. If the time ever comes when psychology will talk anthropomorphically of man, taking cognizance of the conative human powers with which of all things we are most familiar, then it may also talk more adequately of him.

A psychology of religion, in so far as it employs a technique and uses methods borrowed from the physical sciences, can hope to deal only partially with life in its religious aspects. Any claim on the part of science to show how man's transcendental cravings were born, in the endeavor by so doing to prove them a delusion, proceeds upon the assumption that science is in possession of a method thoroughly adequate

to deal with the experiences of the human spirit not only in its earthly but in its cosmic bearings. Nor does the 'uncovering' of the lowly origin of a human institution discount its present attainment, else science too falls under the same condemnation. Unfortunately for the human defeatist, when the investigations of such scholars as Durkheim and Frazer reveal certain elements having to do with the beginnings of religious beliefs, obviously such revelations concern only beginnings. Even if we assume that we have reliable data and a method adequate to give us an authentic account of institutional origins, the value of a human institution is not to be measured in terms of its origin. Its significance and its reality lie in the whole trend of the evolutionary process by means of which it became what it has become, in its social achievement, in the eminence to which it has attained, and in its future possibilities. In dealing with present realities, we hold a thing to be what it is, including its inherent potentialities, and not what it came from.

4. We are rapidly becoming enlightened as to the falsity of the supposition that the specialist in any particular science is ipso facto also well qualified to speak with equal authority on religion and philosophy. Our ideas on transfer of training, on specialization of field, and the sad results of such trust are leading us to abandon this assumption. We have learned to distinguish between the scientist talking as scientist and the scientist talking as philosopher or religionist. Doubtless there are some men qualified to act in the double capacity, but they are rare.

5. A futile phrase is that quasi-triumphant one of a spiritually iconoclastic science: 'Let the facts speak for themselves!' Would that they could, and did! Would that the data pre-

sented to us by the animal and the physical realms spoke so unequivocally of Reality as to make our conflicting scientific theories and our epistemological squabbles needless! But, since they are mute, only we articulate ones can lend them tongues — our own tongues, which they use in a representative way, and speak many diverse things. Yet it will ever remain the inalienable privilege of all, not only of the scientist, thus to make fact vocal, *nach Belieben*. Is disposition or fact superior here? And what is 'fact'? Greater unanimity of interpretation is to be hoped for only to the degree that scientist, metaphysician, and religionist will agree to work together, considering facts and experiences in their totality.

6. By far the most serious false assumption underlying the new dogmatism of science is our willingness to regard scientific methods and categories as the only valid and legitimate ones both for the discovery of truth and for its explanation and description. The reason for this is not far to seek. The statements of the natural sciences are clear-cut, definite, and capable of verification by experience; scientific results are for the most part tangible, concrete, measurable, in the limited field which each science marks out for its province. Not only has the modern scientific complex led us to demand proof as a condition of the acceptance of any Reality, but it has deluded us into believing that the only proof worthy of the name, adequate and true, is proof set up in scientific formulæ. The interpretative humanities on the other hand, and especially religion, must often utter their voices, if they would be articulate at all, in a medium not always adapted to that which they would express — namely, in language. Hence the use of simile, metaphor, analogy, symbol, allegory, statements and

terms often vague and indistinct, meet for aspects of experience for which articulateness and exact presentation are indifferent matters. But it is becoming increasingly necessary to ask in virtue of what fiat it is that the procedure and the conceptions of modern science have attained to such sanctity that they must be regarded as the exclusive legitimate agencies for the discovery and the explanation of truth. And must we say that only that which lends itself to scientific description and explanation is the real and the true, and limit experience therefore only to the commensurable? The formulæ of science are symbols, between which and the things they represent the scientist has faith to believe exists an exact correspondence. But scientific methods and categories are neither eternal, divinely inspired, infallible, nor immutable; they are modern, man-made, and subject to error and change to such an extent that a scientific text of a decade past may even now be outmoded. Indeed, investigation might well disclose a greater unanimity and constancy of method, image, concept, and category among the mystics of all ages and races than among the methods and categories of science.

In their entirety these are based upon an unproved postulate, the uniformity of natural processes — a postulate unproved because, strictly speaking, there are no absolutely identical repetitions. Even the scientist's 'most useful conceptions, like atom, energy, gravitation, are hypothetical and acceptable only as they serve to systematize thought and permit deductions verifiable in experience.' It is not for him who trusts in the validity of scientific findings to reproach the mystical philosophers, as does Mr. Krutch, with the accusation that they have made Nature over in their own image, and thus have found oneness with her. For if we deny to 'the rotting earth' any

rationality or order whatsoever, and hold rationality to be an attribute of man alone, — both of which Mr. Krutch seems inclined to do, — then must we hold the scientist to be par excellence the one who with his own scientific categories gives us at best but his reflection of Nature, and we can base no arguments under these conditions upon the 'certitudes of science.' It is only upon the assumption, in faith, by the scientist that there is a rational basis in Nature which will validate his own rational methods and categories that he can hope to arrive at anything more than the mere projection of his own rationality upon Nature. Moreover he assumes, also in faith, that the human reason is a dependable and a trustworthy tool to use in the search for truth. But more of this later.

Thus the mystic and the scientist both ultimately rest their cases upon faith. Both use tools for their 'investigations' which are given by Nature, and in the same faith — the one, the transcendental cravings; the other, the reason. Both use fallible human methods and categories — those of the mystic are of long standing and are possessed of a certain constancy and universality of character, and find language an imperfect medium of expression; those of the scientist are relatively modern and are subject to constant change in the light of experience. Both find 'answers' of kind given to their questionings by Nature, hence an assurance which makes for the persistence of both types. But they differ widely as to the definiteness with which they articulate. Science affords one way of getting at certain varieties of truth; the easy assumption that it is the only way ignores wide and important areas of human experience.

7. Appendant to the above, yet perhaps separate from it, might be mentioned the serene confidence which

science and much of the modern world place in the reliability of the reason. Typical of this attitude is a statement from a recent author (1926): 'If reason cannot discover the truth for us, then most assuredly nothing else will.' This confidence is in many respects justified, yet the fact that reason, acting upon one set of data, may yield many different theories is apt to make us question its cocksureness and its impartiality as the instrument of scientific research. The reason which, in the performance of its scientific tasks, is free from the bias of 'hobbydom,' leanings, emotion, and will is indeed a rare phenomenon.

We cannot fail to recognize the marvels wrought by modern science in many fields, how deeply it has enmeshed itself in our modern civilization, the great obligation under which it has placed us; but neither can we be blind to its limitations: to the questionable blessing of more leisure which we are too stupid to use in constructive ways, or which we are compelled to employ in caring for its inventions; to setting up as human excellences the purely machine virtues, such as speed, quantity, and standardization; to absorption in things material, with the danger of a physical softening and a spiritual hardening. One generalization we may safely hazard without fear of contradiction. It is the generalization of particularity: a thing is good for what it is good for. Disregard of this principle is likely to lead us into trouble at any time, and is responsible for most of the false assumptions underlying the new dogmatism of science.

III

The second issue raised by Mr. Krutch's article has to do with the first alternative proposed in its closing sentence. Living in a world rapidly being

transformed by modern scientific conceptions, a world in which 'only the intellect can rejoice,' and apparently indifferent to spiritual values, does the human spirit find itself facing extinction? Has Nature 'betrayed the heart that loved her'?

The fact that this question has been asked is significant of a protest against the idea. It is decidedly uncomplimentary to human nature and distasteful to the evaluational consciousness. If the prestige of the reason, a prestige enhanced by its use in the sciences, has so gained the ascendancy at the present time that it threatens to foreclose on the human spirit, it is but natural that the latter should demand some credentials as to its all-inclusive pretensions. And signs are not lacking that the spirit of protest against the usurpation of all of life by the critical intelligence is abroad, as we think of the *Jugendbewegung*, the various vitalistic philosophies, and the 'Crisis theology' of Karl Barth. Are we to regard such indications of unrest as harbingers of the dawn of a new *Sturm und Drang*? A youth which in our institutions of learning has been coming into contact with doctrines of scientific determinism seems determined to make such doctrines the basis of claims for more freedom. A strange and significant paradox!

There is no doubt that the prestige of the reason has penetrated deeply into modern life. We give ourselves up to the delusion that we are rational beings — a delusion which a detailed analysis of our thoughts, motives, and acts for even twenty-four hours will dispel. Rather do we show ourselves unbalanced in pretending to a complete rationality. And we impoverish ourselves by refusing to yield our loyalties to religion, to a philosophy of life, because forsooth it may contain elements of a type not open to verification by approved scientific methods.

We may even admit — with due respect for the psychologist — that 'out of the heart are the issues of life,' that the activities of the human spirit are really the more vital and the more distinctive of man; yet because the critical intelligence fails to support the pre-suppositions upon which it proceeds 'to found empires, conquer wildernesses, and create works of art,' we prophesy a possible extinction of the irrational human spirit!

But surely we are not shut up to one choice alone in the matter of a guide to life. No cosmic decree has forced us to accept the reason as the sole and infallible arbiter of our destinies. Certainly the critical intelligence has not shown itself friendly to the higher aspirations which have sustained man in his struggle for life, and which have received such strong pragmatic support — both Mr. Krutch and Mr. Unamuno find themselves in emphatic agreement here. In the face of this scientifically supported prestige of the reason, is it possible that we are exhibiting a 'failure of nerve'? This depends upon the view we take as to the place of the human spirit in this universe. If we deem it to be an excrescence of Nature, or unstable froth left in an eddy by the ongoing stream of evolution, then perhaps we have ground for *Weltschmerz*. But if we regard man in his entirety, — and how else can we regard him? — as being rooted in Nature, with his distinctive restless spiritual discontent as the highest product of evolution that we know, giving significance to the whole process, and destined, on condition of his continuous struggle, to still higher developments, then we may have another outlook for the human spirit. And as for any moral or spiritual correspondences in Nature that would give cosmic support to human values, we may only propound this question in lieu of the inapplicability of

'scientific demonstration' in the matter. With what reason can we say that a world which has shown itself so morally trustworthy as not to fail the modern scientist in his faith in its dependability and responsiveness should suddenly and capriciously proclaim that it has heretofore merely been toying with the transcendental cravings of man in his age-long quest for Reality?

IV

The third issue raised by Mr. Krutch is the second alternative proposed in the last sentence of his article. Granting that the human spirit does not face extinction, then there impends for it a 'readjustment more stupendous than any made before.' With this most of us will agree. It is to be expected that Nature's huge experiment on the conscious human plane should be beset, as were doubtless her experiments aforetime on other planes of existence, with tremendous difficulties peculiar to it.

Spengler would tell us, indeed, that no readjustment is possible; that it is futile to try to deflect the course of the fate-impelled cycles of human culture; that each culture contains within itself, when it has actualized the full sum of its possibilities in the way of peoples, languages, dogmas, arts, states, and sciences, the instruments of its own ruin. In our present civilization, men have lost their touch with the soil, and the springs of inspiration in art, religion, and philosophy are already dried up. Especially is the critical, analytical intelligence deadly to the creative impulse. Science, with its more exact knowledge, has robbed us of the garb of poetry and romance attaching to our older conceptions and has left us Nature in the bare flesh and bone. With much of Spengler's philosophy we may find ourselves in sympathy. What concerns us now is the question as to the

hopelessness of the attempt at readjustment.

But here too a different reading of all the facts is possible, including again the scientific evidence for a progressive evolution — with or without the specific Darwinian optimism for which Spengler has no place. For if in the arts, philosophy, and religion we seem to have reached 'the winter of our discontent,' yet science has given to us a world so changed from any which we have ever known, so charged with potentialities never before even dreamed of in all the previous history of the race, as practically to be a new one. It possesses new elements which will not readily permit of its being used to illustrate a so-called law of rhythmical development immanent in all cultures. In its scientifically creative aspects, ours is an age standing on the tiptoe of expectancy (witness even the suggestion of a scientific holiday), illustrative rather of a *Wiederbelebung* than of a *Vollendung*. True, this new world itself creates its own problems of readjustment, but it may also open up new creative possibilities for art, religion, and philosophy of types as yet unsuspected.

Nor, unless Spengler's presupposition, 'All is given,' finds support in our growing experience, need we be committed to his cyclical philosophy of history, which makes impossible any talk of readjustment. Analogies in history there undoubtedly are, and at least one important specification of the Spenglerian scheme is fulfilled if we conceive of these as occurring on an irregularly ascending spiral of conscious, human evolution whose curves for certain distances may trace similar arcs, but on different levels. It is always the new, unexplored area in the curve which at the same time begets despair and hope. And, as ever, it is toward the possibilities which the new element

— science, in this case — may hold out for the human spirit that we need to turn. Yet, the present growing protest against an arid, deadly intellectualism seems to suggest that the decisive factors in promoting readjustment will not be the intellect or science, whatever part they may play, but faith — a perfectly respectable *thing* — and morale, for which Nature herself furnishes a basis. As in the past, the discovery of values that will yield support to the human spirit will be for those whose trust in the good faith of Nature has never faltered, for those who have prepared themselves to see values where others do not. New adjustments in religion and philosophy will be required, but truth is capable of withstanding many fierce indoctrinations along the way that leads to a formulation of Reality which will enable us to live truly.

A critical time it is for the human spirit, when the pursuit of an intellectualized science, of mechanical invention, the quest for commercial prestige, for power and wealth, seem to constitute for large numbers of people 'a life in which no lack can be perceived,' 'a finished animality,' and a type from which, if it is persistent enough, 'Nature may select the coming race.' We cannot blink away the difficulties involved in effecting a readjustment at the present time, nor neglect to give some attention to the conditions under which we may hope for the most successful realignment.

As for the difficulties, modern science, although so young, has the advantage of a running start upon those agencies which have as their task the readjustment of man to his environment — namely, philosophy and religion. The phenomenally rapid development of the sciences has taken these, so to speak, unawares. The new world which they have given to us, together with

the World War, has left us confused in an era of transition. We have been charmed with the rapid pace set by science and with the conciseness of her utterance, and have expected from philosophy and religion an equal facility in assimilating the new material which she has given us, and an equal clarity of speech. Such expectations reveal an ignorance of the nature of the interpretative humanities. The speed with which science has caused us to move in our modern life has unconsciously come to be taken as an index of worth, as has her mass production.

But philosophy and religion move with deliberate tread. Where value judgments are concerned, there can be no talk of speed; and for religion, at least, verbal utterance is not always the most happy or the most adequate. In addition, we are loath to allow for mistaken hypotheses in the interpretative humanities as we do in the sciences. Yet, when scientific theories on any one subject are changing so rapidly and are not always unanimous, philosophy and religion have nothing left to do but to await a more general agreement among scientists. And lastly, this readiness with which Nature yields her secrets to the scientific method, the satisfaction attending discovery, and the immediate use to which invention can put the results obtained, have caused many to turn with impatience from the more laborious and apparently unrewarding task of seeking 'meanings.' To avoid doing this, they immerse themselves in 'more science,' where the returns are quicker and more tangible. Such are some of the difficulties which present themselves, and they suggest certain conditions whose fulfillment seems to underlie the most successful readjustment.

The first of the conditions has to do with the presuppositions and the attitude of mind with which we face the

problem. Obviously, if we *hope* for a readjustment, the thing to do is to believe that it is possible and worth the attempt. Our sense of values has indeed received a jolt, and we are seeking new foundations for it. One ounce of pessimism exhibited under more hopeful conditions has in the present critical transition era the weight of a pound. We might almost speak of the spiritual obligation to be optimistic in times like the present. 'If at the last, all the universe and all our striving should be revealed as having been blundering nonsense, write me down as one who was unwilling to admit it.' Such an attitude need not be mere empty braggadocio, and will certainly hasten readjustment.

But can we talk of hastening readjustment in view of the disparity in pace between science and the interpretative humanities and the present handicap under which the latter labor? We are overwhelmed by reason of too much knowledge and too many devices. Our present despair and spiritual inertia may be due to an intellectual, moral, and spiritual malassimilation and indigestion. If things remain as they are, the outlook seems serious enough to justify some drastic expedient for restoring our lost equilibrium, and 'for making the ends meet in the scale of human life.' There is point, therefore, to the proposal of a holiday in the field of applied science — except in that of pathology and kindred branches. It is for us now to learn how to master rather than to be mastered by the powers and the tools already placed at our disposal by modern science, to develop the moral and the spiritual intelligence necessary to their salutary and not their destructive employment. So to do might make for more rapid 'progress' in the long run, and there need be no fear of 'lost arts.' We have developed sufficient speed

capacities, sufficient physical comforts and conveniences, to last us for some time to come — and sufficient noise! It behooves us now, in any event, to consider bearings, meanings, interpretations, significances, universals, 'characters,' values, appreciations, and the like, whether in philosophy or in religion, whose work this is, and not that of science. To entrust to science alone the solution of our intellectual and spiritual difficulties or our problems of readjustment is to admit the validity of Mr. Krutch's despair. In fact it is unjust to science to assume its adequacy for all things — to make of it a modern philosopher's stone. Mr. H. L. Mencken's prattle to the effect that philosophy cannot survive facts, and is the pursuit of infantile minds, reveals the need not of less, but of more and better philosophy; reveals also a common misconception of the function of the modern philosopher and prophet, men whose relation to facts is like that of the cartographer to the terrain with which he is so thoroughly familiar that he can chart for others the safest course to follow, the pitfalls to be avoided, and the like — whose function, in a word, is directive.

It seems clear that any interpretation of life which is to claim and to hold the respect of the 'serious mind searching for some terms upon which it may live' cannot ignore the new facts concerning the external universe which modern science has been giving to us. Neither can it ignore, as we have attempted to show, the 'findings' made by the human spirit. Both are data furnished by human experience and are equally deserving of consideration.

There can be little hope of readjustment unless a world dominated by an exaggerated estimate of the all-sufficiency of science is also willing to listen with respect to the voices of philosophy and religion; is willing to grant them

the time and the opportunity to invent new and more representative terms and categories, and also the right to speak in their own tongues. Whatever readjustment is made must be one which will be inclusive of the experience of man in his totality. If we conceive of man in his entirety as being rooted in Nature, then, if we may learn from Spengler, we cannot scorn 'the base degrees by which he did ascend,' his contact with the soil, his physical roots, out of which ultimately have sprung the unique blossoms of human culture, which Nature has taken such pains to produce. If his transcendental cravings be also recognized as a very vital part of his life, then they too can ill afford to be passed over in making up the final account. The roots and the blossoms again are not mutually exclusive, but belong together in this universe, as the sturdy earthly roots and the soaring blossoms belong together in the reprise of the *Meistersinger* Prelude. It is false to suppose, because the data here concerned are different in kind, that they are therefore necessarily in conflict, although a mutual adjustment between the data given by science and those given by the human spirit may indeed be very difficult to effect.

Science, for example, would apparently require of any philosophy or religion entitled to respect the willingness to adopt new categories and conceptions, or at least those characterized by a certain fluidity, so that they might be readily adjusted to an ever-changing and an ever-developing science. It would demand of the interpretative humanities the recognition that a monistic basis is the only one possible in any interpretation of Reality; that whatever support man receives for his human values must come from within the universe and not from without.

However, the 'will to readjustment' is the important thing. Scientist,

philosopher, and religionist coöperating with one another in mutual sympathy, agreeing upon a division of labor, acknowledging differences of kind in material, method, and category, acknowledging the just, well-founded claims of each in his own field, may slowly and progressively work out a basis for the readjustment of the human spirit to its new environment. Since Nature has come to consciousness only in man, has given to him alone the power to objectify himself and to see relationships, and since of men she has chosen the philosopher to be her pilot (to borrow a conception of Don Juan in Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman*), and, may we add also, the prophet — she may be thought of as having entrusted to these the duty of so reading her as to be able to point the way to better coördination with her constructive tendencies, looking toward a more perfect and effective adjustment of man's aims to the Whole, whose ways he can at least partly understand. The high significance and responsibility of the interpretative humanities in promoting a consciously directed human evolution, with the aid of science and in accordance with Nature, considered in the most inclusive sense, are apparent. And to science

belongs the indispensable task of furnishing a reliable resultant text for philosophy and religion to decipher.

And the human spirit need not be lily-livered in claiming its birthright when, over long periods of time and in the experience of many of different ages and races, it has found in Nature, on condition of the right adjustment, a certain dependability and constancy in the 'answers' given to its quest — answers comprehensible to those who, like the scientist in the physical realm, have prepared themselves to understand the experiences peculiar to it, and the symbols in which it may articulate. The threatened extinction of the human spirit need not alarm us so long as we have the will and the courage not to see it extinguished. Its future is partly conditioned upon man's wise use of those encouraging potentialities which Nature has revealed. The universe has displayed to our evaluational consciousness certain moral leanings, and it is at least not unfriendly to our highest values. It has shown itself willing to coöperate in their production and in their preservation. Who knows what further longed-for revelation of Reality awaits a strenuous trust imposed in Nature's good faith?

PROTHALAMION

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

LET the love torches shake their yellow hair
Loose on the night, while the moon like a moth
Dances the dance of death and everywhere
Stars drop and bubble in a fiery broth!
Is this not sweeter than to eke love out
Miserably like alms, as though love were
Doled from a bag to every vulgar lout
Or ticketed to every pensioner?

Heap silver baskets! Let no torch relax
Its lustre! Fill the gaudy flagons deep!
Time like a headsman leans upon his axe;
He has another crimson tryst to keep:
No nodding now, for when the headsman hacks
There will be time, and time to spare, for sleep.

THE PRICE OF FURS

A PLEA FOR HUMANE TRAPPING

BY LUCY FURMAN

THE past century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of the human conscience in regard to the treatment of animals. We are a long way from the day when the high prelate of a great church could make the solemn pronouncement, 'Man owes to the lower animals no duty whatever.' So strong is our belief that we do owe them duties that the statute books of all our states contain laws against the 'unnecessary mutilation or torment of any living creature'; humane societies in all our cities make it their constant business to inspect stock cars and abattoirs, as well as to watch always for the abuse of horses, dogs, and cats; while it is the consensus of opinion among all civilized peoples that the very least we can do for the dumb creatures whose bodies must furnish us food, and whose skins warmth, is to give them a quick and painless death.

How is it, then, that after such an awakening our eyes are closed to, our voices not raised against, a cruelty of immense proportions which has made such phenomenal growth within the past half-dozen years that few have any idea of its present extent?

I refer to the use of the steel trap for the taking of wild, fur-bearing animals. Within the past four or five years the vogue for fur has so enormously increased that, at the most conservative estimate, one hundred millions of

fur-bearing animals in America alone now suffer yearly in steel traps.

All of us who are women know how, a few seasons ago, the craze for fur coats, fur trimmings, and summer furs came in like a tidal wave, carrying us all before it, until at the present day it is rare to see a woman on the streets who does not wear fur. We also know that furs are very beautiful, and more becoming than anything we can wear — this being our sole excuse for the use of them in summertime.

If we have ever thought at all about how the furs were procured, probably we have had in mind the picture of a hunter, slipping Indian-like through the woods, stalking and then painlessly shooting his prey. This is all we know about it, unless we have lived much in remote and wild sections. The fur trade, making immense profits from the prevailing fashion, cannot be expected to enlighten us; we see no mention of the matter in papers and magazines; therefore we thrust any troublesome questionings back into that hinterland of our consciousness where other painful matters are confined, and think no more upon them.

What, then, is the truth about the procuring of furs?

The truth is that practically all fur-bearing animals, from the ubiquitous muskrat to the more highly prized fox, skunk, beaver, and lynx, are now taken, not by the quick flash

of the merciful rifle, but by the prolonged, hideous, unimaginable agony of the steel trap.

One cannot open a boys' magazine that does not present numerous advertisements of steel traps, with enticing figures as to prices paid for pelts; one cannot walk far through woods or beside streams in any section, North, East, South, or West, without coming upon one or more of these instruments of torture, holding sometimes a victim, exhausted by its struggles and waiting in agony for the merciful blow which shall end its torment. This, too, at all seasons of the year, the breeding season included — for boys and ignorant men do not discriminate, and thus take many hundreds of thousands of pelts which are worthless, besides leaving the young of the animal to starve. This amateur trapping has indeed reached such proportions that both the fur trade and the Government are alarmed, foreseeing in the near future the total extinction of fur-bearing animals.

But the regular trapping done by experienced men who make a business of it in the great Northern woods, or in the forests of the West — surely it is more humane, you ask.

If anything, it is less humane. The trapping boy throughout the United States, the poor white or negro man of the Southern swamps and forests, having little else to do, may possibly visit his few traps daily, as the laws of some states require. But the professional trapper of the Northern woods and Western forests, with his long line of traps extending thirty, fifty, even a hundred miles, cannot if he would — it is a physical impossibility — visit his traps oftener than twice a week, sometimes not oftener than once a week. Into such regions humane officers never go; game wardens, if any, are not in evidence; and the trapper is, as he

has always been, a law unto himself.

But what of the wild creature, — fox, wolf, skunk, lynx, — ranging the deep woods for food, attracted by the bait, its paw suddenly seized and broken by the strong steel jaws, and held there in spite of all the frenzied struggles to escape? Captivity is in itself torture to a free, wild thing; and when to this is added the cutting of the trap teeth into the living flesh, the relentless pressure of the steel upon keen and sensitive nerves (this prolonged pressure being the chief cause of suffering), is it any wonder that at last, after hours, maybe days and nights, of desperation, the creature often gnaws off its own paw, pulls out the tendons and sinews of its leg, in order to escape the intolerable anguish?

In countries so bitter cold that even a fur-bearing animal outside its den or hole must keep moving to avoid freezing, the latter death may come within a few hours as a merciful relief; but the majority of creatures are not caught so far north, and prolonged agony precedes the death of most. Could this agony in some way be photographed upon the soft fur, or cry out from its glossy surface, I am sure there is not a woman in the United States, not even the most flippant little flapper, who would buy a fur coat, or a fur-trimmed coat, or even a fur scarf.

Occasionally some paid agent of the fur business will undertake to give his opinion that an animal caught in a steel trap does not suffer greatly, or at any rate not so much as would a man in its place. Since he has never been an animal caught in a steel trap, his opinion is worth little, besides being open to suspicion. When we remember that all warm-blooded animals have highly organized nervous systems, and that the senses of a wild animal — sight, smell, hearing, and taste — are more acute and keen than those of

civilized man, why should we except its remaining sense — that of feeling? The probabilities are that that sense is also more acute; that, instead of suffering less than a man, a wild creature actually suffers more. Most of us will heartily agree with Professor John M. Tyler, the eminent biologist of Amherst College, when he says, 'A man who says that an animal in a steel trap does not suffer, and suffer severely, is either foolish, or he lies.'

The saddest part of this cruelty is that, of the hundred million lives so tormented and sacrificed, probably nine tenths suffer needlessly. South of the Arctic Circle, furs are, strictly speaking, never necessary. The very trappers and lumberjacks of the Canadian forests do not themselves wear furs — they wear warm woolens, with sometimes a sheepskin jacket. In the temperate climate of almost all of the United States, we well know that furs are not necessary, as is evidenced by the fact that our outdoor workmen of all kinds — men in the building and other trades, those engaged in street- and track-repair work, as well as truck drivers, mail carriers, traffic policemen, and others constantly exposed to the weather — never think of such a thing as wearing furs. It is left for our protected and well-to-do women, living in furnace-heated houses, to wear fur coats when in wintertime they venture forth in heated cars to shop in heated stores. The less well-to-do ape their styles, and, if a fur coat cannot be afforded, have trimmings of fur. And all wear fur scarfs in hot weather.

After the craze for summer furs and fur trimmings came in, it was estimated by the fur trade that its business quadrupled within a very short time. It is at present estimated, also by the fur trade, that at least three fourths of all furs used go into trimmings and summer furs, both of which, as every-

body admits, are entirely useless, save for their becomingness.

A generation ago, I remember well how every woman in America who could get one was wearing an aigrette, or aigrettes, on her hat. We were aigrette-crazy. A velvet hat perched very high on our heads, and topped by as many aigrettes as we could afford, was simply the last word in fashion. Then someone, under the auspices of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, — may it be forever honored for its stand, — began to tell us the history of these aigrettes — how they were the wedding plumes of the gentle white heron, and how in Florida swamps, and beside other Southern waters, men stole upon these bird brides while they sat upon their eggs or hovered their young, and, rudely snatching them from the nest, tore from their living breasts the delicate plumes, with skin and flesh attached, and then flung the birds down, beneath their orphaned babes, to die.

After I heard this, the aigrette lost all its charms for me. I would myself have died before wearing another. And millions of women in America were of the same mind. The laws which were promptly passed could never alone have wiped out this cruelty; but the laws, backed by the awakened conscience of American women, did the work — after a few years an aigrette was never seen. In rather similar manner some of the evils of pelagic sealing were abolished.

Fashion, therefore, is not altogether our god; we are capable of dropping a style like a hot cake when we know that at its root is something iniquitous.

In the present case, what is needed is not so much to abolish the use of furs, but to have them taken in such a way that the label, 'Humanely Killed,' can truthfully be sewed upon them. Then we shall be able to buy and wear them with a clear conscience.

How shall this be brought about?

I am glad to be able to say that recently there was organized in the city of Washington an Anti-Steel-Trap League, with the object of getting laws passed by the legislatures of all the states against the manufacture, sale, or use of the steel trap. This league in no way opposes or antagonizes the fur trade; its sole purpose is to bring about the taking of furs in a humane way — either by traps which instantly kill or do not injure, by fair methods of hunting and shooting, or by the new and growing method of fur farming, which is coming rapidly to the front as a highly profitable occupation.

The League is conducted on sane and sensible lines, and sportsmen's organizations are now backing it up, while the legislature of one state, South Carolina, last winter passed the desired law, and many more are expected to pass it this winter.

Who that has ever had intimate acquaintance with any wild creature can tolerate the thought of the hideous cruelties practised under the present system? Ever since the day when, walking through a beautiful stretch of woods, I came upon a baby skunk circling piteously about, hunting for its lost mother (at that moment probably in the jaws of a steel trap), and, taking up the little thing, found it gentle and grateful and kind as a kitten and in every way as suitable for a pet, I have been as unwilling to think of a skunk suffering such agony as I should be to think of the most favored Persian cat undergoing torment.

And, speaking of cats, it may not be unknown to my readers that in a number of our large cities at the present

time are agencies whose purpose is to encourage the catching and stealing of cats, in order to recruit the fur trade — the fur being dyed and sold under counterfeit names, to adorn, possibly, the coat of the very woman who has lamented the loss of the cat.

And coons, — raccoons, I believe the Northerners call them, — who that has had a pet coon and enjoyed its cunning, friendly ways, and felt its small black fingers exploring into one's ears and nose, and mouth too if one was not careful, can tolerate the thought of long torture being inflicted upon creatures so engaging? Rambling not many months ago along the edge of some Florida woods, I caught my breath with shock at the sight of half a dozen small pink bodies, amazingly like those of tiny human babies, hanging by their heads from a low tree limb. I must have exclaimed, for a man near by ceased his wood-chopping, or whatever he was doing, to look up at me; and when, pointing to the row of small bodies, I asked, 'What are they?' he drawled pleasantly, 'Them's coons — coons some fellers ketched down in these-here woods, and skint for their hides.' It then dawned upon me that here were more products of the steel trap — that the tiny black fingers had explored once too often and had come upon long and cruel agony.

I believe that no class of women will be so ready and so able to take hold of this evil of steel-trapping, and put an end to the most outstanding atrocity of modern times, as the thinking women who read the *Atlantic*. I beg that each one will feel it laid upon her to do something in the matter — to 'open her mouth for the dumb.'

ALLENBY OF MEGIDDO

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

FEW famous men have been the object of such extremes of condemnation and admiration within the space of a few years as Allenby. It may be replied that these extremes are not so uncommon, that the crowd is always fickle in its favors. But the verdict came not from popular opinion, which knew him not until he was famous; it came from his peers and his subordinates who were in close touch with him during the four years of the World War. Most curious of all was the sharp dividing line drawn by a journey through the Mediterranean in June 1917. For almost three years in France he had been the target of strong criticism, lessening only in degree in the later part of this time — criticism not lightly to be discounted, because it came from many quarters and from men whose honesty and judgment were, and still are, held in the highest respect. Then he left to take over the command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, and from that moment on his reputation became as radiantly white as formerly it had been black. Nor was the change due to military success. Men may win victories which crown them with popular glory, but victory does not blind their coworkers to the existence of their defects. It is proverbial that no man is a hero to his valet, and few generals are immaculate in the eyes of their staff and subordinate commanders, however loyal these may be in comment at the time, or however

much they may admire their chief on balance. Yet Allenby in Palestine became, as a chief, not only preponderant in his good qualities, but *sans reproche* for any bad qualities. By no means a human enigma, his career is an historical enigma. By no means a romantic type, he conducted one of the most romantic campaigns in history, alike in site, sequence, method, and result — the last Crusade.

An East Midlander by birth and having an ancestral link with Oliver Cromwell, Edmund Henry Hynman Allenby was born at Southwell in Nottinghamshire on April 23, 1861. Educated at an East Anglian school, Haileybury, he was intended for the Indian Civil Service, but failed in this stiff examination and, following his own inclinations, entered the army instead. From the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he passed to a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, whom he joined in South Africa during 1882. It has fallen to few young officers to go on active service so early in their career and to share in so many, if small, campaigns. A year after joining he was in the Zululand campaign which ended in King Cetewayo's surrender; in 1885 he served with the Bechuanaland expedition; and in 1888, promoted captain after less than six years' service, he was back again in Zululand to take part in the crushing of Dinizulu's rebellion. Thereafter, although he passed through the Staff

College, his career took a slower course until the Boer War came to his relief. He then gave up a staff appointment to go out again, in command of a squadron, to the land where he had first seen service.

Early in 1900, in charge of a small mixed column, he made a wide out-flanking move against the enemy's communications which brought him to notice, and was a foretaste of that bold sense and conception of manœuvre which later distinguished him. He was in command of his own regiment during the advance to Pretoria, and of a column in the 'sweeping' operations against the Boer guerrilla bands later, and at the end of the war was promoted lieutenant colonel and given command of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers. Yet in comparison with another great leader of the World War, born in the same year, Haig, he had lost ground. For although Haig had been commissioned three years later than Allenby, he was a full colonel at the end of the South African War and a major general less than two years after. The difference created by that campaign was to have a vital influence on the fortunes of the two cavalrymen and on the destiny of the command in France thirteen years later. Yet, if Allenby was to forfeit the greater prize, it may well have been to the advantage of his place in history. And even that lost prize was nearly restored to him by a turn of Fortune's wheel, for it is within the knowledge of those who followed the devious undercurrents of war politics in 1914-18 that several times an eddy nearly swept him into the place of the man who had overtaken and passed him in South Africa.

Not until 1909, five years after Haig, did Allenby reach major general's rank, although, at forty-eight, he was by ordinary standards youthful for this rank.

Next year he became Inspector of Cavalry and the commander-designate of the cavalry of the Expeditionary Force.

In training the cavalry of the Home Army, 'the Bull,' as Allenby was universally called, proved himself as determined and uncompromising in pursuit of his ideal of efficiency as he had been when in command of a regiment. To the slack or incompetent he gave short shrift, but his discrimination was not always as good as his intention. And his impatience with diverging views and in sweeping aside reasonable explanations not infrequently created, among the best subordinates, a sense of injustice or aggravation, which was enhanced and gained point from the fact that his handling of the cavalry on manœuvres was by no means faultless.

II

On the outbreak of war in August 1914, Allenby went out to France as commander of the cavalry division, which actually consisted of four instead of the normal three brigades. Prior to the opening clash at Mons on August 22 the cavalry division had only succeeded in giving the British Command the vaguest warning of the hostile masses which were closing upon and threatening to surround the little British Expeditionary Force. This failure to fulfill its true rôle was due, however, primarily to the dispositions of the British Commander in Chief, who placed the cavalry at the outset on his right rear — which was also the flank of least danger. Indeed, these dispositions were not only a direct but an indirect source of harm. For when Sir John French, on his way to the front, called on his neighbor Lanrezac, commanding the French Fifth Army on his eastern flank, and explained his dispositions, Lanrezac formed such a

low opinion of a man who could thus place his cavalry behind his infantry, when information and security were all-important, that he lost all faith in his British neighbor. Hence arose the friction and disunity of action between the neighboring armies which persisted throughout the retreat.

When the British moved forward on August 21, — pushing their head, in ignorance, into the German noose, — the cavalry division was moved over to the left flank. And when that tentative advance changed into defense at Mons, on August 23, Allenby's troops prolonged the British left, covering the exposed western flank.

In the early hours of August 24 Sir John French issued orders for a retreat — to draw back if possible out of the noose — with the cavalry division covering the retirement of Smith-Dorrien's 2nd Army Corps. When the 2nd Corps halted at Le Cateau the next evening, Allenby visited Smith-Dorrien and told him that the cavalry division was too scattered and the horses too tired for him to continue covering the retirement next day, and that the infantry must get away during the night if they were to avoid capture by the Germans, close on their heels. Allenby only gave this warning at 2 A.M., and it was impossible at such short notice for the infantry, footsore and partly distributed in defensive positions, to get on the move again before daylight. Thus Smith-Dorrien's men were forced to stand and fight unsupported, escaping disaster only by their splendid resistance and at a heavy price. In the morning the cavalry continued their retirement except the 1st (Briggs) and 3rd (Gough) Cavalry Brigades, which stayed behind independently to cover the right rear of the 2nd Corps. When Smith-Dorrien's men fell back that evening, exhausted and disordered, it was fortunate that

the German pursuit was tardy and then took the wrong direction; but it was also fortunate that Smith-Dorrien's left, the more exposed flank, was protected by Sordet's French Cavalry Corps — for there was no British cavalry on this vital flank.

It is necessary for the historian, however unwillingly, to correct a popular delusion which gained color both from the Commander in Chief's dispatches and his later comment that 'the cavalry, under Allenby's skillful direction, was effectively holding off the enemy's pursuit.'

In blunt fact, Allenby, during the most critical phase, did not direct the cavalry operations in covering the retreat, because a large part of his division had escaped from his control. And as there was known friction between him and some of his subordinates, this escape was perhaps not involuntary — such, at least, is the belief of other eminent soldiers. Whether this be so or not, it is at least certain that at one time Allenby's division, for practical purposes, consisted of little more than himself and his staff. Not until August 30 were three of the four brigades reunited under his control, and the other, the 3rd, never rejoined, remaining away on the right. On the eve of the battle of the Marne its commander, Gough, took the 5th Cavalry Brigade under his wing, and on September 16 these two brigades were officially designated the 2nd Cavalry Division.

When the British faced about on September 6, after retreating a day's march farther south than their neighbors, the cavalry division under Allenby was kept on the right rear of the infantry during the first two days of the advance, covering the flank, although the vital need was for the British to retrace their steps at full speed and pierce the weak joint of the enemy

line opposite them. Only on September 11, when the Germans had been in retreat for two days, was the cavalry division tentatively unleashed in pursuit by Sir John French, giving the Germans time to recover and; on September 14, block the British advance across the Aisne — a resistance which ushered in four years of trench warfare. When the British Expeditionary Force was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders, in the vain attempt of the Allies to find and turn the Germans' open flank, the infantry went by rail, but the cavalry by march route through Picardy. During that move, on October 9, the two cavalry divisions were fused into a cavalry corps, under Allenby.

Directly on arrival the British advance began, by the 2nd Corps, while the cavalry corps moved forward along an arc to the north, covering the detrainment of the 3rd Corps and then advancing on its left. If the advance was short-lived, the cavalry corps secured the valuable Messines-Wytschaete ridges before the advance changed to a desperate dismounted defense. Moreover, if they were stretched out perilously thin, they had linked up on the left with the hard-pressed defenders of Ypres, and thus a complete if slender barrier was opposed to the German masses who were incessantly hurled against it during the following weeks in the effort to break through to the Channel ports. Although forced to yield the Messines ridge, the dismounted cavalry maintained their front unbroken until at last French relief came. In this 'soldiers' battle' Allenby, like other generals, could do no more than strive to 'putty up' the crumbling parts of his front, but in this process, cemented by ultimate success, he bore a responsibility next greatest to that of Haig.

In the trench warfare which followed

there was no scope for cavalry and many cavalry soldiers began to change to the command of infantry formations, among them Allenby. Appropriately, it was during the crisis of the second battle of Ypres — the first gas attack — that Allenby was summoned to take charge of the threatened 5th Corps in the Ypres salient. If the immediate danger was averted, the drain of lives was heavy throughout the summer, perhaps heavier than necessary, and it is at least certain that the 5th Corps command acquired a reputation of ill omen among the troops. So much so that when a certain division, perhaps the best in France in 1915, received word that it was to be transferred to Allenby's Corps, the depression and morale decline were so marked that the consequences were pointed out to G. H. Q. and it was sent instead to another corps in the same area.

One source of complaint at Ypres was that the offensive spirit of the commander was not balanced by adequate investigation and knowledge of the situation. For example, a counterattack was ordered to recapture a supposed strong point, which was found — at a heavy price in lives — to have no existence except on a paper plan.

The swelling strength of the British forces had already led to their being divided into two armies, and in the late summer of 1915 a Third Army was formed when the British took over the French sector between the Ancre and the Somme. Monroe, who at the first Ypres had been a divisional commander in Haig's Corps when Allenby was Cavalry Corps Commander, was given command, but in October he was sent to take charge of the Dardanelles Force, and Allenby stepped into his place — the last big appointment that Sir John French made before he was replaced as Commander in Chief by Haig.

Allenby was thus in charge of the sector where the main British offensive of 1916 was planned to take place, but some months before it was launched Allenby's Army was side-stepped to the north, between the Ancre and Arras, and a new Fourth Army under Rawlinson was inserted to conduct the main offensive on the Somme. Thus the Third Army's share on July 1 was limited to a subsidiary attack with two divisions against the Gommecourt salient, which met with an almost more bloody repulse than the main attack to the south. During the rest of the year Allenby had to remain inactive while the battles of the Somme were raging on his flank, a share of the offensive being now taken over by a new Fifth Army, under Gough, which had been pushed in between Rawlinson and Allenby.

But in the spring of 1917 an attacking rôle was at last assigned to Allenby, and when the time came almost the whole burden of the offensive fell to him. For the Germans' strategic retreat to the Hindenburg Line dislocated the intended renewal of the offensive on the Somme by the artificial desert which it had created for the armies of Gough and Rawlinson to cross. The German retreat had flattened out their former pinch-inviting salient, and from Arras southeastward ran the tremendous defenses of the new Hindenburg Line. If Allenby could break through the old defenses just to the north of where this line ended, he would automatically take it in flank and rear; but in anticipation of such a move the Germans had dug a switch line from Queant, near the northern end of the Hindenburg Line, through Drocourt, covering the rear of their old defenses north of Arras. Thus Allenby's whole chance of strategic success depended on whether he could reach and break through this

partially completed switch line, some five miles behind the front system, before the German reserves could arrive in strength.

Surprise was the only key which could open this gate. Because of this the real drama of the Arras offensive lies in the preliminary discussions more than in the battle itself. Surprise had been discarded in the Somme offensive — indeed, this master key of all the Great Captains of history had been left to rust since the spring of 1915. Would it be brought out afresh in order to open the way to the Drocourt-Queant switch within the brief time before the door was bolted and barred by the German reserves? The two means by which surprise and time could be gained were by launching a mass of tanks, as at Cambrai in the autumn, or by a hurricane bombardment, brief but intense. The first means was impossible, owing to the slowness in delivering new tanks after the discouraging reports made upon them in 1916, so that sixty old machines were all that could be scraped together. Allenby and his artillery adviser were anxious to have the shortest possible artillery bombardment, and proposed that it should last only twenty-four hours. If this, according to later standards, was twenty hours too long, it was a tentative step in the direction of surprise. But General Headquarters were too material-minded to appreciate it and had a deep-rooted distrust of such an innovation. Against their remonstrances, however, Allenby stood firm, until they hit upon the device of promoting his artillery adviser to another sphere and replacing him by one imbued with their own views.

Allenby then gave way, and the plan of a five days' bombardment, preceded by three weeks of systematic wire-cutting, was adopted, to the doom of

surprise and the abnegation of a breakthrough. Allenby's yielding on this point against his own convictions seems hardly in keeping with his reputation for strength of character, although it may be urged that, as a cavalryman, it was not easy for him to overrule the advice of an artillery expert. But where experts differ a general is justified in basing his choice on his own common sense, in the light of the fundamental principles of war.

In smaller points, however, he still sought for surprise, notably in opening up the underground quarries of Arras, St. Sauveur, and Ronville in order to shelter two divisions which were to pass underground and leapfrog through the leading divisions. Another feature of the plan was that, after the three assaulting corps of the Third Army had broken the enemy's first system of defense, the Cavalry Corps and the 18th Corps were to pass through in the centre between the human buttresses and drive forward toward the switch line. Partly for concealment, the daring risk was taken of moving this pursuit force through the city of Arras, whose houses extended almost up to the front line. This plan, refreshingly ingenious, was vitiated, however, by two factors. First, the absence of initial surprise; second, the comparatively narrow front of the opening attack, — little more than ten miles, — so that the central bottleneck was, in turn, so narrow that its end could be easily stopped. Ludendorff in his Vilna offensive in the autumn of 1915 had revealed a better method — a dual penetration by two horns goring their way into the enemy front, while through the wide gap between the horns the pursuit force unexpectedly issued.

A fundamental defect of the Arras plan, moreover, was that its base was far wider than its fighting front, the

routes of supply and reinforcement all converging on Arras, with the result that the narrow mouth of this bottleneck became utterly congested. When the initial attack failed to make the progress anticipated, this congestion was increased by the arrival of the cavalry in the forward area, although it should have been clear from the experience of the Somme that this advance was futile unless and until a wide path had been swept clear of the enemy. The results of the opening attack were greater and quicker, both in prisoners and progress, than any previous offensive, yet they extinguished the possibility of a strategic breakthrough, for only a miracle could have recovered the chance that had been dissipated almost completely before the attack was launched.

In the attempt to redeem the fading strategic hopes, Allenby's resolution was more marked than his understanding of modern fire-power. To assist his frontal advance eastward he insisted that the divisions facing the Hindenburg Line should make a convergent attack from the southwest, disregarding the fact — and the protests — that they had insufficient artillery to subdue these formidable defenses. From this project, which must have cost a fruitless sacrifice of lives, he was only dissuaded by the personal intervention of Haig, who was visiting this sector. And when the distant French offensive on the Aisne, to which the Arras battle was the preliminary, proved abortive, Allenby's renewed series of blunt attacks, some in conjunction with the Fifth Army, were merely an object lesson in the most expensive way of trying to occupy the enemy's attention. They were closed down on May 5, and next month Allenby was sent from France to replace Sir Archibald Murray — French's old chief of staff during the retreat

from Mons—in command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force which had twice failed disastrously to break the Turkish defenses at Gaza.

III

That sea voyage is a turning point in Allenby's career as well as in his reputation, both as commander and man. The clouding obsessions of the later phase at Arras were blown away, leaving the impressions of hard experience to broaden and refine the original instinct for surprise. It is a moot point whether, if he had stayed in France, he would ever have adapted himself to the conditions of siege warfare as well as Haig ultimately did. And a recall to France, to take the supreme command, was later a possibility. But it is doubtful whether any other leader, if sent to Palestine, would have been Allenby's equal in boldness of conception and extent of success. For in this theatre of war, where the historic methods of attack were still feasible when directed with vigor, inspired by surprise, and attuned to modern weapons, Allenby found the right field for his gifts and instincts.

In France siege warfare was too firmly consolidated to be dissolved by merely ringing the changes upon traditional methods. In Palestine an alternative to siege warfare was possible and it could be exploited if surprise were brought to bear.

Gaza, on the coast, and Beersheba, thirty-five miles inland, form the two natural gateways into Palestine, and between them lies a series of ridges which form a natural wall easily capable of defense. The British troops, after dragging their weary length across the Sinai Desert from Egypt, had tried in vain to force the strongly fortified Gaza gate. Beersheba, less artificially

strong, was protected by the difficulty of transport and of water supply for an attacking force.

Experience had taught Allenby that even the most difficult manœuvre was preferable to butting his head against a blank wall. Grown receptive, he had no hesitation, after study of the position, in adopting the plan outlined in an appreciation made by Chetwode, the commander on the spot, while improving its details by the light of his own experience. With a heightened understanding of the axiom that the success of an attack is in proportion to the firm security of the base from which it is launched, he devoted himself to intensive preparation—of communications, water supply, training—during his first three months on the borders of Palestine, while the season was still unsuitable for operations. Not less significant was that he moved General Headquarters up from Cairo to the front, at Rafa, where he could have his finger on the pulse of battle—and of his troops. It was not only a sound military move but a wise human move, acting both as an ointment to sore feelings—for men could not help contrasting their hardships in the desert with the supposed enjoyment of Cairo amenities by the arbiters of their fate—and as a tonic, because the presence of their Chief was to the men a visible guaranty that they would not be thrown into the attack without due study and knowledge of the situation. Even to the natives of the country Allenby's coming carried a mystic significance, for the Arabic form of his name, 'Allah Nebi,' meant 'the Prophet of God,' and thus appeared the complement, in the eyes of a superstitious people, to the old prophecy that when the waters of the Nile flowed into Palestine the land would be freed from the domination of the Turk—a condition that had been

fulfilled by the construction of a pipe line across the desert.

Furthermore, Allenby's determination enabled him to insist on and obtain the force necessary for his plan, a reinforcement which his predecessor had asked for in vain. Thus Allenby obtained a full two-to-one superiority over his enemy — not excessive if he was to gain decisive results and in view of the increased resisting power of a defender under modern conditions. The enemy, on their side, were also planning an offensive to drive the British back into the desert, but Allenby struck first. By thorough precautions for secrecy and many ruses he misled the Turks as to the real point of attack. The defenses of Gaza were bombarded from October 26 onward, and as a deception to Turkish eyes the camps behind the British lines were left standing with rows of empty tents, whose occupants were on the move toward Beersheba. At dawn on October 31 two British infantry divisions attacked its defenses from the southwest while two mounted divisions, Anzac and Australian, were closing on the town from the east, and in the afternoon a daring cavalry charge over the narrow trenches captured this gateway to Palestine and its essential water supply.

Next, to maintain the delusion that this attack was only a diversion, a strong holding attack was made on the Gaza defenses during the night of November 1. The new enemy commander, von Falkenhayn, also aided Allenby's plan by throwing in his reserves in a vain counterattack to regain Beersheba, and thus had no reserves left when, at dawn on November 6, Allenby's main and decisive blow fell on the Turkish left centre and broke through into the Plain of Philistia. The mounted pursuit, hampered by lack of water, was also less able in execution

than the battle had been in conception, and by a prompt retreat from Gaza the Turks avoided being cut off. Nevertheless, by November 14 the port of Jaffa had been seized, giving Allenby sea communication with Egypt, the Turkish force driven apart into two divergent masses, and, leaving a detachment to watch the mass which had retreated up the coast, Allenby wheeled east for an advance inland against Jerusalem. It was difficult to supply his whole force, and so Allenby took the sound risk of pushing on at full speed with a part to secure the mountain passes before the Turks could block them. He succeeded, and although a stout Turkish resistance, almost at the gates of Jerusalem, brought his rush to a halt, he had passed the worst obstacles, so that the arrival of reinforcements enabled him to capture the Turkish trenches and open the way to the Holy City, which was surrendered on December 9. Two days later Allenby entered the city on foot by the historic Jaffa Gate, specially reopened for the purpose, thus offering a contrast with the theatrical mounted entry of the Kaiser in 1898, for whose convenience and glorification a breach had been made in the city wall. Allenby's next step was to secure his hold on Jerusalem and Jaffa by securing sufficient room for manœuvre in front of these cities, and the repulse of von Falkenhayn's misguided attempt to retake Jerusalem enabled the British, on the rebound, to gain ample space to safeguard their possession of Jerusalem.

Allenby's advance was resumed in February 1918, and his first step was to make his eastern flank secure as a preliminary to a northward move. Jericho and the river line of the Jordan had been gained when the crisis in France caused by the German offensive — Ludendorff's last throw for victory — forced Allenby to dispatch thither

most of his British troops. The depletion was made up by troops from India, and Allenby, undaunted, devoted the summer to the reorganization and training of these Indian units, building up a fresh striking force for the decisive stroke he had in mind. To pave the way, Allenby launched two raids east of the Jordan, in March and May, in order to create the impression that he intended to advance up the Hejaz railway, which ran parallel with and about thirty miles east of the Jordan, linking Arabia with Damascus. Allenby had already decided to make his real blow on the other flank in the coastal plain, where he could exploit his superiority in mounted troops, and his aim was therefore to draw the Turkish reserves over to the opposite flank. If neither of the raids was a full success tactically, they fulfilled their strategic object, for the threat led the new enemy commander, Liman von Sanders, to place one third of his total force henceforth on the east of the Jordan.

In this farsighted strategy of 'mystify, mislead, and surprise,' Allenby had a new and important ally. Far away to the south in Arabia, the Hejaz had risen in revolt against the Turk in 1916, under Hussein, the Sherif of Mecca. This pin prick was converted into a dagger thrust through the appearance of a young Englishman, Lawrence, with an acute understanding of Arab psychology and a genius for guerrilla warfare, based on an inversion of the orthodox rules of strategy. He persuaded Feisal, son of Hussein and commander of the Arab forces, to neglect the Turkish armed forces in Arabia and to spread the revolt, like lighting a prairie fire, in their rear northward to Damascus, combining propaganda with continual raids on the long-drawn-out line of the Hejaz railway. To Lawrence's strategic ideas and his appeals for equipment and

camels Allenby was sympathetic, — one more proof of his new receptiveness, — and his support was an aid to Lawrence in dealing with more conventional and shorter-sighted members of his staff.

The outcome was that in September 1918 Lawrence and the Arab army were both a psychological and a material aid to Allenby's plan. By circling round the rear of the Turkish army east of the Jordan, they cut the Damascus railway round the vital junction of Deraa, where the lines to the Hejaz and to Palestine diverged. Thus they not only attracted Turkish attention away from Allenby's real point of attack, but closed the only railway line of retreat and supply to all the Turkish armies.

Allenby also turned to profit another new weapon — aircraft. On September 17 and 18 bombing raids cut the telegraph and telephone wires leading from the Turkish General Headquarters at Nazareth back along their line of communications, and on the night before the attack, September 18–19, a further raid on Afule destroyed the wires leading from General Headquarters to the front. Thus the directing power of the enemy's brain was paralyzed.

Meanwhile, the carefully shrouded preparations for the attack had been completed. Feinting toward the east bank of the Jordan to distract the enemy's attention afresh, the effect helped by a dummy concentration of troops in that area, Allenby secretly concentrated on the Mediterranean flank the mass of his infantry and behind them the cavalry, concealed in the orange and olive groves. Dust columns had gone eastward by day while troop columns marched westward by night. Thus he changed a two-to-one superiority on the front as a whole into a four-to-one superiority on the fifteen-mile sector chosen for the

decisive attack, leaving forces actually inferior to the Turks on the remaining forty-five miles of front. On the night of September 18-19, these forces attacked in the hilly centre to fix the enemy's attention. At dawn, after only fifteen minutes' bombardment, the western mass was launched and, after breaking through the Turkish defenses, wheeled to the right. Thus they rolled the Turks back northeast into the hills, like a door on its hinges.

Through the open doorway the cavalry passed, riding straight up the coastal corridor for thirty miles before swinging east to cut the Turkish communications and close all exits of retreat. One division captured Nazareth, fifty-two miles distant, twenty-four hours later; another covered the seventy miles to Beisan in thirty-four hours, and thus blocked the best line of retreat across the Jordan to Damascus. Completely trapped, the main Turkish armies were rounded up, while Allenby's cavalry exploited the victory of Megiddo by a swift and sustained pursuit which, in conjunction with the Arabs, pulverized the Turkish Fourth Army east of the Jordan, and gained first Damascus and later Aleppo. On October 31 the capitulation of Turkey rang down the curtain on a brief and dazzling campaign in which the British had advanced three hundred and sixty miles in less than six weeks. Making all allowances for the British superiority in strength, — against which must be set off the difficult country and the defensive power of modern weapons, — this campaign must still rank as one of the masterpieces of military history, as classic in execution as in design. The clean-cut decisiveness of the result was the product of the clear-sighted selection of objectives and the nicely calculated distribution of force. The plan, like the execution, was distinguished by its fulfillment of and extreme emphasis

upon the principles of mobility and surprise, both strategic and tactical, which have ever been the hall mark of the Great Captains. And it was Napoleonic not merely in its shrewdly directed thrusts at the enemy's communications, but in its development of the British communications to coincide with the strategic plan, thus securing the offensive base from which the operations sprang and were maintained. In this campaign Allenby had a lesser superiority of strength than in his first, and the difference of result is partly to be explained by the difference in the security of his communications.

IV

Some who knew only the Allenby of Mons and its sequel, Ypres, and Arras, have found difficulty in understanding the apparent transformation of 1918. Thus, on the one hand, there has been a tendency to discount this masterpiece unduly because of Allenby's superiority of strength. And, on the other, there has been a tendency, natural in view of the many other instances, to look for the brain of a staff officer behind the form of the commander — to ask who was Allenby's Weygand, if not his Ludendorff. The fact that in this last year he had, in charge of the Operations Branch, Bartholomew, whose great ability was universally recognized, lent color to such speculations, which, as is usually the result, were rather fostered than dissipated by the extreme loyalty of Bartholomew, a second Weygand in his self-effacement. But, in fact, there are the strongest grounds for the verdict that, while the detailed working-out of the plan owed much to this staff officer's gifts, the conception in its outline and pivotal points sprang direct from Allenby's own brain. Indeed, he had originally intended a less far-reaching

manœuvre and a more limited envelopment. But, returning one day from a ride spent in reflection, he made the announcement, the more dramatic because of its crisp directness, that he had decided to sweep straight up the coastal plain to near Megiddo, cross by the passes into the Plain of Esdraelon, — ancient Jezreel, — and, by securing the road and rail centres of Afule and Beisan, block the Turkish lines of retreat, drawing tight the neck of a bag which contained this whole force.

I would suggest that the evolution of Allenby from the bad general of 1914–15 into the great general of 1918 is less surprising than appears on the surface: that the current can be traced throughout its course. For, as early as the Boer War, Allenby had shown an almost unique instinct for surprise and mobility, which the strange conditions of siege warfare only damped but could not extinguish; they flickered in flame before Arras.

Perhaps even his impatience and irritability in France sprang from this forcible suppression of his natural instincts. Hard experience awakened him to the reality of the changed conditions of warfare, widened his understanding of material factors, taught him that obstacles could not be changed until they had first been undermined; and in the hour of final illumination he was sent to a theatre of war which might have been designed by Providence for the display of his natural gifts, now refined by experience. If he had advanced to meet the new conditions of warfare, Palestine brought back these conditions as near as possible to meet him, and the convergence produced a military classic,

perhaps the last masterpiece of the old warfare in its medium, the foreshadowing of the new in its technique, and a reassertion of the unchanging principles in its governing ideas.

Moreover, Allenby had passed not only to a military region of greater freedom — from barbed-wire entanglements — but into an atmosphere of greater freedom. In Palestine he was a supreme war-lord, not merely one of the 'Barons,' as the Army Commanders in France were somewhat aptly styled. And there is little doubt that he was cast by nature for an independent rôle, better and bigger in carrying out his own plans than in executing the orders of others; for, although not insubordinate, subordination cramped and irked the free play of his genius and the full development of his powers. Experience and the change of conditions, both material and moral, combined to improve and expand him not only as a general but as a leader of men, to make him less of a martinet and more of a magnet, less intolerant and more understanding, less obstinate but no less resolute — in fact, to humanize 'the Bull,' whose coming many had feared, without diminishing but rather refining his inborn strength of character and purpose. Thus he not only achieved far greater results, but won far greater devotion.

In the Valley of Jezreel and the region of Megiddo, Allenby wrote a glorious last chapter to the old testament of warfare; at Nazareth he wrote the preface to the new. And the scope of his achievement, like the faith he inspired, was due to the light that had come to him on his journey to Damascus.

ICE CAPS FOR EGOTISTS

BY JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

I

My friend Worldly Wiseman lives a carefully preserved life on the top floor of a Fifth Avenue apartment house and looks out over the Park as often as three times a winter. He has the view in his mind's eye, he says, and, as he is averse to exercise, hates to disturb his recollections. He is an optimist because he thinks pessimism a bar to adventure, and he refuses to be guided by experience since it means little outside the circumstances in which it was registered.

The conversation of Mr. Wiseman has an ironic undertone that suggests openness to conviction, but he discourages attacks on his credulity by a free use of double-edged compliments. He is convinced that any statement incapable of opposite interpretation is the fruitage of a single-track mind.

Worldly Wiseman began life with a small fortune, excellent connections, and the kind of education that befits a man to keep his head in fast company and his feet in a crush. At college he made the team and the best fraternities. He spent both decades after graduation in a brokerage shop, incidentally became financial adviser to a power magnate with the Midas touch whom he had admitted to an exclusive golf club, and retired at forty, bearing millions enough to enter his name on every charitable card catalogue in the country. Thereafter he developed into a professional trustee of museums and hospitals, and he derives so much

entertainment from his associations that he seldom goes to the theatre. When not serving at board meetings he reads philosophy and the newspapers, which he describes as a balanced intellectual ration for an idealist. His outstanding eccentricity is an aversion for the opera. He has no objection to music or even society, he explains, but the Metropolitan's mixture excites his prejudices.

Almost any day after 5 P.M. Mr. Wiseman may be found at tea in his library, recuperating from the diurnal conferences and prepared to discourse on the peculiarities of life. Since his relations are confined to the eminent lawyers, doctors, and financiers who manage the more august of our institutions, he hears the gossip of the city before it gets into the papers. He insists that he never believes the worst, however good the evidence, because people are too conventional to fall from grace without grave reasons. 'I attribute the excellence of my own morals to a low blood count,' he once said to me. 'Who am I, then, to condemn another for yielding to stimuli to which my nature does not respond?' His sole intolerance, so far as I have been able to discover, is of what he calls bad manners, but he dislikes all new acquaintances, deplores parvenus, and considers an interruption the sin against the Holy Ghost.

On the occasion of my last visit Mr. Wiseman was singularly bitter. It

seems that a Western millionaire, elected to the board of his favorite hospital because of the magnitude of a subscription to its latest wing, had already trespassed on the conversational preserves of the older members.

'The fellow is a fool,' he said. 'We let him in because we needed the money and he put it up to be admitted to our group. Now you are not so innocent as to suppose that our conferences are merely for business. We exchange real information — the facts of the things you read about in the press. Well, this afternoon Fred Jones was halfway through the story of Brown's divorce when this upstart brought up some petty details about finances and thereafter undertook to tell us Andy Mellon's real views on prohibition. Everyone was disgusted. I was on that board a year before anyone spoke to me, and, though my tongue may have been in my cheek, my teeth were clinched. Only when my colleagues were convinced I was house-broke was I admitted to their scandal fests. This fellow committed social suicide by talking before the rest of us had forgiven ourselves for recognizing him.

'I learned to-day,' my host continued, 'that a still newer cure has been discovered for diabetes. If I had my way our enterprising doctors would stop finicking over trivial ailments and turn their attention to that really devastating epidemic — egotism. Cancer, the boll weevil, measles, are far less destructive and infinitely easier to live with. Egotism is an unnatural passion to impose the self on its environment, a craze to extend the illusion of one's own importance to others. The egotist is unhappy unless he is making converts to his personal god and he regards every unguarded ear as a shrine for his altar. I'd sooner meet a mad dog than an egotist, for rabies is the lesser evil.

Muzzles would help, but not cure; assassination would turn us all into fratricides. There was a time when scientists moaned that the movies were making us eye-minded. The radio has left us ear-minded, and mayhem, from being the perversity of the few, has become the fashion of the many. Nowadays people believe they are unseen if you are not listening to them.

'Don't misinterpret me as arguing against that decent self-assertion which is the birthright of the normal man. I have the privilege of believing sound any opinion I generate, but not of thinking it sinful on the part of someone else if he refuses to agree with it. It never occurs to me I have exclusive possession of any truth or that my version of it is necessarily accurate. I am even willing to change my preferences if gently approached. Your egotist is concerned neither with the truth of what he says nor with what you think. His delusion of greatness is nourished on your attention, and while his voice holds the air he feels you are submissive to his authority. It is characteristic of the lung brain to mistake volume for intelligence and pressure for knowledge.

'The other night, at a dinner, a pirate of this type bawled a whole table of mannerly people into silence. He had an artful trick of deferentially quoting his neighbors and extending their alleged opinions by way of reconciling them to his monopoly. It was better than a play to watch this fellow exclude an interruption by a tilt of the pitch of his voice and shade his argument whenever an eyebrow lifted. He said nothing in innumerable words, but with so much animation that we were kept keyed for disclosures that never arrived. As an exhibition it was better than tight-rope walking to the notes of a saxophone, but one never goes more than once a season to the circus.

'It is my misfortune,' Mr. Wiseman continued, 'to be thrown into the company of the suppressed — doctors, scientists, curators, institutional directors, who are debarred by the ethics of their professions or the prejudices of their chiefs from expanding their personalities in the papers. Surging with facts they imagine bear on the welfare of the race or some other chimera, they are consumed by a frenzy for publicity. Each wants a wave length to himself because he is persuaded that fame and fortune turn on making someone listen in.

'Yet when I recall the bitter amusement I have derived from the frantic antics of rival anthropologists, botanists, art experts, archaeologists, and other species of the institutional genus, perhaps I exaggerate my ordeals. In these confined firmaments we are the divinities in whose hands rests the disposition of funds. Incompetent for our task, since no scientist admits intelligence in a trustee, our awards are figured as in the realm of favor or chance. So we must be propitiated and are smothered in an atmosphere of intrigue and flattery noxious enough to set even a god clamoring for a gas mask. When a commission is conferred a new egotist raises his cry above the howls of the disappointed pack. He believes his elevation due to inherent genius. The others ascribe it to blackmail or illegitimate kinship.

'The fact is,' he summed up, 'this generation has gone publicity mad. In its creed the old adage that actions speak louder than words has been superseded by the conviction that what is not advertised need n't have occurred. Not to be in the limelight is death in life; obscurity, Procrustes' bed up to date. It is every man his own press agent, and devil take the unfortunate who stammers. In the atmos-

phere of this obsession egotists mature and multiply like maggots in infected tissue.'

II

Worldly Wiseman reached for another toasted muffin, assured himself of my attention by an appraising glance, established a new centre of gravity nearer the small of his back, and resumed.

'This decay of modesty was completely illustrated at the last of the "must" dinners through which the chairman of my favorite board thinks he promotes harmony among his flock. For some occult reason (probably because they are related to oil and a breakfast food) he had invited two internes, clean-cut youngsters who were polite enough to our wives, but, when the coffee was served, began to hamstring the conversation with their views. They proposed to reform our practices and remodel our institution. I'm not denying merit to some of their suggestions — simply no one asked for their opinions. If either had invented an approach he might have found us receptive. But to them we were old fogies who required a jolting, and they young Daniels come to judgment. Pups who undertake to teach old dogs new tricks generally get well bitten for their pains.

'Our host, who keeps terriers and knows their tricks, let them romp for a spell and then escorted both, still yelping, to the custody of the ladies. If one could amputate brashness as effectively as one removes an appendix, they would have been operated upon that night. I think they are learning elsewhere the first great axiom of anatomy — that a man who keeps his mouth shut can never put his foot in it.

'In our own bodies,' he continued, 'cells discontented with their share of corpuscles are thought diseased. Their

demand for attention is a call for the doctor. Inflamed vanity, I am convinced, is pathological. I recall a scene I witnessed the other morning in the hospital — the spectacle of an eminent surgeon, whose intellectual metabolism has been unbalanced by the germ of greatness, parading to the operating room supported by a chorus of humble juniors and meek nurses. This prodigy subsists on notes of admiration and is uncomfortable unless he is being congratulated. His egotism is psychological cancer.

'The grip of a jealous monster is on this famous man's throat. He writhes with envy at the mention of a rival operator's name. He has persuaded himself he is a master of life and death and that patients should felicitate themselves on being the subjects of his mutilations. His greed knows no limit. I'd rather face a shark than the knife of one of these perverts. Less dangerous paranoiacs are in insane asylums.

'If the doctors be powerless to abate the encroachments of this fell malady,' continued Wiseman, growing even more emphatic, 'may we not requisition the services of our clamant efficiency experts, who tell us in their thousand house organs that they are redeeming the world from waste? Business is their clinic; yet I venture the declaration that there are more and worse egotists in Wall Street than in the ranks of the professions. Competitive "up-and-comers" and "go-getters" in all the great and little corporations apply far more energy to tripping each other up than they devote to advancing the interests of their institutions. I have seen these addicts set organizations at loggerheads and clog the give-and-take intercourse between department chiefs without which no concern can keep its speed up. Take the case of two high officials in an important firm of which I am a director.

One is of the smug superiority type who carefully programmes himself for every conference; his rival, with greater vitality and a better knowledge of the game, is harried by a distrust of his own capacity. The excellent suggestions of the latter are neutralized by the imperative manner in which he advances them, while his colleague sits by adroitly tripping him up with sneers and amendments and ends by stealing his thunder. If they'd join forces we'd double our revenues. Instead, each has his party, and between them they have divided the board. It is always a battle to the death between egotists.

'In another concern, whose president is old and weak, his two chief aides are battling for his shoes. Each is convinced that the other would wreck the institution and that only he is fitted for the job. Their wrangles have riven the organization and business is falling off. Before long both intriguers will be looking elsewhere for poles to climb.

'Two years ago I had faith in the futures of these young men, for I knew their fathers and liked the way they had been reared. Then one discovered he was a champion salesman and the other that he could speak on his feet. The first had himself written up in a "Do-it-now" magazine; the other's oration at a bankers' convention was reported in the *Times*. From friends, they became obstacles in each other's paths. Someone ought to chart a safe way to expand the lungs without inflating the head.

'The other day I dropped in on X, one of the little emperors of business. He presides in a sort of feudal state high up in a skyscraper, in a large paneled sanctum which one reaches through corridors of subordinate offices. He is to be seen only by negotiation — Coolidge is less secluded. After running a gauntlet of underlings, I was

admitted to a throne room bestudded with Persian rugs, red morocco arm-chairs, and American beauty roses. A grandiose desk was set on a dais.

'Perched thereon, a little frog of a man, swelling with glory, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers, some sparse hairs pomaded in a Napoleonic lock on his broad high forehead, was declaiming to an awed blonde stenographer in the manner of Mussolini defying a Yugoslav. He arose to greet me with an air of cordial condescension and banished the secretary with an imperious wave of his cigar. A large Corona was conferred on me as though it were a decoration, and he relaxed on his throne with the air of the tired statesman condescending to an importunate intruder. His benignancy disappeared a moment later when the meek secretary entered on tiptoe and laid a typed message before him.

"How often have I told you I must not be disturbed when I am in private conference!" he snorted, with the air of a despot reproving a slave.

"Mr. Josephs said it was a matter of the utmost importance and it was essential you should be consulted," the girl expostulated.

"Tell Mr. Josephs that I know of no business more important than my own orders and that I regard his insistence as offensive."

'He turned to me for approval.

"Discipline must be maintained at any cost," he announced. "Josephs is an energetic fellow, — one of my vice presidents, — but if he is to stay in this organization he must keep his place."

'Now X started life via the news-boy, messenger route, was an excellent mixer, developed scope, and by dint of pugnacity and luck pushed himself to the top hole of this corporation, which thus far has flourished under his rule. Here he is, a diminutive man in a large place, who has decided recently that

the record proves him a great personage. He has to surround himself with trappings to be assured it is really true, and all this domineering pretentiousness is to impress his subordinates — and in this instance to show me.

'I was shown. On returning from his preposterous presence I threw overboard my stock in the institution. An egomaniac sooner or later steers his craft on the rocks.

'I'll admit it's hard even for a big man to keep his nose cold amid the sycophancy and servility which is Wall Street's tribute to the great,' said Mr. Wiseman after a pause. 'A friend of mine who presides over an important corporation allowed himself to be hen-pecked by his wife and bullied by his son-in-law, just to keep his sense of proportion normal. He used to boast that the business was run by his bunch of vice presidents and managers, who thrashed over its problems and policies in conference. No one-man institution for him. I heard he had seen a light, and the other day, meeting him exercising on Park Avenue, I accosted him with a "How's democracy working?"'

"Don't open old sores," he said. "I caught on to the fact that my bright young men were creepers, not partners. You see," he went on, "I am an enthusiast, and I'm always thinking of new things to do. Some are good, others are not. I'm never sure which is which. Well, when I'd have an idea I'd summon my boys and tell them the scheme — generally at the top of my lungs. Two thirds of the bunch, the 'yes-yessers,' would murmur, 'Great man, done it again!' The 'no-noers,' to attract attention to their wisdom, would pick flaws. Thus I was left torn between doubt and obstinacy, and nothing happened. I decided it was more profitable to experiment than to confer. I make more mistakes, but lose fewer opportunities. It's cheaper to

cut a loss than to miss a chance! There's only one way to stand off climbers or egotists — it's to be one yourself. I've gone the limit — you can read my rules for success in next month's *Go-Getter's Magazine!*”

III

Here Mr. Wiseman disentangled himself from the couch on which he had been reclining, stood up, and began to stride about the room. ‘I used,’ he said, ‘to have a modest friend whose native worth resisted the corrosion of a large fortune until in an evil day someone made him president of a suburban board of education. The grasp of the gavel altered his personality. Now he insists on taking the chair whenever four men are gathered together, because he says he has discovered in himself a genius for ordering debate.

‘There is something in the mere act of presiding that upsets equilibrium. A man exposed to the hot high winds that beat around the speaker's table becomes infected with the deadly germ of authority, and thereafter, when he opens his mouth, imagines he is broadcasting. I have noted that chairmen invariably register superiority to the orators of occasions and patronize the issues propounded in their presence.

‘An amateur neurologist I know has a theory that any large expenditure of air, as in oratory or the exercise of authority, disturbs the normal functioning of the brain cells. He says these cells require a definite supply of oxygen, and if an excess is burned in the mouth the red corpuscles are deprived of their due ration and the centre where the sense of proportion is located suspends function. The optic nerve is thrown into reverse and the individual's own image is interposed between him and reality.

‘This explains why speakers so often

shout — they are trying to regain balance through their ears.’

Mr. Wiseman smiled at his conceit, but went on bravely: —

‘The psychological basis here is sounder than the anatomical, I'll admit, but one is safe in concluding that egotism originates in the lungs and intoxicates the mind. It lurks in elevated places, and promotions or victories dispose the system to its attack. It inflates its dupes, induces acute self-sensitivity, and distorts their points of view. Instinctively they usurp foregrounds, prerogatives, heroic rôles, and speaking parts. Actors, salesmen, executives, editors, judges, and professors, — in fact, anyone whose business it is to talk down to someone else, — are liable to catch it. It is the most subtle of diseases: unlike sufferers with cancer or tuberculosis, its victims enjoy their symptoms, and the pain attendant on the malady is borne by the community. Ascribe egotism to the worst of braggarts and he takes on the air of a martyr and attributes the charge to envy.

‘If one is careful, however, one may check the infection before it invades the tissues. During my term as chairman of the A B Board I noted that my blood pressure increased whenever I decided a controversy or ruled on a point of order, and, knowing exactly what that portended, I donned an ice cap after every meeting. A doctor who does a good deal of lecturing at the Academy of Medicine tells me that he takes five minutes under a cold shower each night before dinner and spends his vacations mapping glaciers in Alaska.’

It seemed time to intervene and I interrupted: —

‘Your massacres are always good spectacles, but, as in the case of those Chinese executions we read of in which two or three hundred suspected Bolsheviks are shot at a swoop, one

wonders if all who perish are equally guilty. Publicity is no more a crime than advertising. I have in mind the instance of a retired professor of mathematics from an inland university who in his leisure worked out some radio innovations that yielded him a million. He seeks a few breaths of the public admiration he deserves and to be asked out to dinners by persons who would be charmed to meet him if they were aware of his existence. He has an accurate mind and has told me his life's history twice in the same terms, so it is time his circulation was widened. Now I have suggested a few devices which may get him talked about — to wear white spats with his dinner jacket, to offer the mayor a solution of the traffic problem in the terms of conic sections, to lease the top floor of the Ritz Tower and to finance a play on the Second Coming. If he carries through one of these projects and makes the front page, his mail will be full of invitations, but you'll be parading him as the latest upstart. Yet the unfortunate will only be adopting reasonable means to escape from his own ego, which he finds bad company.

'Further, I contend that every man who believes he has something to say is entitled to crash the communal eardrum. If it's worth hearing and he fails to catch the pitch, he is guilty of contributory negligence. I'm persuaded that much of what is paraded as modesty is inarticulateness, and a retiring disposition often represents a previous conviction or fatty degeneration

of the heart. That erstwhile hero who forced the world to beat a path to his wilderness shack after the super-mousetrap undoubtedly invested the proceeds in phony oil stocks. The bore who excited your scorn was no more than a virtuoso beating his wings, and the conversation he excluded I'll bet would have been far less entertaining than the sense of outrage he inspired in you.

'If, after due examination of the person, conversation, and accomplishment of any of my fellow men, I decide that a jury would concede my superiority, why should I conceal the verdict? The public is entitled to the best and likes to be shown. Nature enters into no conspiracy of silence when her purposes are served by attracting attention. No retiring bird ever caught a worm or won a mate. There are color and vocal competitions in the feathered world in springtime. The vivid hues your flowers wear are assumed to catch the flirtatious eyes of passing bees and not to win your gardener blue ribbons at suburban flower shows.'

Mr. Wiseman inspected me critically.

'If I remember aright,' he said, 'you played football in your college days.'

'Yes,' I replied with a touch of pride, 'centre, Dartmouth, 1919.'

'That explains,' he concluded. 'You pushed your way through three subway jams in Times Square recently and now you are rationalizing a superiority complex based on the breadth of your own shoulders. Try an ice cap. Good night.'

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

II. THE END OF THE MONARCHY

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

I

THE insane Protopopov, Minister of the Interior, seized upon the death of Rasputin to increase his influence and consolidate his position with the Tsarina. He announced that the spirit of the martyred prophet had descended upon him; he had visions and went into ecstasy in public; at times, when conversing with the Empress, he would suddenly pause and point dramatically to the empty space behind her, saying that Rasputin was there hovering over them. At other times he would see Christ blessing the Empress and confirming her political wisdom.

But this riot of fantasy, this coinage of a disordered brain, did not impair the exercise of a shrewd wit. It is said that he had his agents compose letters of a flattering nature and mail them from different parts of Russia to the Empress. In these forged epistles the writers, simulating the style and the common errors of peasants, praised the Empress for her devotion to a holy cause and exhorted her to stand fast in her policy.

The die was cast. In the Duma, Milyukov was outspoken in his denunciation of the impossible régime. Within three months from the death of Rasputin the red flag of revolt was seen in the streets of Petrograd. More ominous still, rioting began before the food shops. 'An empty stomach has no

ears,' runs an ancient Russian proverb. An epidemic of madness descended upon the government. Protopopov, in the final frenzy of reactionary bureaucracy, retaliated with all the apparatus of governmental suppression. Machine guns were mounted on the roofs and at the street corners of Petrograd. On March 8 there was a monster demonstration in the streets, and Protopopov's soldiers fired into the crowd. The mobs, in reprisal, murdered every police official that fell into their hands. On March 11 the Emperor, absent at the General Headquarters of the Army at Mohilev, attempted to dissolve the Duma. But the Duma refused to be dissolved. By this time the situation in Petrograd was so out of hand that Rodzianko, President of the Duma, wired the Emperor as follows: —

The position is serious. There is anarchy in the capital. The government is paralyzed. The transportation of fuel and food is completely disorganized. The general dissatisfaction grows. Disorderly firing takes place in the streets. A person trusted by the country must be charged immediately to form a ministry.

No answer from Mohilev. The letters of the Tsarina, with their scorn of the growing popular outcry against a corrupt and inefficient government, had blinded the judgment and paralyzed the will of her uxorious consort.

One generous gesture might have saved Russia and changed the course of history.

On March 12, Rodzianko sent a second telegram:—

The position is getting worse. Measures must be taken at once, because to-morrow will be too late. The last hour has struck, and the fate of the Fatherland and of the dynasty is being decided.

The same day, toward noon, the Tsar's only brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, telephoned from Petrograd that the formation of a new government meriting the confidence of the country was imperative and should be granted at once. By way of reply the Tsar instructed General Alexeiev to thank the Grand Duke for his advice, but to say that he himself was quite capable of deciding what was to be done. On the heels of this fraternal warning a telegram arrived from Prince Golitsyn, President of the Council of Ministers, identical in tone with the message of the Grand Duke. The Emperor's reply took the form of an order to send fresh troops to Petrograd to stop the rioting.

Immediately after these significant events, and before definitely answering Prince Golitsyn, the Emperor spoke for more than one hour with someone over a private telephone. Now there were two direct lines from General Headquarters, one connecting with Petrograd, the other with the Tsarina at Tsarskoe Selo. On finishing the protracted conversation with his unseen confidential counselor, Nicholas prepared a peremptory telegram in answer to Prince Golitsyn in which he informed the President of the Council that absolutely no modification could be made in the existing government. The telegram ended by ordering the immediate suppression—in the usual way—of all revolutionary movements and revolts among the soldiers of the

Petrograd garrison. As this answer was sent by telegram to Petrograd, it is reasonably clear that the Emperor had not been speaking, just before, on the direct line to the capital. Otherwise the telegram was superfluous. The generals surrounding the Emperor concluded—and so must posterity—that Nicholas held that most important conversation, his last state council, with the Tsarina.

But Nicholas soon began to show apprehension, which was aggravated by a telegram from the Empress, at Tsarskoe Selo. She now wired that concessions were inevitable. For the first time she, too, began to see the end. Too late! The Tsar, on March 13, attempted to reach Tsarskoe Selo by train, but revolting troops sidetracked the imperial car and diverted it across country to Pskov. Late in the night, March 14, Nicholas established telephonic communication with Rodzianko and began to speak of concessions. But Rodzianko at the other end of the line, with tumultuous shouts from the streets proclaiming the revolt of each successive regiment as it went over to the revolution, replied: 'It is too late to talk concessions; it is time to abdicate.' By evening of the following day, March 15, two delegates of the Duma, Gutchkov and Shulgin, arrived at Pskov, and in the Emperor's private car announced to him the irrevocable will of the people. The Emperor, bowing his head, murmured, 'I have been deceived,' and signed the abdication.

The historic document was signed by the Tsar in pencil, between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night of March 15, 1917.

When we had read and approved the formula [Shulgin testifies] it seems to me that we shook hands . . . but at that moment I was undoubtedly very much moved and I may be wrong. I remember that when I looked at my watch for the last

time it was ten minutes before midnight. This scene of supreme importance, therefore, took place between eleven and twelve o'clock in the night of the 2/15 to the 3/16 March.¹

We then took leave. It seemed to me that on neither side was there any ill feeling. For my part, I felt an immense pity for that man who had just bought back, with a single act, his past faults. The Tsar was in full control of himself, friendly rather than cold.

We had agreed with General Russky that there should be two copies of the Act signed by the Emperor, for we feared lest, in the troublous times through which we were passing, the document we bore should be lost. One copy was kept by the General; we kept the other. As I have said, the signature of the Tsar was in pencil, while the Lord Chamberlain [Count Frederiks] countersigned in ink.

It is of importance to note that Nicholas named as successor to the throne, not his son, the Tsarevitch, but his own brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich. It was, in point of fact, a double abdication.

That very day, before the arrival of the Duma delegates, he summoned into his presence Professor Feodorov, one of his personal physicians.

¹ The double date was frequent in old Russian writings and represents the difference between the Gregorian calendar in use in Western Europe and the Julian calendar which Russia tenaciously observed. Russia was, in consequence, thirteen days behind the rest of the world, in a calendar sense. The Bolsheviks abolished the Julian calendar during our stay in Moscow, and adopted a system that brought Russia in line with common usage. The change occasioned many embarrassments. Thirteen days thus disappeared mysteriously from one's life, as the calendar suddenly jumped thirteen days overnight! Some of the employees in our relief stations inquired if they would be paid for the lost working days. Of course their fears were groundless. In point of fact, the next pay day — we paid off every fortnight — came within a day after the previous one. It was a bit complicated for the ordinary muzhik and he simply marked it off as another Bolshevik trick. — AUTHOR

'Tell me frankly, Serge Petrovich, is Alexis's malady incurable?'

Realizing the import of the question, Feodorov answered, 'Science teaches us, sire, that it is an incurable disease. Yet those who are afflicted with it sometimes reach an advanced old age. Still, Alexis Nikolaievich is at the mercy of an accident.'

The Tsar hung his head and sadly murmured, 'That is just what the Tsarina told me. Well, if that is the case and Alexis can never serve his country as I should like him to do, we have the right to keep him ourselves.'

He then composed the text, which ends as follows: —

Not wishing to part from our beloved son, we bequeath the heritage to our brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich. Blessing him on his accession to the throne, we adjure our brother to rule in affairs of State in full and unbroken harmony with the representatives of the people in the legislative institutions, on principles which they shall determine, and to take an inviolable oath to this effect, in the name of our dearly beloved country.

We call upon all faithful sons of the Fatherland to fulfill their sacred duty to it by obeying the Tsar in this grave time of national trial, and to help him, along with the representatives of the people, to lead the Russian State on to the path of victory, prosperity, and glory.

May the Lord God help Russia.

(Signed) NICHOLAS

But the Grand Duke Michael wisely refused this dangerous dignity. The next day, March 16, he issued his manifesto: —

A heavy burden has been laid on me by the will of my brother, who, in a time of unexampled strife and popular tumult, has transferred to me the imperial throne of Russia. Sharing with the people the thought that the good of the country should stand before everything else, I have firmly decided that I will accept power only if that

is the will of our great people, who must by universal suffrage elect their representatives to a Constituent Assembly, in order to determine the form of government and draw up new fundamental laws for Russia. Therefore, calling for the blessing of God, I ask all citizens of Russia to obey the Provisional Government, which has arisen and been endowed with full authority on the initiative of the Imperial Duma, until such time as the Constituent Assembly, called at the earliest possible date and elected on the basis of universal, direct, equal, and secret suffrage, shall, by its decision as to the form of government, give expression to the will of the people.

It was the last official act of the Romanovs. The Grand Duke, imprisoned by the Bolsheviki, disappeared in June 1918, and it is generally supposed that he was murdered, somewhere in the vicinity of Perm.

The Tsar attempted to recall his abdication in favor of Michael almost as soon as he had issued the document. Probably repenting of the juridical injury done his son in thus depriving him of the succession, and perhaps apprehensive of the Tsarina's reaction, he made an ineffectual attempt to set the Tsarevitch on the throne. General Denikin, in his account of the incident, furnishes the following information:—

Late at night the imperial train left for Mohilev. Dead silence, lowered blinds, and heavy, heavy thoughts. No one will ever know what feelings wrestled in the breast of Nicholas II, of the monarch, the father, and the man, when on meeting Alexeiev at Mohilev, and looking straight at the latter with kindly, tired eyes, he said, irresolutely, 'I have changed my mind. Please send this telegram to Petrograd.' On a small sheet of paper, in a clear hand, the Tsar had himself traced his consent to the immediate succession to the throne of his son Alexis.

Alexeiev took the telegram — and did not send it. It was too late; both manifestoes had already been made public to the army and to the country. For fear of 'unsettling public opinion,' Alexeiev made no mention

of the telegram and kept it in his portfolio until he passed it on to me toward the end of May, when he resigned his post of Supreme Commander in Chief. The document, of vast importance to future biographers of the Tsar, was afterward kept under seal at the Operations Department of General Headquarters.

II

Before signing the original abdication on small sheets of paper, which had as headings the word 'Stavka' (General Headquarters) on the left, and 'Chief of Staff' on the right, Nicholas bore proud and sonorous titles: 'Nicholas II, by God's grace, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, Tsar of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, Novgorod, Kazan, Astrakhan, Siberia, the Tauric Chersonese, Georgia, Lord of Pskov, Grand Duke of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, and Semigallia, Samogitia, Bielostok, Karelia, Tver, Yougoria, Perm, Viatka . . . Lord and Grand Duke of Lower Novgorod, Chernigov, Riazan, Polotsk, Rostov, Yaroslav . . . Lord and Sovereign of the lands of Iberia . . . and the Provinces of Armenia . . . Sovereign of the Circassian and Mountaineer Princes . . . Lord of Turkestan, Heir of Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein . . . of Oldenburg, etc. etc.'

When Shulgin and Gutchkov stepped down from the royal car and entered their own to hurry back to expectant Petrograd, they left him plain 'Colonel Nicholas Alexandrovich Romanov.'

The Provisional Government was unusually meticulous in the matter of the Tsar's titles and saw to it that letters and newspapers reaching him in his prison should bear only the title 'Colonel.' The Tsarina's name on her mail and newspapers was likewise corrected; the appellation 'Her Majesty'

was always scratched out and replaced by 'Alexandra Feodorovna Romanov.'

So, Louis XVI was called 'Citizen Capet' by his jailers. One of the Tsarina's ladies in waiting, Marfa Mouchanow, who shared her imprisonment at Tsarskoe Selo, tells us in her memoirs that this particular detail — the refusal of the Provisional Government to permit the Empress to retain her title — was of all her misfortunes the one that seemed most to have embittered her.

On March 16, the day following his abdication, Nicholas started, not to rejoin the Empress at Tsarskoe Selo, but for Mohilev, General Headquarters of the Russian army, to take leave of his troops. He remained there until the twenty-first, the day on which four representatives of the Provisional Government reached the camp and informed General Alexeiev that the ex-Tsar was under arrest and should be transported to Tsarskoe Selo. Nicholas had previously expressed his desire to retire to the Crimea, there to end his days on his estate at Livadia. The Provisional Government was unable to acquiesce. The Emperor obeyed, asking only one final privilege, to take leave of his army in a last 'Order of the Day,' which he composed as follows: —

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I address my soldiers, who are dear to my heart, for the last time. Since I have renounced the throne of Russia for myself and my son, power has been taken over by the Provisional Government, which has been formed on the initiative of the Duma of the Empire.

May God help it to lead Russia into the path of glory and prosperity. May God help you, my glorious soldiers, to defend the Fatherland against a cruel enemy. For two and a half years you have endured the strain of hard service; much blood has been shed, great efforts have been made, and now the hour is at hand in which Russia and her

glorious allies will break the enemy's last resistance in one common, mightier effort.

The unprecedented war must be carried through to final victory. Anyone who thinks of peace or desires it at this moment is a traitor to his country and would deliver her over to the foe. I know that every soldier worthy of the name thinks as I do.

Do your duty, protect our dear and glorious country, submit to the Provisional Government, obey your leaders, and remember that any failure in duty can only profit the enemy.

I am firmly convinced that the boundless love you bear our great country is not dead within you.

God bless you and may Saint George, the great martyr, lead you to victory.

NICHOLAS

The inexplicable mentality of the Provisional Government, its confused indecision which finally lost itself in the maze of oratory and hesitation that accelerated Bolshevism, forbade the publication of this touching farewell to the army. It was suppressed, despite the fact that it was obviously a sincere appeal to support the new authorities and probably would have strengthened their hand to a notable degree. Whether the decision to pigeonhole it was motivated by fear or exaggerated prudence or old resentments, it was the first injudicious step of a most injudicious régime.

A passing flash of pathos comes slanting across the sombre scene at this juncture. As the clouds gathered over the head of the doomed monarch, while friends and erstwhile supporters were dropping away like banqueters from a Timon of Athens, as regiment after regiment went over to the revolutionists, — one of them led by the Tsar's own kinsman, the Grand Duke Cyril, — there arrived from Kiev one whose loyalty never faltered and on whose bosom the weary, uncrowned head might rest as it had reposed there in complete confidence when an infant.

The first of his family to take her place by Nicholas's side after his fall was his mother, the Dowager Empress Maria. She remained with him until the twenty-first, when he was conducted under arrest to Tsarskoe Selo.

They were never to meet again. The broken-hearted queen mother found refuge in Denmark, her native land, whence she had departed as the lovely Princess Dagmar to wed Alexander III in 1866. During that half century she saw the political face of Europe transformed; saw dynasties flourish and fall; saw a resurgent Poland outlive the three mighty empires that had sinned the sin of the ages in partitioning that land and people among themselves as the spoils of war; finally, she saw the country over which she had ruled as joint sovereign descend into the very Valley of the Shadow. But, with the indomitable faith which seems to seize upon and sway the imagination of all who fall under the spell of Russia's mysticism, she clings imperiously to the vanished sceptre, refuses to believe that her royal son is dead, and so forbids the customary prayers for his soul.

Though the name of Nicholas Romanov has been deleted from the *Almanach de Gotha*, the social register of nobility, to his exiled mother he is still Tsar of all the Russias and will one day return to resume the great Russian crown which the Bolsheviki keep in the Gochrana, within the Kremlin, and exhibit on occasions to privileged visitors. With the other crown jewels this dazzling accumulation of diamonds, pearls, and precious metals is preserved in a massive steel box. On its domelike top rests the blazing Peking ruby, big as a pigeon's egg, surmounted by a cross of rarest diamonds, aggregating in all twenty-eight hundred carats. The head that last wore it was desecrated by a fiendish executioner, who poured sulphuric acid

over it, then smashed it into an unrecognizable pulp and burned the bones to ashes.

Beside this may be seen the Tsarina's crown, described by one who saw it recently as 'an exquisite flowerlike creation, all a-shimmer with perfectly matched diamonds and pearls—a mass of iridescent fire. It was fashioned for Catherine the Great by Pauzier of Geneva, who was the Cellini of his day.' The last head that wore this sign of royalty was, as we shall shortly see, likewise beaten into fragments at Ekaterinburg. The aged Dowager Empress, brooding now over the mysteries of life in her retreat outside Copenhagen, had also worn it in the days of pomp and glory. It has been replaced on her brow by that other diadem which mothers so often inherit:—

. . . A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

March 22 was a dark and dreary day, as March days can be in Russia. At eleven in the morning the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Dolgoruki, Marshal of the Court, arrived at Tsarskoe Selo and went straight to the Tsarina, who was waiting in strained suspense. He was never to be separated from his family again, except for the brief moment at Tiumen during the transfer from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg.

In the meantime, before the arrival of Nicholas, General Kornilov, Commander of the Military District of Petrograd, had waited on the distracted Tsarina to inform her that she was under arrest. Witnesses of that extraordinary scene record that the silence which followed the General's laconic announcement was that of the tomb. It was revolution in its starkest reality. The Empress, having entered the audience chamber and seated herself with her accustomed formality and air of royalty, was stunned to hear

Kornilov say, 'I must request you, madame, to stand up and listen with attention to the commands I am about to impose on you.'

'Commands'! It was the first time in three hundred years that mortal had addressed this word to a Romanov.

But commands came with military directness. She was to consider herself under arrest; she was forbidden to send or receive letters without the permission of the officer in charge of the Palace; she was not to walk alone in the park or about the grounds; she was to execute immediately any further orders signified to her. Count Beckendorff, Master of the Palace, who was in attendance, showed by his countenance that he felt there was nothing left but for the earth to open and swallow them all. Little did he or the Empress seem to realize that in Petrograd, not more than fifteen miles away, an infuriated mob was parading through the streets of the capital bearing placards that called for the immediate trial and execution of the Empress as one guilty of high treason.

In April 1922, the writer of these lines made a trip to Petrograd and was permitted by the Soviet authorities to visit the spots where these revolutionary episodes were enacted.² If my memory and notes do not deceive me, on the wall of the Tsarina's room in the Alexander Palace, in a corner near a window, hung a large tapestry,

² Among other rooms, we visited the study of the Tsar, which has been preserved unchanged by the Soviets. Another American, Mr. Newman, who is at present giving entertaining travelogues on Russia, enjoyed a similar privilege within the past few months. Someone must have been 'spoofing' Mr. Newman, as his remarks and photographs, published in a New York newspaper, depict 'the desk at which the Tsar signed his abdication' and show the actual pen he used. This should not be mistaken for authentic history. The Tsar signed his abdication in a railway car at Pskov, some one hundred and fifty miles distant, and used a pencil.—AUTHOR

depicting in life-size proportions Marie Antoinette and her children. It is said to be after Madame Vigée Lebrun's famous painting and was presented by the French Government. The ill-fated queen of France, in all the classic beauty that Burke perpetuates in his vivid word portrayal of her charms, sits in regal splendor with her children grouped around her, one on her knees. The Empress of all the Russias, herself a foreign princess, as was the Austrian consort of Louis XVI, passed the latter years of her private life under the shadow of that mute warning. The fate of Marie Antoinette, though longer deferred and immeasurably more brutal when it came, was never far away from Alexandra Feodorovna.

Their careers were cast in almost identical moulds.

The daughter of Maria Theresa came as a young girl to France from a Teutonic court. Vienna of the latter eighteenth century was more a stronghold of the Hapsburg dynasty than the capital city of a distinct nationality. The Empress of Russia came from a German principality, too, though a far less brilliant one — that of Hesse. Marie Antoinette journeyed to Versailles to be bride to a Dauphin destined to rule a kingdom already in the throes of incipient revolution. His ancestors had made themselves absolute personal monarchs — and passed the final reckoning on to him. Alexandra came to Russia to assume a rôle particularly congenial to her character in the most autocratic court of Europe. Marie Antoinette never fully lost her foreign bearing and accent. Neither did Alexandra — French and English were her preferred tongues. It is said she never spoke Russian except when obliged to — and quaintly at that. Marie Antoinette was destined to follow her husband to the death of a common criminal. So was Alexandra.

Enmity and jealousy pursued the *Autrichienne*. Alexandra, from the first day of her arrival, moved through a deepening atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. The day of her coronation was marred by the tragic accident at the Chodinka field where thousands of innocent citizens were trodden to death in a sudden panic that ensued when the crowds of waiting spectators broke through the police lines. The customary state ball went on as usual that night, though there were death and mourning throughout Moscow. It was regarded as an evil omen.

Marie Antoinette cherished a passionate yearning for a son, but was long denied the bliss of motherhood and was bitterly disappointed when the first child was a girl. Alexandra lived in morbid anxiety until, after four daughters, a son and heir was born who proved to be at once her joy and her undoing. Marie Antoinette was publicly accused of treasonable traffic with the enemies of France. Alexandra's name was placarded in the streets of Petrograd as a traitor and accursed Germanophile. Marie Antoinette was the victim of domestic calumny and legends of debauchery circulated in the Paris coffee shops. Alexandra had Rasputin and a similar undeserved stigma. Marie Antoinette never fully understood — in fact, mildly disdained — her adopted people. Alexandra never quite fathomed the Russian masses or sympathized with them. She was paid back in like coin.

Marie Antoinette exercised a disastrous political influence during the five years that preceded the fall of the Bourbons. In her salon gathered the forces of intrigue and reactionary opposition to Parliament. The States-General she contemned. Her 'New Order' was regarded as a despotic invasion of popular rights. The Tsarina lent aid, comfort, and counsel to the

invisible influences and fell victim to the dark forces that ruined the Romanovs. Marie Antoinette put Necker in power: the mob rose and chased him out. Alexandra sponsored Sturmer and Protopopov: Petrograd hoisted the red flag. Marie Antoinette was held hostage in the Tower. Alexandra passed sixteen months in an imprisonment which was mild and dignified at first, but which swept with furious crescendo to its hideous termination. Marie Antoinette worshiped her son, the Dauphin, with the entire devotion of her being. The Tsarina would not permit herself to be separated from the Hope of the Throne even in their common death.

As Marie Antoinette mounted the steps of the guillotine shortly before noon on October 16, 1793, the advance of the rescuing counter-revolution was halted and routed at Maubeuge. As the émigrés and Bourbon nobles retreated with the banners of monarchy, her head fell into the basket. Kolchak's White Army and the Czechoslovak troops were on the point of taking Ekaterinburg as Alexandra Feodorovna sank to the floor of a cellar, riddled by the murderous fire of Lettish executioners.

III

There now followed five months of a relatively easy and mild imprisonment in the Summer Palace. The Tsar spent his time mostly in physical exercise, digging in the garden, clearing away the snow, walking in the park, or sawing wood in the fields. The Tsarina occupied herself in the care of her children. Three of the Grand Duchesses were ill and the Tsarevitch was stricken with measles, complicated by a recurrence of his hereditary disease. In her free moments she worked unceasingly making garments and bandages for the Red Cross. The two

ex-rulers were not allowed to meet or converse together, even at meals, without an officer of the guard at their elbow.

The Palace was guarded as a beleaguered fortress. On one occasion a sentry caused a wave of excitement by firing a shot to summon the commandant in order to inform him that signals, with red and green lights, were being made from the Tsar's apartments. Visions of secret code and possible rescue rose before the commandant's mind. He rushed into the house and ordered an investigation. The mystery was soon explained. The Grand Duchess Anastasia and the Tsar were sitting in the same room, the Emperor reading while his daughter, ensconced on the window ledge, was doing needlework. Her workbasket was on a table near by. As she stooped to pick up the things she needed she was alternately covering and uncovering two different lamps, one with a green shade, the other with a red, by the light of which the Tsar was reading.

The young Tsarevitch, Alexis, played in the garden and received regular instruction from his private tutor, Pierre Gilliard, a Swiss professor who was permitted to remain with the family until very near the end. His testimony, extending through thirteen years and reaching to Ekaterinburg, furnishes source material of prime historical importance. Nowhere else is it more clearly demonstrated how fatally the destiny of Russia was determined by such a pathetically human consideration as the health of the only son. In the person of that frail, winsome child you have the explanation of the Empress; you have the reason for Rasputin; you have the key for the abdication in favor of Michael and the subsequent attempted withdrawal by the Tsar; you have one of the redeem-

ing traits in both Tsar and Tsarina. They jeopardized an empire to save one delicate boy from the clutches of a congenital disease which she, all unwittingly, had transmitted to him.

Mr. Kerensky, Procurator-General in the Provisional Government, visited the Palace frequently. On April 3, his first visit, after shaking hands with the royal family, he said to the Tsarina, 'The Queen of England asks for news of the ex-Tsarina.' Pierre Gilliard records that the Empress blushed violently. It was the first time that she had been addressed as 'ex-Tsarina.'

The British from the outset manifested a desire to assure the physical safety of the dethroned monarchs. An offer of asylum in England was made through Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petrograd, and it was understood that the German Government had agreed to permit one English ship to pass through the submarine zone without attack to meet the imperial family at Port Romanov. The benevolent design proved abortive, and around the failure has grown up an acrimonious controversy. Princess Paley, widow of the murdered Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, accuses the British Ambassador of having deliberately foiled the plan of King George to rescue his cousin. Sir George Buchanan defends himself vigorously in his published memoirs and blames the Provisional Government, who 'were not masters in their own house.'

This version is undoubtedly correct. In an interview with the author, Mr. Kerensky confirmed the report that such an offer had been made by the British Government, but so strong and hostile was the Soviet of Workmen at Petrograd that the Provisional Government did not dare to take the necessary steps. The Bolsheviki threatened to tear up the rails before the train should the Government attempt to move the

imperial family. It might have been possible at a later date, but Mr. Kerensky left me under the impression that the ardor of the British Government seemed to cool. He intimated that Lloyd George's policy had changed.

In the course of the interview in question Mr. Kerensky was asked if he cared to comment on the following incident as currently reported in Russia.

During one of his visits to the Summer Palace on a tour of inspection, Mr. Kerensky was accosted by the young Tsarevitch:—

'Are you Mr. Kerensky?'

'Yes.'

'You are Minister of Justice. Will you answer me a question?'

'Yes.'

'Did my father have the right to abdicate for himself and for me too?'

Kerensky paused, then replied, 'As your father, he probably did not; as Emperor, I think he had the right.'

The boy seemed satisfied with the hairsplitting and returned to his play.

On hearing my story, Mr. Kerensky laughingly tossed it off as a monarchist fabrication.

During the captivity day followed day with monotonous similarity. Nicholas adapted himself to the new conditions with an amazing ease and with an air of indifference that was in marked contrast to the sullen resentment of the Tsarina. Her bitterness was directed as much against the Tsar as against her fate. She could not soon forget that double abdication. 'There must be a mistake,' she had cried out on first hearing the news. 'It is impossible that Nicky has sacrificed our boy's claim.' Her rage became uncontrolled when at last the truth was inescapable, and she exclaimed, 'He might at least in his fright have remembered his son.'

Her intuition, always sharper than

that of Nicholas, seemed to realize the danger to their lives. 'They will put us in the fortress,' she confided one day to Marfa Mouchanow, 'and then kill us as they did Louis XVI.' To her youngest daughter, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was stunned and thrown into tears by the sudden reversal of fortune, Alexandra said, 'It is too early to cry yet. Keep your sorrow for another occasion.' In the words of an eyewitness, the reprimand was given 'in a hard voice.' It was only the lapse of time and the growing hardship of their common misfortune that softened her animosity toward the husband whom she considered a weakling.

The Tsar, for his part, seems to have abdicated in spirit and in truth. Though following with keen and intelligent interest the progress of the war and the movements of the Russian army, he never attempted to exercise political influence or indulge in critical comment. He accepted obscurity with the same fatalistic confidence he had shown in clinging obstinately to his waning autocracy.

Did he ever, in those long and lonely days, fall into reverie that was something more than mere regret, or seek to determine, in his own mind, the historical responsibility for the processes that had culminated in this almost solitary confinement? Four years previously, in February 1913, Russia had commemorated, with all the pomp and Oriental pageantry her court excelled in, the Tercentenary of the Romanovs, and celebrated the achievements of the three hundred years that had elapsed since his ancestor, young Michael Romanov, son of the Patriarch Philaret, had ascended the throne and founded a powerful dynasty. But yesterday the word of a Romanov might have stood against the world; to-day there were only a handful of servants and a few aged

courtiers to do him reverence. The ease with which the monarchy fell, and the swift, utter abandonment of the Emperor by friends and people alike, should have furnished ground for salutary meditation.

The three hundred and four years of Romanov rule which had come to such an anticlimactic end would yield for his speculations an unfolding panorama of bewildering complexity, unending political tumult, and vast geographic expansion. It records a race between education and disaster. Disaster won easily. Now that the sinister voice of his mentor, Pobyedonostsev, was stilled, and with nought save the measured tread of jailers outside his door to influence his prison thoughts, the ex-Emperor may have seen in their true bearing the terrible realities which so many ardent spirits sought in vain to make him understand. Truths which in the warm glow of prosperity and security one is apt to consider as unpleasant annoyances, mere jeremiads of the hypercritical, become sombre revelations in the cold, pitiless light of adversity.

IV

I know of no figure in the history of fallen empires more tragically ironic, in the Greek sense, than the dethroned Master of Tsarskoe Selo, already marked to atone in blood for the sins and imbecilities of three centuries of misrule.

The capital error committed by his ancestors who controlled the destiny of Russia and moulded the forms of her political life lay in their failure to create in the minds of the people a consciousness of national solidarity. Historically, Russia developed into two entities, distinct, antagonistic, and perpetually at odds with each other. Government was not conceived as a delegation of power to be exercised

for the common good by a responsible trustee, but as a vested right to be jealously safeguarded and administered for the aggrandizement of a favored minority. Rulers and ruled were never fused into a single, unified community.

To be sure, there once existed a strong democratic tradition in Russia. Ancient Slav civilization, as represented in the early republics of Novgorod and Pskov, was gay, boisterous, full of color, intensely individualistic, and vociferously independent. These city-states were as jealous of their freedom as were ever Florence and Ghent. Novgorod's 'Court of Jaroslav' held popular assemblies (the *Véché*), summoned there by its great bell for legislative deliberation six hundred years before the Mayflower set sail. Its Declaration of Independence was drawn up five centuries before the Philadelphia document — and was much shorter, too: 'If the Prince is bad, into the mud with him.' And it was often acted on — so frequently, in fact, that in the course of a single century the chronicles record how the freemen of Novgorod drove out as many as thirty princes whose rule did not please them, an average of one every forty months. In 1136 Prince Vsevolod Mstislavich was summarily deposed and expelled by the hard-headed burghers because he was 'too fond of sport and neglectful of his duty.'

But these native tendencies, though cropping out sporadically in later centuries, were systematically suppressed by the Emperors, — particularly during the reign of the Ivans and Peter the Great, — as each succeeding Tsar reverted to the belief that the Russian land and the Russian folk were the private asset of the sovereign, his *otchina*. By the close of the seventeenth century the democracy that flourished in Novgorod was a legend.

Then, too, the Tatar domination had left its imprint on Russia's soul as definitely as the Norman invader left his mark on Anglo-Saxon civilization. Two centuries of vassalage under Eastern despots of the school of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane could not fail to modify enormously the social and political structure of Slavic communities. The taint spread from the head downward, from prince to peasant, as each learned from the Mongolian overlords the full manual of Asiatic callousness, ruthlessness, and absolutism. The foreign yoke was lifted with the fall of the Golden Horde in 1502. Slavery ended, but the slave driver remained. Did the Master of Tsarskoe Selo ever philosophize? He would have discovered a reproachful symbolism in the fact that the Russian term *naigaku*, 'the knout,' is one of the purely Tataric words still remaining in the Russian vocabulary. He had himself often invoked it.

Still other ghosts would rise to plague him. There were the 'reforms' of the first Peter, called by the Westernizers 'the Great,' but by the Slavophiles 'Antichrist.' He built a Colossus of the North, but its feet were of clay and the whole structure was, at that moment, tumbling down in Petrograd, fifteen miles away. Was it not this same Peter who drove Russia into strange paths unsuited to her historic traditions? He had forsaken Holy Moscow and built himself an abomination, named in vainglorious egotism 'Peter's City,' among the fogs and bogs and marshes of an alien territory. He let loose swarms of officials, clerks, and other *tchinovniki* to batten on the substance of the people; rushed them into foreign wars and intrigues, drove his subjects to domestic revolt by extravagant taxation, ordered men to defile the image of God by forcing them to

shave off their beards, and even ordained the cut of the clothes they should wear. Did he not persecute the Church of Christ by abolishing the Patriarchate? Did he not murder his own son? Verily, he had opened his 'window to Europe,' but opened it on to a swamp exuding miasmatic effluvia. He exposed the pure soul of orthodoxy to the blighting infection of atheism and deism from France and made Russia's poor brain reel with the dizzying wisdom of Prussia.

What the Tatars began the Ivans, both Great and Terrible, continued, Peter perpetuated; and Nicholas was paying the penalty. The final expiation was beginning in the very palace that had become, in popular imagination, a symbol of isolation and estrangement. It was to Tsarskoe Selo that Nicholas and the imperial family fled in 1905 when the thousands of petitioners, led by Gapon, marched to the Winter Palace to seek redress of wrongs from 'the little Father'—and were massacred by his waiting Cossacks. Bloody Sunday marked a turning point in Russian history and sealed the doom of the ruling dynasty. Hilaire Belloc has a brilliant essay in support of his thesis that the French Revolution became inevitable on the day and in the hour when the Commons, excluded from the Council Hall at Versailles, rushed in indignation to the Tennis Court and there held a separate Convocation, in defiance of king, nobles, and clergy. Did Nicholas Romanov realize that the Russian Revolution became inevitable when the first peaceful petitioner fell that Sunday afternoon before the Winter Palace? Only once in eight years did the royal family reside in Petrograd—and that for four days only, on the occasion of the Tercentenary. They lived in virtual seclusion at Tsarskoe Selo, the fifteen miles to the capital

constituting a moral chasm between them and their people.

And here he was, an actual prisoner in his favorite retreat, this well-intentioned and urbane, but woefully weak and indecisive, monarch. Harassed and crushed by the weight of an inherited responsibility too heavy for his shoulders, wearily answering 'Yes' or 'No' to importunate counselors who knew how to play shrewdly on his fears, his prejudices, and his superstitions, he had lived, as it were, a phantom king in a haunted palace. On the very day of his coronation he had succumbed publicly to exhaustion when entering the Cathedral of the Holy Archangels at Moscow. Fatigued by the weight of the ponderous crown, and staggering under the heavy ceremonial robe of cloth of gold fringed with ermine, he let

the sceptre he was carrying slip from his grasp to the ground. In the impressionable minds of those who witnessed the incident, it remained an evil omen. The court gossipers recalled the ill-fated Louis XVI complaining, during his coronation at Rheims, that the crown was too heavy and was hurting his head.

Never master of his own will, Nicholas spent his life awaiting the judgments of the Pobyedonostsevs, the Sturmers, and the Protopopovs who surrounded him, and of the Empress who ruled him. Mr. Kerensky was to convey the next decision of Russia's newest master, *Monsieur le peuple*.

On August 10, the Premier of the Provisional Government waited on the ex-Tsar and announced a momentous resolution. The imperial family was to be transferred to Siberia.

(*'The Murder of the Imperial Family'* will appear in the March number)

POP'S PLOUGHING

A TRUE STORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO

BY FRANCES HULBERT RARIG

SARAH sat upon the doorstep in the warm darkness of the summer evening, with her nephew's head in her lap. The little boy had fallen asleep.

'He looks so much like his father when he was six or seven,' she said quietly to the little boy's mother. 'It reminds me of the time—'

She broke off. After a pause Jennie, the boy's mother, said, 'Reminds you of what, Sarah?'

Sarah did not answer at once. Then she began: 'It was a long time ago and

I've never told you about it. Pop's been dead, though, these three years and I'd kind of like to tell you.

'It happened the summer I was fourteen years old. For a long time I could n't forgive my father and I never felt quite the same toward him again. We were living on this very farm, and I tell you it meant work. As fast as we got one mortgage about paid off Pop bought some more acres with another mortgage on them. It was get up at sunrise and hustle all day, milking

cows, baking bread, churning butter, feeding the pigs, and washing, scrubbing — there was n't anything I did n't do to help Mother.

'I was the oldest of the children and there were four younger: Billy, who was eleven; Tom and your Jim, who were six and seven; and little Susan, who was just a year old. Mother'd been planning all spring to go home to her mother's for a visit when harvest was done. Then one day Pop came in and said, "I guess you'd better put off that visit for a while. I'm going to buy that forty acres of Tuttle's that joins ours and we'll be a mite short."

'Father had a soft voice and spoke kind of easy, but when he said something we knew he meant it. Mother just turned sort of white and looked as if all the starch had gone out of her. We set dinner on the table, but she could n't eat. I was blazing mad, but I did n't say anything then. After Pop had gone back to work I said to her, "You're going to have that trip. You can have my ten dollars in the bank and you take all the butter and egg money, and you're going!"

"Oh, Sarah, do you think I can?" says Mother, and she sat down and cried. I'd never seen her really cry before and I was scared. Right in the middle of it Pop came in for something he'd forgotten and I guess he was scared, too. Anyway, it was n't long after that when Mom started on her trip.

'Of course, the baby went with her and she took Billy, too, to help take care of Susan, she said. I was to look after Tom and Jim and do the housework. But I did n't mind. I was young and strong and used to housework. Besides, I was pleased that Mother could go.

'But the very next day after she left if those two youngsters, Tom and Jim, were n't ailing! They fussed and

lay round and said they did n't feel good. That night they were restless and by morning I was sure there was something wrong. I wanted to send for the doctor, but Pop said, "No. Give 'em some castor oil." But I'd already done that, and by noon the boys were so flushed that he said if I could get word to old Doc Hanley perhaps he'd better drop round.

'That was leave enough for me, and it was n't long before old Doc Hanley was there. He looked at the boys' throats, and hemmed and hawed and asked where Mother was. I told him about the trip and he said, "Well, that's nice. We won't send for her yet, anyway."

"Send for her!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter with them?"

"It's early yet to say, but it looks like diphtheria. There's some round."

'I went ice cold all over and my knees shook so I could hardly stand. It would have been bad enough with Mother at home, but without Mother! That was before the days of antitoxin, and to me diphtheria spelled just one word — death. There'd been a family living near us two or three years before that had three little girls, as pretty little things as you ever saw. They lost them all inside two weeks, and they did n't even come back to the house after the last funeral. Just left everything and went. We never saw them again and their farm sold for next to nothing.

'I did n't know what fainting meant, but perhaps I came near to it. Anyhow, old Doc Hanley saw something was happening and set me down in a chair.

"Now, Sarah," he said, "don't you get fussed. You can look after these boys just as well as your mother. And anyway, it may not be diphtheria. I'll look in again in the morning and see."

'He kept on talking cheerfully and pretty soon I began to think things

were n't so bad. He told me what to do, and said to have Pop bring a bed downstairs to the parlor, where it was cooler. The bedrooms upstairs were low and it was blistering hot up there.

'Pop was n't much of a hand to help around the house. He came of German stock, you know, and in German families the womenfolk do the work unless they can't get out of bed, and then they get a neighbor woman in to help. I was kind of scared to tell him about the parlor, but to my surprise he did n't make any objection at all. Brought the bed downstairs and then carried down the boys. Kind of joked with them, too, about what Mom would say about their sleeping in the parlor. Then he spread some comforts on the floor and told me to go to bed. He'd stay with the boys.

'I was surprised, but I went to bed. I thought I would n't sleep at all, but the next thing I knew it was five o'clock and Pop was calling me.

"'You'll have to get up now, Sary. I got to get to my ploughing. If the doctor says to send for your Mom you get Jake's boy to take a telegram in."

"'Send for Mom? What for?" I asked. I was so dead asleep I had forgotten everything. Then it all came rushing back and I hopped out of bed and hurried into my clothes. When I got downstairs I found that Pop had had his oatmeal and coffee and was out harnessing the team.

'I don't like to remember that day even yet. When the doctor came he said, "Well, I guess you'd like to have your mother here to help you. When could she get here?"

"'I could telegraph her and she could get here to-morrow afternoon," I said, trying not to tremble. I knew it meant the boys had diphtheria.

"'You do that," he answered, cheerfully. He stayed quite a while that morning and explained carefully all

that he wanted done. But all that day the boys got sicker and sicker. They did n't talk or cry much, but that scared me all the more.

'That night Pop and I took turns sitting up with them, giving them water and tending to their medicine. But when five o'clock came Pop said, as he did the day before, "I've got to get to my ploughing."

'About seven a neighbor came in. She was an old woman who talked continually. I was too tired and anxious to pay much attention to her. She shook her head over the boys.

"'If they get real bad, Sary," she said, "you dose 'em with coal oil. That's what I did with my Pete when he had the quinsy." And she went on to tell a long story about Pete. I scarcely heard her, for I was watching the road for the doctor.

'Old Doc Hanley did n't do very much for the boys when he came that morning, but he was very gentle with them and with me.

"'Where's your father, Sarah?" he asked.

"'He's ploughing," I said.

"'H'm. Well, Sarah, listen to me. I can't stay very long this morning because Mis' Brown over on the hill road is getting her baby to-day and I've got to get back to her. When will your mother get here? Four o'clock. Well. Now, Sarah, it's likely that before that time these boys will bleed some at the nose. It's kind of frightening, Sarah, and I'd stay with you if I could. I'll come back as soon as I can, but there really is n't any use sending for me because—" He stopped, and then said, "Because there is n't anything more I can do."

'I knew what he meant, all right, but I had hold of myself and I said, "You wait just a minute, will you, doctor? I want to get Nell and tie her by the back door so I can get Father if—"

"You do that," he said. "I'll wait a bit."

"I ran to the pasture gate and whistled to Nell. She was our pet horse. We children had raised her from a colt and she'd follow us round like a dog. Now she came running up, expecting sugar. I jumped on her back and in a minute was tying her at the back door."

"Now I feel safer," I said to old Doc Hanley.

"Good. You're all right, Sarah," he said, and drove away.

"But I did n't feel all right. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that morning. Except for their hard breathing and little moans now and then, the boys were quiet. The house was quiet. Everything was quiet except Nell, stamping outside. I sat by the bed in the parlor where the two lay, watching, watching, and trying to ease them."

"It was just eleven o'clock when Jim had a choking spell and then began to bleed. The next moment I was on Nell, out of the yard, and galloping down the road to the field where Pop was ploughing. He saw me coming and stopped the team."

"Pop, come quick!" I screamed. "Jim's bleeding and the doctor said—"

"I could n't go on. Pop got white under his tan, but he said sternly, "What did Doc Hanley say?"

"He said it was n't any use to call him because there was n't anything more he could do if they started bleeding!"

"I can see Pop standing there as plainly to-day as I could then. He had a strong face, meant to be kind, but hardened by years of unending work—sunrise to sunset, sunrise to sunset. His faded, neatly patched shirt was open over his chest and his overalls had shrunk above his ankles. He had taken off his shoes and with his bare toes he

made crosses and circles in the dusty earth.

"After a moment he gave a sigh and gathered the reins closer in his hands."

"If old Doc Hanley can't do anything more," he said, "I guess I can't. Giddap!"

"For a moment I was stupefied. Then I cried, "But, Pop, *are n't you coming?* Jim's maybe going to *die!*"

"But the horses were moving on."

"I've got my ploughing to tend to," said Pop.

"I don't remember how I got back to the house. I was blazing with anger, and as I rode a determination just as fierce grew within me. Mother was n't going to come home and find Jim dead! She was n't!"

"That was a house of terror when I got back. Tom had been bleeding as well as Jim, and they were plainly worse. I got warm water and washed their faces. I rubbed their hands and their legs. I gave them sips of water with a spoon, and as I did so I suddenly remembered what the old neighbor woman had said."

"If they get real bad, dose 'em with coal oil!"

"I flew to the woodshed and got the can of kerosene. I got a spoon, and with hands that shook so that I spilled a good deal I put a spoon of kerosene to Jim's lips. But he would not open his mouth."

"Water, Jim," I said, and as his lips parted I slipped in the kerosene. Then, before my courage failed me, I gave some to Tom, too."

Sarah stopped talking.

"Did they die?" asked Jennie, breathlessly.

Sarah laughed shortly. "Hardly. Jim's your husband and Tom's your brother-in-law."

"I was so interested I forgot," said Jennie. "Go on."

"That was a horrible time. I thought

for a while I *had* killed them. But, whatever else the coal oil did, it loosened the membrane in their throats. I helped them, and we got it out.

'Pop brought the team in at noon, and after he had taken care of the horses he came into the kitchen. There was no dinner. He tiptoed to the parlor door and looked in. I was busy with the boys and did not look up. Neither of us spoke. Then I heard him moving round the kitchen, getting something to eat. Pretty soon he went back to his ploughing.

'If the morning had gone slowly, the afternoon flew by. I did everything I could think of to make those boys comfortable and to help them clear their throats. After a while they began to doze, and at last the doctor drove in. He came quietly up to the bed and felt the boys' pulses.

"What have you done to them, Sarah?" he asked.

'I thought, "I *have* killed them and he knows it!" but I managed to answer, "I gave them coal oil."

"Coal oil!" he exploded. "Coal oil!" And then he laughed. "Well, Sarah, I would n't have dared! But they're better. They'll get well, I think."

'At that, something let go inside me, and I started crying and could n't stop. Old Doc Hanley hustled me into the kitchen, and the next thing I knew

there was Mother with her arms round me. Of course, finding me crying like that, she thought someone was dead.

"Is it both of them, Sarah?" she whispered, holding me so hard it hurt.

'That brought me out of it in a hurry. "It is n't either of them," I gulped. "They're all right. I gave them coal oil."

"Coal oil!" exclaimed my mother. "Coal oil! Well, there's nothing better if you can stand it! Now, you go to bed. I'll tend to the boys."

Again there was silence. Jennie wiped her eyes. After a bit Sarah continued.

'No, I never felt quite the same toward Pop again. Of course, for a long time I just thought he was afraid to see Jim die. But since I've really been grown, and especially since I've had this farm to work, I've known it was n't just that. Perhaps it was n't that at all, for certainly Pop had been up two nights with the boys and had been very anxious about them.

'But for years Pop had never let anything interfere with the farm work. Whether the weather was blazing hot or stormy cold, he worked. If he felt well he worked, and if he felt sick he worked. I don't think any death in the family except Mother's could have stopped him.

'No, Pop had his ploughing to tend to, and he tended to it.'

SPECULATING IN HOMES

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

I

MANY and loud have been the protests, not only against the rents which American families have to pay to-day, but against the quality of the homes supplied. In spite of the phenomenal activity in the building industry since the war, we are most of us still haunted by the spectre of high rents. A few of us, by stretching a point, can afford to live in the new houses, but the family whose income averages no more than \$2500 a year faces a predicament. It has been variously contended that this group, admittedly the largest in the country, represents anywhere from 40 per cent to 70 per cent of the population. The homes, which are being built to-day simply do not come within the range of this \$2500 group. For if a family in these circumstances is to be even reasonably fed and clothed, and to enjoy only the simplest forms of recreation, it cannot safely apply much more than one fifth of the budget to rent. This means very little over \$40 a month, or \$10 per room (including heating) for a four-room house or apartment. Four rooms are cramped quarters for a family of five; yet there are no apartments available at this price except in the very oldest buildings. No wonder these families seize every possible opportunity to escape to the street, and that investigators of the causes of delinquency and crime mention, in case after case, the 'lack of a suitable home environment.'

A few individuals, inspired by what has been done in Europe, have declared

that, since private enterprise has failed to rid our cities of the plague spots of rickety shanties and dark tenements, the time has come for the State to step in and replace these blighted areas with low-rental housing in which the lower-paid group of workers can afford to live. But this is an admission that industry cannot afford to house its workers in decency, and a challenge not alone to our industrial system but to democratic government itself. Surely it is time to investigate conditions as they exist and to see whether some less extreme solution cannot be found.

II

One would naturally suppose that, with building costs as high as they are, practically all of each dollar expended for 'housing' would go to pay for construction. Such, however, is not the case. The cost of the construction alone accounts for only about half of it, ranging as high as 64 cents to as low as 41 cents out of each dollar of the cost of the finished product. With the rest of the dollar the land must be paid for, the streets must be paid for, the sewer, water, gas, electricity, grading, and other improvements must be paid for; lawyers must be paid; in addition, the privilege of using money must be bought and paid for, and the cost of selling the finished product must be included.

Of course conditions vary amazingly

in different parts of the United States, but, to take an average, of each dollar spent for the finished home product the division is approximately as follows:—

To labor at the job.....	\$0.26½
For materials delivered at the job.....	.25
To promoters and financiers.....	.27
For land and its improvement.....	.21½
	\$1.00

To most of us these figures are surprising. Few of us have tried to analyze housing costs. We instinctively think in terms of brick, lumber, steel, and other materials, and of the labor required to put them in place. It seems incomprehensible to us that the cost of promotion should run higher than the cost of all the complicated materials which we see delivered to the job. And we have been so used to blaming labor for high costs that we refuse to believe that the cost of promotion usually amounts to more than the total cost of all labor at the job. Yet it is a fact that, for the average brick structure, out of each dollar of the total cost only 26½ cents is paid to labor at the job — of which only 8½ cents goes to the grasping carpenters, 5½ cents to the mercenary bricklayers, and 4½ cents to the profiteering plasterers and hod carriers together! Plumbers on an average get no more than 2 cents, surprising as it may seem to the professional wits, and electricians ⅔ of a cent. So much for the arguments of those who would make labor the one and only scapegoat for expensive housing.

When America was a wilderness and the first colonists were constructing their farms and villages on the Atlantic seaboard, the cost of a house consisted almost entirely of the labor of the craftsmen who built it. Stone for the foundation was at hand, and timber was standing near by. To-day what a

difference! Although our mechanics receive wages which are unbelievably high when compared to former standards, the percentage of the total cost which the men at the job now receive is infinitely less. The modern workman at the job does not do many of the things his predecessor used to do. He no longer cuts his own timber, he no longer smooths it into beams and planks, he no longer fits much of it together into sash and frames. These things are done in far-away lumber camps, in sawmills, in shops. Some of the heaviest items of cost to-day were unheard of by our forefathers. Transportation and overhead must be paid for as part of the cost before a mantel-piece or a bathtub is delivered at the job to-day. Thus the total charge for materials mounts up to 25 cents in the housing dollar, or virtually as much as the charge for labor at the job.

The numerous and complex processes represented by this charge for materials are not always as efficiently done as they might be. There are often waste and lost motion. Who has not seen plasterers idly waiting for carpenters to get out of the way, while the carpenters in turn are waiting for the arrival of the kitchen window frames that were promised last week by express? But even if such inefficiency were eliminated the saving would not amount to more than a few cents on every dollar of housing cost. We must accomplish this and more too. We must look further for the answer to our problem.

The most significant factor in the high cost of housing is the great increase in the proportionate amount spent for *things other than construction*. This amount used to be negligible; now it has grown to over half of the production cost. Without diminishing our efforts to reduce the present waste in labor and materials, we should

realize that we are paying even more dearly for the use of land and for the use of money. Why are these items in the housing bill so large?

Out of each dollar that the average owner spends for his house, he pays 27 cents to promoters and financiers. Naturally, we admit, the builder requires capital to pay his men and to purchase materials; we expect him to have to pay interest upon it and to pass along the charge to the future owner. But 27 cents looks on the face of it like a payment of something more than the market rate for the use of capital. Furthermore, this figure represents the average; the promotion charge often runs much higher. For example, in the type of small frame bungalows in South Brooklyn which are being extensively sold for from \$5600 to \$5800 apiece, as much as 43 cents out of each dollar goes for promotion. In the case of this class of house in this particular neighborhood the cost of promotion frequently exceeds the total cost of construction itself, including *both* labor and materials. Promotion obviously includes some extraordinary costs over and above the prevailing interest rate usually paid for the use of investment capital. To promotion may be assigned (besides the interest and carrying charges) discounts, bonuses, profits, overhead, sales costs, advertising, and other expenses incident to the use of money. As we examine the figures more closely we begin to see where the trouble lies. The charges for funds used in housing are to a great extent upon a speculative basis rather than an investment basis.

It is difficult to say why the finance of housing is so different from ordinary commercial finance. It is usual to think of certain merchants or manufacturers as good credit risks and others as poor risks. Men with high credit ratings

can borrow on easy terms, while those with undesirable ratings will find that credit is not so easy to obtain except at high cost. In housing, on the other hand, the method of extending credit is very different. It is assumed that the first half of any housing enterprise is a good risk and that the last half is a speculation. Money is loaned accordingly. The situation is almost analogous to what it would be in the grocery business if one half of the capital needed to do business were loaned to anyone who desired to enter the grocery field, while the rest of the necessary capital were left to the speculators to supply at exorbitant rates. Such a policy assists the fly-by-night operator at the expense of the conservative business man. It provokes ruthless and disastrous competition instead of healthy competition.

But the housing industry differs from all others except farming in that it cannot exist without the use of land, and land is of all things in the world the greatest temptation to speculation. Twenty-one and one-half cents out of each dollar of final cost goes, on an average, to pay for land; the range is from 35 cents for the land on which the tall fireproof apartment is built down to 11 cents for the sliver of ground on which the Philadelphia row house stands.

Now there are certain plain facts about the economics of land which we must understand if we are to realize why land prices behave as they do. Land depends for its value principally upon the fact that it is all owned already, and that a growing community cannot acquire land for necessary new uses without buying it. When land is sold it is, therefore, usually sold at a profit. The new owner has to pay the old owner for his original costs and also for the various expenses he may have had in carrying the land. If, in

addition, the old owner has been enjoying an income from the land, the new owner will also have to offer enough money to make it worth while for him to part with it. And finally, if the old owner realizes that the land is increasing in value and that it would be worth his while to keep possession of it, but decides to sell on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, he may include in his price a fat sum representing the possible future profits that he is handing over with it. One deduces from this that the price of land is made up of two factors, the first representing the capitalized value of its past costs, the second the capitalized value of its possible future earning power. This is equivalent to saying that land usually sells at a premium. Each succeeding purchaser is left with the task of making good whatever guess he may have made as to its value.

The public is convinced that land is getting scarcer all the time, and is apparently willing to buy anything that can be called land. One can scarcely blame the subdividers for keeping at their job. The public pays the bill. Less than a year ago one of the most reputable of the subdividers operating in Chicago made the statement that at that time sufficient land had already been subdivided to take care of the estimated growth of Chicago for twenty years to come, but that notwithstanding this fact the process of subdivision was not diminishing and that the public was taking the new lots off the promoters' hands. The same thing is going on in and about New York: for example, in the Long Island section between Patchogue and the city limits enough land has already been divided into lots to accommodate the entire present population of the five boroughs of New York. Around the city of Detroit there

extends a belt of land from three to six miles wide already divided into lots and waiting for the building boom to catch up with it, and meanwhile piling up carrying charges. Here again the speculative nature of building adds to the expense which the ultimate owner will have to bear.

The figures I have given represent only averages. Depending upon local conditions and different types of housing, there are great variations in the proportions of the dollar which go to pay for the factors of labor, materials, promotion, and land. It is reasonable, however, to say that for new work roughly a quarter of the dollar is required for each. When a home is sold for a profit after its completion, however, the effect is to change this four-fold division of the dollar. The profit is added to the financing costs, and very frequently additional discounts increase still further the proportion that goes to promoters and financiers. As time goes on, the original cost of producing the house is lost sight of completely. What remains is the market price of the land and the costs of financing.

III

Not so long ago an eminent tax assessor was questioned by one of his city-hall chiefs as to why he had raised all the assessments in one of the poorer sections of his city, where the people owned their own homes. 'That's the very reason,' he replied. 'Those people like high assessments. It helps them prove the damn little boxes have some value when they want to sell them.' The politician was still puzzled and ventured a remark about the people not being able to keep their homes. But the assessor said, 'Don't be a ninny! Don't you realize that most people don't want a home? They want a speculation!'

So it is with all those who put money into real estate. They want a speculation. They desire to put in as little money as possible and get it out as soon as possible. If a house originally worth \$10,000 can be sold for \$11,000, it is only an increase of ten per cent in the price, but the operator who has been clever enough to buy the house with only \$1000 in cash and the rest in mortgages makes 100 per cent on his cash payment. It is an attractive gambling game, the buying and selling of real estate, and there are enough trying their hand at it to keep the price of apartments and homes steadily advancing even while the buildings themselves depreciate.

Is not the anomaly in the situation clear? Here is a whole industry operating upon a speculative basis — to such an extent that a share in the earning power of real property is practically unmarketable. Yet the supply of homes and shelter is one of the stable needs of the community. Nearly a sixth of the national income goes to pay for shelter. What an extraordinary thing that the satisfaction of this great human need does not yet offer one of the greatest and most conservative fields, not for speculation, but for investment!

The reason is simple. It is because with buildings the equity behind the stock represents little except the right to 'manipulate' the property.

During the period when steel mills and railroads were manipulated, when they were bought and sold for a profit, their securities were not sought after as an investment. It was only when corporations were formed large enough to buy up and hold chains of mills and railroads for the sole purpose of operating them efficiently and profitably that the outstanding bonds and stocks of these companies began to have a very considerable investment value. Building and real estate stand to-day

where the railroads stood in the period of frenzied speculation and expansion following the Civil War. The railroads and industry in general have passed through the stage in their development where great fortunes were made overnight by manipulation. To-day the public may invest in the bonds or the stock of seasoned railroads, industrials, or utilities with reasonable certainty that these are steady income-producing investments. The preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation, for example, which pays 7 per cent and no more, is so sought after that the price of the stock ranges from \$120 to \$135 a share. Who ever heard of anyone paying a premium to buy the preferred stock in any building?

It is a matter of grave concern how soon self-interest will compel operators in real estate to follow the example of other industries and combine to secure the regular profit due to efficient operation. With speculation in housing rampant as it is to-day, it is small wonder that money is expensive to get. High rates of interest and exorbitant discounts are to be expected. We have seen that the expense of original financing and promoting runs as high as 27 cents on each dollar. The burden of financing costs is felt most keenly, however, in the annual financing charges. For the usual operation annual charges average between 9 and 11 per cent. On some of the subordinate mortgages the charges for interest and amortization run as high as 35 to 40 per cent annually. A reduction of two points in the average interest has more effect upon rents than a reduction of 10 per cent in construction costs.

The American home owner suffers financially in more ways than one from being the unwitting victim of a speculative industry. Ultimately the cash to pay for the risks of speculative building and of speculative real-estate operation

comes out of his pocket. Are we to be surprised that he protests at the amount called for?

IV

Within the past few years there has been a slow awakening to the significance of the cost of speculative housing. There has accordingly been a change in the nature of the legislation aimed to protect the public. It has become less mandatory and more constructive. Instead of attempting to limit by law what the landlord may and may not do, the recent New York law has been framed with the hope of attracting low-interest money into the field of housing. The idea has just begun to germinate that investments in housing may be made safe, if through no other means, by putting them under the supervision of the State.

It was a curious situation which brought this idea home to many of us. Under the New York law the power of condemnation was brought to the assistance of the housing companies for the purpose of assembling entire city blocks for large-scale operation. Such powers were so subject to abuse that they could not be granted without proper regulation and supervision. A State Board of Housing was therefore created, with powers of supervision, regulation, investigation, and research. The nation has been watching the New York experiment, but the pot has not yet come to a boil. A year after the legislation was passed we have the spectacle of a State Board set up to supervise the operation of the investment housing companies with no more than one company of the type having come into existence to be regulated.

Happily the Board has been free meanwhile to exercise its powers of research and investigation. The paradox is none the less apparent. The conserv-

ative type of investment housing companies, when they begin operation, are to be regulated by the State. All others who wish to operate in the field of housing are free to speculate, manipulate, skimp on construction, or do anything within the law that will bring the quickest return.

Yet it is with these others who at present dominate the field of housing that the investment companies must compete for their capital. For all capital comes from the same money market. Generally speaking, there are two kinds available: capital for investment, to be had in large quantities and at low rates of interest; and capital for speculation, to be had in smaller amounts for the highest return obtainable. The speculator in housing is at present tapping both of these reservoirs of capital. He gets as much investment capital at low interest as possible, and for this he gives a first mortgage. For the balance he draws upon speculative funds, giving subordinate mortgages for which he pays heavy discounts, but keeping control of the equity for a short period himself until he can 'get his money out,' as the saying goes. What matters it to him whether the thing he builds is uneconomic, wasteful, or short-lived, so long as he can 'unload' it for a profit upon someone else?

The money that goes into housing runs the risk of this sort of manipulation and mismanagement. Is there small wonder that housing stands discredited from an investment point of view? Is it at all likely that investment housing companies can at once win the public confidence in the face of such a situation?

If ever governmental regulation is justly called for it will be to curb financial manipulation in housing and real estate. It will be quite logical if the same pressure of public opinion which set up such an agency as the

New York State Board of Housing to regulate the investment housing corporations compels the extension of the regulatory powers of the Board to include the supervision of all housing finance. It is as certain that this step must be taken in New York and elsewhere within the next decade as it was certain twenty years ago that a governmental agency was needed capable of curbing the type of unchecked financial manipulation which caused the panic of 1907. If those who produce the best product in an essential industry are to be protected from the unscrupulous, and the industry itself fails to give the protection or to curb manipulation and speculation, then the Government must be called upon. The Federal Reserve Act brought the Government into the banking field in the interest of high standards of banking and the proper uses of credit. It assured the even flow of investment funds for the needs of the nation's business and prevented speculation from seriously draining upon those funds. What the national Government has done in the regulation of banking can and should be done by the individual states to regulate an industry so essential to the well-being of their citizens as the provision of proper shelter.

V

Let us not, however, pin too much hope upon governmental regulation of housing finance. It is inevitable in the end, but should it come too soon, and should it be applied without understanding, it might cause a reaction which would delay relief for many years more. What can be done in the meantime?

To begin with, we need to recognize two important facts. The first is that it is not necessary for the mass of mankind to live in rickety hovels and

sunless cells. If intelligence is applied, the same amount of money that at present is going into the construction of these makeshift dwellings may be used to produce homes which will have permanent sunlight and ample recreation space, and in which it will be a joy to live. The second fact is that homes of this type will not depreciate as rapidly as those which we now build, and that they may therefore be financed far more cheaply, entirely from investment and not from speculative funds. As a result the public will be able to live in homes far better than they have yet known for less money than they now pay.

But how shall we persuade the skeptical business world that these are indeed facts? No mere assertion will convince them. We must rely on demonstration. Somebody must come forward with a well-devised plan for conservatively financed housing,—somebody who combines technical information and experience with a knowledge of just how much can be accomplished,—and make a bold experiment. He must procure capital without paying heavy discounts for it in advance of the demonstration.* He must seek this capital from investment, not from philanthropic sources. Up to date much harm has been done by talk about philanthropy and semi-philanthropy. Then he must prove by the successful accomplishment of his experiment that housing can be made conservatively profitable for the men who control investment as distinguished from speculative money, and who at the present moment have no conception whatever that housing has investment possibilities.

Surely it should not be difficult to persuade these men, once an experimental project has been successfully launched. All over the country business on an investment basis is to-day more

stable than it has ever been before. In spite of the fact that wages have steadily risen, we find that the prices of manufactured commodities, disturbed by the war, have begun an appreciable decline. Housing is practically the single exception. So far as new construction is concerned, every year we are offering smaller quarters for more money. This cannot be kept up indefinitely. The building industry has very much to learn from industry in general, but most of all to learn from the automobile manufacturers. Twenty-five years ago no one would have believed it possible that the automobile would come into broad popular use and that the man of small means would find it within his means to ride about in his own little car. Henry Ford has achieved one of the marvels of the age—the broadening of the market for an article which he produced. He achieved this by standardizing and stabilizing production and introducing the most efficient methods possible. It was done by cutting down production cost and taking a small profit on a great quantity of cars produced. Large-scale production on a similar basis will be the salvation of the housing problem.

It must be preceded by large-scale conception. Those who would undertake large housing projects on the new basis must develop a new technique of planning and of management. They must not subdivide land faster than it can be used economically. They must reduce the number and expense of streets with service and transportation lines so that the cost of building and maintaining them will not be more than the houses which front on them can afford to carry. They must learn

that units of housing must be self-contained; that they must not be dependent upon undeveloped adjoining property for light and outlook. They must concentrate the open spaces, providing a few big ones rather than a lot of little ones, so as to secure recreation areas large enough for all but the older children. They must avoid wasteful planning, do away with narrow dark courtyards and unlighted rooms, and avoid unnecessary repetition and duplication of stairs, hallways, and other service features. They must learn to standardize both materials and methods of construction for the sake of economy, and, with the coöperation of labor, to turn the functional subdivision of various trades (often so productive of disastrous waste on a small job) into an asset for increasing the efficiency of labor on large-scale work. If they do all these things, we may be confident not only that they will produce houses and apartments which will be economical and comfortable and attractive to purchasers and tenants, but also that they will, with proper efficiency of operation, make a steady profit sufficient to attract low-interest money.

Slowly as the world moves forward, it must move toward the realization of such a programme. Civilization means nothing more than the organization of mankind to control its destiny. The spectre of the High Cost of Living has, after all, the same single purpose as has any ordinary spectre or 'bogey man.' They all exist to frighten us. Let us hope that this spectre may frighten us into action, so that we may come into a better understanding of how to satisfy the fundamental human need for shelter.

ONCE, ONLY ONCE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

ONCE, only once, never again, never,
The idle curve my hand traces in air,
The first flush on the cloud, lost in the morning's height,
Meeting of the eyes and tremble of delight,
 Before the heart is aware
Gone! to return, never again, never!

Futurity flows toward me, all things flow
Full-streaming, and ere a pulse beat they are bound
In fixity that no repenting Power can free;
They are with Egypt and with Nineveh,
 Cold as a grave in the ground:
And still, undated, all things toward me flow.

Why is all strange? Why do I not grow used?
The ripple upon the stream that nothing stays,
The bough above, in glory of warm light waving slow,
Trouble me, enchant me, as with the stream I flow
 Lost into the endless days.
Why is all strange? Why do I not grow used?

Eternity! Where heard I that still word?
Like one that passing through a foreign street
Has felt upon him bent from far some earnest look,
Yet sees not whence, and feigns that he mistook,
 I marvel at my own heartbeat.
Eternity! How learnt I that far word?

VANZETTI'S LAST STATEMENT

Monday, August 22, 1927

A RECORD BY W. G. THOMPSON

[THE following document, which is not printed to prolong an argument, has no bearing upon the official record of the tragic case to which it forms the natural epilogue. But in human records its extraordinary character gives it a place unlike any other known to us.

—THE EDITORS]

SACCO and Vanzetti were in the Death House in the State Prison at Charlestown. They fully understood that they were to die immediately after midnight. Mr. Ehrmann and I, having on their behalf exhausted every legal remedy which seemed to us available, had retired from the active conduct of the case, holding ourselves in readiness, however, to help their new counsel in any way we could.

I was in New Hampshire, where a message reached me from Vanzetti that he wanted to see me once more before he died. I immediately started for Boston with my son, reached the prison in the late afternoon or early evening, and was at once taken by the Warden to Vanzetti. He was in one of the three cells in a narrow room opening immediately to the chair. In the cell nearest the chair was Madeiros, in the middle one Sacco, and in the third I found Vanzetti. There was a small table in his cell, and when I entered the room he seemed to be writing. The iron bars on the front of the cell were so arranged as to leave at one place a wider space, through which what

he needed could be handed to him. Vanzetti seemed to be expecting me; and when I entered he rose from his table, and with his characteristic smile reached through the space between the bars and grasped me warmly by the hand. It was intimated to me that I might sit in a chair in front of the cell, but not nearer the bars than a straight mark painted on the floor. This I did.

I had heard that the Governor had said that if Vanzetti would release his counsel in the Bridgewater case from their obligation not to disclose what he had said to them the public would be satisfied that he was guilty of that crime, and also of the South Braintree crime. I therefore began the interview by asking one of the two prison guards who sat at the other end of the room, about fifteen feet from where we were, to come to the front of the cell and listen to the questions I was about to ask Vanzetti and to his replies. I then asked Vanzetti if he had at any time said anything to Mr. Vahey or Mr. Graham which would warrant the inference that he was guilty of either crime. With great emphasis and obvious sincerity he answered no. He then said, what he had often said to me before, that Messrs. Vahey and Graham were not his personal choice, but became his lawyers at the urgent request of friends, who raised the money to pay them. He then told me certain things about their relations to him and about their conduct of the Bridge-

water case, and what he had in fact told them. This on the next day I recorded, but will not here repeat.

I asked Vanzetti whether he would authorize me to waive on his behalf his privilege so far as Vahey and Graham were concerned. He readily assented to this, but imposed the condition that they should make whatever statement they saw fit to make in the presence of myself or some other friend, giving his reasons for this condition, which I also recorded.

The guard then returned to his seat.

I told Vanzetti that although my belief in his innocence had all the time been strengthened, both by my study of the evidence and by my increasing knowledge of his personality, yet there was a chance, however remote, that I might be mistaken; and that I thought he ought for my sake, in this closing hour of his life when nothing could save him, to give me his most solemn reassurance, both with respect to himself and with respect to Sacco. Vanzetti then told me quietly and calmly, and with a sincerity which I could not doubt, that I need have no anxiety about this matter; that both he and Sacco were absolutely innocent of the South Braintree crime, and that he (Vanzetti) was equally innocent of the Bridgewater crime; that while, looking back, he now realized more clearly than he ever had the grounds of the suspicion against him and Sacco, he felt that no allowance had been made for his ignorance of American points of view and habits of thought, or for his fear as a radical and almost as an outlaw, and that in reality he was convicted on evidence which would not have convicted him had he not been an anarchist, so that he was in a very real sense dying for his cause. He said it was a cause for which he was prepared to die. He said it was the cause of the upward progress of humanity, and the

elimination of force from the world. He spoke with calmness, knowledge, and deep feeling. He said he was grateful to me for what I had done for him. He asked to be remembered to my wife and son. He spoke with emotion of his sister and of his family. He asked me to do what I could to clear his name, using the words 'clear my name.'

I asked him if he thought it would do any good for me or any friend to see Boda. He said he thought it would. He said he did not know Boda very well, but believed him to be an honest man, and thought possibly he might be able to give some evidence which would help to prove their innocence.

I then told Vanzetti that I hoped he would issue a public statement advising his friends against retaliating by violence and reprisal. I told him that, as I read history, the truth had little chance of prevailing when violence was followed by counter-violence. I said that, as he well knew, I could not subscribe to his views or to his philosophy of life; but that, on the other hand, I could not but respect any man who consistently lived up to altruistic principles, and was willing to give his life for them. I said that if I were mistaken, and if his views were true, nothing could retard their acceptance by the world more than the hate and fear that would be stirred up by violent reprisal. Vanzetti replied that, as I must well know, he desired no personal revenge for the cruelties inflicted upon him; but he said that, as he read history, every great cause for the benefit of humanity had had to fight for its existence against entrenched power and wrong, and that for this reason he could not give his friends such sweeping advice as I had urged. He added that in such struggles he was strongly opposed to any injury to women and children. He asked me to remember

the cruelty of seven years of imprisonment, with alternating hopes and fears. He reminded me of the remarks attributed to Judge Thayer by certain witnesses, especially by Professor Richardson, and asked me what state of mind I thought such remarks indicated. He asked me how any candid man could believe that a judge capable of referring to men accused before him as 'anarchistic bastards' could be impartial, and whether I thought that such refinement of cruelty as had been practised upon him and upon Sacco ought to go unpunished.

I replied that he well knew my own opinion of these matters, but that his arguments seemed to me not to meet the point I had raised, which was whether he did not prefer the prevalence of his opinions to the infliction of punishment upon persons, however richly he might think they deserved it. This led to a pause in the conversation.

Without directly replying to my question, Vanzetti then began to speak of the origin, early struggles, and progress of other great movements for human betterment. He said that all great altruistic movements originated in the brain of some man of genius, but later became misunderstood and perverted, both by popular ignorance and by sinister self-interest. He said that all great movements which struck at conservative standards, received opinions, established institutions, and human selfishness were at first met with violence and persecution. He referred to Socrates, Galileo, Giordano Bruno, and others whose names I do not now remember, some Italian and some Russian. He then referred to Christianity, and said that it began in simplicity and sincerity, which were met with persecution and oppression, but that it later passed quietly into ecclesiasticism and tyranny. I said I did not think that the progress of Chris-

tianity had been altogether checked by convention and ecclesiasticism, but that on the contrary it still made an appeal to thousands of simple people, and that the essence of the appeal was the supreme confidence shown by Jesus in the truth of His own views by forgiving, even when on the Cross, His enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

Now, for the first and only time in the conversation, Vanzetti showed a feeling of personal resentment against his enemies. He spoke with eloquence of his sufferings, and asked me whether I thought it possible that he could forgive those who had persecuted and tortured him through seven years of inexpressible misery. I told him he knew how deeply I sympathized with him, and that I could not say that if I were in the same situation I should not have the same feeling; but I said that I had asked him to reflect upon the career of One infinitely superior to myself and to him, and upon a force infinitely greater than the force of hate and revenge. I said that in the long run the force to which the world would respond was the force of love and not of hate, and that I was suggesting to him to forgive his enemies, not for their sakes, but for his own peace of mind, and also because an example of such forgiveness would in the end be more powerful to win adherence to his cause or to a belief in his innocence than anything else that could be done.

There was another pause in the conversation. I arose and we stood gazing at each other for a minute or two in silence. Vanzetti finally said that he would think of what I had said.¹

¹ It is credibly reported that when, a few hours later, Vanzetti was about to step into the chair, he paused, shook hands with the Warden and Deputy Warden and the guards, thanked them for their kindness to him, and, turning to the spectators, asked them to remember that he forgave some of his enemies. — W. G. T.

I then made a reference to the possibility of personal immortality, and said that, although I thought I understood the difficulties of a belief in immortality, yet I felt sure that if there was a personal immortality he might hope to share it. This remark he received in silence.

He then returned to his discussion of the evil of the present organization of society, saying that the essence of the wrong was the opportunity it afforded persons who were powerful because of ability or strategic economic position to oppress the simple-minded and idealistic among their fellow men, and that he feared that nothing but violent resistance could ever overcome the selfishness which was the basis of the present organization of society and made the few willing to perpetuate a system which enabled them to exploit the many.

I have given only the substance of this conversation, but I think I have covered every point that was talked about and have presented a true picture of the general tenor of Vanzetti's remarks. Throughout the conversation, with the few exceptions I have mentioned, the thought that was uppermost in his mind was the truth of the ideas in which he believed for the betterment of humanity, and the chance they had of prevailing. I was impressed by the strength of Vanzetti's mind, and by the extent of his reading and knowledge. He did not talk like a fanatic. Although intensely convinced of the truth of his own views, he was still able to listen with calmness and with understanding to the expression of views with which he did not agree. In this closing scene the impression of him which had been gaining ground in my mind for three years was deepened and confirmed — that he was a man of powerful mind, of unselfish

disposition, of seasoned character, and of devotion to high ideals. There was no sign of breaking down or of terror at approaching death. At parting he gave me a firm clasp of the hand and a steady glance, which revealed unmistakably the depth of his feeling and the firmness of his self-control.

I then turned to Sacco, who lay upon a cot bed in the adjoining cell and could easily have heard and undoubtedly did hear my conversation with Vanzetti. My conversation with Sacco was very brief. He rose from his cot, referred feelingly though in a general way to some points of disagreement between us in the past, said he hoped that our differences of opinion had not affected our personal relations, thanked me for what I had done for him, showed no sign of fear, shook hands with me firmly, and bade me good-bye. His manner also was one of absolute sincerity. It was magnanimous in him not to refer more specifically to our previous differences of opinion, because at the root of it all lay his conviction, often expressed to me, that all efforts on his behalf, either in court or with public authorities, would be useless, because no capitalistic society could afford to accord him justice. I had taken the contrary view; but at this last meeting he did not suggest that the result seemed to justify his view and not mine.²

² I afterward talked with the prison guard to whom I have referred in this paper. He told me that after he returned to his seat he heard all that was said by Vanzetti and myself. The room was quiet and no other persons were talking. I showed the guard my complete notes of the interview, including what Vanzetti had told me about Messrs. Vahey and Graham. He read the notes carefully and said that they corresponded entirely with his memory except that I had omitted a remark made by Vanzetti about women and children. I then remembered the remark and added it to my memorandum. — W. G. T.

INDEPENDENCE OR ISOLATION?

BY H. H. POWERS

I

SOME four years ago I was privileged to present in the *Atlantic* some considerations on the League of Nations. I stated the original intent of the League, as I understood it, and my uncompromising hostility to it. I noted the complete change in the character of the League as evolved in the first five years of its existence, the obsolescence of Articles X and XVI, the repudiation of force, the reliance upon investigation and moral suasion, and the varied and useful service rendered in the field of common consent. In view of these developments, so different from what its founders intended and some of us feared, I expressed the conviction that America should participate in its activities, either by entering without reservations, entering with reservations, or coöperating without entering. As to which of those methods was best I had at that time no opinion.

I have an opinion now. The past four years have furnished abundant food for thought. The League has continued its wise policy of forbearance, inquiry, and unostentatious service. Germany has entered; Argentina, Brazil, and Spain have withdrawn. The little nations have invaded the Council, appropriating and diluting its concentrated authority. Locarno and Thoiry and the 'hotel talks' have played their supplementary or rival rôle. Above all, the World Court has been instituted, has made its appeal to

us, and has rejected our too qualified acceptance of its invitation. This important series of events is my excuse for again presenting, not the question of the League, but the larger question of international coöperation as related to our nation.

The refusal of the signatory Powers to admit the United States to the World Court on the terms proposed by our Senate marks one more decisive step in the determination of American policy. How far these unsuccessful attempts disclose fundamental American tendencies and how far they have themselves created those tendencies it is difficult to determine. The tendencies themselves are clear. We are not going at present to enter into any association or agreement which restricts or seems to restrict our national liberty of action.

There can be little doubt that the moment most favorable to such association was that immediately following the war. The war had given us several years' experience of international coöperation, and, if we had experienced something of its difficulties and chafed under its friction, we had had the clearest evidence of its necessity and of the futility of separate action.

Even so, however, we refused to join the League. Why? The answer is perfectly simple. All will recognize it as soon as Wilson and Lodge are forgotten. That will require some time yet. The contemporaries of the

great antagonists will continue to explain the current as due to those straws that floated upon it. A later generation will view with astonishment this explanation of our action as due to the animosity of Lodge—as though his were the only animosity—and will speculate with amusement as to what the attitude of Democratic Senators would have been if the League proposal had come from Roosevelt or Taft. They will recognize in this factitious line-up the play of ephemeral political forces which often obscure but seldom modify the action of the deeper forces of our national life. If personalities and adventitious influences counted in this decision it was not all on one side or chiefly in the negative. Such influences are always present and are always overestimated. The amazing thing is that in the present instance they came so near to a seeming victory over the basic tendencies of American life. The victory would have been but seeming if it had been won. Form and appearance would have been different, but not substance. Life takes its own course with little regard to garments. Wilson may have been the prophet and Lodge the politician, Wilson right and Lodge wrong in the final accounting, but it was Lodge and not Wilson who represented the present tendencies of American life. This is the plain lesson of subsequent events. Lodge did not make these events. Had he done differently he could not have changed them appreciably. Or, conceding that he could, we have still to explain why he instead of one of different temper was sent to represent his State. Envisage it as we will, these men are straws and we have still to explain the current.

What, then, are the present basic tendencies of American life as regards this question of international relations?

This article is not concerned with the final accounting. Between here and there stretches a vast expanse of concrete situations to be met by temporary measures, each finite and of limited validity, but significant because of that ideal to which they are the only possible stepping-stones. It is with the nearer of these situations, these intermediate steps, that we are here concerned, and with those tendencies of our national life which must of necessity determine those steps.

Why, then, did we refuse to enter the League?

There are two possible explanations, two principles or instincts of action, principles related and easily confounded, but in essence quite distinct. They are isolation and independence.

II

There can be no question that isolation has a strong attraction for the American mind. Despite our national passion for travel, very few Americans know any other country than their own and not all who travel entertain a favorable opinion of what they have seen. Visual familiarity with foreign lands is compatible with any degree of ignorance of their essential character. Americans, traveled and untraveled, entertain to a remarkable degree a complacent view of their own country as contrasted with all others. With perfect equanimity they declaim against the wicked imperialism of European countries, unmindful of the fact that we have annexed territory more often and for less cause than any European nation. Unconscious of the territorial problems of divided Europe, European dissensions are attributed to inherent quarrelsomeness, and our own immunity to peaceableness of temper. Advantages of situation and natural resource thus assume the guise of moral

superiority to our eyes. Provincialism is thus in its very nature supercilious and self-sufficient. As a determinant of national policy it inevitably favors isolation.

It is difficult to say how far this is the temper of the American people, but that it is widespread and influential hardly admits of doubt. It is in general the attitude of the unintelligent, though there are able and thoughtful exponents of the policy of isolation even in its extreme form. I remember such a man, a business man of large interests and great wealth. He believed in emphasizing to the utmost the self-sufficiency of our own country. He would raise the tariff on imports to a point where we should be compelled to produce all needed articles for ourselves. The beet-sugar industry should be developed to the point where it would displace entirely the sugar of the tropics. Synthetic rubber should replace natural rubber, or if necessary we should annex rubber plantations of our own. Intercourse between ourselves and other nations should be minimized.

Such extreme views are doubtless exceptional, but they are the views of some able and influential men. They derive their chief significance, however, from the fact that they give countenance to the temper of arrogant provincialism. Thus reënfined, the policy of isolation is at all times potent in our national affairs. A striking though by no means unique illustration of this influence is to be found in the niggardliness and churlishness manifested toward our diplomatic service, our disparagement of international amenities, and our willingness to condone if not to approve affronts toward foreign Powers. Doubtless much is chargeable to simple ignorance, but the note of insolent self-sufficiency is often unmistakable. It

is not so much boorishness as indifference. We are not nice to them because we feel no need of them and care little what they think.

There can be no doubt that this temper was partly responsible for our refusal to enter the League. Before the time of decision came, the psychological moment had passed. The proceedings of the Peace Conference did not encourage the spirit of coöperation. Every returning soldier contributed to the reaction toward the national policy of isolation. Consciously and unconsciously men in public life were influenced by the reaction. We do not need to assume sycophancy on the part of Senators to account for their action. They were influenced by the same forces that influenced others and that swept the country in the election of 1920.

But there could be no greater mistake than to construe the vote of either Senate or people as an endorsement of the policy of isolation. There may have been Senators, as there certainly were citizens, who endorsed that policy, but they were not representative. Isolation was not the policy of Lodge or Harding or Hughes. I do not believe that it is the policy of Coolidge or Kellogg or Moses or Borah or Johnson. It is doubtful if any of these men desired to limit our intercourse or coöperation with foreign Powers. Their policy — and the policy of our intelligent citizenship everywhere — has been a policy, not of isolation, but of independence.

The distinction is most important. Isolation means that we refuse to coöperate. Independence means that we coöperate to any desired extent, but on our own terms. It implies no unwillingness to coöperate, no necessary assumption of superiority or self-sufficiency. The assumption is simply that we can and should decide when

and how we will coöperate. It does not mean that we will make no concessions, that we will insist upon having exactly what we want. It permits of any degree of devotion to the coöperative principle, any degree of concession and conciliation. It merely retains the right to decide in each instance what coöperation is feasible and what concession is to be made.

What I wish to make clear is that independence is no enemy to coöperation. It may seek coöperation with assiduity. It is doubtless a policy best suited to nations that are very necessary or very self-sufficient; but we are both — hence our instinctive choice.

We may safely dismiss, therefore, from our discussion the policy of isolation. The stars in their courses fight against it. No considerable body of intelligent opinion favors it. To declaim against it is to attack a man of straw. The American policy is not isolation, but independent, unpledged coöperation.

Strange as it may seem, the outstanding exponent of this policy is Woodrow Wilson. Under his leadership we carried out the largest scheme of international coöperation in our history, but always under conditions of complete independence. Who does not recall the oft-repeated formula, 'the allied and associated Powers'? Who does not recall the constant assertion of our independence during the war and above all during the peace negotiations? Committed to the principle of coöperation, he would hear nothing of an alliance. From beginning to end no precedent, no usage, no logic of the situation, ever restrained his carefully guarded independence of action. In all this he was indubitably American. In his later proposal that we surrender that independence of action he was not.

III

The period following the war has been remarkable for its reconciliations and its amicable adjustments. It began with a peace which was in the highest degree inauspicious. It bristled with grievances, with unwilling unions and unsought separations, with economic embarrassments and fictitious independences. The coercion of its adoption and the resentment which it aroused were notorious. This is not saying that it was not the best peace possible. He would be a brave man who would undertake to plan a better. The situation was desperate. Versailles merely registered that situation. But the spiritual *malaise* which followed was unmistakable. To a remarkable degree this situation has improved. The relation between France and Germany was as bitter in 1919 as in 1871, but while in the earlier case that bitterness continued with little abatement for forty years, to-day the two Governments are seemingly upon the most cordial footing. The pitiless Poincaré follows meekly the pacific leading of Briand, while Stresemann holds even the Nationalists in leash. Both these peacemakers retain their places through all cabinet changes by the unmistakable will of their peoples.

What a change in the few brief years since Briand was thrown from power because of a suspicion of friendliness, not toward a former foe, but toward a present ally! Hardly less significant is the changed feeling between America and Japan, a change much more marked in the latter country than in our own, and effected in spite of what was regarded as a great national affront. Less dramatic but not less real is the change of feeling between England and France, England and Germany, and other less familiar relationships which long threatened the

peace of Europe. To a very large extent these improvements rest upon concrete adjustments involving valued concessions and difficult sacrifices. Other changes seem rather to be in the domain of feeling and to reflect the more reasonable temper of the world.

This period of accommodation and friendship is the period during which the League of Nations has been in existence. Is there any connection between these facts? Has the new world temper been due in any degree to the new world association? It is permissible to assume that such has been the case. I confess that as I try to imagine the nations of Europe in the condition in which they were after the Congress of Vienna, each living an essentially isolated life, formulating its policies alone and exclusively from the national standpoint, and using its diplomatic agents as spies and tools of partisan nationalism, I find it difficult to conceive such a development as now seems to have taken place. Possibly Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann would have triumphed under less favorable conditions. It is possible, too, that their present triumph is less real than it seems; possible, finally, that without the League of Nations conditions would have been more favorable than a century ago. But when all is said it is reasonable to believe that the League has contributed to this gratifying result.

The other services rendered by the League are enormous and beyond question, but do not concern us here. The question is simply how far the League has contributed to the reconciliations and adjustments which we have noted. It would seem that its contribution, though intangible and indirect, is considerable.

But of direct contribution there seems to have been almost nothing.

The League has created atmosphere and promoted acquaintance, but the definite accords reached have been effected by other agencies and independent action. The only concrete result in the direction of disarmament — a prime purpose of the League — was effected by the Washington Conference, which was initiated by a nonmember and carried through without the aid of the League. The recent refusal of France and Italy to join in a second conference, with their expressed preference for action through the League, is hailed with exultation by partisans of the latter. Its real meaning is that France and Italy are opposed to the proposed reduction of naval armaments and are confident that they can resist the pressure of the League more easily than that of a five-Power conference. While not opposed to ultimate disarmament, they enjoy a present advantage through which they hope to attain still unrealized national ambitions — security and dominance in the case of France, and expansion in the case of Italy. Their preference for the League is a doubtful compliment.

But the outstanding case is Locarno. Why Locarno instead of Geneva? All sorts of evasive answers were given to this question, such as the nearness of Locarno to Italy and the convenience of Mussolini. The real reason was to get away from Geneva. As one of the chief actors said in private: 'We are tired of having the representative of Guatemala tell us what we may do.' This hits the nail on the head. The inherent weakness of the League, as well as its potential strength, is its comprehensiveness. In an effort to establish universal jurisdiction it was necessary to invite the coöperation of nations utterly unsuited to the high responsibilities of League membership. Ingenious efforts were made to

render the membership of the nation-ettes innocuous, but with scant success. These nations — of which Guatemala was chosen at random as a representative — are simply meddlers in the major transactions of the associated nations. No prudent Power can entrust its interests to their arbitrament. And yet no League transaction can wholly escape their influence. Hence Locarno instead of Geneva, and the probability of a like decision in every important case.

The League may influence these outside decisions as it did in the Corfu case, but it cannot as yet enforce its direct jurisdiction. There are too many meddlers and incompetents in its membership. The Council, the refuge of the advanced Powers, has yielded to the pressure of the Assembly and enlarged its membership, with consequent loss of prestige. As a result the major Powers have virtually withdrawn from the Council. Their much criticized 'hotel talks,' in which they meet behind closed doors and agree upon common action before entering the Council, are simply a means of recovering that paramount influence of which the enlargement of the Council threatened to deprive them. This enlargement of the Council may have been inevitable; it may ultimately justify itself. But the immediate result of this dilution has been to weaken its authority. Any attempt to give the little nations an influence out of proportion to their size, wealth, and intelligence only drives the responsible Powers to independent action. This policy has admittedly produced a crisis in the League. Able representatives of little Powers say that it is a waste of their time to go to Geneva to rubber-stamp the decisions of the 'hotel talk.' League enthusiasts like Jouvénel and Cecil resign because their Governments refuse to submit

major problems to League decision. Locarno is superseding Geneva. Indeed, the League at its recent meeting seems definitely to have committed itself to the policy of encouraging and multiplying these Locarno pacts, these outside and local agreements, as furnishing the only means of creating that sense of security upon which its hopes of general disarmament and world peace must be based.

IV

What would be our relation to the League had we elected to become a member? One of the ablest representatives of the League was recently asked this question. He replied that our presence would have immeasurably increased the power and usefulness of the League. This is the natural conclusion of a League enthusiast. I believe it to be a proposition requiring a careful scrutiny. Beyond a doubt, if the League ever becomes a genuine superstate and acquires real jurisdiction over all other nations, there will be very serious reasons for our sharing its power and responsibilities. But that is far from the present fact. The question may be put narrowly thus: Would our presence in the League during the last eight years have helped the League? Would it have helped America? I am inclined to answer both questions in the negative — this, of course, without prejudice to the quite different question of what our later membership might mean to us or to others.

First, would it have helped the League if we had been a member during the last eight years? More definitely, would it have helped Europe and hastened that reconciliation which we have noted as the outstanding achievement of the period?

Let us recall the conditions which

prevailed after the close of the war. Germany, after much manœuvring, settled down to a policy of dogged passive resistance to the payment of the indemnities imposed. This aroused France, under the belligerent leadership of Poincaré, to the desperate policy of coercion in the Ruhr. This estranged England, already at variance with France on grave matters of policy and much more interested in the restoration of her trade with Germany than in the collection of indemnities of which she received but a minor share. Before the Peace of Versailles was three years old there had developed a general deadlock, accompanied by the bitterest feeling, in which the animosity between former allies was more conspicuous than that between former enemies.

This was a critical period for the League of Nations. Conceived by a doctrinaire and forced by a strange freak of chance upon reluctant statesmen who regarded it with skepticism and misgivings, it was without prestige and was powerless to break the deadlock. Yet it had potentialities that statesmen could not ignore. It may safely be said that no responsible statesman of Europe during this period thought ever so remotely of turning over the destinies of his country to its keeping. Yet it presented opportunities for combination and intrigue which he must needs watch and of which he might find it necessary on occasion to take advantage.

What would have happened if the United States had been a member of the League during this period? At the time when the League was formed it would not have been easy to answer this question. It would have been impossible to forecast the attitude of Germany, the policy of Poincaré, the comeback of Turkey, and the defection of France from the Allied policy in the

Near East. Almost certainly, however, these things would have happened just the same had we been a member of the League, all of them being due to forces outside of League control or influence. To-day it is a matter, not of speculation, but of inside knowledge that our presence would have disrupted the League. There were those who fervently desired our intervention as the only means of breaking the European deadlock. This we could not have done without taking sides, in some degree, with one party or the other. There were moments when it was clear what policy the American people would have favored in European affairs. There was the intensest jealousy of our influence on the part of those opposed to this policy. It is stated on the highest official authority, authority which I do not feel at liberty to name, that, after the advent to power of Mussolini and Poincaré, Italy and France stood ready to withdraw from the League if we entered it as the possible and probable supporter of the policy advocated by Britain. When we remember the lightness with which Argentina, Brazil, and Spain have since withdrawn from the League, and the fact that both Mussolini and Poincaré have shown scant sympathy, not to say open contempt, for its mediation, we may accept this statement as wholly probable. Of course the withdrawal of two major Powers, both permanent members of the Council, would have shattered the League beyond repair.

It is easy to see, too, that the intervention of the United States in European affairs, though eagerly welcomed by any Power as an ally in extremity, would be resented by opposition or neutral opinion as meddling. There is as yet hardly the beginning of what we may call a world consciousness in Europe or elsewhere. There is, how-

ever, a decided beginning in Europe of a European consciousness — that is, a consciousness that Europe has certain common interests which are not shared by non-European nations. The function of the League of Nations is in part to develop this world consciousness. But for the present it must chiefly depend for maintenance upon such sense of common interest as now exists. This does not mean that there is no place in the League for non-European nations, but it does mean that these nations must be extremely circumspect with regard to European problems. Outside intervention, however legal and covenanted, will be felt to be meddling, will perhaps *be* meddling. Nothing is more encouraging in the present situation than the fact that the nations of Europe have made up their quarrel by themselves. We might conceivably have helped them to a speedier settlement, but the settlement would not have been a reconciliation.

More likely we should not have helped even this far, but should have wrecked the League in our effort to do so. Had we been in the League, there would have been a determined effort on the part of those who hoped for our support to make the League the arbiter of European affairs. And there would have been an equally determined effort on the part of their opponents to prevent this even by withdrawal and disruption of the League, if that proved the only means to the accomplishment of their purpose. As it is, the League has been saved for future service by restricting it during the incubation period to functions politically colorless and to a membership that had a consciousness of reasonable community of interest.

The conclusion is, therefore, that our presence in the League during the period under consideration would

not have helped the League or contributed to the recent European settlement.

Would it have helped America?

V

It is difficult to limit this part of our inquiry, as we have done the other, to the brief period thus far elapsed. These years have not been critical or abnormal with us as they have been for Europe. It is just conceivable, to be sure, that if we had been a member of the League the question of interallied debts might in some way have been brought before that body, and it is again barely possible that, if this had been done, we might have been saved the most serious mistake that we have made in a hundred years. But it is unlikely in the extreme that either of these things would have happened. It could hardly be argued that these debts were likely to be a cause of war, and, failing this, the League had no excuse to intervene. If it had intervened it is hardly conceivable that it would have risked a decision unwelcome to us even had it reached such a decision.

Failing action on this subject, it is difficult to discover any special opportunity for help or harm during these years. The period has been for us essentially a normal period, and our inquiry resolves itself into the general question as to the value of the League connection to the United States. The question may well be answered in a different way as time goes on. No permanent validity is claimed for the present partial answer. I merely enumerate certain reasons which lead me to doubt whether such a connection would be valuable to us at the present time. I am not in the least questioning the value of League activities or the desirability of our participating in them. I am simply raising the question

whether we had better adopt the Wilson proposal of membership and collaboration under collective authority or continue the Wilson practice of 'allied and associated Powers.' I emphatically believe in our doing our part.

The obvious weakness of the League lies in the political incapacity of a large part of the member States. States that have never made even an approximate success of governing themselves can hardly contribute helpfully to a world-governing council. But their inclusion is necessary if the League is to accomplish its purpose, and there can be no inclusion without a share in control. It is needless to discuss the clever devices for conferring while yet withholding this share in control. The Council of Nine was to represent the five Great Powers in perpetuity and the others in rotation. This was naïvely urged as a guaranty that control would always rest with the Great Powers. The trifling possibility that the five Great Powers might disagree among themselves seems not to have been contemplated, nor yet the possibility, already realized, that the number of minor Powers might be later increased. To remove still further any lingering fear on the part of the Great Powers, it was ordained that all matters of consequence should be decided by a unanimous vote. Thus, it was argued, no combination could possibly work harm to any member, since each was protected by its veto power.

It is amazing that the real danger lurking in this arrangement should have been so easily overlooked or ignored. It is true that, if we had a veto upon all League action, the League could do nothing that we did not like. But it is also true that we could do nothing that it did not like, nothing that even one of its members did not like. Theoretically this is an almost ideal device for creating uni-

versal deadlock. If it has not yet done so, it is because the opposition has not used its power. If it has not used its power, it is because it has not mastered the technique of obstruction. I venture the opinion that the rôle of obstruction is destined to be much larger in the near future than it has been to date, and increasingly so if more vital questions are submitted to League decision. The act of Brazil in holding up action with which she was wholly in accord, in an effort to secure that to which she was nowise entitled and which she knew she could get in no other way, is suggestive of possibilities in this connection.

Of all nations the United States has the most to fear from the jealousy and obstruction of the minor Powers. We are the only great nation upon the Western Hemisphere, which is otherwise parceled out among a score of minor nations, one of which is by tacit understanding always to be found upon the Council, armed with the inevitable veto power. There is but one of these nations in whose friendliness and competency we can have much confidence. Latin America is sure to be represented on the Council by a nation that we do not control and whose jealousy is virtually assured. It is entirely within the bounds of probability that Mexico will ultimately sit on the Council. If she enters the League, she will have a strong claim to represent Latin America in her turn. Nay, this is likely to be the very bait that will tempt her in. Yet it is certain that, at any time since the fall of Diaz, Mexico would have been disposed to put a spoke in the American wheel if opportunity offered. The same is hardly less true of other Latin American countries. All hope of permanently removing this jealousy is fatuous. It inheres in the situation. Tact and consideration may lessen it or withhold occasions for its

manifestation, but they can never remove its permanent causes.

What are these causes?

The first is our size and power. Every Latin American country knows that it is helpless if we choose to assert our power. Our naïve assumption of benevolence is an assumption that history does not warrant and that they do not share. We are sure that we do not want anything that they possess. They argue from history that we want everything in sight. On the face of it, they have the better case. The worst of it is that our further development is certain to justify their contention. The statement of the London *Spectator* that it is our manifest destiny to control everything down to the Canal, including the Caribbean area, is obvious to all but ourselves. Twelve Latin American countries see their fate in that inevitable advance.

The second cause is our irresistible economic penetration. If our political overlordship threatens, our economic domination is an accomplished fact. Mexico has awakened to the fact that Americans have invested a billion and a half in her great extractive industries and that her own people have invested nothing at all. She has conceived the naïve plan of recovering her economic independence by confiscation. This plan is as futile as it is hazardous, and the plan of stirring up revolt in American protectorates hardly less so. Both advertise to all Latin America the danger of American encroachment, a danger which is real and which no will of ours can avert. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that our political advance may be arrested and the safety of the Canal assured by other means than our own power, — a very hazardous assumption, — the same cannot be said of our economic advance. Unless the present economic organization of society is totally changed and

the incentives to exploitation quite destroyed, that advance will be continued. It is an economic impossibility for countries without capital to exploit their own resources in competition with highly financed exploitation elsewhere. Mexico may drive out foreign capital, but, if she does, her minerals will remain in the ground until some later administration invites foreign capital in again. That is only a matter of time. You may change the tempo, but you cannot change the tune.

In other words, we have encroached upon Latin America and we are doomed to encroach further. We are unconscious and she is conscious. We are friendly and patronizing and she is jealous and hostile. The difficulty can be mitigated, but it cannot be removed. It inheres in matters beyond our willing. We may will not to protect the Canal, but when danger comes we will protect it and will engulf half of Latin America if necessary in doing it. The work is half done already and we don't know it. They do.

These are some of the reasons why America will find it more embarrassing and hampering than any other nation to enter an association in which the Latin American nations are represented. Without insisting upon their low political development and their preposterous overrepresentation, due simply to their lack of political cohesion, our situation is peculiar in that it ensures their permanent jealousy and hostility. No other nation has a like handicap, a like reason for retaining its independence of action.

These considerations, very imperfectly formulated in American thought, are crystallized by historic accident in the Monroe Doctrine, the warning of 'Hands off America!' It is our doctrine, a doctrine in the highest degree unwelcome to Latin Americans, whom it purports to protect. There

is little doubt that some of these States would welcome European intervention against the United States at any cost to themselves. If Germany could have reached the Caribbean during the late war, it is all but certain that Venezuela or another would have granted her a submarine base with alacrity. It is we, not they, who utter the warning, 'Hands off America!'

It was the clear intent of the founders of the League that it should supersede the Monroe Doctrine and include all American interests in its keeping. The instant outcry of America led to the inclusion of the doubtful reservation in favor of 'regional understandings,' by which inappropriate term the Monroe Doctrine was understood to be designated. There can be little doubt, however, that full recognition of the League, with an inclusive membership, would in fact abrogate that doctrine. The American people have shown little inclination to accept this or any other substitute for their self-assumed guardianship of the Western Hemisphere. Why?

Simply because we have more confidence in ourselves than we have in the collective nations of the world. We have more confidence in our intelligence, in our political stability, in our power, even in our fairness and disinterestedness, than in those of other nations individually and collectively. Whether this confidence is justified is not now the question. It is a fact. We believe in ourselves. First of all, we believe in our judgment of our own interests. That belief is common to all peoples and always has a measure of justification. But it is not too much to say that we are more justified than our neighbors, more justified than most nations of the world, in that confidence. But to a far greater degree we are confident in our power. We have territory, resources, wealth, organiza-

tion, and, above all, isolation. It is folly to expect a people to forget its advantage when it holds such cards in its hands.

But the American people believe in themselves as more than the guardians of their own interests. They believe in their fairness and even in their generosity. The strong may not be generous, but only the strong can be. If Old World nations were disinterested, their judgment would be fairer, but they are not. They are as biased as we are and their bias is less justified by human interests. When a foreign nation takes sides with Venezuela or Mexico against the United States, it is difficult to believe that it does so in the interest of civilization.

In some such way the American reasons half unconsciously to himself. And, in spite of all its speciousness and sophistry and conceit, is n't there something to it?

Be that as it may, these are the reasons, the generous as well as the selfish reasons, for our policy of 'Hands off America!' It seems to me that a man must have a lot of the doctrinaire about him to declare this policy wrong and the reasoning behind it false. In any case it is one of the realities with which the architects of the new order will long have to reckon. America may coöperate in matters of common interest, but not to the extent of surrendering interests that she believes to be primarily her own or safe only in her keeping.

VI

The World Court has again raised the issue and again defined the American position. In principle the World Court was the realization of a policy consistently advocated by the United States. No compulsory jurisdiction was proposed. It merely provided machinery for the handling of *justiciable*

cases with the consent of all parties involved. The machinery was admirably adapted to its purpose and was a monument to American genius. It seemed to infringe no principle of American policy. Hence the recommendation of two successive presidents that we coöperate.

But the constitution of the Court contained what is technically known as a joker. The function of the Court was not limited, in accordance with Anglo-Saxon usage, to the adjudication of actual cases submitted to its jurisdiction. Provision was made for the rendering of 'advisory opinions' on cases *not voluntarily submitted to its jurisdiction*. These opinions were to be merely opinions; they were to have no binding force on anybody. But it is clear that the advisory opinion was a weapon of terrible power. So far as Court decisions were concerned, we had nothing to fear. We did not need to appear in Court unless we wished. Matters that we chose to reserve to our own decision remained wholly within our power. But the advisory opinion was another matter. That could be called for at any time and on any question. To illustrate, there can be little doubt that, with this system fully established, some Latin American country would have called for an advisory opinion on our recent difference with Nicaragua. Theoretically we could ignore that opinion, but practically we could not. If adverse, it would mobilize the sentiment of the world against us in a way that it would be difficult to resist. This, indeed, is precisely the purpose of this unusual provision. As Lord Robert Cecil says with surprising candor, it was a device for smuggling into the League the essence of compulsory arbitration at a time when the nations of the world were not prepared to accept that principle.

The World Court put the American policy to the severest possible test. We had always stood for the judicial determination of international disputes, and to reject it now seemed peculiarly inconsistent. But we had always reserved the Western Hemisphere as a field for our independent action, and to submit its issues to advisory opinions whose moral validity could not be ignored was inconsistent with this policy, in turn. We preferred the former inconsistency, or the imputation of it, to the latter. Hence the reservations with which we hopelessly encumbered our acceptance of the League invitation. The first three reservations were innocent enough. The fourth reserved our right to withdraw at will and stipulated that the protocol should not be amended without our consent, thus giving us a veto accorded to no other Power. The fifth stipulated that no request should be entertained for an 'advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest' without our consent. The whole was capped by a resolution reaffirming our traditional policies of aloofness from Old World problems and 'Hands off America!' Surely our position is left in no doubt.

Had these reservations limited only our own participation, they would doubtless have been willingly accepted. Our participation, however hesitant and grudging, was desirable, and it was a legitimate expectation that, once in the Court, our reservations and misgivings would be forgotten. But to give us a veto upon all amendments and upon the functioning of the League in one of its most hopeful capacities was to place its fate almost wholly in our hands. We could not consistently demand less if we were to maintain our traditional policies, nor could the nations consistently grant our demands

if the Court was to preserve its impartial and international character. From the standpoint of international coöperation we were profoundly unreasonable, but in matters American this is not our standpoint. If we are to preserve our traditional independence, we did the only possible thing.

Let me remind the reader again that we are not discussing general principles or seeking ultimate solutions. We are concerned with the working adjustments of the next few decades. These adjustments are evidently not to be based, so far as we are concerned, upon collective judgments. We are going to do our own thinking, our own deciding. We are in a far more favorable position to do this than any other Power. We appreciate and exaggerate this advantage. Any other nation in our place would decide as we have decided. To expect any other decision, now or in the near future, is the height of unreasonableness.

Yet the imperative need of coöperation remains. The world moves toward an inevitable synthesis. National independence is already half fiction. As an ultimate goal of human organization, it is an idle dream. But it cannot be willed away or legislated out of existence. It inheres in the situation or not, as the case may be. In default of world consciousness, with the poverty of human sympathies and the limitations of human intelligence, the joint determination of world policies presents difficulties and involves risks which justify the extreme of caution on the part of nations that have the interests of an advanced civilization in their keeping. At such a time to insist on a formal commitment to international coöperation is to ignore the lesson of all political evolution. The human synthesis does not come that way. Political institutions are little more than codified habits. If we ever

enter the family of nations without reserve, it will be by coöperating first and formulating afterward. There is nothing to prevent our coöperating with the League of Nations to any extent that we choose. We have been coöperating with it, in fact, ever since its organization. We are now represented — unofficially, but really and actively — upon a majority of its most important committees, and our experts are in exceptional favor for its special inquiries. When we have long been a habitual and conscious participant in fact, it will be time enough to talk about formal membership. It is upon the outcome of individual acts of coöperation that the ultimate relation will be based.

There is nothing in these American decisions to discourage those who favor a policy of international coöperation. America has at no time decided against coöperation, either in principle or in practice. We have decided simply that under present conditions we can better trust our own judgment as to when and how than we can trust that of the collectivity of nations. Considering our situation, our development, our power, our intelligence, and that of the others concerned, is that an unreasonable decision for a cautious people to make? As a lifelong advocate of international coöperation, I cannot feel that it is. The line of advance for the present is to encourage the practice of coöperation instead of insisting upon its formulation.

Let the friends of coöperation stop talking about our entering the League. It only stiffens the opposition. Above all, let them cease all efforts to trick us into the League or the Court — such, for instance, as the preposterous proposal of Miss Lape in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*. Proposals to circumvent by technical interpretation the perfectly plain intent of senatorial

and national action tend to destroy our most valuable asset, confidence in our fairness and good faith. America is entering the League in the only possible way, the only way that is safe for America and safe for the League. It may be a hundred years before we sit in the Council. No matter. By that time the Council may not be necessary and habits of coöperation may have created organs better suited to their

purpose. Perhaps it is the 'hotel talk,' rather than the Assembly or the Council, that is destined to survive, perhaps something still unborn. Meanwhile the League affords, both to members and to nonmembers, the opportunity for that coöperation which is its end and aim, an opportunity of which our nation should be encouraged to avail itself within the limits set by national caution and foreign sensitiveness.

IS INDIA DYING?

A REPLY TO 'MOTHER INDIA'

BY ALDEN H. CLARK

IN *Mother India*, a book which has received remarkable attention both in England and in America, Miss Katherine Mayo presents India as 'a sick man growing daily weaker, dying body and brain, of a disease that only himself can cure.' What this disease is she states in the following way: 'The whole pyramid of India's woe, material and spiritual . . . rests on a rock-bottom physical base. The base is simply this, his manner of getting into the world and his sex life thenceforward.' To support this contention Miss Mayo marshals a mass of quotations, tells vividly of her own investigations during some months of feverish activity in India, and makes some startling general assertions, which, if true, would go far to establish her claim.

A perplexed Western public is naturally asking, 'Are Miss Mayo's charges true?' I shall attempt in this article to prove, beyond any reasonable

doubt, that her basic assertions are not true, that she has leaped with magnificent agility from one-sided and limited evidence to her general conclusions, and that India remains the same land of mingled sorrow and hope, darkness and vision, weakness and strength, that she was before Miss Mayo made her very American, whirlwind tour. Above all I hope to show that India is on the upward road, with her face toward the morning.

Miss Mayo's chief sin against India was her almost complete blindness to every evidence of health and progress and her morbid overemphasis on every evidence of sickness and decay. The pity is that she has gathered material which, used discriminatingly, might have stung India to the speeding up of reform. It seems to me that she had a fresh and very powerful message on the baleful effects of sex exaggeration and on other prominent abuses, if

only she had been able to present it in a balanced and friendly way. If she had pictured the encouraging aspect of things with the same emotional effect which was given to the evils that still exist, we, who have been working for decades for India's physical and social progress, would have welcomed the book as an ally. As it is, *Mother India* has struck a blow both against truth and against interracial understanding and good will. By its extreme attack on Indian life it has stirred Indians to bitter defense and has opened the door for similar muck-raking attacks on America and Europe. Indian writers smarting under this 'Drain Inspector's Report,' as Mr. Gandhi well calls it, are opening before the eager eyes and noses of the Indian public the noisome drains of our own divorce statistics and night life. It is only human if, profiting by Miss Mayo's example, they draw unwarranted generalizations from specific instances and do all in their power to cheapen Western civilization in Indian eyes. The influence of this book is, indeed, calculated to lower the tone of civilization by stimulating people in both East and West to interpret each other by whatever is indecent and beastly.

I

Now let us go to the facts. In so doing we shall emphasize those that form the first third of the book and the heart of its argument—those regarding sex and motherhood. Still, in passing, one cannot forbear to point out that the latter part of *Mother India* is marred by the same emphasis on everything negative and neglect of everything positive that make the first part an offense. Omissions, mis-statements, and misunderstandings that everyone who has lived in India must recognize bob up so frequently

that if one were to hit them all he would have to be a ten-armed Irishman with a shillalah in every hand. Take, for example, the problem of food for cattle, dealt with at some length in Chapter XVII. Miss Mayo speaks of grazing lands and the feeding of rice stalks, which have little food value, and clearly implies that, aside from some green fodder in some districts, this is all that the cattle have to live upon. 'By January,' she declares, in regard to India's cattle, 'starvation begins in earnest.' This statement entirely ignores the millets which are reaped in October and February and which, as the *Indian Year Book* for 1924, page 265, rightly says, 'constitute one of the most important groups of crops in the country, supplying food for the poorer classes and fodder for the cattle.' Sorghum, which is the principal millet, has large, thick stalks that make splendid fodder. In the farmers' eyes the fact that this is a fodder crop is as important as the fact that it is a food crop. It seems impossible that a traveler in India could avoid seeing mile on mile of fields full of waving millet. In the villages no one could fail to note the great stacks of this fodder. In good seasons farmers sell much to the towns and store enough for two years' use by their cattle. That many Indian cattle are sadly neglected is a fact. That many more are well fed is also a fact.

It seems to me in keeping with the accuracy of other parts of the book that, in speaking of the food of cattle, it wholly neglects to notice that Indian farmers devote about forty million acres to good fodder crops and that the chapter in question closes with the assertion, 'They will not raise food for their mother, the cow.' In Western India, to my personal knowledge, the farmer and his family have an affection for their cattle, each one

of which is named. In times of scarcity the family deprives itself in order that the cattle may be fed. The concluding chapter avers that this book states living facts and that 'these can easily be denied, but they cannot be disproved or shaken.' But it must be plain that the general assertion that 'they will not raise food for their mother, the cow' has been very easily disproved. Nor do I recollect a single one of the twenty-nine descriptive chapters which does not create its sombre impression by a similar method. In one the author presents a quotation from Rabindranath Tagore as though in it Tagore expressed his approval of child marriage. To give this impression she suppresses the two all-important words, 'said India.' Tagore was, as these words clearly indicate, presenting not his own, but the orthodox Hindu view. Later in the same essay he gave his own exalted conception of marriage, in which he accorded to woman a position of absolute equality with man. Again, Miss Mayo tells the story of the mixing of filtered and unfiltered water in Madras, as a clear indication of what can be expected from Indian control of affairs. How could she have heard this story without learning the striking fact that this water was universally known as 'Molony's Mixture,' that Mr. J. C. Molony, the Municipal Commissioner of Madras, was primarily responsible for it, and that he was backed in this war measure, which was so carefully managed that it had no bad effect, by the Europeans of the municipality? These facts Mr. Molony himself has made public. The case against Indian political control is indeed in a desperate state when the prosecution is driven to use 'Molony's Mixture' to bolster it up! In this manner throughout the book Miss Mayo has ignored and minimized the great mass of favorable evi-

dence that lay ready to a writer's hand, and the ugly and the noisome have been made to dominate the picture.

Let me turn now to the general presentation of the questions of sex and motherhood. The kernel of the matter is found in the 'Argument,' when the author declares:—

Take a girl child twelve years old, a pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood, illiterate, ignorant, without any sort of training in habits of health. Force motherhood upon her at the earliest possible moment. Rear her weakling son in intensive vicious practices that drain his small vitality day by day. Give him no outlet in sports. Give him habits that make him, by the time he is thirty years of age, a decrepit and querulous old wreck—and will you ask what has sapped the energy of his manhood?

It is clear that this is intended as the typical picture of Indian sex life and as the source of most of the ills of 'Mother India.' Let us look at a few of the statements in detail.

Take a girl child twelve years old, a pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood.

I have traveled in North India and South India, but know best the villages and towns of Western India. I remember vividly the first impressions of the village women of Western India, formed by my wife and myself in 1904. We were surprised by the fine physical development and carriage of most of them. Many of our American visitors have expressed the same idea. The frontispiece of *Mother India* shows an untouchable woman, probably of North India. So far as one can judge by the picture, she is a perfect physical specimen, with the light of health on her face and in her eyes. Indeed, it is singular that the illustrations throughout the book fail to indicate a weakly race. Risley and Gait, the joint authors of the census of 1901, say:—

No one who has watched the sturdy Jat women lift their heavy water jars at the village well is likely to have any misgiving as to the effect of their marriage system on the physique of the race. . . . Among the Rajputs both sexes are of slighter build than the Jats, but here again there are no signs of degeneration.

The vigorous work engaged in by a large proportion of Indian women, grinding grain, bringing water, working in the fields, helps to offset their great, but decreasing, physical handicaps. That there are in India millions of weak girls is an awful fact. That there are also millions of strong, healthy girls is also a fact, testified by the census officials and by many observers. Characteristically this second fact is ignored in the sweeping generalization that the Indian girl is a 'pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood.'

But let us go on to the succeeding sentence in the charge: —

Force motherhood upon her at the earliest possible moment.

This is a theme much emphasized and reiterated in *Mother India*. Indeed it seems to be the heart of the indictment. On page 22, for example, are the words: —

The Indian girl, in common practice, looks for motherhood nine months after reaching puberty, or anywhere between the ages of fourteen and eight. The latter age is extreme, though in some sections not exceptional; the former is well above the average.

The statement that motherhood at eight is in some sections not exceptional is simply fantastic. No proof or even evidence for such an assertion is offered. The earliest case of motherhood that the author either saw or gives any record of is of a girl twelve years old. If a child mother of eight years was to be found it is very clear that Miss Mayo would have gone a long way to

see her and describe her condition. Even the credulity of the most uncritical readers will scarcely swallow this sheer, unbuttressed assertion.

Probably it has been made on the basis of stories which have arisen because, as the Census of 1921 states on page 127, 'There is a strong inclination (in giving ages) to favor certain numbers, such as 2, 8, and 12. . . . Owing to the obloquy incurred by Hindu parents who have failed to marry their girls before puberty, there is a strong inclination to understate the age of unmarried girls who have reached this age.' In this matter the author may well have been the victim of parents who blandly stated to some troublesome inquisitor that their daughter was eight years old.

To prove the general charge of very early motherhood the book recounts a number of interviews with unnamed medical witnesses, quotes from speeches in the Legislative Assembly, describes a few cases seen by the author herself, and, most important of all, quotes from an essay forming Appendix VII of the 1921 Census, which contains the sentence: —

It can be assumed, for all practical purposes, that every woman is in the married state at or immediately after puberty and that cohabitation, therefore, begins in every case with puberty.

With this material before her it is not altogether strange that Miss Mayo should have come to the conclusion that fourteen is well above the average age of first motherhood. Yet here, as elsewhere, her generalization goes beyond the reliable evidence. The author of Appendix VII says only that cohabitation begins with puberty. Later, on the same page, she might have found that his Punjab investigator discovered that 'in the majority of cases the first child is born in the third year

of effective marriage.' Apparently he is the only census investigator who studied this question, but there is no reason to suppose that his finding would not be true of other parts of India. This would bring motherhood in most cases to the fifteenth year at the lowest. Indeed I myself have examined the record of the Maternity Hospital of the Seva Sadan in Ahmednagar, in the Bombay Presidency, for the years 1923-27. Early marriage is more prevalent in this presidency than in any other part of India, and is the rule in Ahmednagar; yet of ninety cases of first motherhood of Hindus treated by the staff of this hospital, both in the hospital and in the homes of the people, none was younger than fourteen, only one was fourteen, and the average age of first motherhood was 18.3 years. Seventy-eight per cent of the cases were classed as 'normal.' These facts go beyond those of the Punjab investigator in indicating that, even in cases of child marriage, first motherhood comes at an age when it can generally be normal.

Miss Mayo and the author of this Appendix would have done well to study more carefully the tables of statistics that form the body of the census report, which, of course, take precedence over a simple statement by a census officer in a supplementary essay. In Volume I, pages 164-5, are figures that show that only 399 out of every 1000 Indian girls are yet married at the end of their fifteenth year. About 60 per cent of Indian girls are thus almost seventeen before motherhood is possible for them. They are seventeen or eighteen before it is probable. Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, Honorary Secretary of the Women's Indian Association, enumerates the different classes and castes in India among whom marriage later than the age of sixteen is the rule, and estimates that the total is 200,000,000. This corresponds roughly with the

census figures of 60 per cent not married till the completion of their fifteenth year.

These census figures confirm the only scientific investigation into the age of first motherhood that has yet been made public in India. Dr. M. I. Balfour, M.B., of Bombay has been gathering data on this subject for two years. She herself kept a record of 304 Hindu mothers of Bombay delivered of their first babies, and has gathered the regular reports of the Madras Maternity Hospital for 1922-24 and of several hospitals in other parts of India. She gives figures in the *Times of India* for October 10, 1927, of which the following form a brief abstract. Of 6580 cases of mothers with first babies from many parts of India covered by these statistics, none was under thirteen years old, 7 were recorded as thirteen, and 35 as under fifteen. The average age for first motherhood in Bombay was 18.7 years and in Madras 19.4 years. Both in Bombay and in Madras, between 85 and 86 per cent were over seventeen years old. This is exactly what the census figures would lead us to expect. I have consulted an American woman doctor of twenty-four years of Indian experience in regard to the applicability of these statistics to India as a whole. She thinks that the average age of mothers with first babies in such maternity hospitals would be at least as low as that of those in the ordinary Indian home. Maternity cases are brought to hospitals only in extreme need.

Of Dr. Balfour's attested cases from many parts of India less than one per cent were mothers before they were fifteen and none before they were thirteen. The last census shows over 60 per cent of the girls of India not even married till they are sixteen or older. In the face of these facts the assertion that in some sections eight years is not

an exceptional age for motherhood, while fourteen is well above the average, does not warrant much confidence. It must be admitted, I am sure, that first motherhood at eighteen years or even sixteen years has an absolutely different complexion from motherhood at an average of under fourteen years. It is too young, but the entire physical vitality of the race is not menaced by it. Thus the investigations of Dr. Balfour and the census figures of 1921 disprove the contention on which the main argument of *Mother India* largely rests. And this disproof should make clear what Miss Mayo declares to be a mystery to her — namely, how the Indian race survives at all. It survives in part because first motherhood below fifteen is unusual, and first motherhood at seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen is the rule.

And bear in mind the fact, pointed out in the Census of 1921, that the age of marriage is steadily rising. The figures show that in 1911 there were 555 girls per thousand unmarried at the end of their fifteenth year, while in 1921 there were 601. The movement for still further progress is constantly gaining strength. Here is what Mrs. Cousins has to say on the subject:—

The awakened women of India have for the past ten years, through their organizations, been asking the Government to raise the age of consent; the Social Reform Conferences have been doing the same since Raja Ram Mohan Roy's day. Ten thousand women for one district alone have sent a petition to Government to raise the age of consent. The representatives of over seven thousand more women, who had assembled to discuss educational reform, also asked Government to enact legislation making marriage before sixteen years old for a girl a penal offense. All these facts Miss Mayo fails to note. . . . She says, 'The bill for raising the age of consent to fourteen was finally thrown out, buried under an avalanche of popular disapproval.' There was

not a meeting held all over India to express disapproval of the raising of the age of consent. The facts of the matter were that on the first voting on the bill the section referring specifically to the raised age was passed by a majority of two, even against government opposition, and it was disagreement regarding the amount of punishment and Assembly tactics that broke the majority for the bill as a whole.

II

Again let me turn to a sentence in the 'Argument':—

Give him no outlet in sports.

What traveler could fail to see the little children all over India with their tops and marbles, their kites and their various ball games? Did no one give Miss Mayo an opportunity to witness the wild excitement aroused by a wrestling match in village or city? Wrestling is India's favorite sport, in which the children and youth of every class but the highest freely participate. Did Miss Mayo nowhere come upon some town at the hour when schools close in the afternoon and see every available open space crowded with children and young men at play at football, cricket, and other games? Was she not taken to see the fine, enthusiastic Scout troops of boys and even of girls and groups of 'Cubs' that increasingly flourish in almost every town? Did she not visit any of the supervised playgrounds maintained by the Indian Municipalities of Bombay, Lucknow, and Madras? I opened a little playground in a thickly peopled portion of Bombay into which an average of a hundred children a day crowded. Within two blocks of us were two other much larger playgrounds which were well used, and even then the streets around us contained their swarms of playing children. It is doubtless true that Indian children

play less than Western children, but they practically all do play, and millions of them play hard. It is as difficult for me to believe that any observant person could go through India without coming into contact with the great and fast-growing athletic development of her youth as it is to think that an interested traveler saw none of the forty million acres of fodder crops. Yet, in a book supposed to deal primarily with the health of India, the only reference to this subject is this statement in the *Argument*: 'Give him no outlet in sports.' Such a statement requires no denial; it falls by its own weight.

Give him habits that make him, by the time he is thirty years of age, a decrepit and querulous old wreck — and will you ask what has sapped the energy of his manhood?

Every summer I play in tennis matches against two South Indian princes. As Miss Mayo rightly says, *rajas* are unusually tempted to exaggerated sex life. These men are fifty-two and fifty-six years old respectively, yet they play well through all the matches and tournaments of the season and have the ruddy look of health on their faces. In my own town of Ahmednagar I belong to the principal tennis club in the city. Here we have a pair of Brahmins, — a class among whom early marriage prevails, — one forty-eight years old and the other fifty-five, who can beat any pair from among the British military officers and civilians of the town, young or old. Up to the time when he was forty-five, I have never had a partner to equal the older of these men for steel-nerved play when the score was badly against us. There are plenty of active players among the Brahmins in our club who are over forty years old. I have to do with an Indian who is still hale and

hearty, an active force in the community, who goes daily about his business. He was reared in an ignorant Indian home and has always lived in the common atmosphere of India, but, at eighty-two years old, he to-day gives no signs of physical break-up.

Almost anyone with experience in India could indefinitely multiply such facts as I have here given. That in India old age often comes on too soon and that sex exaggeration probably plays a part in this I freely admit. But I personally have never met any 'decrepit and querulous old wreck' of thirty, unless there were some definite disease like tuberculosis to account for his condition. The Census of 1921, Volume I, page 128, shows that out of every 1000 of the Indian population 114 men and women in almost equal numbers were over fifty years old. The corresponding figure for the United States is 141. The number of Indians in this group is increasing, but even now is about 80 per cent of that of Americans and is an indication of fair vitality. It must be plain from these facts that the charge that the Indian man of thirty is a decrepit and querulous old wreck is grotesque.

Thus the paragraph which is the key of Miss Mayo's '*Argument*' falls to the ground. Its main contention is definitely disproved by statistics. Its most offensive statement the author has wisely made no serious attempt to prove. Its sentence about 'no outlet in sport' is obviously untrue. I have offered strong evidence that every other sentence is greatly exaggerated. With this key paragraph naturally fall similar reckless statements of the book, such as the astonishing assertion about the early sexual impotence of a large proportion of the Indian people. If Miss Mayo has been so wide of the truth in matters that are easy to verify, such as the age of first

motherhood, what claim has she to credence when she makes similar extreme statements about matters wherein either proof or disproof is impossible? The pity is that such charges, however unsupportable, tend to remain in the mind of the reader, and, almost in spite of him, to poison his thought.

III

Should I now add to my argument the weight of the most reliable opinion? Miss Mayo has guarded herself against any effect of expert opinion in India by disposing summarily of us all. We missionaries are looking to our support at home and to the effects of our statements upon Indians, and so cannot tell the truth. The position of the official imposes 'the policy of the gentle word.' Indians see the problem only partially. India is a dying man with 'no one, anywhere, enough his friend to hold the mirror up and show him plainly what is killing him.' Miss Mayo regards herself as the only one left to do this, and so, single-handed, she shouldered the task. Yet let me venture to call attention to what a few, who know their India well, think of her effort. Mrs. Cousins, who is neither a government servant nor connected with official or missionary circles, and who for twelve years has lived in intimate friendship with the women of India, says, in an article in the October *Young Men of India*:—

While my experience corroborated a large number of her facts and illustrations regarding sex, health, untouchability, and the treatment of animals, I aver that the total impression she conveys to any reader, either inside or outside India, is cruelly and wickedly untrue. Unless read in conjunction with supplementary books on other aspects of India's life and culture . . . it will create nothing but race-resentment. . . . All the sins of India which Miss Mayo

marshals with such weight of depression are balanced by her own sins of omission.

Next turn to one of the ablest of India's missionaries, Miss M. M. Underhill. In the *International Review of Missions* for October, 1927, she says:

The book shows throughout a lack of any background knowledge of India; and, what is more serious, it shows a lack of appreciation—one might almost say of power to appreciate—in face of a civilization foreign to previous experience. For example, Miss Mayo quotes freely from Mahatma Gandhi, but has completely failed to understand either the man or what he stands for in India. One cannot help asking, 'Does Miss Mayo know even now much more of India than she did before going?' We doubt it.

The Executive Committee of the National Christian Council of India, including leading men and women, Indian, British, American, with one of India's ablest woman doctors as a member, has issued a statement on *Mother India* over the signatures of the Reverend Dr. Macnicol, well-known writer and authority on India, Mr. P. O. Philip, an honored Indian leader, and Miss A. B. Van Doren, who has spent over twenty years in close association with Indian girls and women. Here are a few extracts from this statement:

Yet we, representing a body of men and women who are in close touch with the people and are conversant with their everyday life, unhesitatingly assert that the picture of India which emerges from Miss Mayo's book is untrue to the facts and unjust to the people of India. . . . Beauty and culture, kindness and charm, religion and piety are to be found alike among the highest and the humblest. Miss Mayo leaves no room for these in her picture. . . . If this unsympathetic recital of evils, which are deep-seated enough, but not universal, as the book seems to imply, leads to despair of any progress or to embitterment of the relationship between the Indians and Europeans or to any weakening of the joint efforts being

made for the betterment of the people of India, the result will be disastrous to both India and the West. We have faith in India and India's future. We have faith that she will be able, strengthened by the spirit of God, to obtain deliverance from these evils. We earnestly desire that East and West should coöperate to this end in a spirit of love and understanding. Our fear is that this book may, by its lack of understanding, its exaggeration, and its unfairness, make such coöperation more difficult for both sides.

I will cite only one more opinion. It is that of the acknowledged leader of the Social Reform Movement in India, Mr. K. Natarajan, editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*. Those of us who have worked with him or followed his work for a generation know him as a strong fighter for truth and progress, a man of great understanding and balance, and a consistent promoter of the cause of Indian womanhood. That an author should think of studying the condition of Indian women without consulting Mr. Natarajan is itself a remarkable fact. In spite of Miss Mayo's generalizations about the Indian disregard for truth, I scarcely think that Mr. Natarajan's integrity will be questioned. It is the effect of *Mother India* on this man that is to me most interesting. Because he thought that it was calculated to injure the cause of social progress in India he devoted a long series of careful articles to it. In these articles he points out such errors as the inexcusable misrepresentation of the position of Rabindranath Tagore, the misquotation of Gandhi and Miss Bose, and the general unreliability of certain evidence and stories; but most of all he controverts by figures and facts the picture of India as dying of sexual corruption.

This man, whose great life purpose Miss Mayo professes the desire to serve, is stirred by the book to such

feeling as I have never known him to show before. In his eyes Miss Mayo reveals 'mortal aversion to things Indian.' In the 'palpable fiction' of her story of the narrow-chested students and fly-blown Russian leaflets he sees a purpose 'to excite prejudice as much as possible in order to make her readers receptive to her horrors.' Her statement about the rearing of children in intensive vicious practices he denies with impressive vehemence. He says, 'Not only has Miss Katherine Mayo grossly exaggerated the extent and nature of actual evils, but she has, as we shall show, freely indulged in half-truths and untruths, without any attempt to verify them.'

I cannot see how, if the testimony even of this brief paper is read with an open mind, it is possible to resist the conclusion that Mr. Natarajan and the other friends of Indian progress who have resented Miss Mayo's attack are substantially right. Her assertions about the average age of motherhood are proved to be inaccurate both by census figures of marriage and by carefully gathered medical data. Her statement about the absence of sport from child life is only a glaring instance of what pervades the book. India is not a human beast dying of her indulgences and her corruptions; she is a great people whose remarkable vitality has carried her through many evil customs and mistaken ideals to a new day of hope and renewed vigor of life, in which she is beginning to purify herself for her great part in future world service.

Interracial understanding is of all things to be cultivated at this juncture of Indian progress. Those of us who know India can give assurance that her response to open-mindedness and good faith is as immediate, as warm and whole-hearted, as her present bitterness is deep.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHOOSING A VOCATION

FOR some years serious students of pedagogy have complained that in the two most important decisions of a man's life, choosing a wife and choosing a vocation, young men are often led by mere chance. They drift into marriage; they drift into a job. This ought not to be. As for marriage, that can wait. But serious students of pedagogy have been much concerned about the matter of vocation; they have grieved about it; they have set out to remedy it. They have instituted courses of vocational training; they have created vocational advisers.

Meeting with some encouragement in the colleges, they have extended the system downward to the high schools. It is a poor high school nowadays that does not boast a vocational adviser. They have extended the system downward to the grades, down almost to the kindergarten. 'The child,' I quote from any recent book on pedagogy, 'should in his earliest years be urged to choose his future vocation in life and should commence definite preparation for that vocation. The choice cannot be made too early.' Children in the kindergarten and in the lower grades are taken about by their teacher to view men engaged in various occupations and are asked to make choice of their life's work. Says the teacher: 'Children, here is a carpenter. He wears pretty blue overalls and he has a shiny saw and a hammer and he builds houses. How many of you would like to be carpenters when you grow up?' Then all the boys who decide that they want to be carpenters

when they grow up learn in school how many feet of lumber it will take to build a workbench and how much twenty-four pounds of nails at five cents a pound will cost. And the fathers and mothers come to visit the school and go away rejoicing that education is now so practical and that their sons are being so well fitted for a life work. And we read in the books written by those serious students of pedagogy that the boys go on through the years still yearning to be carpenters and still figuring with boards and nails and writing paragraphs about building houses, and finally they leave school all ready to become carpenters. You understand, of course, that at the same time their friends, who years ago made *their* vocational choices, are being likewise educated, each along the line of his own vocational needs. And the beauty of the whole scheme is that absolutely no education at all is wasted.

How does it actually work out? Well, William, a young man in whom I have for years taken a particular interest, has for some months past been concerned about his future calling. William, in accord with the best pedagogic principles, chose his vocation early in life. Up to last year, in common with many of his friends and, I think, most of his contemporaries, he cherished the hope of becoming a fireman. The life of adventure appeals to youth. And William was only ten. Suddenly, last winter, he changed his mind. As he was only ten, perhaps that was to have been expected. Serious students of pedagogy, however, fail to recognize such a possibility. One day last winter William announced

to his family that he had given up the hope of becoming a fireman and had decided instead to become a cartoonist. I have the feeling that a visit to the movies preceded this important decision. I know that next day he laboriously copied a newspaper cartoon entitled 'Have you talent?' and sent it off to a correspondence school in the Middle West. I know that by return mail he received a personal letter from the president of the school congratulating him upon his work, assuring him that it revealed a talent amounting almost to genius, and urging him to take advantage of a special offer and enroll at once for the course. I know, too, that he wished to leave school and embark at once upon his career, and that his family had real difficulty in persuading him to delay for a few years. That was in January. Perhaps his family were unwise to dampen his ardor. For when I talked with him in July he had already lost his first enthusiasm for cartooning. But he had a new idea in his head. He still planned, he told me, to become a cartoonist at some time in the future and make big money (See the prospectus), but he had a scheme for making even bigger money. He was now intending to be a cartoonist on week days and a church organist on Sundays, thus combining two well-paying professions which he felt would dovetail together nicely.

In September, William announced that he had made another and a final choice. And I am in part, though unwittingly, responsible for that choice. But how could I have known? How could I have foreseen the consequences of lending William that old dog-eared 'Nick Carter'? It was a good yarn. I needed someone to enjoy it with me. The book told of the wonderful doings of the brave lads and the one lovely girl, Roxy, who were students at Nick

Carter's famous detective school. How William did enjoy that book! Good-bye, cartoons! Good-bye, church organ! This was the life for him! Were there any detective schools nowadays? Together we searched the magazines. Finally we came upon an advertisement of the Omaha Detective School. William wrote at once for a prospectus. Some day I shall be proud of him. He looks forward to adventurous years. He feels that he is peculiarly fitted for the life of a detective. He has a flair for the work. He told me that he had already had some experience in detecting (the details are vague) and that last year in school he wrote a detective story which was very good. I think he feels that these merits should entitle him to enter the school with advanced standing and enable him to embark upon his professional career at an even earlier age than did the incomparable Roxy. She was about sixteen, I believe, when she foiled the bank robbers and retrieved the emerald necklace. It certainly sounds like a brilliant future, but I know William, and I know William's family, and I doubt if he ever receives a degree from the Omaha Detective School.

In a few years more, William will enter high school. As a freshman, he will pursue a course called 'Civics.' I have read the textbook; I should call the course 'Vocational Opportunities.' Under duress, he will commit to memory statements concerning the advantages and the disadvantages, mostly pecuniary, of different occupations. Many of these statements are, I feel, erroneous. I have the feeling that William will know already, from his careful study of catalogues and prospectuses, quite as much along many vocational lines as did the author of the textbook. William will learn how many bricklayers there were in the United States at the time of the last

census, and what their average earnings were. He will again be prompted to chart his future.

Later on, William will go to Dartmouth, because that is his father's college. And he will decide not to become a lawyer, because that is his father's profession. As regards other vocations he will, I think, by the time he reaches college, be open-minded. In his freshman year at Dartmouth he will pursue an orientation course provided for college freshmen, and vocational opportunities will again be presented to him. Frankly, I don't believe the course will influence him much. Unless he has a more definite bent than I think he has, he will drift along for a year or two preparing for life in general and for no particular way of making a living.

And then, I think, I *hope*, something will happen to William. In his second or third year, or perhaps not until his senior year, William will, through the grace of God, meet some professor, perhaps some young instructor. He may not be a brilliant specialist or a technically efficient pedagogue, but he will be a man on fire with his subject. And, somehow, a spark will pass from teacher to pupil, and William, if the Lord is good to him, will have found his calling. And as he goes on in pursuit of that calling, I *know* that he will have a broader outlook on life, and a more sympathetic understanding of the other man's problem, because of the very fact that he failed to make permanent choice of his life's work at the age of ten.

'CALM PEACE AND QUIET'

'GRANDMA and Aunt Sallie and I are planning to run up to Bear Creek for a few days,' said the pleasant voice over the telephone, 'and we have an extra seat and want you to come along.

I'm going to take the pup, and we can just live in the woods and do nothing but tramp around. I'm sure the rest will do us all good.'

It did sound very inviting, and as I was tired, and loved restful life in the woods, I accepted the invitation. When the time came to start, I found that our party had been increased by several other relatives, in a second automobile. The pup was in our car; he was a large and active collie who had n't quite got his growth, and he liked to think he was a lap dog and sit or sleep in my lap. Grandma and Aunt Sallie drove steadily from the back seat; and with much determination, and after many detours, we reached our destination.

The next day we prepared to carry out our plan to live in the woods and do nothing more arduous than train the pup. The simple life materialized for almost fifteen minutes, and then a messenger arrived and breathlessly addressed me: 'I'm so glad we've found you at last! Miss Blank at the Inn is ill, and about a dozen people are looking for a doctor!'

It was too true; a very valuable and very tired woman had been taken ill suddenly, and for two days there were no more woodland rambles. The pup behaved beautifully during this lapse in his education, so he must have been just naturally good. On the evening when the patient improved and the tension was relaxed, a second excited messenger invaded our quiet.

'Doctor, there's a man, a guest at the Inn, lost in the hills! His wife is nearly distracted, and nobody will do a thing! Won't you come and help start something?'

Three of us tore down to the village in a car, and there in a garage, symbol of the village store, sat state troopers and other men, discoursing of crops, northern lights, the weather, and—

yes, they spoke of the lost man, too, as a matter of current interest; and, as the hours went by, someone opined, 'Ya-as, he's lost all right, I reckon; mebbe we can find him to-morrow.'

They could not be induced to make an immediate search. Two other women tried in vain to stir the village to action, and finally one of them, commandeering an extra car, drove to the next village, went to a moving-picture show, and asked for volunteers. She brought back a carload of active men, and in the second car a band of keen Boy Scouts, and at last things began to move.

The wife of the lost man, who had been getting more and more distraught because of the delays, had finally been persuaded to return to the Inn, and about midnight we went back with the good news that search parties were out and that fires were being kept burning by the Boy Scouts. As she was exhausted from anxiety and lack of nourishment, we prevailed upon her to eat something, and I went with one of the hotel officials to make tea. As we boiled the water over the furnace fire in the basement, my companion looked up and asked with demure interest, 'Doctor, did you come here to rest?'

Finally we all got to bed, but we were up early the next morning, ready to help. A telephone call from a distant point across the valley informed us that the lost tramp was safe, but utterly done up, after his harrowing experiences. He had been taken ill in the woods, had lost the trail, and had spent the night climbing down steep cliffs by the touch system, holding on to trees and bushes as he tested the footholds, or trying to keep warm in the jungle of

trees and underbrush. Would we come over in our car and bring him back to the Inn? So, breakfastless, we started off, and eventually returned the worn and weary traveler to his relieved wife.

Rambles in the woods, while still alluring, seemed less important than restful inactivity for the remainder of my stay. But later in the day someone asked, 'Doctor, won't you give us a little talk on Tibet this evening, in the drawing-room of the Inn? We should all like to hear about your trip.' I answered that they had chosen a place where I had never been, but that I would tell about some places I had visited near Tibet. Owing to a dull season, I had a full house at eight that evening, and in the midst of the question time after the little talk a note was brought to me. The patient whom I had seen on my arrival had had a relapse, and would the doctor come at once? The patient was better before long; and the doctor went to bed very late.

The next day was a busy one. There were plans for the welfare of the patient, and plans for the homeward trip. Decisions by certain members of the family were privately declared by other members of the family to be out of the question. Plans by the other members of the family were in turn privately termed impossible by the original planners. We did manage one brief tramp, for the pup's sake. Then Grandma and Aunt Sallie and the driver and the doctor and the pup were loaded in, together with plenty of gas, and presently were homeward bound, through lovely woods and beside beautiful lakes and rivers, to seek rest and calm and quiet in the busy homes and streets of a big city.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Earnest Elmo Calkins has found in business a life of adventure and wide experience. Its record is spread through his *Atlantic* papers of personal philosophy, of picturesque accounts of his youth in a prairie town, of his triumph over deafness, and more recently a series of business articles—'Business Has Wings,' 'Insuring Insurance,' 'Beauty the New Business Tool,' to mention a few—which, with their understanding of the human and dramatic qualities of industry, have provoked a response unusual in the experience of the editors. These latter papers, vastly augmented, are soon to appear in an important volume published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. ¶The author of 'The Heresy of the Parochial School' is an American Roman Catholic clergyman of more than national prominence. He has held a high and responsible position in his Church, and for over thirty years has ministered to his large flock with gentle devotion and untiring zeal. He has been widely recognized as a deep student of human problems. A man of God and a lover of the people, he is esteemed by all who know him. **Elizabeth Stanley**, the young daughter of an *Atlantic* contributor, makes, we think, an impressive début in this number. She was one of William Beebe's associates on the Arcturus Adventure and has worked under Dr. Gregory in the American Museum of Natural History, but is now at home writing for all she is worth. **Eleanor Lattimore** is another young and far-traveled American. She and her husband planned a wedding trip along the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. But—as described in the January *Atlantic*—they became separated and Mrs. Lattimore was compelled to travel alone for seventeen days, guided by Tatar sledge drivers, spending the nights in filthy Kazak huts that were buried in the snow, and living on frozen bread, brick tea, and bad mutton. 'At first,' she wrote us, 'I nearly froze to

death, but ended up by driving my own sledge through a blizzard because there were n't enough drivers.'

* * *

Formerly of Oberlin College, **Paul F. Laubenstein** is now teaching at the Union Theological Seminary. **Joseph Auslander**, a frequent contributor in the near past, has returned to his muse after an interval devoted to the preparation of a history of poetry. ¶It will be seen that **Lucy Furman** has her cause at heart. In a postscript to her paper she reminds us that in almost all of our states there is a statute which fines and imprisons anyone who 'tortures, torments, or cruelly kills any animal,' but that, like other prohibitions, it is seldom enforced. Miss Furman urges all who are interested to write to the Anti-Steel-Trap League, 926 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's** studies of the captains of the Great War—shortly to be published in book form—would not be complete without the story of General Allenby, who was, as his critic says, the Last Crusader and the commander of one of the most romantic campaigns in history. ¶It appears that in the course of his editorial career **John O'Hara Cosgrave** has made friends with a certain wise man whom he describes as being 'very bitter about success salesmen, all forms of altruism, and heroes. He hates optimists, pessimists, headaches—the list could be continued indefinitely. His opinion about wines is unprintable, and when he talks about editors and journalism I blush for my hideous past.' In his 'past' Mr. Cosgrave has been editor of *Everybody's* and managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*. **The Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.**, vice president of Georgetown University, continues in this number his dramatic account of the fall of the Romanovs. Father Walsh originally went to Russia with Herbert Hoover; he remained there for years distributing the

immense relief fund raised by American Catholics, and during this period began to gather the materials for his authoritative story. ¶We quote the last paragraph of the letter that accompanied **Frances Hulbert Rarig's** manuscript:—

I still treasure a letter my brother wrote me when my first child was born, in which he said, 'You may have a son, Ike, but I have a story in the *Atlantic Monthly*!' If that pleasure is to come to me, too, perhaps I have more than my share.

Arthur C. Holden and his associates are now serving as consultant architects to the Temporary Commission to Revise the Tenement House Law of New York and have acted in a similar capacity to the New York State Board of Housing. Mr. Holden is the author of *The Primer of Housing*. **Laurence Binyon**, keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet and essayist of a quality long since amply recognized. **William G. Thompson** has had a long and important career with the Boston bar. A conservative by nature and training, Mr. Thompson gave to this famous case a new and unique importance. It should be explained that he had withdrawn as active counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti prior to their last meeting, and therefore felt free to share with others the details of an extraordinary conversation. A line should be added concerning the reference made to one Boda. He was a radical acquaintance of Vanzetti and a traveling salesman, who lived in Bridge-water at the time of both crimes (December 24, 1919, and April 15, 1920). He was interviewed by the police on April 20, 1920, was not arrested, and has for several years been living with his family at a known address in Italy. Accusations at one time made against him of some complicity in both crimes were not substantiated at either trial.

* * *

To the knowledge of an economist, a sociologist, and a much traveled man, **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. **Alden H. Clark** is a graduate of Amherst and the Union Theological Seminary. For seventeen years he has worked as an educational and evangelical missionary in India. He has served on

the Executive Committee of the National Church Council of India and is now chairman of the oldest mission of the American Board.

* * *

The Prize Blunder

While A. Edward Newton's latest volume, *The Greatest Book in the World*, was in press, and when it was too late to make a correction, the author discovered a blunder. He promptly proposed a prize of twenty dollars for the first reader to discover the error, and the announcement was included in his Preface. In response over a hundred letters were received calling attention to a misprint on page 406 (line 5—'Peter' for 'Percy'), but only one reader, Mr. P. M. Stone of Waltham, Massachusetts, had the presence of mind to spot the prize blunder. It occurs on page 54, where the author says: 'Climb Ludgate Hill and as you approach St. Paul's, swing round to your *left*, make a turn or two, and get lost, and you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden.' As a matter of fact you won't do anything of the kind unless you go up the *right*-hand side of the street and turn to the *right* just one turn, when you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden—and it is not a particularly lovely spot.

* * *

Letters from our most distant correspondents, the Svensens, have previously been published in the Column. This one, forwarded to us by a mutual friend, is extremely touching.

KOKOMURUKI ISLAND, OVI HARBOR
GUADALCANAL, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLES

MY DEAR —,

This letter will no doubt be morbid, but I want you both to know exactly how we live, and the character of the people we come in contact with. About a fortnight ago there was a terrible outrage on Europeans and natives by the bush tribes in the Island of Malaita. All natives over about fourteen years (males) are taxed, also dogs. The Government District Officer who has charge of these Islands and his European assistant were on their rounds, collecting taxes, and at one bush village some four hundred natives had collected near the improvised office of the tax collector. To protect the white men there were fourteen native trained police boys, armed with rifles. Just as the D. O. was leaving, a native came

forward and handed him a tax receipt. As the D. O. was examining it, the fellow struck him with an axe. This was the signal for the native rising.

The bushmen swarmed about the native police, murdered twelve of them outright and mortally wounded the other four. The assistant was also murdered. Next they cut off the D. O.'s leg and the assistant's arm, and carried away the body of one of the dead police boys and a considerable amount of money. With this booty they slipped back into the bush, evidently for a cannibal feast.

At this juncture a ship coming along the coast to recruit labor happened to call, but not a bushman was to be seen. The captain of the ship carried the dead bodies into headquarters and reported the terrible crime. The D. O. was a fine fellow, understanding perfectly these savage tribes, but this crime was evidently planned for some revenge. The latest news I hear is that two men-of-war have been sent from Australia and there is to be a raid on these savage bush tribes. The tragedy has unnerved many of us, because it is such a bad example to the other natives. They are really all savages, subdued only by fear.

When I heard the news I was here alone and shall be alone probably for three more weeks. My husband is away, earning some ready money we need for our yearly taxes. I can hardly express what a gloom it has sent over everything and everybody. About a week before I heard of this terrible crime a big whaleboat came here with about forty natives from the Malaita Island, but they do not belong to the cannibal tribes. The boys came to buy pig they wanted for a big feast. I could not let them see I was in any way disturbed and keep Tommy and Jerry, my two watchdogs, near at hand. But to my horror they decided to camp on the island for the night, and it was impossible to make any objection. Just at dusk I let Jerry off his chain and he ran one of the boys right into the sea. He was only playing, but I told the boys he was a most savage dog. That night I never slept, but at six the next morning, to my great relief, the boys left.

These people never murder anyone if their women and children are about. It is always a bad sign if the women are sent away. My medical work protects me to a great degree, but I do not entirely trust anybody. I am always on my guard. Fortunately I have a fairly strong will power, but occasionally my nerves are highly strung and I have to take myself well in hand.

To-day I sent a boy for our mail, a journey of about thirty miles. I am always sure of a letter, etc., from your dear selves. You will never know what joy your letters and gifts bring to us. We love everything you have sent and we know they are selected with such loving care. The toys I have put away until Christmas. They will bring

lots of joy, I know. This year has gone so quickly.

We seem to have had continued attacks of influenza. My last attack was very severe. But I am much better now. I have so many little duties, resting is almost impossible.

(My cat has been sitting on this page — please excuse marks.)

Later. — I have just heard from a native boy that my husband has gone with the Government to help in the raid on the bush natives. Naturally I feel very anxious. The bushmen have also murdered a European missionary and his wife. It is so sad, as they were good people. Once these natives start, there is not much hope, as there are hundreds of them. A native is never your friend. His nature is too changeable. He is just led by the mob. The Government will have to take very drastic measures or the Europeans cannot remain, especially the women and children.

Excepting for my two watchdogs, I am on this island alone to-night. The Government evidently called at the station where my husband is doing duties, and there was not time even to write me a note. All I know is that he has gone with the raiding party.

I hear there is a man-of-war, the *Adelaide*, sent from Australia. The raid will probably last many weeks, as there are fourteen villages implicated in the crimes. The Government means to get the natives, alive or dead. It is time these people were subdued.

I am so anxious over my husband's safety, as I know he will go in any danger. He has heaps of courage. Will you both pray for him?

EDITH SVENSEN

* * *

In the December *Atlantic*, M'Cready Sykes asked the question, 'Shall we send our children to church?' He has been answered without hesitation, and for the most part emphatically in the affirmative.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read the article, 'Shall We Send Our Children to Church?' in your December issue and it is typical of many that have appeared there and elsewhere in recent years. There is more or less truth in what the writer says, but, thank God, it is not all of the truth. The author is stated to be a New York lawyer and his brief against the Church is that there is a lack of intellectual integrity on the part of some of the clergy. It is doubtless true that this charge against some few clergymen could be substantiated, but the vast majority of preachers are confining themselves to the broad field of nonpolemical exegesis, where they speak with sincerity and authority.

There are hundreds of churches in New York City, where the author of that article lives, and

he would have no difficulty in finding among their many pastors and rectors one whose mental and religious attitude met his special requirements. I am assuming that is what he desires to do.

Let us apply the same argument to medical science. It has come down to us through the necromancy, ignorance, and superstitions of the distant past until to-day it is the ministering angel of every family in the land. It has made mistakes, and tremendous ones, in the past, and there will be more made in the future, but what a proud record of victories to its credit: smallpox, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and diphtheria stamped out and general well-being increased. Shall we scrap medicine because of the errors some of its votaries have made?

How about the legal profession? There have been perversions of justice, occasional venal judges, corrupt juries, etc., but what a wonderful and noble monument our system of jurisprudence is, and how safe and comfortable we feel under its shadow! Shall we scrap this institution and substitute in its place anarchy because of its occasional failures?

My own business is a modest one, but affords a satisfactory income so that I can support my family in reasonable comfort, educate my children, and have something left for others. I have made many errors in the conduct of the business and my employees are also subject to the usual human frailties, so that there are occasional periods of rough sailing; but shall I scrap the business for these minor reasons and deprive my family and myself of a means of livelihood?

I am not always in perfect accord with my own Church. Not all the pulpit utterances are in harmony with my own views, not all the brethren are personally agreeable to me, but shall I leave the Church for these trivial reasons and deprive my soul of that spiritual food which is an absolute necessity? One is not obliged to eat all the items on a table d'hôte menu, but can select those which best meet his need and still be nourished.

When we consider the history of the Christian Church down through the ages, how it has withstood the assaults of foes within and without, the carping criticism and bitter tirades of those without, together with the chill indifference and hypocrisy of many within its gates, how the army has marched on always brave and oftentimes pathetic, how it has transformed a dark, despairing world to one of light and hope in spite of our weak human teamwork, and in spite of bitter opposition from without, we know that it must be divine. The trouble is not with our divine leadership but with our feeble and indifferent coöperation.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES N. GILBERT

TOLEDO, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I confess to a rather vigorous reaction to Mr. M'Cready Sykes's article in your December issue on 'Shall We Send our Children to Church?'

First of all, Mr. Sykes might have put his question in a more profitable form if he had asked, 'Shall we take our children to church with us?' It was the habit in old New England, both among Puritans and others, to take their children to church rather than send them. Undoubtedly if to-day any church has become really mentally obnoxious to parents such parents should not send their children to it. Such sending lacks the prime virtue of intellectual integrity for which Mr. Sykes pleads.

Again, it may be doubted if any church service, liberal or otherwise, intelligent or not, can regularly supply a service and instruction suitable or helpful at the same time for children and adults. If Mr. Sykes is conversant with the present problem of religious education he must know that this entire matter is now being wisely studied by experts, by the Religious Education Association of America, and by such men as Coe, Artman, Holmes, and many others. The simple fact is that no religious educator thinks in terms of 'sending children to church' as Mr. Sykes uses the phrase.

Now about 'the intellectual integrity' of churches and preachers. He pictures these agents as 'ringing the changes on formularies so utterly divorced from reality that their denunciations no longer terrify, and their promises no longer allure.' The reply is that we should rejoice that such a charmer no longer charms! From such teaching both children and parents may well remain away. It is certain that we can't act half-adult and half-child in our attitude; it is a case of all go or all stay away.

GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER
Minister, First Unitarian Church

ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Sykes's article in your current issue makes a conscientious mother very thoughtful, it is so reasonable.

I have raised an atheist, a behaviorist, and a postscript as yet half-baked in her ideas, and all of them have gone to church with me in their youth. To be sure, they are what I hoped the church would make them — viz., searchers for truth, lovers of humanity and of righteousness. But when they began to think for themselves (and surely I wish to encourage independent thinking), their thoughts went in three different directions, away from the church and all it stands for. They reason things out and think

them through until they arrive at their own conclusions, different from mine. So I am learning not to look, act, or even feel disappointed when they spend their Sundays out of doors or in study, and do not join us when we go to church. The children are independent entities. I cannot follow their lead. The church has implanted and nourished in me a joyous spirit that is standing up while the body breaks down. The whine at the beginning of a service is always followed by 'Oh, come, let us sing,' and 'Oh, be joyful in the Lord,' and 'The Peace of God' concludes the service.

The children don't expect an accident of nature or an illness to break down their bodies before old age comes upon them. But supposing they should fall from an airplane without becoming quite extinct? Then will the critique of pure reason or any other philosophy uphold their spirit, or will their portion be black despair?

If I could raise another set of children, I should take them to church with me as long as they were happy there — and abide by the result.

Yours sincerely,

A MOTHER

* * *

Misery loves company.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read Mr. Lewis's article, 'I Have My Doubts,' in the December issue. I know just what he means — I have also experienced that indecision. Unfortunately I am afraid he is not unique, even in America, as he thinks he is.

It seems to be a state of thought made of fear, self-condemnation, and lack of confidence. But it is a passing phase, unless one does not wish it to be so. I imagine it usually comes from taking a step toward open-mindedness and then biting off more than one can chew — if you will excuse the mixed metaphor.

The painful part of the situation is that we keep watching our reactions until they are almost obsessions, as a child, looking over his mother's shoulder, cannot keep his fascinated gaze from the object of his terror.

If Mr. Lewis's appeal is for a way out I can console him by saying that I was helped over the more unpleasant side of the trouble through the study of Christian Science. It seemed to give me a definite basis — a focal point for my straying opinions. If that would not appeal to him, psychology is doing wonderful things in that direction also.

On the other hand, I am sure he does not want to lose that ability to see both sides of a question

entirely. How much better is that than the man who is so dead certain that neither facts nor arguments even change him. He is completely crystallized.

The ideal method seems to me to be able to fix on a definite opinion at the time, but to be ready and willing to change whenever circumstances warrant it. Was it in the *Atlantic* that I read recently that the way to keep young is to be an eternal question mark?

(MRS.) MARCUS L. OSK

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As misery loves company, I am thankful for Roger Lewis's article in the December issue. I too am a doubter, and until I read this article I felt that there was something abnormal the matter with me. But now I feel better about my ambivalence. (That is what a psychoanalyst told me the dreadful thing is.) I begin to wonder if some of the people who act as if they had sure and unvarying opinions are at heart as vacillating as Mr. Lewis says he is and as I have always been.

Why, I am a mush of concessions and uncertainties! To-night I will be convinced that I approve of a certain idea; to-morrow I wonder why I was ever sure that I felt like that. And this habit gets me into scrapes, for I have a fatal facility for seeing both sides of a question and sympathizing with both sides. In this day of divorce I have a hectic time — for my friend will tell me of her husband's faults and that she cannot live with him, and I can understand it entirely. Then her husband — also my friend — confides to me that while of course his wife is an excellent woman, and all that, yet certain things she does just scarify his nerves and he cannot stand her any longer — and I quite understand that, too. So I keep right on being sorry for both and sympathizing with both, and each one of them thinks I am disloyal! But I am not. Only I am never sure which one is right and which wrong. Honestly, I do not believe that either is either!

I am glad that when my time comes to die I probably shall not have to make a choice — but that it will be taken completely out of my hands. The thought that in that one journey at least I shall not have to choose the route or method of transportation robs death of some of its supposed terrors. One of the few things I am sure of in this life is that I shall never be sure that I am sure I am right.

So I thank you and Mr. Lewis for his reassuring article. I am actually sure that I like it.

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE GULF BETWEEN

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

NEVER has Europe more eagerly observed, studied, discussed America; and never has America followed more carefully, discussed more closely, the discussions of Europe about the United States. At the same time, it is hardly excessive to state that never have the two continents been wider apart in their inspirations and ideals.

It is a widespread belief that the war is mainly responsible for that estrangement, especially the aftermath of the war. I should be tempted to think that the deep reason is another one: Europe, after all, is not very different from what it was a generation ago; but there has been born since then a new America.

Such is the point I should like to discuss in the following pages, not *ex professo* and by summoning figures and statistics, but by plainly giving the impressions of a European who first knew the United States in 1898, and has since visited them again every four or five years. An American, thus looking at Europe, would of course have witnessed extraordinary changes, especially on account of the catastrophe of the war, but he would have to admit that the basis of the European civilization remains essentially the same. On the contrary, when I recall my impressions of the United States thirty years ago, I cannot avoid the thought that

the very basis of the American civilization is no longer the same: a new society, whose foundation rests upon entirely different principles and methods, has come to life; the geographical, the moral centre of gravity of the country is no longer situated at the same place. It is not enough to say that a new period has grown out of the old; something entirely new has been created. Such a change did not clearly appear to me in 1901 or 1904; it was noticeable in 1914, and patent in 1919 and 1925.

My argument, then, will be threefold: (1) The America of the nineteenth century's last decade belongs completely to the past and should be classed with the Anglo-American civilization of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rather than with the present age. (2) Not only has the spirit of America changed, but its geography — I mean, before all, its moral topography: the centre of gravity, both geographical and moral, has shifted. (3) Lastly, when numerous writers oppose the old world to the new, they are not wrong: the differences are not only in degree, but in kind. Americans and Europeans may study, admire, imitate each other, but their possibility of mutual understanding is probably less than at any time since the foundation of the American Commonwealth.

I

I was lately reading *Outre Mer*, that famous book in which M. Paul Bourget has described the United States of 1893. As an achievement it remains first-rate, and, as a landmark of changing America, nothing short of impressive. Better than comments, a few quotations will measure the passage of time since the Chicago World Fair.

First, on arriving in New York and gazing at the buildings: 'I count the stories; one of the buildings has ten stories, another twelve! Gigantic, colossal, boundless, unrestrained (*effréné*), one cannot but repeat the same formula because words are lacking. . . .' Comment is indeed unnecessary.

Would anybody, nowadays, think of mentioning the presence of a lady typewriter? 'Surveying my recollections, I see the great number of women employed in all sorts of jobs, one most clearly of all, sitting, young and gracious, before a typewriting machine; she was copying the manuscript of an article; the pretty fingers played on the keys, as they would have on a piano. Such work was clean, delicate, not too tiring, and the charming face expressed a profound serenity.'

What about the smart young lady of the nineties? 'It is she who, dining *without her mother* at the house of one of her young lady friends, asks for cigarettes, smokes four of them without stopping, and then exclaims: "And to think that I have to come to Jessie's to be able to swallow a few puffs of straight cut!"'

Last but not least this less picturesque but, in my opinion, far more significant *trait de mœurs*: 'I have seen a whole theatre rise and burst into frantic applause at this exclamation of a workingman entering a bar: "I am born a free American citizen and I intend to go where I please."' Does

not this sound strange, a quarter of a century later, in the country of prohibition? Are we to suppose that such observations were false? Not in the least. Visiting America in 1898, my own impressions were exactly the same. But, since then, one can say that practically everything has changed, not so much in the outward appearance as in the inspiration which colors the whole American atmosphere. I have even come to think that this 1890-1900 decade, although containing all the germs of the present era, belongs rather to a past phase of the American civilization: it was the end of something as much as the beginning of new times.

What was then coming to its end — a background of a generation was perhaps necessary to notice it — was the old Anglo-American civilization of the nineteenth century, that powerful agent of the conquest and colonization of a whole continent. During that period, Boston and New England were still the moral animators of the country; but, mark it, they remained in close touch with England, their *maison-mère*, and through England with Europe. The New England literature of the mid-nineteenth century strikes us, of course, as distinctly American, but we feel hardly less to what extent its roots are European. The term 'colonial,' in its best sense, quite applies here.

Even in New York it was toward the old world that the money aristocracy of these days used to look, as to the necessary and probably unique source of high culture. To the author of *Outre Mer* the Four Hundred appeared as an extraordinarily cultivated set, refined even to the verge of dilettantism. Strange to say, they left him the impression of something old, almost decadent in their search for new sensations; a paradoxical judgment, but sensible at bottom, if we think that since then America, which was becoming

old, has grown young again by its creation of a new ethics of production. The gap is not between 1830, let us say, and 1890, but between 1890 and 1914. The colonial link with Europe has been cut and America has risen to a full independence of economic culture.

It was not only in the East that such a colonial spirit was maintained, but also in the West. The West of that period, when there still existed a frontier of adventure, continued to be the home of fancy, the domain of ventures and liberty sometimes almost bordering upon lawlessness; there were still pioneers, cowboys, conquerors throwing railroads across the desert just as *conquistadores* would have launched expeditions into the wilderness. In 1898, I could still see the last fading colors of that romantic kingdom of the past; the licentious state of some cities, on the border of Mexico, suggested the conditions of towns in Asia. Later on, not perhaps fully in 1904 but certainly in 1914, all this atmosphere of romance had vanished; the America of Ford and Babbitt was appearing, with prohibition in the background.

Yet she had a real and winning charm, that America of the closing nineteenth century, still quite near to her colonial origin, not fully recovered from the Civil War (in 1898 I remember New Orleans still with the atmosphere of a defeated town), not yet overwhelmed by Slavo-Latin immigration, and passionately devoted to her task of creative and epic colonization. She was — such was the impression of all Europeans — eccentric, erratic, and genial, with a touch of foolishness; already colossally rich, but with many paupers; adventurous at bottom, and yet respectful of the old Europe, which she had not ceased to recognize as remaining the true centre of the civilized world. I think most Europeans secretly regret that America.

Two principal facts seem to have brought a change the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. First, the conquest of the continent has been completed, and — all recent American historians have noted the significance of the event — the western frontier has disappeared: the pioneer is no longer needed, and, with him, the mystic dream of the West (the French would say the *mystique* of the West) has faded away. Thus came the beginning of the era of organization: the new problem was not to conquer adventurously but to produce methodically. The great man of the new generation was no longer a pioneer like Lincoln, nor a railroad magnate of the Hill type, but that genial *primaire* Henry Ford. From this time on, America has been no more an unlimited prairie with pure and infinite horizons, in which free men may sport like wild horses, but a huge factory of prodigious efficiency.

Thus was born — and this thanks solely to the American genius — a new conception of production, and, with the success of it, that wonderful progress in the standard of living of the American people. In this creation the United States was indebted for nothing essential to Europe. The rope was cut that had so long made of the new continent a persistent colony of the old. There appears to lie the main cause of the immense change which has made of the United States, in the twentieth century, a really new civilization, in which the legendary types of nineteenth-century America are in vain looked for by the traveler of to-day. Where is the hectic and semiwild millionaire of Abel Hermant in his *Transatlantiques*? Where is the gentleman cowboy of Bourget? Where is the old *gentilhomme* of the South, so long preserved in ice for our pleasure and delight? Above all, where is the liberty of the past — swallowed in one gulp by the ogre of efficiency?

II

Many a European traveler believes that he knows America when he has visited the Eastern States. It might have been true in the eighteenth century; but even in the thirties Tocqueville thought he ought to visit the Mississippi Valley, and nowadays there is certainly no possible understanding of the country without going West. In point of fact, the true domain of the typical American mind only begins west of the Alleghenies. Such a circumstance is an essential factor in the relations between Europe and America.

A Frenchman may, of course, be puzzled by New York, but after all he is not quite out of touch there with things he has known before: New York is a world capital, as cosmopolitan as it is American, a genuine home for every nationality and every species of mind. But, once the Alleghenies are left behind, the European really feels he is now out of sight of the old lands; there stretches before him an immense country, bordered by two great mountain ranges and populated by tens of millions of people, who live their own life, are fed by their own products, and find among themselves nine tenths of the customers for their limitless fabrications. These people conduct their lives according to material, moral, and social standards which they have not in the least borrowed from Europe, but spontaneously and unconsciously created to meet their own needs; they are satisfied that, should the outer world cease to communicate with them or even to exist, they would still continue to prosper. Their weight in the country has grown such that more and more they tend to mark the American civilization of our day with their own colors. Their well-justified self-satisfaction appears to be so complete that their national — should I dare to say,

provincial? — point of view is Burberry proof against outside influences. Not even the French are as parochial.

Thus may be explained a personal impression of mine, which is perhaps worth recording. My first sensation of strangeness, in America, was not in New York, but in Chicago. On coming back from the West and the Far West, I had a curious feeling, when I crossed the Alleghenies and reached Richmond, Virginia, that I was already back again in Europe: the people seemed to have a long tradition behind them, they knew their great-grandfathers and spoke of them, some of their artistic and intellectual standards were mine, and the fact that they possessed an inherited culture was obvious. Just as I understood them better, I suppose they also understood Europe better than their Western compatriots. To a certain extent, Europe remained a centre of attraction for them; many said they had visited France or Great Britain but never had seen California!

Now, where does the present American civilization find its most perfect expression? In the East or in the West? The American census produces, every ten years, a most fascinating map, where the geographical centre of gravity of the American population is marked by a cross. Long ago this cross passed west of the Alleghenies, but at the 1920 census it appears far away in the middle of the Mississippi Valley — namely, in Indiana, close to the Illinois border. This shifting is the result not only of the agricultural colonization of the West, but of the recent, progressive, and intense industrialization of the Central West. In point of fact, the development of these Central States, in its present phase, is not principally agricultural, but manufacturing. The census map is, of course, economic, but I think it has acquired, in addition, no small social significance. The present

American civilization, at least as seen by Europeans, is essentially embodied in mass production, with the ability it has shown of raising the standard of living of millions of people. Such mass production tends to be more and more confined to the Central States, where it is — mark this — decidedly centred in itself. Hence the very characteristics of American inspirations, conceptions, methods, appear to us to be expressed not so much, as before, in the Atlantic States as in the plains lying south of the Great Lakes. It was the country of Lincoln; it is now the country of Ford.

Considering, indeed, the geographical location of American industry during the last generation, leaving aside new tendencies of dissemination which are just beginning to appear, you are bound to notice that it has not tended to concentrate on the shores of the Atlantic, as would have naturally been the case in a mainly exporting country. The United States does not export over 10 per cent of its production. Such a fact explains why the industries, instead of being grouped on the sea, have on the contrary tended to concentrate south of the Lakes, where they find not only a limitless supply of fuel and raw materials, but a convenient base from which the customer — not the foreign, but, far more important, the national customer — may easily be reached. It is full of significance that, although practically every American city has achieved wonderful success in the two last decades, the towns which have shown the greatest growth are not the seaports, but rather centres situated some one or two hundred miles inland — such, for instance, as Dallas, Birmingham, Atlanta, or Detroit.

In 1898, arriving at Pittsburgh, I remember two people saying, not without a sort of pride, 'We are getting West.' In 1925, not far from St. Paul, I heard somebody say, 'Way down

East, in Chicago.' West has shifted westward, but what was yesterday the West or Central West has now become, in every sense of the word, the centre of the country. We do not ignore, of course, that financially, intellectually, New York still is leading. But it seems that the spirit which actually governs America is no longer formed east but west of the Alleghenies.

This brings me to one definite conclusion: in the last twenty-five or thirty years America has produced a new civilization, whose centre is mid-continental, and for this reason, as well as because it owes little to us, is further away from Europe than before — it is American and autonomous. This may perhaps explain the growing estrangement between the old and the new world.

III

Just before leaving the United States in the last days of 1925, after a six months' visit, I tried to sum up for myself, in a very short note which was not destined to be printed, my leading impressions of the present American civilization. It may be interesting to reproduce that note, not as giving any original view, but as representing, on the contrary, the spontaneous reaction of an average Frenchman — that is, of an average Western European.

'From an *economic point of view*, the country is sound,¹ because its prosperity is based, first on a boundless supply of natural produce, and second on an elaborate organization of industrial production, the perfection of which is nowhere approached in Europe.

'From the *point of view of civilization*, it is perhaps to be feared that standardization may, in the long run, tend to lessen the intellectual and artistic value of the American society — the part of

¹One danger point is, however, the excessive use of the installment system. — AUTHOR

the workingman in the factories where mass production is realized is not likely to increase his own value, as an individual; and in order to secure material comfort for the bulk of the American population it seems necessary to produce a common level of manufactured articles, which perhaps does not mark progress in comparison with the civilization of Europe.

'From a *moral point of view*, it is obvious that Americans have come to consider their standard of living as a somewhat sacred acquisition, which they will defend at any price. This means that they would be ready to make many an intellectual or even moral concession in order to maintain that standard.

'From a *political point of view*, it seems that the notion of efficiency in production is on the way to taking precedence of the very notion of liberty. In the name of efficiency one can obtain, from the American, all sorts of sacrifices in relation to his personal and even to certain of his political liberties.'

I was summing up, in these short lines, two main impressions which are, I think, the instinctive ones of the majority of Frenchmen visiting America.

First of all, they are amazed by the degree of material prosperity which has been reached, not only by an élite, but in general by the mass of the people. Books, articles, statistics, have, of course, already long ago informed the European thinking public of this fact; but it is impossible to realize it without having, actually and physically, breathed the American atmosphere. When this has been the case, every visitor from the old countries readily admits that there is no common measure between the wages and the standards of living in the United States and in Europe. Comparing men of equal value, equal merit, equal training, the reward of labor shows differences which

in certain cases appear almost shocking.

In Asia and in Africa one still meets the appalling spectacle of human physical decay: pitiable crowds of crippled beggars are seen, whom nobody endeavors to cure. Europe has reached a stage where such a social scandal as this is unknown, but she still possesses her paupers, leading in some of the big manufacturing cities miserable lives, unworthy, indeed, of civilized human beings. In the United States such paupers may still occasionally be found, but on the whole they have ceased to be a normal feature of the present American society. Well, this social level of the States probably means as great a progress over Europe as Europe has achieved over Asia. If I had to state the main contribution brought to humanity by the American civilization, I should, I think, quote that physical and that material dignity of life which are guaranteed to the common American by social conditions, thanks to which he can always earn a decent salary and, with it, lead a decent life.

The fundamental soundness of the American society does not, then, escape our observation. We are apt to attribute it not so much perhaps to American genius as to geographical and economic conditions that Europe does not enjoy. Limitless production of food and raw material is, of course, denied to us, and we sometimes wonder whether without its huge and naturally superwealthy territory, combined with an extraordinarily low density of population, America could secure, for her people, such a degree of prosperity. Nor do we ignore that mass production is more easily realized in a massive continent without frontiers than in an articulated peninsula like Europe, where national individualities are numerous, with their roots to be found far away in a past of many centuries. At the same time we immensely admire American industry

for having achieved that condition of production where the workman earns a big wage and deserves it, thanks to which high salaries can be combined with a low cost of production. These are the main reasons why the most sensible European visitors admit that, although some aspects of the present prosperity are artificial, nevertheless that prosperity, as a whole, shows evident signs of a permanence which can only be based on innate soundness.

Cheap production depends on mass production, and in its turn mass production depends on mass civilization. The objections which the cultivated European instinctively raises to the American system come mainly from this fact, that the American point of view is at bottom democratic and the traditional European one aristocratic. Only remember the reserves which I was spontaneously suggesting to myself when trying to sum up my impressions of America: the standardized goods lack personality and refinement; for the sake of a material standard is it right to sacrifice individuality in life, and should I really give up even a small fraction of political liberty for the sake of efficiency? In his well-known book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, Mr. Keynes has observed that the prosperity of Europe in the nineteenth century was to some extent due to the fact that workingmen were content with low wages, while the middle classes, in order to satisfy their instinct for thrift, willingly accepted modest standards of life. Thanks to these principles of self-restraint, there could exist a civilization in which the intellectual and artistic refinement of the few was obtained from the acquiescent sacrifices of the many. The democratic achievements of America win the unquestioned admiration of Europe, but refined persons who enjoyed the moral (if not necessarily material) benefit of the old

system often feel tempted to ask, What price comfort? They question whether to follow the American system would not mean, for Europe, not accomplishing herself, but destroying her very personality. The real crisis in the old continent comes from this fact that, although the élite may keep to their traditional ideals, the masses cannot but desire to follow the American example.

Mass production and mass civilization, its natural consequence, are the true characteristics of the new American society. Now mass production was latent and virtually contained in the European industry of the nineteenth century, but it never was practised to any really large extent before the United States developed it to an immense degree in the last thirty or forty years. Nor was mass civilization ever a reality before the present time, and before the Central West had achieved its actual personality. The genius of such conceptions may, at bottom, come from Europe, but it really is foreign to Europe, for the old continent is doomed if the chief consideration becomes quantity; it can only exist by quality.

So long as the United States had not expressed itself in a social creation which was decidedly its own, as is now the case with mass production and economic democracy based on mass civilization; so long as it largely remained — and more than was ordinarily believed — a moral colony of Europe, it was, after all, nearer to us. Before becoming young in the twentieth century, Americans had been old in the nineteenth, and thus to a certain extent in closer touch with us. Lincoln, with his Bible and classical tradition, was easier for Europe to understand than Ford, with his total absence of tradition and his proud creation of new methods and new standards, especially conceived for a world entirely different from our own.

GANGS

BY MORRIS MARKEY

I

ON a pleasant evening, not many weeks ago, a young man bearing the rather picturesque name of Little Augie was standing with a friend on a street corner in New York's lower East Side. The friend was facing toward the curb, and suddenly he gave a cry of warning. Little Augie swung about in time to see an automobile charge down upon him. Two pistols were thrust through the curtain of the automobile — and within a moment or two Little Augie lay dead upon the sidewalk. His friend was hit, too; he died the next afternoon with the customary refusal to comment upon the matter.

It is perhaps a significant commentary upon the gang wars of New York City in this day to observe that Little Augie's death was predicted in 1922; that it required five years to generate one moment of forthright violence in which he was shot down.

As a matter of reality, the strife of which he was a victim is not a vastly important thing, as Manhattan criminal life goes. That is to say, the East Side gang wars have less effect upon the safety and the pocketbooks of honest citizens than other gang activities in New York. In the public mind, however, they serve to keep alive the fading illusion of romance in the doings of the underworld. So, perhaps, they may be worth considering. If they are to be understood, one must prowl for a little time through the days that are past.

Little Augie was the leader of his

gang, and his gang was superficially in the tradition of those loosely organized mobs which have always distinguished the crowded slums of Manhattan. In the middle of the last century, for example, East Side gangs were made up of savage and rollicking young Irishmen — brawny thugs who liked a fight better than anything on earth and rarely attempted to suppress their desires. They would break heads over any pretext whatever: women, politics, liquor, disputed money. Their weapon was a length of lead pipe, and most of the battles were straightforward riots, fought out honestly enough in some convenient street. These Irish gangsters, in the beginning, had no heart for prolonged vendettas. They brawled at the drop of a hat, but when the hat was picked up, with fitting apologies, the brawl was over. They went home to nurse their broken heads and forgive their enemies.

They lived by a countless number of small crimes: sneak thieving, purse snatching, administering 'knock-out drops' to late revelers, picking unwary pockets. People called them hoodlums, and hoodlums they were, but they were a gusty element in community life, noisy and forceful. New York was not a place of great riches. Small amounts of money were enough to keep body and soul together, and that was the end of every Irish gangster's desire. It was his pleasure to control the elections; when the elections needed controlling. And

occasionally he even found himself on the side of the police — as in the draft riots of '64, when the Rabbit Foot Gang and the Gas House boys were of inestimable value in quelling disturbances which threatened to exterminate the constabulary altogether.

As the century waned, the money urge grew among common people. The gangsters began to think of big profits, in addition to excitement and a full stomach. The infiltration of Italian immigrants who cast their lot with the mobs provided the necessary stimulation. They still fought among themselves, of course — the Italians with knives instead of lead pipes, and the Irishmen finally with pistols. But they also began to fight against the community, in a much more overt way than they had ever done before. The hired gunman became a recognized individual in New York life. Fixed prices were established for murders, and crimes of violence increased enormously.

The trade of gunman reached its scandalous climax in the celebrated Becker case. Four gunmen were hired by Lieutenant Becker to murder Rosenthal, the gambler, because Rosenthal had agreed to give ruinous testimony to a grand jury investigating police graft in New York. They performed their job in workmanlike fashion. (By now the Irishman had almost been pushed out of the trade, and none of these four belonged to that race.) But they were caught. They were convicted, and, along with Becker, they were executed. The city underwent a wave of revulsion and reform; and the gangs — having lost heart a little, anyway, at the sudden debacle of four invincible killers — dwindled away.

II

In 1920, or thereabouts, the East Side found itself populated entirely by

Jewish people. The Irish had gone — broken their colony and scattered over the city with many potential Irish gangsters turning their faces toward the bright buttons and the neat blue uniforms of the police force. The Italians had moved into other regions.

The same circumstances which drove the Irish lads of 1850 into street-corner gangs now affected some thousands of Jewish boys. Enormously ambitious, yet held severely in their poverty by the great city looming over them, they drifted into carelessly organized fellowships. Natural leaders, of one sort and another, found themselves surrounded by cohorts, ready for almost anything. One of these leaders was Jacob Augen, who very soon came to be widely known as Little Augie. Another bore the name of the Kid Dropper — gained in his early youth when he earned his pin money by knocking down youngsters as they bent over sidewalk dice games and running off with their pennies.

Around each of these young men there gathered a score or two of purposeless lads. Most of them labored at small trades — driving laundry wagons, pressing trousers, cleaning windows. They were poor, and ambitious, and bored. They were likewise gregarious, and so they met together in the evenings to boast in their hard, clipped voices of their valorous plans in this world of men. Certain of them drifted into petty thievery, as the Irish had done before them. Perhaps one or two — a half dozen — were more daring, and engaged in the robbery of pay-roll messengers. On the other hand, still in the fashion of their Irish predecessors, the gangs did not commit crimes as a unit. They were too big, too unwieldy, for any sort of concerted action.

Before long, however, they found a way to profit from their fellowship, from their organization under an accepted leader. Several contractors,

engaged upon important building enterprises, were faced with strikes among their workers. They hired free-lance laborers. And to protect these fellows the lads of the East Side gangs were summoned. Little Augie and the Kid Dropper supplied their small-statured, unhealthy followers with weapons. And so they were launched in the new character of desperadoes.

Finding themselves suddenly in economic competition, and finding themselves just as suddenly emerging as dangerous fellows, it was only natural that the two gangs should begin to scorn each other. Inhabiting the same crowded, nervous streets, living in the same fantastic scene of poverty, and carelessness, and tremendous ambitions, a natural and somewhat purposeless animosity grew between the two gangs. The economic competition did not really amount to much, for, as their fame grew, there was work enough for both gangs. And so this animosity did not become dynamic until the paths of the two mobs crossed in the matter of those pretty, dark girls who live among the tenements.

Early in the spring of 1922, a scrawny, rather stupid boy of nineteen, disciple to Little Augie, had the ill fortune to bestow his attentions upon a girl whom the Kid Dropper had chosen for his own. The result was almost inevitable, considering that here were two companies of youths who carried pistols habitually, who regarded themselves as bad men, and who until this moment had not been vouchsafed the slightest possible occasion for the spilling of blood. A warning was sent that the scrawny boy would be killed.

Quite completely in terror of his life, he imprisoned himself in one of those dark tenement rooms which hang above Rivington Street. For more than a week he remained there, receiving food from his sister, visits from a friend or

two, until at last he decided, in desperation, to venture out for a breath of air and a soda. Very late one evening he crept down to the sidewalk. A fellow gang member joined him, and together they walked a block or two. They paused in front of a confectionery store, watching the street carefully, moving jerkily, keeping themselves well in toward the buildings.

From an unsuspected direction an automobile with black curtains drove past, shotguns blazing.

The Kid Dropper was arrested a little time later. The dead boy's sister had given information concerning the threats which had come to him. But the police apparently despaired of convicting the gang leader. In compromise they entered into an agreement with him: he was to leave New York, join a brother living in Omaha, and never come East again. This agreement was reached in the Essex Market Courtroom, one Saturday morning, and it included the stipulation that the Kid Dropper was to receive safe conduct to the Grand Central Terminal.

The police took elaborate precautions. The block upon which the Essex Market Courthouse faces was closed to all traffic, and pedestrians were searched as they passed. Fifty policemen were drawn up along the street. It was arranged that two detectives would ride in the cab with the Kid Dropper, that another cab would precede them, bearing four detectives with drawn pistols.

These preparations having been made, the fugitive gangster was led down the steps of the building. He entered his cab and the two detectives of his escort followed him. But, just as the cab was beginning to move, a dwarfed youth broke from the edge of the police cordon and dashed toward it. As he ran, he tore away the newspaper wrappings of a package that he carried. A dozen policemen were running upon

him as he reached the cab, but he clambered up to a perch on the rear bumper, shoved his pistol through the window, and fired three shots into the Kid Dropper's back.

The prisoner, arraigned five minutes later in the courtroom, said that his name was Louis Cohen, that he was nineteen, that he drove a laundry wagon for a living, and that Little Augie was his friend. He was delighted to find himself in the hands of the police. It was a more pleasant thing than stealing anxiously through the streets, waiting for bullets from the Kid Dropper's outraged followers.

As it fell out, I was present at the trial of Louis Cohen. Under the quaint laws of New York State he was required to plead not guilty, and his lawyers strove valiantly in his behalf. While he sat quietly between his guards — thin, expressionless, at ease — the lawyers explained to the jury that the Kid Dropper had been a dangerous man; that he and his friends had threatened to do much murder among the members of the Little Augie fellowship; that Louis Cohen had been marked for early death. 'Even if he had fired these shots which killed the Kid Dropper, he would have been justified. His own life was in danger.' Furthermore, they said, society was well rid of a dangerous parasite. The jury listened carefully and convicted Louis Cohen of second degree murder, which means that he will spend approximately seventeen years in Sing Sing prison.

During that trial a half-dozen very small, very neatly dressed young men stood quietly about the entrance to the courtroom. Two of them were brothers of the Kid Dropper and lieutenants of his company. The rest were members of the gang. It was a little difficult, talking with them, to believe that they were dangerous fellows. Indeed, it was quite impossible to believe any such

thing. Their extraordinarily diminutive stature, their perpetual swagger, their nods and winks to each other, were just a trifle grotesque. Nobody, except a member of a rival gang, could possibly have been afraid of them.

One of the brothers said to me, with his unchanging air of secrecy: 'If they like this Cowboy and Indian game, we'll show 'em how to play it.' And he made his prophecy concerning Little Augie: 'I don't guess that guy'll ever die of old age.'

Well, it was five years before Little Augie died. Five years in which there were no deaths at all among East Side gangsters. In that time the Droppers and the Little Augies went about their accustomed tasks, guarding strike breakers here and there (once in the pressroom of a great afternoon newspaper), performing such small crimes as fell in their way. But finally the moment of drama came. It found Little Augie quite helpless in the matter of defending himself.

III

That, as far as I can discover it, is the reality of East Side gang fighting in this day. It is a rather curious thing. From such killings as have occurred, there was no apparent profit to anybody concerned. The deaths have served no specific purpose to the men who brought them about. The gangs themselves are not, in essence, criminal organizations — parasitical organizations, indeed, but not, in point of fact, predatory where the community at large is concerned. They are simply a continuation of the old Irish fighting gangs, with such alterations of method as are explicable through racial differences. Try as the newspapers might, they have been able to distill no real glamour from these cautious, revengeful murders, which had no concrete purpose

behind them and which yet were not marked by the honest quality of savagery. Not one of the dead men — not one of the gang members concerned in the war — has been a person of interesting or extraordinary character. There is something dull, idle, and mean about the whole business, and also something quite absurd.

The murders have served to defend neither honor nor property rights, as we conceive such things, for honor and property rights have not been closely involved. And so one reaches the conclusion that perhaps the current East Side war is being fought out by a group of embittered and unimaginative lads, bored with life, bearing a reputation for harshness and forced to live up to it, taking a criminal part for which they have neither real aptitude nor real stomach.

IV

It is that single habit of killing each other off which has gained for the East Side gangsters the attention of the press — and, in this melodramatic theatrical season, the attention of so many playwrights. But, as I have attempted to show, the effect of their lawlessness falls sharply upon their own heads, and not upon the community at large. They are not important economic factors in the life of the city.

Perhaps it is for the very reason that the other sorts of gangsters restrain the impulse to murder each other that they are important economic factors in Manhattan. I think of a dozen kinds of gangs. There are, for example, the innumerable bands of men who are engaged in the whiskey trade. The great majority of these fellows are not, in their own eyes, criminals at all. Their state of mind is not criminal; they do not hold themselves with that aloofness toward society which distinguishes the usual professional law-

breaker. Two or three years ago bootlegging in New York ceased to be a dangerous or a romantic enterprise. It became a perfectly commonplace business. The men who work at it do not think in terms of guns, knives, hot pursuits, last stands against the law. They think in terms of supply and demand, of profit and loss, of specific gravities, trade lists, and customers.

It is interesting to observe that in Chicago an entirely different situation prevails. The larger part of the criminal population there — thugs, gunmen, scoundrels of every sort — devote themselves to the hazardous game of liquor dealing. And it is a hazardous game because rival mobs fight each other bitterly over territories, over sources of supply and disposal. Those without the capital to deal straightforwardly in the bootlegging business attempt it anyway by stealing the laden trucks of their betters. And over all the commerce there hangs the disturbing influence of police officials greedy for a lion's share of the profits.

In New York, as I have indicated, the business goes forward in more orderly fashion. The police department — tolerant, on the one hand, and free from undue greed, on the other — keeps a reasonably steady hold upon the situation. There is plenty of territory for all to work in. And so we are spared, on the island of Manhattan, that bloody spectacle of rival bootleg gangs warring with machine guns over their disputes. As a matter of fact, prohibition has brought about a rather remarkable situation in New York City. A great many hundreds of those social misfits whom we term potential criminals — undeveloped thieves, cut-throats, thugs — have turned to bootlegging because it is a profitable and safe pursuit. They have made the discovery that if bootlegging is to remain profitable and safe it must be

carried on without mayhem and murder. This, apparently, suits them very well. For the tamest class of law-breakers in America are those men who deal in contraband alcohol in the vicinity of New York City. And prohibition becomes, in effect, a softening influence upon a great many potentially violent men.

Another sort of gang altogether is that known as the Hudson Dusters. It numbers among its fellowship former stevedores, roustabouts, seamen, villains of a very sturdy type, who earn a rich living along the water front. The Hudson Dusters are workmanlike and thorough thieves. And they are undisturbed by internal strife or rivalries with other bands of criminals. I must confess that I draw this latter conclusion by the process of deduction. I believe them to be workmanlike, careful, and, after their own lights, peaceful, for the reasons that their thefts are enormous, they are rarely in the hands of the law, and death does not follow in their trail.

They steal something like \$1,250,000 worth of goods every year from the piers and warehouses along the North River. They are colorful rogues, and they have performed several exploits of a thoroughly daring nature. Perhaps the most striking was the theft of a freight car loaded with silk. The car was being lightered across the river from New Jersey late one night, when the tug which had it in tow was approached by a motor boat. The boat came alongside, hailing the captain. A moment or two later that unfortunate gentleman was contemplating the barrel of a pistol and listening to a very explicit order which bade him surrender his wheel and descend to the motor boat. Quite naturally he complied. He was landed, with the two men of his crew, in a dark slip on the Jersey shore. Two days later the hue and cry came

up with the tug and its barge, stranded on the coast south of Sandy Hook. The box car, of course, was empty.

These river thieves derive protection from the somewhat peculiar way in which New York's harbor is policed. Jurisdiction over the port is divided between the harbor police of Manhattan, the detectives of Staten Island and of Brooklyn, and the harbor police of New Jersey. It is usual, when a waterfront theft occurs, for the police of each district to insist that the criminals have gone beyond their territory. It is also usual for this to be denied. While the authorities grow discursive the thieves run; and thus far they have run with entire cunning.

Considered from the standpoint of net profits and of health to participating members, the Hudson Dusters are the best organized and perhaps the most successful of all the gangs in New York. Like those numerous organizations which deal in the smuggling and the peddling of narcotic drugs, they are specialists: they work diligently, quietly at their job, seeking neither fame nor excitement, but cash.

Concerning the drug peddlers, I can perhaps do no better than to quote from the observations of one of them — a hard-bitten, nervous fellow of thirty-five, Italian by birth, who had in turn been simple drug addict, robber, convict, dance-hall proprietor, and procurer. At the time he was brought to me — by a reformed convict who believed he could make an honest living by writing or by supplying information for men who write — he was himself broken of the drug habit. He was in the employ of a carefully directed organization for the distribution of cocaine and heroin.

'There's money in it,' he said. 'Plenty of money. Most of it goes to the big men, because the little men are generally addicts themselves and

have n't the courage to stand out for their honest share. Dope peddlers and dope addicts are the most peaceful people in the world, and the most timid. They know that their habit, or their connection with the trade, is a defect which keeps them from being as good as other men. It's all a foolish notion that drugs excite addicts, and make them commit wild crimes. Think of it this way: a drug addict is a man who has gotten himself in such shape that he can only be normal when a certain amount of dope is in his system. When it is n't there, he is terribly nervous, weak, miserable. Even his desperation does n't make him courageous. When it is there, he is just about like ordinary men.

'Nobody can do anything to stop the drug traffic. Most addicts become so through physical pain, mental worry, poverty. All the tales about the systematic making of addicts are ridiculous. No drug user will ever try to make another man take dope. They will tell everybody to avoid it as long as possible. But there are enough addicts always to create a big demand. Naturally that demand is going to be supplied. The drugs are brought into the country by a hundred different ways. Steamship stewards bring a great deal of it. Anyway, there is always enough. And the organization for distributing it is very good.

'Take me, for instance. I work for a ring, and there are two fellows who work for me. We have our regular list of customers, addicts who have regular places to meet us. The drugs are passed so carefully that there is little danger of being caught. In my case, for example, I never actually make a delivery, or receive any cash, or have any drug on my person. My two men do the work while I watch them to keep them honest. If they are caught, they will never squeal. They know that

even if they are in jail they must have drugs, and they will depend on me to supply them. They protect me in order to protect themselves. It works like that throughout the organization. And the men at the top are known to so few people that they run practically no danger at all.'

Almost every person connected with the drug traffic in New York will insist that a certain high police official (they state his name with relish) has profited to the extent of millions from the drug rings. There is no possible way of knowing whether this is true or not. It may grow simply from a rumor which the drug peddlers seize upon with delight because it reflects ignominy upon their traditional enemies. Whether it be true or not, it is at least certain that a newspaper publisher who lately conducted an exposé of the drug trade gave his investigators fifty thousand dollars with instructions to use as much of it as might be necessary to pin a substantial charge upon the police official in question. They were able to get no evidence that would survive court proceedings. The lesser members of the drug rings — all of whom, perversely enough, seem to regard their trade with resentment — point to that failure as a striking example of the protection which can be thrown around the big fellows.

At any rate, it is a very rare thing to find individuals connected with the commerce in drugs revealed as participants in other crimes. They remain severely to themselves. The very nature of their business fills them with an uncommon urge for secrecy. With all their elaborate organization, with all the heavy trade which they must handle, they dwell far beneath the surface of city life. Were it not for the occasional newspaper crusade, — usually quite unpardonably lurid, and usually quite misleading, — the

ordinary citizen of New York could live out his years without the faintest suspicion of their existence.

V

There are swindling gangs — smooth, quiet workers who occupy themselves with horse racing and the stock market, who lift their thousands and slip almost unnoticed out of sight. There are bands which devote themselves to the theft of securities. There are silk thieves and fur thieves and rogues who specialize in a dozen other ways of robbery. Together, these men prey upon honest folk to the extent of millions of dollars in every year. Their effect upon the pocketbooks of the city is many, many times more profound than that of dull, petty East Side gangsters. But little is written of them for the simple reason that little is known of them. They are professional criminals of a very high ability. They have long ago learned that the limelight may be a lure for lesser fellows, but that it is only destruction for themselves. Many of them have not the manners of criminals. Many of them live richly, if a little gaudily. They are incredibly shrewd in protecting themselves from the law, and few of them indeed are called upon to pay the penalties for their crimes.

But there remains yet another type of gang, which in many ways does more than any of the rest to provide New York with a sustained consciousness of crime. It is the sort of gang whose best examples are the Diamond brothers and the Whittemore boys, of unhappy memory. In the public mind, the exploits of such men are often confused with the activities of those little fellows who do murder against each other in the East Side. But in reality there is not the slightest relation between the two. They are murderers, these Diamonds and Whittemores. Yet they do

not kill each other off in purposeless wars. They are, in the phrase of Mr. William Bolitho, murderers for profit. They do more than all other classes of criminals to assure the man in the street that our civilization has not quite rid itself of harsh passions, of brutality, and of danger.

Such gangs as these have, naturally, many mutations in their formation, their success, their purpose. The best indications of the two extremes are the two gangs I have mentioned already.

The Diamond brothers were not, before their single calamitous exploit, professional criminals. As far as could be learned, neither of them had ever engaged in any major crime. They were the proprietors of a small business, living with their mother and sisters, facing no immediate demands for money. Chance threw them with two Italians, fellows of dubious history, penniless and filled with the lust for money. Chance, a bit later, brought to them a foolish lad who worked at some small job in a Brooklyn bank. The five began to meet frequently. They talked of money — large amounts of money — until it filled all their dreams. Presently the suggestion of a robbery was vouchsafed.

Thereafter the band was an organized unit with a single purpose: the robbery of the bank in which the youngest of them worked every day. They planned and argued for weeks. There is a great deal of superficial lore which comes to the ears of every man who moves in the lower-class world which these five inhabited — elementary rules which apply to the commission of every crime. The Diamonds took these rules to heart. They learned from the boy the exact hours and days when the bank's messengers carried bags of cash into Manhattan. They hired rooms near the elevated station which the messengers used. They

watched with eager care, made time schedules, and once rehearsed their crime. At last it only remained for them to set a day, to steal an automobile, transfer its license plates to another automobile, and proceed with the business in hand.

They performed with almost professional shrewdness. When the two bank messengers, carrying between them some thousands of dollars in cash, were halfway up the stairway leading to the elevated tracks, they were set upon by two members of the gang. It appeared for a moment as if they would resist, and so they were shot down in a sudden access of terror and fury. The money pouches were wrenched from their dying hands, and the thieves made off. An automobile with motor running was waiting a few steps away. After a mad drive of a mile or two they came to a predetermined rendezvous where they abandoned the first car and made off in a second one. The flight was swift and it was effective. The police lost the trail, and for a week nothing happened.

But, with the job done, the robbers lost their professional air, assumed quite perfectly for the crime itself. In Philadelphia they began to throw money about recklessly. They drank, and they boasted of their achievement to two girls. A few days after that unfortunate moment of vanity they were all languishing in New York jail cells — all but one of the Italians, who, in his wisdom, fled to Italy. Ultimately three of them were executed.

The Whittemore band, by way of contrast, suffered from no such prompt destruction, and this was chiefly because of its complete professionalism. One seasoned, expert rogue in the Diamond band might have given it that steadiness which it lacked. The Whittemore gangsters were all seasoned rogues. Prison acquaintanceships had

brought together from several corners of the world a half dozen of the hardest criminals which this generation has known. There was Whittemore himself, Baltimore thief and murderer; he had been arrested for a robbery and had killed a prison guard in making his escape. There were the Kramer brothers — European safe robbers of world renown, inventors of the can-opener process for breaking steel safes. With an immense tool of their own contriving they could, without the use of explosives, rip through the strongest steel precisely as the most useful of kitchen gadgets cuts the tin of a vegetable can. There were several others in the gang, eight in all — jailbirds, old hands at the game of taking other peoples' money.

During their rather long career the Whittemore band — the Baltimore youth was the leader because of his intrepidity, his amazing, bitter coolness — performed something more than a dozen successful robberies. These ranged from the elaborately planned looting of a Broadway jewelry shop in midafternoon, with two policemen half a block away, to the holdup of an armored money car in Buffalo. Their profits were immense. And they never committed a robbery without murdering at least one man.

In many ways these gentlemen proved themselves to be the most ruthless and bloody criminals ever to grace our history. They were taken at last, as everybody knows. But it was not precisely their own folly which brought about their downfall. It was a series of unpredictable accidents, coupled with certain luck which befell a cunning detective or two. I saw Whittemore during the period of his detention in New York. Very tall he was, slender, straight, with extremely neat clothing. His face was not debauched, nor was it particularly vicious. It was cold, expressionless, indescribably grim. His

lips were set in a faint, changeless sneer. His eyes were black, gleaming, defiant.

These two, then, the Diamonds and the Whittemores, are variations of the small gang which is organized for the explicit purpose of robbery by murder. Their chief difference lies in the experience of the individuals involved before they came together in a gang. So far as they affect the common scene of metropolitan life, there is not a great deal of difference between them.

VI

As the methods of the gangs have changed since the turn of the century, so have the methods of the police changed. Criminals of nowadays do not haunt particular sections of New York. It follows that there are no dangerous localities in the city, no section in which an honest man need fear to show himself. It also follows, since there is a compensating difficulty for every advantage, that the police no longer enjoy the benefits which formerly came from having criminals concentrated in a few known sections.

There are two obvious reasons for the changed aspects of New York criminal life. They are, in their effect, very closely related. The first is prohibition, and the second is reform in the matter of prostitution. In the old days there were the 'honky-tonks,' those fantastic embellishments of city life which were recognized haunts for all types of blackguards. All of them were alike — establishments of glittering mirrors and long mahogany bars, of back rooms wherein wine and women and song were ever to be found. And while they existed they were the ganglia, as it were, of Manhattan's criminal life. By simply watching them, the police had a definite knowledge of the criminal population of the city. They knew names and faces and habits, and they

could make use of that ancient tool, the stool pigeon. Thieves and murderers were forced by boredom to haunt the honky-tonks. And as long as they did, the police had a grip on them. Most of the stool pigeons were women who had been scorned, or weakling men who had suffered the taunts of the bullies. Police contact with crime was very close. The conflict between law and the lawless was direct, blunt, simple.

But those days, with all their raw gusto, their segregation of criminal populations, are gone. The underworld no longer has a habitat — it is everywhere. Prostitutes are a vastly different breed from what they once were. They do not dwell among rough thieves and scoundrels, but are scattered throughout the city. Stool pigeons are no longer of value, for they have no point of contact with the rogues they might betray. With these changes, crime has lost nearly all of that curious romance which once hung over it. They are not wild, careless, carousing fellows any more, the criminals. They have become remote from the workaday world; more secret and rather more subtle than they were in other times. They have been considered by the psychologists; and nowadays, in advanced circles, they are called unfortunate, abnormal, pathetic variations from the norm.

Perhaps the psychologists are right. The world, no doubt, is learning. But pondering upon the Kid Droppers and the Little Augies, the Diamonds and the Whittemores, the efficient Dusters, the nameless silk thieves and bond thieves, the dope peddlers and the bootleggers of our generation, one is moved occasionally to wish for one more glimpse of a brawling, downright bad man — a husky who would bellow his contempt for law and order, and leave a trail of not too badly broken heads behind when they hauled him off to jail.

NONCONFORMITY

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

I DESIRE to observe the fiftieth anniversary of my birth, in a village parsonage, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination into the ministry, by documenting a few personal impressions of the present activities and apparent aims of our Nonconformist churches. The criticisms have not been conceived in petulance and brought forth in irascibility. I have had no occasion to quarrel with the Church. She has been a just and generous employer, and had I again to choose an occupation I would cheerfully work for her.

Not infrequently of late it has been clamorously announced that the Church must determine — presumably by the prompt acceptance or rejection of some programme suggested by the alarmed — whether she is to survive this generation. All this is nonsense, of course, as these excited sons of Amittai would realize were their talent for interpreting history comparable to their gift of tongues. The Church is the only institution we have with us to-day that does not reek of fresh paint, hot rivets, and perspiration. All anxieties concerning her perpetuity may be reassigned to more pressing problems. The questions I am about to raise do not relate to her probable ability to survive.

One notes in the journals lending encouragement to the popular cult of 'neo-smartaleckism' that the Church is headed toward oblivion because she is unwilling and unable to keep pace with modern thought. Nonsense, again.

Scientific research has ever been a pensioner either of the churches as institutions or of avowed churchmen as individuals. If Science is disposed to doubt this, let her make the experiment of refusing further support from the church element, and pass the hat among the vocally irreligious. By next June you can have first-class microscopes and laboratory-trained bakers at your own price, with a few stadia thrown in for good measure. My anxiety about the churches does not lie in that quarter.

It is to be observed that much agitation is manifest among the more militant of the conservatives lest Christianity be imperiled, if not extinguished, by the yelping infidelities of an increasingly incautious group disinterested in such traditions as the inerrancy of the Scriptures, the historical validity of miracles, and a few other controversial items customarily listed in this invoice of riddles. More nonsense. These debates only deepen the interest of the contentious in their respective theories, inspiring a commendable zeal to justify their metaphysics by their capacity to recall that sixteen ounces make a pound; besides temporarily engaging forensic talents which might be put to much worse employment.

Modernism is quite incapable of destroying the churches, even were it bent upon doing so, which it is not; and Fundamentalism, however smugly vain of the cold thumb wherewith it valiantly plugs the dogmatic dike, could

not rescue the churches were they in jeopardy. Both of these tendencies have been too self-conscious, vastly overrating the importance of the issue which absorbs their attention. Most of what passes for 'modernism' in the pulpit amounts to nothing more serious than the desire of an overworked parson to add incandescence to his Sunday morning essay by presenting fresh facts from the laboratories, information not arrived at through his own diligent scholarship, but hastily abstracted from the bedtime stories of Messrs. Wiggam, Slosson, Kellogg, and other journeyman-scientists now praiseworthily engaged in the installation of better guideboards along the road to the higher wisdom.

While not personally covetous of the Fundamentalist's rating in the esteem of the intellectuals, I confidently believe it takes more brains, at this hour, to command respect as a Fundamentalist than to achieve a local reputation for modernity. The layman's race memory is an institution mortgaged to the shingles by the old religious traditions. The Fundamentalist preacher who expounds these well-known dogmas must mind his step and make sure he stays on the reservation. The Modernist preacher, on the other hand, is quite too well aware that the average layman, disavowing any clear knowledge of scientific affairs, is unable to bring his pastor to book for whatever intellectual misdemeanors he may commit in that field. With such feeble censorship from the pew, the iconoclastic apostle of modernity is with great difficulty kept back from presumptuous sins, and is prone to lapse into a state of mental slovenliness most distasteful to the occasional informed wayfarer questing spiritual refreshment at this fountain.

The most unfortunate feature of the warfare between the conservative and

progressive forces is the apparent necessity of their engagement at a strategic salient which happens to lie quite remote from contemporary interests. Under normal conditions, the Fundamentalist would make a wide detour around the Garden of Eden, aware that it is a bit of landscape appearing to much better advantage when reproduced in oil, by one of the old masters, than on a cinema film shot at high noon in the second quarter of the twentieth century. But circumstances have required him to encamp there and withstand a siege. Upon the recent renaissance of scientific knowledge concerning man's place in Nature, the Fundamentalist set off hurriedly with his entire host, horse, foot, and artillery, for the Garden, where he dug himself in; and where the Modernist means he shall stay for some time to come. It is a very anachronistic rumble that the motor lorries make as they go careening across the pontoons which span the River Pison, laden with fresh munitions for the besieged ensconced in the old bdellium quarries behind the orchard — as the Modernists have facetiously observed with an infuriating, tongue-in-cheek ridicule which has driven the Fundamentalists into a state of pardonable exasperation. To put the case gently, the water of life has been issuing, lately, in a very slim trickle, from both the conservative and the progressive springs, while their custodians have been employed as indicated above. But the criticisms I have to present do not relate to these polemics, however tragic they may seem to lovers of concord or ridiculous to the unconcerned.

The churches are neither failing nor slated to fail of maintaining a certain grip upon the imagination and loyalty of their own natural constituencies. They are building larger auditoriums, collecting more money, staging more

impressive conventions, and apparently doing more business than ever before.

My contention is that they might easily and quickly rise to an unquestioned position of confidence and respect in the opinion of the general unchurched public by doing adequately the things for which they were manifestly intended, and finding time and energy for these things by abandoning the pursuit of a group of endeavors for which they have small talent and in which they have had but little success. The very points of apparent strength, wherein they have vaunted themselves in their yearbooks and periodical literature, are, when carefully analyzed, disquieting weaknesses. The enterprises to which they are devoting the major part of their time and zeal are, for the most part, identical with similar endeavors of agencies entirely secular as to organization and merely humanitarian as to motive. Meantime they are minifying the distinctive mission for which they are exclusively responsible. Their weaknesses, in my opinion, may be catalogued as follows.

I

They are too noisy. The chief charm of the original Galilean culture is its ability to fill out and complete life at the points of its most urgent need. To make life 'more abundant' is the prime errand of the gospel. Whatever the 'one thing thou lackest,' Christianity stands ready with a prescription. Beyond question, the greatest need in contemporary American life is for the recovery of a lost serenity. The churches have the capacity, but not the disposition, to meet that demand. No other institution has either the disposition or the capacity.

The uniqueness of the Christian message may be said to be founded

upon the conviction that life is good, acceptable, livable; not to be resisted, rebelled against, groaned over, or antagonized, but calmly appropriated. A 'militant church' is as absurd as a blistering twilight. The Galilean ethic, in its original form, comprehended a theory of nonresistance quite startling in its proposals of quick and expensive settlements out of court, the cheerful volunteering of a second mile, the submissive offer of the other cheek — all in the interest of a tranquillity to be had only at the price of refusing to contend with adversaries. In its unadulterated form, Christianity is as quiet as yeast. Its energy is that of catalysis. No distinction could have accrued to Jesus had he shouted, 'Join me, and we will go to war!' He set his cultus apart from every other inspirational appeal when he said, 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.' This is an alluring promise; never more so than now. It is strange that the churches, possessed of an inducement so intriguing to the human imagination, and maintained in their exclusive keeping, should have stowed it away, preferring to fill their windows with poor imitations of such gaudy delectables as other institutions are infinitely better equipped to display and distribute. It is an incomprehensible state of mind that leads our churches to conceal the one benefit of which they have an undisputed and enviable monopoly.

At this hour, while scores of self-ordained prophets in every city conduct overflowing classes in psychology as it relates to personal poise, contentment, and spiritual nurture, obviously endeavoring to point distracted people to mental ways of peace and steadiness, the churches, in imitation of commerce and industry, patter the lingo of the market place, mistakenly believing the public unresponsive to any

summons but the strident ballyhoo of the huckster.

There is a certain sedative quality in Christianity which our churches decline to recognize, much less administer. They are ashamed to admit that they have it. They lack the faith to abandon their frail and ludicrous attempts to outyell the theatres, the department stores, the automobile manufacturers, and the realtors, and quietly offer to this harassed, jaded, noise-pummeled public a sanctuary insulated against the raucous squawk of the saxophone, the blink of illuminated billboards, and the monotonous bleat of that legion who clamor for the reform of this, the abolition of that, and the putting over of something other.

Increasingly every appeal to the good impulses of the public has been in the nature of a stimulant. For the vast majority of Protestant-born Americans, there is now no institution inviting them to find, by a quiet inspection of their own hearts, a motive and a reason for believing and practising Christian altruism. No matter what agency of good works happens to be shrieking, the summons is an irritant. The individual is fused into the pack, and his 'charity' is literally snatched out of his hand. The appeal laid before him rarely rises beyond the shallow lure of a tribal vanity. Notwithstanding the charter of Christianity had advocated a process of charity so unostentatiously carried on that the donor's left hand would be unaware of the gift dispensed by the right hand, the improved method boasts of the brazen publicity accruing to our group should we exceed our quota and points with alarm to the shame we must feel if we fail to 'come across.' The American business man has come to identify Christian altruism with mob hypnotism. The technique is always the same, essentially, whatever may be the

nature of the cause to be aided, or the time, or the place. More 'pep'! More push! More punch! 'And now, folks, while the pledge cards are being passed among you, if you will temporarily put aside your pie, our own beloved song leader, Mr. Grimace, will direct us. . . . Attaboy, folks! Are we happy? Y-e-a, Bo! Say it! Now, turn in the goodole songbook to Num-berrr Thirrty-thrree! You all know this one, folks. "Under the Soft Pale Moon We Sit and Spoon." Now, snap into this, folks! All-togetherrr — *sing!*'

Let no sequestered sister, incredulously lorgnetting the above, bear down too heavily on the antepenult when declaiming 'Impossible!' You flatter us, madam, in that you think this impossible. Nevertheless, this is the approved method of teaching and administering the Golden Rule, today, in every hamlet, town, and city of our land. This technique of inspiring interest and unity of purpose originated during the days of our mental dishevelment when we were attempting, by any process whatsoever, to raise and equip an army on short notice. It quickly came to be recognized as the standard formula for encouraging the public to resolve, amiably, unselfishly, and concertedly, upon the mass performance of good works.

To say that the large majority of even approximately intelligent men and women are disgusted with this moronic blather which has become the liturgy of altruism, and all the other rackety tactics of get-togetherism corollary thereunto, is to state the case with cool reserve. Were the churches better informed as to public sentiment on this subject, instead of imitating this cheap clapping of luncheon-club fellowship and altruistics, as they do to the limit of their capacity, they might be courageous enough to resort to the measures of appeal bequeathed

to them, and provide a spiritual motive for a life of goodness, kindness, and friendliness by offering tranquillity to this neurally distraught, aching eyed, weary-eared generation, which has been ridden at full gallop by the uplifters, with a curb bit, sharp rowels, and burrs under the saddle, until it fairly cries out for respite.

But the churches, accustomed to taking their cues from secular institutions of good intent, are fearful to speak of the Beatitudes. They suspect that they might be considered sleepy and spiritless. They hesitate to announce that they are possessed of a blessed palliative to counteract the psychopathic effects of overstimulation. It is too grave a risk, they think, in face of the fact that every other organization — commercial, political, industrial, educational, humanitarian — is screaming at the top of its lungs, 'Own Your Own Home!' 'Clean-the-Garage Week!' 'Vote for "Bob" Jones!' 'Patronize Heep — Sympathetic Mortician!'

The churches are unwilling to be outdone in the business of promotion. Their Saturday advertisements in the daily papers screech shrilly of 'peppy' programmes on the ensuing Lord's Day, promising sensational pronouncements from the sacred desk bearing upon the political campaign, the current scandal, and the first-page crimes. Latterly, some of the more energetic have been electrifying the symbols and slogans of the faith, on the ground that the good news of salvation should be kept before the public by whatever process happens to be prevalent. While there may be nothing essentially wicked about the awkwardly close proximity of two blatant, blaring, blazing mottoes, — 'JESUS SAVES!' and 'EATMORE SAUERKRAUT!' — it is symptomatic of the poor psychology of the churches, sincerely wanting to

make religion attractive, and succeed only in making it ridiculous.

If the churches only knew it, great material prosperity — by no means despised among them — would instantly accrue to them were they able to guarantee a man one solid hour on Sunday morning exclusively devoted to spiritual recovery. As the case stands, while they excoriate the pleasure-mad, sensation-seeking, frantically excited public that refuses to come in and be saved, the depressing fact is that they have little to offer — according to their own paid space in the newspapers — but an attenuated solution of the same strychnia whose use they so stoutly deplore when administered elsewhere. They appear to believe that the public wants its water of life carbonated.

It is by no means a trivial matter to be required to confess that it has become next to impossible to meditate calmly in the typical Nonconformist church because of the racket. Here we have the chronic gabbler at his (and her) utmost. Now that the intolerable clatter of unfortunates, who have obviously stripped the gears engaging the brain and the larynx, makes hideous the theatre, the opera, the concert, the lecture, what vast credit would immediately attach to the churches were they able to announce that they were conducting houses of worship in which a spiritually minded pilgrim could be briefly enisled from the rasping banalities of the incessant talkers.

But witness the manner in which the average Nonconformist church conducts its so-called service of worship. The penitent is met in the lobby by the strong-arm squad of official greeters, and affectionately pawed. There is nothing distinctive about this process of welcome. The prospective worshiper was greeted thus on Tuesday noon at the Kiwanis, on Wednesday

at the Chamber of Commerce, on Thursday at the Better Business Commission, and on Friday night at the Masonic Temple. He is shown to his seat by a snappy usher who trusts that he will feel at home 'among these good folk.'

While appreciating the genial intent of these busy, buzzy brethren in their somewhat overdrawn efforts to be cordial to the stranger without being actually impudent, our man who has come here to worship finds the place so much like every other institution, whither the tribes go up, that he has reason to doubt whether the quest for heavenly light can be pursued here to any better advantage than in any other social club similarly astir with breezy amenities. The organist is vainly trying to drown the racket with his boisterous prelude.

The parson is probably romping about on the platform, fussing with his holy properties, chatting over the choir rail to the conductor, and beckoning his associate to come up and sit down, or go there, or do something else. An excited deacon scurries down the aisle to whisper a belated announcement into the ear of the prophet. Indeed, it is an interesting place — eventful, almost bewildering in its activity.

But the solemn hush, the sense of being in the presence of the divine, the feeling of reverence for a holy place — no; it is not there. Our visitor learns, from the pew behind him, that gasoline has dropped a cent; from the pew ahead, he is informed how much quince jelly we have put up; to the right, an animated conversation discloses that the parson's wife is sporting a new hat. Jesus had said, 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.' And, so far as Nonconformity is concerned, this is it! A house of worship? So is the Grand Central Station. A place for prayer

and spiritual refreshment? Nonsense!

Presently the clatter subsides, and the 'service' is in progress. It is obvious that this performance is intended to buck you up, to stimulate you, to be to you a veritable 'shot in the arm.' The hymns are sprightly, and the congregation is strongly counseled to make a joyful noise. Every time there is a moment when 'silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound,' the pastor chinks the gap with fatuous prattle. He reads the Scriptures as improved by one of the more informal revisions, and by his inflection the bronzed Tarsan is made to speak to the Romans with that crisp, he-man, hands-in-pockets effectiveness employed so adroitly by the Secretary for the Older Boys at the Y. M. C. A. We will now pray. We do so extemporaneously, chattily. 'We're all for you, God!' is the general impression deduced from the supplication. Frequently, through the 'service,' a bit of pleasantry is spontaneously introduced to promote a feeling of genial fellowship 'among these good folk.' If the smile it was intended to engender gets out of bounds, the minister may offer a vicarious apology for all whose untimely cackle has too generously rewarded his wit by remarking in a tone suddenly invested with an almost lugubrious piety, 'God is just as much pleased with a smile as a tear, folks!' — which may, indeed, be true, for all that the good brother or anybody else knows. There is one authentic forecast that God in His Heaven shall laugh! I am sure I have seen things done in churches that would justify it. Now we will have the announcements. The congregation has been waiting, in some impatience, for this event; for the announcements are usually a treat. Almost every Sunday something delightfully funny is said at this point. There are still seven cases of chocolate

bars for sale by the Ladies. The Young Men's Guild will have a soap-bubble party at the Parish House, Thursday night. The semiannual rummage sale will occur on Friday and Saturday of this week. Ransack the attic and bring your junk to the good Ladies. It will be sold. The proceeds will be applied to our missionary fund. Missionaries will go forth into all the world to spread the light — the same kind we have — and the Kingdom will be increased. Your morning offering will now be received. (This, too, is frequently inadequate.)

I do not wish to convey the impression that all Nonconformist churches are constantly making all of the mistakes to which I have referred. Even a programme of blunders cannot be standardized to one-hundred-per-cent efficiency. Some of the churches are making all of these mistakes, and almost all are making some of them. Nor do I care to be identified as one of those dissatisfied Protestants who think that the Catholics — and possibly the Episcopalians — have a monopoly of the art of inspirational appeal in public worship. One of the dullest services I ever attended was in St. Peter's under circumstances which made it a noteworthy event for the celebrants to excise from the occasion all the inspirational element resident in it. But the Nonconformist is obliged to admit that when he enters a Catholic or an Episcopal church he realizes that he is on holy ground. He becomes aware, in that environment, of the supremacy of spiritual interests. People become strangely transfigured as they cross the threshold. They are there to worship. The imperatives of soul culture have driven secular concerns into complete eclipse. The priest is there to direct the heart Godward — not to prattle amiably of good-fellow clubbishness, or to exploit the latest

quirk in relativity, or to campaign for a better prosecuting attorney.

Were Nonconformity a bit more canny and resourceful, it would realize the crying need of its own potential following for an opportunity to worship, to meditate calmly upon divine things in holy places, to recover its spiritual poise, to experience the peace which passeth all understanding. Our churches consider this matter unimportant. Dim lights, toned to restfulness by symbolic windows, are depressing.

If we had a little more discernment, we should offer services of worship eclectically compiled from the greatest works of religious inspiration. But we will not do it. At this exact point our most serious weakness lies; but we do not realize it. We think the people want folksy, chatty churches — mere social clubs surmounted by steeples. We have a notion that the public wants to be noisy and excited. We will continue to provide noise and excitement. We are mistaken. The people sincerely desire an opportunity to worship. It is the business of the churches to meet that demand. They have proved themselves inadequate to supply the need.

II

They are too meddlesome. Surely there is no necessity, at this late date, to lower one's voice and speak enigmatically of the fact that Nonconformity owes its origin to the stout conviction, on the part of some very determined people, that Church and State are far better off as friends than as relatives. Whether the Catholics, today, entertain the belief that in all matters of disagreement between the Church and the State the wishes of the former should, must, and do take precedence, is a subject I do not wish to trifle with, not because of any reticence,

but for lack of sufficient information. One sees so many obviously sincere and well-authenticated statements on both sides of this question that it is difficult to arrive at a satisfying opinion.

The fact remains, however, that the plaint of the original Protestants was against the increasingly dictatorial attitude on the part of the Church. They asserted that she had her finger in every pie, that she meddled too much in secular affairs, that she kept herself in doubtful company through her political alliances, that she had become so astute in business as to commercialize sin and sell it for whatever it would fetch on the counter of the confessional booth, that she had become the general manager of too many diversified endeavors.

Perhaps the Church was not nearly so predatory, high-handed, and magisterial as the seceders imagined, but they did so imagine — which came to the same thing as if it were true — and they fled, unforgivably ruining priceless works of art and showing up very badly in the manner and extent of their profanations, vandalisms, and iconoclastic excesses, to hatch a spawn of turbulent, competitive sects which had little enough in common but their determination to escape an ecclesiastical surveillance no longer tolerable.

I think we are in error when we believe that any considerable number of these early Protestants really had acute grievances against the Church. In the main, she had looked out for their welfare probably better than they could have done it themselves, as their impending vicissitudes were promptly to prove. It was the spirit of the old ecclesiastical oversight, rather than overt deeds of tyranny, that actually evoked the Reformation. The public had grown tired of the mother-knows-best attitude which the Church had developed to such fine efficiency; tired

of the long nose of official holiness flattened against the pane, the inquisitive eye of legalized piety peeking through the curtains, and the attentive ear of infallible righteousness applied to the keyhole of every institution from the laborer's cottage on up to the baronial castle. The worst they could say of her was that she had become an indefatigable meddler, which was unquestionably true enough to justify their exodus.

With such history behind us, then, plus the fact that the bulk of contemporary Nonconformity is obsessed by the psychosis that Catholicism still strives for and strides toward a strangle hold upon our political institutions, — probably untrue, but commonly believed by the majority of American Protestants, — it seems very strange that so large a number of our churches should be practising, feebly, but with ardent zeal, the very technique of coercion, bossism, political intrigue, and general meddling which they consider so reprehensible when sanctioned in Latin.

I am sure nobody wants to tie the hands of the churches so that they may not help to wield the fork when the Augean stables require a bit of tidying, or demand their silence when great moral issues are at stake; but the quite justifiable liberty to do that, on occasion, does not carry with it the right to indulge in as much meddling as they are now engaged in, at the behest of a bevy of interdenominational and undenominational agencies of alleged reform.

This business dates from the war. The government's Bureau of Publicity contracted the habit of bulletinizing the churches, once a week, informing the preachers what it would be well to say on the coming Sunday. When the war was over, a good precedent having been established for using the churches

as centres of propaganda, every agency of reform, plus a score more which rose suddenly to assist in the world's salvation, began to solicit the coöperation of the churches in the promotion of every manner of cause, from world-wide peace and universal prohibition to foundations for the care of infirm canary birds. Every minister's mail box is crammed daily with appeals to enlist his congregation for the support of enough remedial and prophylactic projects to ensure our entrance upon the millennium by a week from Tuesday, at the farthest.

Take the brood of peace societies, for example. Without doubt, we're all for peace. But the typical peace advocate wants it at the price of unseasonable rackets with persons in authority who probably know very much more than he about the practical terms on which the great boon may be had. He wants peace, this afternoon! No more waiting. He inflames the churches to send telegrams and write letters and print literature. They are encouraged to denounce the R.O.T.C., thus increasing the embarrassment of university officials already sufficiently bewildered over the problems incident thereunto. War being a bad thing, so are army chaplaincies; therefore the churches must make the situation unpleasant for the chaplains whose opportunity to exert a helpful influence in their environment is meagre enough without additional restrictions and annoyances. Not infrequently Nonconformist bodies have voiced, on the floor of their religious conclaves, their determination never to sanction or obey another call to arms, regardless of the issue. If Catholicism in this country were to pass a resolution of that nature, or even seriously debate it, a yelp would go up that could be heard from the Tropic of Capricorn to the nebula of Andromeda.

The churches are meddling too much with legislation — urban, state, and national. It is no secret that the manner in which many of these inter-church organizations now conduct their lobbies, influence elections, and operate the inquisitorial machinery of bossism compares very favorably in effectiveness with any of the ingenious devices built for similar purposes by merged industries at their utmost of conscious strength.

I refuse to take into consideration the fact that many, if not most, of these causes are meritorious. I likewise refuse to listen to the explanation that the people who promote them are of excellent character, desirous only of contributing to public welfare, with nothing to gain, personally, when they win their point. My criticism is based wholly on the fact that this was not the Galilean way of saving society from its blunders. Ends do not justify means. This was one of the first sentences Protestantism learned to parse. It is as true in 1927 as it was in 1517.

The field of this meddling has been growing more extensive of late: active participation in the election of representatives in Congress and the state legislatures; petitions to Senators urging the passage or defeat of certain bills, and broadly hinting of the wrath to come in the event of failure to comply; mass action to regulate the curricula in state schools; resolutions demanding the parole or pardon of convicts; advice of all sorts to special commissions engaged in investigations under government auspices; drastic enforcement of obsolete ordinances regulating Sunday commerce; embarrassing interference with local school boards relative to the employment of Catholic teachers, the teaching of the Bible, the textbooks on natural sciences.

Let it be assumed that everything the churches get, by this process, is beneficial. Personally I think that assumption is doubtful; but let it stand undebated. Review the historic occasions when Mother Church dictated to kings and appointed herself to the receivership of involved European states, and you will discover that her ministrations were mostly benevolent. The interference she offered was almost uniformly in the interest of public welfare. But it was not her manifest destiny to tinker with politics, as her present plight on the Continent indicates.

The Master made very clear the relation which should obtain between the Christian cultus and political affairs. It was proper that Cæsar should have his penny and his due meed of respect; but if there is any hint that the Founder contemplated for His Church the right to meddle in statecraft, it is not in my copy of the New Testament.

Beyond question, the interference of the churches in economic matters, especially relating to the problems of Capital and Labor, has made more difficult the harmonious adjustments imperative to the welfare of all industry. The major denominations in Nonconformity now have permanent commissions for the study of social and economic conditions. Occasionally these commissions report to their respective church bodies, recommending for adoption a 'social creed' loaded with trouble for many persons occupying strategic positions in the No Man's Land between Capital and Labor. The average preacher, whose experience of industrial problems is restricted to what he reads, knows just enough about economics to speak its academic dialect. He lacks just enough practical knowledge of shop problems to make his stormy counsel on such matters not

only valueless but more or less dangerous! He sees innocent Labor ground under the iron heel of rapacious Capital, inflames the discontent and prejudice of the underdog, to whom he imputes martyrdom, thus driving another wedge between the classes whose efforts to conciliate are frustrated by that much. And the utter futility of it! Big Business does not seek counsel of the parsons in its endeavor to untangle its skeins.

'Not by might, nor by power' would constitute an appropriate text for the churches in these days when they are flushed with their questionable victories as meddlers.

III

They are too mechanical. The typical Nonconformist pastor has latterly become an administrator of the complex business activities of his church, an occupation requiring so much of his time and energy that the sheep of his fold are restricted to a very light diet. He is more to be pitied than censured when the charge is made that his homiletic disbursements are in excess of his intellectual income. He is expected to do more talking than any one man is capable of doing with promise of being helpful. His time is quite absorbed by executive duties. There is little opportunity for him to meditate. He rushes about, watch in hand, hurrying from one mighty event to another, in a perpetual state of mental stampede hardly conducive to a prophetic mood. Hence the inspirational note is but feebly sounded in his pulpit.

Until recently our great ecclesiastical conventions were unquestionably events of inestimable value to preachers who, because of their duties, rarely have opportunity to listen to inspiring appeals bearing upon spiritual culture. Returning from the national convention of his sect, in a fine glow of

religious fervor, the minister was able to transmit much of this spiritual energy to his people. It was as if he had recharged his soul's batteries. Convention programmes, usually covering a week or ten days, were made significant by the presence of noted preachers who were there exclusively on an errand of spiritual development.

More and more the mechanics of 'churchianity' encroached upon the time previously allotted to inspirational addresses. There was much money to be raised in the churches for the support of foreign missions, home missions, schools and colleges, hospitals and orphanages, commissions and bureaus, and this and that. The preachers had to secure this money from their congregations. It went without saying that they would not be able to get it unless they themselves were 'sold' to the causes needing assistance. The programmes of these great conventions are devised by the officials of the denominations, who usually belong to a sort of interlocking directorate necessarily interested in the adequate maintenance of all the various boards. And so it has come to pass that, whereas it requires a great amount of money to do the Lord's work throughout the world, the chief source of the minister's inspiration has been converted into a mere conference on ways and means, reports and forecasts, audits and budgets, harangues and howls of 'crisis,' deficits and overdrafts, quotas and apportionments. The preacher comes back to his flock after ten days of this pummeling and puts into practice, in his pulpit, the excellent exhortation, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

And thus, more and more, the churches are becoming administrative offices for the collection of funds to support extension programmes. The minister is a tax collector, sitting at

the receipt of custom. So much of his interest is required by this business that the main function of his office is seriously neglected. He is aware of it, but does not know how to remedy it. Moreover, he observes that the conditions are growing steadily worse. Every year there is installed new machinery to be kept in motion, sometimes apparently useful and necessary, sometimes because it seems to make a noise significant of progress. Let him protest, and he is an obstructionist. The chieftains of the denominations, being a bit remote from local problems and local sentiment, do not yet realize that they are laying low the goose that lays the golden egg, and speeding the arrival of the day when a general revolt against the complicated mechanism of ecclesiastical bodies will seriously cripple them.

The religious instinct demands a recognition of the mystical element in the soul. That's what religion is about! People want to experience close contacts with the divine life. They are eager to feel the presence of God in their hearts. They like to come under the influence of somebody who has had the opportunity and inclination to think long and deeply upon the ways of God in the soul of man. That being true, folks, I am obliged to speak to you again, this morning, about our splendid little college at Blifkins Corners. The faculty has been unpaid for three months, the town seems to be ill-disposed toward the institution, local support is not forthcoming, the roof of the recitation hall leaks, new plumbing is needed in the men's dormitory.

IV

They have too little self-respect. I hope somebody will successfully challenge my guess that ten per cent of the people whose names appear on the

rosters of the Protestant churches of the United States do not know whether they are members of the church or not. With very few exceptions, the churches are carrying on their rolls, as of 'good and regular standing,' the names of people who have moved away without asking for certificates of transfer to other churches, people who have lost all interest and have treated the church's inquiries and appeals with contemptuous silence or rebuff, people who never come near the place but subscribe a few dollars, grudgingly, when importuned.

There is nothing that this generation stands more seriously in need of than good discipline. There is no institution so inadequately administering it as the churches. Church members jest with the parson about their prolonged absences from the services of worship, and he smiles over their delinquencies. The McFudgeon family are in open revolt because Susie's Sunday School teacher reproved her for disturbing the class, and the minister is counseled to hurry to the stricken home with balms and unguents. Something he had the audacity to say, last Sunday, concerning 'an international citizenship,' sent Brother K. K. Scraggs out, growling, and it is strongly urged that the prophet seek the injured saint without delay. People who have demonstrated their incapacity to succeed in their own business are frequently vociferous with their advice as to the proper management of the church. In many cases the church seems to have become useful to persons who employ it as a drainage tube for whatever septic accumulations cannot be exuded anywhere else — the subordinate in an office, who cannot talk back to his chief; the henpecked husband, whose voice is not heard about the family table; the officious woman, the ambitious youth.

This is no secret. Everybody knows that the churches will tolerate any manner of shabby treatment both from within and from without. A young man comes to arrange for his wedding, and informs the minister how long the service is to be, whether or not they will recite the 'plighting of the troth,' and such other stipulations as his impertinence may inspire. A bereaved family tells the minister what he is to do and say at the funeral. The minister smiles his approval of all suggestions, and sincerely trusts that what he does will be found entirely acceptable. Everybody knows more about his business than he does.

All this has been very bad for the people themselves. It is to their interest that the institution which ministers to their spiritual development shall have their unqualified respect — at least as much respect as the merchant has for his bank, and the little boy for his school, and the salesman for the company employing him. As the case stands, the Nonconformist layman today is somewhat to be pitied. He is conscious of spiritual needs which his church cannot supply. He envies the Catholic his deep reverence for his church, and wishes that he himself might find the same consolation, invigoration, and assurance in his own. He enjoys the fellowship to be had there; he experiences considerable satisfaction over the good reports of worthy causes aided, and almost incredible numbers of heathen brought into the light by way of his denomination's activities in foreign parts; he is proud of the fact that the church members defeated Tim O'Rourke for sheriff; but he knows that there is just one little service his church is inadequately performing. He is losing the path to his own soul, and the church is too busy to aid him in its rediscovery.

MY LADY'S TEA

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

It was the end of a long, hard day's work in the bookstore on Cornhill. A shipment had come in from England — twenty cases, all to be sorted, marked, catalogued, and set upon the shelves in the fine-binding sections. Well, it had been done; Adams had just finished; the *Don Quixote* with the Lalauze plates rested beside Strang's *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was long after closing time; he had a right to be tired.

He turned out the lights, sat down at his desk behind the waist-high partition, and pulled out an enormous drop-stem briar pipe. He filled the bowl leisurely and selected a match from the jar behind the red ink. Adams prided himself on his taste in pipes. He bought them as a dandy might buy a necktie. They must suit the curve of his jaw, the slope of his forehead, his mop of hair. Being of a sensitive nature, he cultivated an attitude of coarseness: this pipe did him justice; it brought his teeth end to end and settled itself comfortably to one side, giving his lips a downward smirk, which he liked to describe as a leer.

The only light came through the windows from the arc lamp in the street. It was cool in the dusty air, soothing. He struck the match on the base of the telephone and watched the sulphur fizz bluely, break into yellow flame. Anyone looking through the front window at that moment could have seen hand and pipe and lips draw together in one practised movement, could have seen

Adams's pale face magnified by the flare, with queer arched shadows over the brows, the pipe rim reddening, and the smoke bursting round the stem like tulip leaves. The eyes glistened maliciously. Had the observer been superstitious, he might have left his penknife in the door to keep an elf from coming forth. Nothing would have delighted Adams more than to find such a knife. Like anyone who has lived much by himself, he believed in elves; to have been mistaken for one would have set him smiling to himself for the rest of the week. And he might very well have been so mistaken, with his big pale face and hands tied on to his small body like a makeshift of nature, and the black sparkle to his blue eyes.

No one, however, did look in. Adams was left to the quiet of the shop. After six o'clock Cornhill goes magically to sleep. Few people have any reason to walk down the curved sidewalk from Scollay Square; and pedestrians at the lower end go up Washington Street to avoid the steepness of the hill. Not even a taxi driver will send his car scuttling over the cobbles. There is no sound but the reminiscence of rumbling wagon wheels.

Adams was lonely and bored. An assistant bookseller's job, even when one is left more or less in charge of the shop, is not always engrossing. The hours are long, and shop routine kills most of them before they can become interesting. Moreover, Adams's friends

were out of town for the Easter week-end. He might have stolen a day off himself if he had not had to look over a library next day with a view to purchasing it for the store. Even that would be dull work, as the library was catalogued and the price already determined on. All he had to do was to check up on the more important items. An hour's work, at most — and a week-end spoiled by it.

He wondered how he was going to get out to the house. It was a mile outside of the town. There would be a ride in a train, and New England locals were insufferable.

The clock over the safe struck eight. Someone knocked on the door. Adams got up, leaving his pipe on the desk.

A thickset man in the clothes of a truck driver came in. He had a round red face, bright blue eyes, and red hair which glistened under the arc lamp when he took off his cap.

'Evening,' he said, affably, disguising the word in a cloud of rank blue smoke. He held a blackened clay pipe between the thumb and index finger of his right hand. 'Sorry if I'm late, Mr. Adams.'

'That's all right,' said Adams. 'I'm glad to sit still for a while. Here you are, Corrigan. Better count it.'

'That's all right, sir. What's a matter of business between friends?'

Adams sat down and took up his pipe. Diligent puffs set it glowing again. The truckman let out a deep breath and sucked at his clay, which had a habit of purring, much like a cat, way down in the bottom of it.

'I've got to look over a library out beyond Concord,' Adams said, after a while. 'It's the Livingstone house. Do you know the best way to get to it from the station?'

'Ye can walk, or ye can take a cab, sir.'

'It will have to be walking, I guess.'

'Or,' went on Corrigan, 'ye can come

along of me. I'm goin' past it to-morrow.'

'How's that?'

'In me truck. I can get ye here at noon, and leave ye by the door by two, or a little after, perhaps. Would that suit ye?'

'Fine!'

'And what's more, I can fetch ye back, about six.'

'Splendid!'

'The Mack will make it rough sitting on the roads this time o' year,' said Corrigan, 'but ye won't mind that, sir?'

'Not a bit.'

II

It was a warm day; the slush in the street ran freely, with tinkling suggestions of meadow brooks. A hot sun clung to the plate glass of the bookstore and made a halo of warmth about the poets on the window shelf. The carters, going down to market, sweated as they swore friendly Italian oaths at their teams and scattered curses on the heads of slipping pedestrians. They left a breath of greenery and garlic in their wake. Assuredly it was spring.

A little before noon, the Americana man came down from his grubby nest on the second floor and escorted the cashier through the door. They went home on the same trolley. They had been worn so thoroughly into their respective grooves of matrimony that one would have taken them for man and wife. Adams winced slightly as he wondered if he would become an Americana man. The position calls for an unflinching optimist, and Americana men are invariably unlucky in love, or fathers of large families which they cannot quite support.

Adams finished his sandwich lunch, inspected his tobacco pouch, replenished his supply of matches, brought his gloves out of the drawer in which

they had lain for a week, and settled himself to wait.

Corrigan had been a genie bearing good fortune. There was the wizard's ring of patness in his invitation. The day, the conveyance, and the man himself fitted Adams's mood to make a flower out of his shattered week-end. He forgot to feel lonely and bored.

The ticking of the clock over the safe became wand taps on the shell of time. There was a tingle of beneficent magic in the air; and a cat, creature of good submerged in evil, paced the cellar cloisters unseen.

The noon hush, which had been settling on Cornhill in little jerks of silence, at last asserted itself in the blast of a siren. The wail mastered the last echoing footfall of the last pedestrian on the block; it combed the store front for fugitive sounds and obliterated them; and when it died it left a heritage of complete stillness. It heralded the Event.

Adams heard a roar in the direction of Scollay Square; something was thundering on the cobbles. The hands of the clock had frozen into a single finger. He put on his hat and coat and gloves, and locked the door behind him just as the sea-monster nose of a five-ton Mack truck snorted to a standstill by the curb; and Corrigan, the god of the machine, blooming in red cheeks and fresh blue shirt, white flour-sack cap, and a brown coat to hide his overalls straps, made a hunch on the seat for more room, called 'Good morning' lustily, released the brakes; and before Adams realized he was aboard, the monster under him had shuddered, roared, and left Cornhill to its absolute hush.

A trip of some miles in a five-ton truck, to one who has never had the experience, is a thrilling adventure. The touring car, the limousine, the elusive roadster, are mere contrivances.

There is a touch of the afrite, convenient when controlled, in the taxicab; and it is a bold race who drive them. But the truck is the amicable dragon, the serviceable demon, the mistreated but benevolent Lung-Wong of the modern Western world; and the man who controls him is a priest, a diplomat, an animal trainer, a surgeon, and a philosopher.

Corrigan epitomized the tribe as he moved his feet over the pedals to bring a thundering processional from the bowels of the beast beneath him. His necromancer's touch transformed fifteen miles an hour into the flight of gods. Fleet-wheeled cars avoided his truck's deified advance; trolleys halted submissively to let the flapping tailboard cut in ahead of them on their bigoted rails. Jaywalkers lost their sang-froid in a welter of ignominious retreat. Traffic policemen, statuesque, imposing, revealed themselves as common clay. The three Fates passed the thread of life from hand to hand on the bumper.

Adams alone lost his sense of the stupendous in watching the serene smile with which Corrigan piloted the truck out of Boston, out of Cambridge, until it went rumbling down the first stretch of country road toward Concord.

Snow still clung here and there under trees and between boulders; the grass smelled rottenly of incipient growth; the sun burned red in the heavy sky. The day was warm and soothing, and soft to the touch. It seemed as if the spring had laid itself open before their wheels. Adams could hear the throb of it in the little wayside brooks when Corrigan threw out the clutch to let the truck coast down a hill, in the swish of the tires on the wet road, in the tempo of the relaxed motor.

The road was strangely deserted; and the truck went on with an even droning, so steadily that you could hear smaller sounds through it. Overhead, not long

after one o'clock, a line of geese rippled northward; but, for all Adams could see, not one of them looked down. And then Adams realized that the drone of the engine was a very small sound, so small no one could hear it, and that the truck in this loneliness was invisible; and that he was not going to a house beyond Concord, Massachusetts, merely to look at a library of books — he was not going anywhere, for in these days one cannot move without someone to look on. The truck was transforming him from one sphere of life to another; and the turning of the wheels and the rumble of the motor were no more than reminiscences of earth. So he turned to Corrigan, who had pulled in his head from spitting through the cab window with an air of having plumbed infinity; and instead of shouting, as he had been doing, Adams asked in a perfectly normal voice, 'How far did you say we had to go?'

As he had expected, Corrigan heard him distinctly. He puffed out three words disguised as three rings round the stem of his clay pipe.

'About two hours.'

It struck Adams as peculiarly significant that Corrigan had not once spoken of the distance in terms of the common measure. Space, apparently, did not enter into the transactions of the truck.

He was not at all surprised, therefore, when they swung in between two stone gateposts, atop of which two granite roosters stood tiptoe for crowing. The truck slipped between them so nimbly and quickly that Adams was not sure whether he had heard them.

A drive wound steeply up from the front wheels; and the truck puffed gallantly against the grade and tore at the gravel and climbed industriously under great elms, gray with buds, and sombre pines, and past high, massed banks of rhododendron.

Now and then, as they rounded

corners, Adams caught glimpses of a formless brick house behind a high, colonial portico. Looking down the hill, he saw that the road along which they had come ran turn for turn beside a hidden brook, so placid in its flowing that he had been unaware of its existence. All at once he realized that the air was very sweet and undisturbed.

They came out on the end of a wide sweep of the drive, beside a garden sleeping in the spring, with arbors all gray and restful.

The truck slid up to the door with becoming silence and halted quiveringly.

'Back at six,' said Corrigan, through a long stream of smoke that melted away against the gray of the garden.

III

Adams persevered until he found a bell pull in a niche out of sight to the right of the door. He pulled it gently and heard a far-away inner tinkle, which had something of the subdued hush of the garden about it. The house, too, behind its drawn shades, shared in the universal sleep.

No answer came to the bell, but he hesitated to give it a second ring. So he turned his back on it and took his pipe from his pocket. As he did so, the door opened and a sombre voice inquired, 'You're the book gentleman, are n't you, sir?'

Turning, he beheld a middle-aged man, politely inclined in expectation of his reply, who held the door at a noncommittal angle and looked so undressed in his shirt sleeves that Adams at once recognized him for the butler.

'Yes, I'm Mr. Adams,' he replied.

'Very good,' said the butler, with an air of impartial affability. 'If you'll just step in here, sir, I'll show you the library.'

He ushered Adams into a high hall with a white-banistered staircase

sweeping upward out of each of the far corners. It carried an air of high seriousness and complete formality, which was only partly detracted from by the absence of rugs and the presence of moving-covers on the chairs. Indeed it looked a fitting habitation for the coatless butler. Adams could not determine whether its dishabille marked a coming to life or an ultimate decay. Like the garden, it was hovering in the vague grayness between life and death; and, together with the garden and the butler, it possessed unruffled tranquillity.

As he followed his guide down a series of rooms in the south wing, Adams saw that the entire house shared in this bareness, but that the bareness did not affect the house. The walls, like the garden, had stood too long upon the soil to be disturbed by any change. The linen furniture covers coveted the shadow and absorbed the light, so that the gray atmosphere of life stirring under death, or of death encompassing life, became nebulous, a trembling insubstantiality, by which the composure of the house was enhanced.

Such houses grow out of generations. They cannot be altered. The inhabitants must fit the house as it is, or move away. But while the house remains it is itself. The corners are deep, and capable of darkness; and the walls promise peace. In them light is a treasure which makes things beautiful with its transient touch, and can be courted. The wise die in such houses, and the foolish call them haunted.

A sense of ineffable comfort stole upon Adams, as if at last he were coming home; and he rested his hand on the door jambs as he passed them, to feel the cool, smooth wood against his palm — a touch of accepted friendship.

He was grateful to the butler for showing him into the library without speaking.

When the door had closed behind him, he went forward to the middle of the floor. The room was darker than any he had passed through. From floor to ceiling the walls were lined with books; but there were no tables, no rugs, only a feathery brass chandelier picked out in tenuous lines by the fleeting light of wood burning in the fireplace. The shades in the embrasured windows were drawn, except for one on the south, which looked out on the gray garden, accentuating the shadowed stillness and giving a glimpse of the drive down which all who left the house must pass.

There were two high-backed wing chairs drawn up, one on either side of the hearth.

Adams began on the shelves to his left and went slowly round the room until he had verified the items marked in his catalogue. It did not take him very long, and when he had finished he pocketed the catalogue and looked down at the chairs.

A very small girl, apparently not more than seven, was curled up in a corner of the chair opposite him. She regarded him out of sober gray eyes with an air of friendly thoughtfulness, as if he were someone she had not seen for years beyond her lifetime.

'Do sit down,' she said in a voice mature with quiet, 'and smoke your pipe.'

Adams bowed as he would have to a lady and accepted.

'What a fine pipe!' she exclaimed, as he leaned forward to concentrate on lighting it. 'Dada never let anyone smoke anything but a pipe in here.'

She was dressed completely in black, which gave an evanescent quality to her pale face. She had a clear, low forehead from which her wheat-colored hair was drawn back to a single heavy braid that came forward over her left shoulder and bent on her tucked-up knees,

Her lips met equably, with a faint suggestion of color.

'I'm so glad you came,' she said, when he was settled comfortably. 'I thought you would n't for a while.'

'I am afraid I was a little late,' he apologized. 'But it was such a heavenly day I could n't hurry.'

'If I had such a fine car for riding in as yours, I'd ride in it all day, without telling the chauffeur where I wanted to go, because it would n't be necessary.'

'No,' said Adams. 'You don't have to tell him.'

They watched the firelight flowing across the hearth between them. Resting her chin on the heel of her right hand, the little girl stared through her fingers at the fire. Her slight body tensed perceptibly.

'My name's Maud,' she said, after a while; and then she caught her breath and waited.

'I wonder who she thinks I am,' Adams said to himself. He had n't a guess, so, rather than disappoint her, he was silent. But Maud was bent on learning his name. She looked up at him shyly — not shyly, either; but she appeared to be embarrassed over an awkward lapse in memory.

'I don't remember when I saw you first, do you?'

'I don't think you ever saw me before.'

'I must have, somewhere, because you don't look strange. You did n't when you came into the room.'

'I can't remember when,' said Adams, seriously.

'At first I thought you might be Mr. Weller, but he always sees me wherever I am, the minute he comes in. And he always has tea in the kitchen; and I had told James to have tea for two people in the library. So you are n't Mr. Weller.'

'Impossible,' said Adams.

'No, because I expected you to tea.'

'I'm anything but Sam.'

'Then I thought you might be Uncle Toby; but he comes so very seldom that when I remembered he had been here last Thursday I knew you were n't him. He's older, anyhow.'

'You must have a lot of visitors.'

'Yes, they're very good and come to tea whenever they can. It would be lonely here without them, with just James and Granny.'

'Granny?'

'She used to be my nurse, but now she's my maid.'

'Oh,' said Adams, more at ease.

'Yes, I should think it might be lonely, then, if you did n't have so many callers.'

'You see, James and Granny don't like these,' she sent a friendly glance round the shelves. 'And when I try to read them some, they go to sleep sitting up very stiff in their chairs. I don't read as well as Dada did.'

'But how long have you been by yourself?'

'It's three months since Dada died. He and I used to have lots of fun here. We'd read after dinner in the *Arabian Nights* and Boccaccio, though I like to read *him* best when it's sunny.'

'So do I,' nodded Adams.

'It's more like picnicking with him to feel the sun on your back.'

'Your mother went away long ago?' suggested Adams.

'Yes, before I can remember. She came back once, when Dada was dead, but then she was somebody else's mother. So I have been here instead.'

'It must have been hard work to take care of the house — such a big one.'

'Oh no. You see, Mrs. Hopkins did that; and I only had to pour Dada's coffee in the morning and sit opposite him when we had dinner. Then we'd both come in here and read. Or, if there was company, I'd come in alone first and look at the Martyrs until they

came in to smoke and talk. Dada did not like ladies.

'He'd sit where you are,' she went on after a pause. 'His hair was white, and he smoked a yellow pipe with a long stem, not as nice as yours. He stayed upstairs all day, and wrote things.'

She reached for the bell pull. After a few moments' silence the butler appeared with the tea. He was coated, now, and lent a tone of solemnity to the proceedings. He took his place beside her chair, and when she put her hand to the kettle he reached across and took the weight in his own hand, like a venerable automaton, following her directions implicitly, and so impersonally that he might never have existed at all. Tea, to the two of them, was evidently a function of such long standing that they performed its graces with the dignity of perfect ease.

As her hands moved over the tray, the child's body assumed the poise of the experienced hostess.

'One lump?' she asked.

'Yes, please.'

'No lemon or cream?'

'No.'

'You see I remembered that,' she smiled, 'though I did n't know your name.'

When she had poured her own cup, she dismissed the butler. Adams stretched out his legs to the fire. The fragrance of tea always made him drowsy.

'I wonder who you are?' she asked.

'I'm sure,' he replied, 'that you've never seen me before. I don't go out often; and I came here by chance. Indeed, I did not know I was coming to this house until the driver left me at the door. I should n't know how to get here even now. And when he comes to take me away, I am afraid I shan't be able to remember the road.'

'How sad.'

'Yes. It is,' he said.

'But you know all my friends,' she said, glancing again at the shelves.

'Yes. You see I live with them. When people get tired of some of them, I find them a new place to stay.'

The child was indignant.

'They can't know them as well as I do if they get tired of them! They never have them to tea.'

'No,' said Adams. 'They only ask them to show them to other people.'

'It's good of you to find them homes. Will you do that for mine?'

'Yes.'

'I'm glad. You see, I've got to leave them all. I wanted to take them with me; but my aunt who lives way out West is coming for me to-morrow, and she said there was n't room for them where she lived. I wanted to take Boccaccio and Uncle Toby with me, anyway; but she said they would not know what to do out there, and that I must forget them, because I was going to be a real girl.'

Adams winced.

'Do you know what that is?' she asked.

'I've lived with them for so long,' he said, looking in his turn toward the books, 'that I must have forgotten.'

'I wish I did not have to go; but my aunt says it will be better for me; but I don't think she knows.'

Adams could not speak.

'That's why I'm so glad you came. To-morrow it would have been too late; and I was afraid I should have to say good-bye to them by myself.'

She gazed out of the south window at the drive. The afternoon gray was beginning to accumulate the evening shadows, here and there, under the pines.

'The house will be lonely when there is n't anybody else to go away.'

'Yes,' said Adams, softly.

He tried to picture the room without her odd little tragical figure and her

grave gray eyes; and, failing that, he tried to visualize her as her aunt's finished product. And that also was too much for him. He could not get beyond the fact that on Monday morning, promptly at nine, he would begin selling books again. He would become a bookseller's assistant; the books would be brought to the mart for sale, Uncle Toby and the rest, no more than paper and ink and calf and morocco; and she who had poured them all tea would go down the drive to become flesh and blood under the pork-market guidance of her Western relatives. There would be only the house, waiting for the next inhabitant who could fit himself into its drowsy atmosphere. The house and the gray garden. . . .

He knocked out his pipe, for he wanted to leave its ashes on the hearth. The firelight wavered delicately over the tea things. It is only firelight which makes ghosts.

The light in the open window had retreated beyond the glass. It was growing darker and darker. Now and then he could catch a glimmer of gold on the back of a book; but the corners of the room had faded. Only the chandelier, in the breathing glow of the flames, hung over him like Titania's web.

The black dress of the child had acquired invisibility in the shadow: there were only her pale face and hands, her long braid of wheat-colored hair, and her grave gray eyes.

She was looking at him earnestly.

'I wish I could remember your name.'

He swallowed convulsively.

'It was — It is — I have n't any name — just now.'

'Perhaps, then, you feel like me. And I don't want to go. Oh, I don't! I don't!'

He was not sure she was crying.

All he heard was the ascending roar

of the truck. He could hear the tires clawing at the gravel.

'I don't want to go,' he said.

And then he found himself in the hall. There was no sign of the butler. Only the furniture in its moving-garb, and the bare floor, and his hat, coat, and gloves on the table. He put them on and closed the front door after him.

No sign of the butler. Had he left the child alone?

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not tasted his tea.

He tried the door, but it was locked.

IV

'Here I am,' said Corrigan, unnecessarily, as the truck snorted to a stop. 'Get aboard.'

Adams stared up at the silent windows.

'But the butler's gone.'

'Yesterday,' amended Corrigan, putting a smoke ring round the word.

'The little girl's all alone.'

'No, she ain't. That's what I brought ye for. She left two days ago, with her aunt, in a limysine as long as me tailboard.'

He exhaled pennons of smoke.

'Get aboard, sir. It's three hours to Boston with this load on.'

Reluctantly Adams complied. Corrigan released the brakes and they started coasting, silently, down the drive, past wide terraces of lawn and the gray garden.

'Look!' said Corrigan, drawing the clay pipe from his mouth, and the word was like crystal without the smoke.

Adams glanced along the stem and saw, in the middle of the gray garden, the bud of a white crocus, by itself.

They passed down through the gateposts, with the roosters atop, tiptoe for crowing.

'The creatures!' said Corrigan, as he juggled the gears into high.

THE EPISTLE OF KALLIKRATES

J. M. WITHEROW, TRANSLATOR

[THE document which follows is somewhat freely translated from a Greek MS. written in uncials of a form that suggests the second century. Thirty-four pages remain, but the last is a mere fragment, and the conclusion of the work is lost. These papyrus pages were discovered, along with other documents, far down in sand that filled the cellar of a ruined house. For reasons that may be easily guessed, the site of this house must remain a secret for some time to come. It may be said, however, that the discovery took place in a certain district of North Africa. All the papyri unearthed were carefully packed and forwarded to New York, where they arrived on June 7 of the past year.

Of the other documents found in the same cellar, only one is of general interest. It seems to be an account of the harbors of the eastern Mediterranean in the time of Vespasian. The rest are letters, accounts, recipes for cooking, and minutes of some guild meeting. These will be published later.

The present work purports to be a letter from a man of some little culture belonging to the Corinthian Church, addressed to the Apostle Paul at Rome. The tone is that of one genuinely desirous of spiritual light, though at certain points it sounds a little querulous. The writer seems most familiar with the Epistle known as First Corinthians in our New Testament, and gives no sign of having ever seen the Acts or the Pastoral Epistles.

Opinions are sure to differ on the

genuineness of this little treatise. Some will take it for what it claims to be, a work of a Christian scholar about the year 64 A.D. Others will confidently pronounce it an obvious forgery of the time of Justin Martyr or later in the second century. In either case it makes a definite contribution to the discussion of religious problems that have excited keen interest in certain quarters both in Europe and in America.

The letter has been divided into paragraphs, with headings inserted. Some references to the sources of quotations have been given here and there. For these headings and references the translator alone is responsible. As the writer makes no claim to be writing sacred instruction for the Church, no attempt has been made to render his language into Biblical English.

—TRANSLATOR]

KALLIKRATES, the son of Euphorbus, one of the faithful at Korinth, to Paul, the beloved apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ: grace and peace be yours always from the one true God who sent you to bring the word of life to Achaia.

It has ever been a sorrow to me that, living in a mountain village a day's journey south of Sikyon, I never saw you, Paul, or indeed heard of you when you were preaching the Gospel in Korinth. Three years after you left Korinth for the last time, I came here to study the books of some of our celebrated teachers, and here I met Stephanas, your brother in Christ, and now mine. He taught me the way of

where you, which you had to see him. Through you I have been baptised and received into the number of the saints that are in Jerusalem. I live in the place that leads to the old location, the house where have the things of Egypt.

My friends have been very kind to me, sending me post letters to the brethren in this city, and a copy of a letter has come to the brethren in Jerusalem out of another in the brethren at Rome. I have read them all and have had great joy and again, thinking that our Father for his sake is doing work in me as my salvation and comfort, even through your words, love, counsel and promises. In every place in your words I had to show to I was that the Lord himself is speaking in the through you. I have let all your words that are still living. I have tried all your freedom, but I am always still.

For the all this, we your children in Jerusalem are in great anxiety about you. We want you are again to be brought before Caesar's tribunal. We earnestly pray that right and say to you that you may be accepted and set at liberty. And I pray also that you may come back to Jerusalem and guide us for some are in need of your grace. I myself most of all. Moreover, I write of my affliction and trouble to you in this letter, saying you may want to have the present health of the church in Jerusalem and may be persecuted by your power to answer.

You are our great comfort and governing teacher. From this and Jerusalem we are protected against our Lord himself and many of the persecutors, and from the many persecutions of the Hebrew nation. But you are our greatest teacher of all our new things. And yet, as you said, you do not "let it" over our head. You

remain with us when you come of the new things, if the present it appears, if it appears in public meeting, if the conversation, and other things. But why remain with us, if we may not bring your argument? Surely you are saying that you wish to be one with our minds and power that we may have, as we are, your arguments with us to have our own opinions. Is this your desire? And again about "several women" and again about "prophets" speaking to the church, you tell us plainly to that be women. I am sure you will not name in the name you in your mind. Prudent men, these women reason, to tell you what my judgment is in some points of your teaching, saying you are to be at liberty, but to be present with us. If I disagree, and with brotherly kindness explain to you the right doctrine in these points more fully.

Education

I am, then, I make mention of when you have written to the brethren, we are of those who are and have said. We all are under the law of the command of Jesus in looking to that which the kingdom of God. We understand you well that you regularly remember that the Gospel of Christ is an empire of power to change hearts and conduct, using the sword is but to make weapons rather than gentle argument and kindly rebuke and respect of conviction. Almost all the time is so difficult. But here and there you are helped with the words of us some to go much further. We instruct you too, "Keep, with the word of the word, where are they all? How can I not establish the vision of the word?" And again, "Whether if you imagine it is a war with the world, a vision must become a fool. If it is a

really to be wise. For God ranks this world's wisdom as sheer folly.'¹

A certain section of our brotherhood here never tire of quoting these sentences of yours, especially when they see me or my companions present at the meeting on the day of the Lord or at the love-feast in the evening. Some of them are sure they are acceptable to the Lord because they can neither read nor write nor avoid solecisms in their speech, and that I, because I have studied logic, geometry, and philosophy, and the dramatic poets, am in danger of eternal perdition. They say that you, in mentioning sage and scribe, plainly censure both Greek and Hebrew culture, that all education is folly and therefore offensive to God everywhere, but especially in members or administrators of His Church, and that we Christians should know nothing but Christ and Him crucified. In vain do I plead with them that your words only mean that you despise flashy rhetoric in stating God's offer of everlasting life, and that human art and learning and education, if applied to redeem a man's soul, are utterly out of place and 'sheer folly,' in the sense of being entirely futile for that purpose. Thus I might call the rudder oar of a trireme an instrument of foolishness if I saw a man trying to build a house with it, but that would not prove that I thought triremes should have no rudders. So I plead that men should use some common sense when your epistles are read.

But this is all in vain. Some of these brethren reply to me that I must be wrong because you never admit that human wisdom is valuable for any purpose. They add that your reason probably is that you are sure the world is soon to end and the day of the Lord's return is very near. When I hint that perhaps neither you nor anybody could

be certain of this, and that if the day of the Lord should not come for one hundred and fifty years it would be unkind to deprive our young people of education to fit them for doing their work in the world, they are offended, and tell me to read again your words on the resurrection, 'We shall not all sleep,'² proving, as they say, that the day of the return must come in the lifetime of some of us now living. Others, again, add that most assuredly we should agree that with God human wisdom must be sheer folly, because God may be regarded as a mighty emperor and men in His eyes as less than spiders, and an emperor may well smile at the foolishness of the cleverest spider. To this I answered, 'I am sure that is not Paul's conception. Did you ever,' I asked, 'hear of an emperor sending his son to die for spiders?' But although this reduced my opponents to silence for a time, I did not convince them, and indeed I confess that, on reading again your words about human and divine wisdom, I myself remain uneasy in my mind. I cannot hide from myself that your whole trend and tone are hostile to human culture, and I cannot find much recognition of, or sympathy for, the noble and true sayings of our philosophers and poets, though you did once quote from the *Thais*.

I go back to one of my favorite books and I read, 'Be sure of this, no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death,' and then I read in your letter to the brethren at Rome: 'God will render to everyone who does good, glory, honour, and peace.'³ And I wish to know, beloved teacher, why I ought to call the second sentence divine wisdom in spiritual language and the first sentence human wisdom and sheer folly, and why I must renounce appreciation of the first if I wish to

¹ 1 Cor. iii. 18, 19

² 1 Cor. xv. 51

³ Rom. ii. 10

appreciate the second. Even when I narrow your meaning to a censure of flashy rhetoric in stating the Gospel, I find myself wondering whether you think it would be wrong to use good rhetoric stating the Gospel in a careful, educated way, in order to conciliate an educated hearer and win him to Christ. Surely not wrong? But if not, then, O beloved teacher, I do wish that at this point in your letter you had inserted some such word.

No Governing Officials

We have now several bishops at Corinth, as I hear our brethren in Philippi and Ephesus also have. They are wise and earnest, trying to settle our difficulties and superintend our worship in accordance with your instructions written for us in your letters. I never refer to these instructions myself without wondering why you did not appoint, or cause us to appoint, bishops or other administrators before you left Corinth the first time. You wrote that there were various teachers and governors under the apostles in the Church elsewhere. You knew that some brethren in Corinth were more or less qualified for this work. You actually named Stephanas and said you would like us to follow men like him.

For Discipline

But, O Paul, would it not have been wiser to have seen that such men were appointed directly it was certain that you yourself would have to leave? Naturally you were shocked at the adulterous person¹ who brought discredit on our church in the early days. But for whom among the brethren was it a duty to put himself forward in the very unpleasant business of denouncing the offender and calling on the church to have him expelled? Can you be surprised there was some delay? We

had no one to act or to judge because no one had been appointed. Your instructions in this affair bear the interpretation that an assembled congregation (men and women, married and unmarried, old people, and young boys and girls) may suitably hear and decide about such offenses. Surely you do not mean this? If your words about procedure here are insisted on as binding on the Church until our Lord come, I foresee grave trouble. In the ancient times of Hellenic freedom it was ever found, both in Athens and in Corinth, to be difficult to make a large assembly into a court of law. Will it be easy for us?

Or for Arbitration

Similar thoughts occur to me when I find you censuring the brethren for resorting to the Roman courts² for judgment of disputes between one Christian and another. If the brethren had possessed already a court of their own, with power to enforce its award, they would never have dreamed of carrying some of their disputes to Cæsar's magistrates. But no such court, no Christian arbitrators, had been given them, and I wonder why. Perhaps you smiled at your own irony when you assured your Corinthian converts of their competence to judge? However that may be, some of the 'puffed-up persons' in this city whom you had occasion to reprove more than once³ never doubted their competence to judge you and 'the world' and 'the angels' and everybody else. Your mention of the angels at this point,⁴ and also in the paragraph about women in public worship,⁵ has caused much perplexity, but I must not ask too many questions. I wish to say that modesty about ability to judge is not, and I think never was, a difficulty in the Corinthian church.

² 1 Cor. vi

⁴ 1 Cor. vi. 3

³ 2 Cor. x. 12; 1 Cor. iv. 6

⁵ 1 Cor. xi. 10

¹ 1 Cor. v

The real difficulty lies here. Many of these disputes do not arise from little personal grievances. Thus the other day Eumenes, one of the brethren, came to my house and said, 'I have trouble with our brother Karpokrates.'

'What is your trouble?' I asked.

'His brother Menon, who is now dead, was my dearest friend,' said he, 'and when dying made me promise to look after the money he bequeathed to his two little girls, still very young. Karpokrates and I were made executors of his will. And now Karpokrates wishes to spend this money, as I think, in a foolish way, likely to end in total loss. But he says it is a good investment, and will not listen to me. He has the money in his own name at the bank. What am I to do?'

'O Eumenes,' I replied, 'I think you should tell the bishops.'

'I have already done so,' answered he, 'but they said, "It is not for us to say what investment is wise or foolish; we can only tell our brother Karpokrates to be very careful." But I know he means to carry out his foolish purpose, and what am I to do?'

And I answered him, 'O Eumenes, your promise to your dead friend Menon, and your trusteeship for those two little girls, make it your duty to do your utmost to protect their rights. You must go to the Emperor's court and tell your story. The judges will issue an order to Karpokrates that will restrain him. If not, you at least will have done your duty before God.'

And when Eumenes had gone, I took up again the papyrus leaf on which I had copied your words and I read again what you say on this topic:¹ 'To have lawsuits with one another is in itself evidence of defeat. Why not rather let yourselves be wronged? Why not rather let yourselves be defrauded?'

And I said, 'Yes, honored master,

about strictly personal affronts and hurts you are right, but about other matters ask a trustee!' And is our life not filled with trusteeship?

Or to Dispense the Sacrament

What I have written about our former lack of bishops and other recognized officials might be repeated if I were to review your most wise and just and solemn rebuke to us for our mis-handling of the Lord's Supper. The disorders, the irreverence, the misconduct, grieve us now even to think about, though they are long past. I myself indeed never saw these offenses, but I join with the brethren in deploring that in our Korinthian church the Master could be so dishonored. We owe you a great debt, apostle beloved, for exposing our error to ourselves and for making so plain to us how this ordinance of the Lord should be observed.

And yet, most honored brother and father in the Lord, permit me to say that the faults you censured so justly were due partly to ignorance, but largely to the absence of any authorized and qualified dispenser of the bread and the wine. It would have been his easy duty to see that things were done decently as becomes the Church of God assembled for worship. He could have seen that the social feast was separated from the solemn communion. If at the feast any poor person were left hungry, the minister or bishop could have seen that this never happened again. Anyone presenting himself at the table too drunk to discern the body and blood of the Lord could have been warned and expelled. But in those early days it was nobody's business to prevent a man observing the Lord's Supper whenever he and his intimates saw fit, and drinking too liberally from the common cup.

And when you were reproving and correcting us, O Paul, I wonder why

¹ 1 Cor. vi

you did not say, 'I want you to appoint Stephanas or Fortunatus or such an one to give the loaf and share out the wine, and so at the table wait for the dispenser to give you the Lord's Supper.'

No doubt for some wise reason you did not appoint or direct any officials to conduct this solemn ordinance, but considered disorders would right themselves if the brethren examined themselves and discerned the Lord's body and then ate and drank worthily, waiting for one another. And now nearly ten years have passed away since you wrote on this subject. We think we now observe the Supper worthily. It is always dispensed by either Stephanas or Philokles or Sergius, who are our bishops, and once, when we met on the first day of the week, not one of them was present, owing to illness, and many said, 'We will not have the Eucharist, for we cannot receive it worthily except from a bishop.'

I have written this that you may see how much we have changed and how careful we have become.

Conflict of Opinions

You were troubled about the factions that early appeared among us. I am sorry to say that they have not disappeared and are not likely to disappear. Do not misunderstand me. The old bitterness has gone, and we live and worship together as brethren, but there are differences of opinion strongly held, and sometimes, perhaps, too strongly expressed. These differences arise on various matters, but can be traced to one cause. We are not agreed on the nature and extent of your authority to speak for the Lord Jesus and to lay down universally and perpetually binding laws for His Church on earth. Again I say, most honored Apostle, do not misunderstand

my words. We all believe in you and regard you as our father in Christ, the glory of these new churches in the West, the most instructive of all evangelists that the Spirit sent forth from Jerusalem. The old jealousies and narrow faultfindings that once moved you to wrath have gone, I believe, forever.

But one party among us has pushed this movement in your favor to an extreme length. There are certain among us who say, 'An apostle is inspired by the Holy Spirit of God. Every sentence he writes on church matters for our guidance, nay, every word of every sentence, is given him by the Spirit of God.' Even where you plainly state that you are not giving the Lord's command, but your own opinion, they maintain that your opinion was given you by the Holy Spirit and must be received as the infallible word of God. God, being the God of truth, could not and would not, they maintain, use truth mingled with error to teach His people. And further, they assert, if by any incredible chance you should be shown to have made even one mistake, your whole authority would be overthrown. Untrustworthy in one point, you would be untrustworthy in all, for who could tell us on what points you were certainly to be believed?

So they argue. But they do not convince us all. I for my part receive what you call the Lord's command as the Lord's command, and what is called or seems to be your own opinion as worthy of my best attention and respect, but still only an opinion. I have seen God use imperfect men to render great service and teach valuable lessons in statesmanship, in the arts, and in philosophy, although they made some palpable errors. I had to use my conscience, my experience, and my common sense to separate the true

from the false and the useful from the worthless in these affairs, and I see no reason for holding it impossible for God to act in the same way when He deals with men and women in the Church of Christ. Your word in Christ proved itself to be the power of God and the wisdom of God in this city and in my own heart and life. That is enough for me. I cannot at present see why I, your devoted pupil though I be, must also believe the Holy Spirit responsible for all your opinions and all your expressions.

Then we have another party here which comprises all those whom you once described as crying, 'I am of Kephas.' They are constantly growing in numbers and in confidence. They are quite friendly to you and accept all your teaching as given you by the Holy Spirit for the guidance of the Church, though I fear they do not understand your teaching on some grave matters. They quite admit you have authority from the Lord for the management of the churches which you yourself have founded. But they assert that the authority of Kephas as prince of all the apostles is greater than yours and covers all the churches. This may seem of small importance, seeing you and he agree with one another like brethren. But what makes me uneasy is that this party of Kephas is steadily introducing a number of regulations for worship and conduct for which it claims the authority of Kephas. These men tell us no one can be saved who is not baptized, that there is no Eucharist possible where water is not put into the wine, that it is not possible to eat the Lord's Supper unless it be received from a bishop or a prophet, that no one can be saved unless he has partaken of the bread and the cup given by the right persons, and so forth. I do not know whether Kephas ever said such things or no. This I do know, that the

passionate protest which you made in your letter to the brethren in Galatia against the idea of salvation by compliance with regulations is more and more forgotten, and when I listen to the prophets who address our meetings for worship I say sorrowfully to myself sometimes, 'The very heart of the Gospel message as given by our glorious Apostle Paul will soon be utterly unknown.' Oh, how I wish that you could come back to us and rehearse the fullness of the truth you drew from the saying, 'The just shall live by faith'!

Then there is a third very small party which consists of four or five others and myself. We, like all the brethren, praise you for having brought us and our brothers the highest and truest religion in the world, for no reward braving unnumbered perils by land and sea. We, like all the brethren here, never cease praying God night and morning and every evening to spare you to us and all the churches. Wherever in your writings you say you are giving something from the Lord, my friends and I believe and obey without hesitation. Wherever you give a message of doctrine that strikes home to our hearts of itself without special claim on your part, we recognize the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that there also sounds the Word of the Lord. And there also, need I repeat, we believe and obey without hesitation.

In regard to other passages, we for our part think you are right on some points and mistaken on others. I have mentioned some of the latter, and here I will only add I could wish you had not assumed the truth of what some of the Alexandrians and the Stoics have taught about demons dwelling in the lower heavens and working mischief. I hope it is not necessary for a Christian to believe in demons. I also wish you could have omitted what you say

about women's veils and women's hair. If the Lord come not for another hundred years, your words on this matter may be carried to quarters where they are sure to be misunderstood. In Abyssinia, I am told, veils are unknown among women. In one part of India, I am told, it is indecent for men to wear their hair short and for women to wear their hair long. The day may come when those who take your personal opinion as the Word of God will tell the women of those two lands and other lands that without veils and long hair they are offensive to God and cannot be saved. I feel sure you would regret such a use of your letter to Korinth.

In spite of these differences, we follow you and honor you and desire to learn more and more from you of the way of truth and love as it is in Christ. But because of these differences, which we think small, many of the brethren regard us with suspicion. Their principle seems to be that in all matters of worship and of personal conduct and of religious opinion all Christians should act and speak and think exactly alike. My friends and I, on the other hand, hold that, if brethren love and honor the Lord Jesus Christ with all their heart and with all their strength, they should be given their freedom in conduct and worship and belief so long as the freedom of other brethren is not injured, for, as you reminded the brethren at Rome, 'To their own Master they stand or fall!' But a different rule gains ground in Korinth. Here a man will say, 'For me to disobey any

regulation or differ from any generally received belief of the Church is a sin, therefore it must be a sin for everybody else.' I have great fear, beloved brother in Christ, that those who pursue this phantom of an impracticable and unlovely and unwholesome uniformity will tear the body of Christ into fragments, so that the day may come when the saints in one province will disown the saints in another, and it may be even in the same city there will be saints calling the same Christ their Lord and their Saviour who will refuse to call one another brethren.

May these fears be dissipated by the speedy return of the Lord Himself!

Resurrection

Of all your friends who have visited us I have been most comforted by Loukas. He and I read over together your wonderful discourse on Resurrection. I asked him about my father and mother, who were good people. It is twenty years since they died, not having heard of Christ. And Loukas said to me, 'Be of good cheer, Kallikrates, for God has no favorites and he who reverences Him and lives a good life in any nation is welcomed by Him.' And I asked him, 'Who said so?' And Loukas answered, 'Kephas.'

And I said, 'Blessed be Kephas for . . . [lacuna of three lines] baptized for my dear parents.'¹ But others said, 'No, for were it utterly futile to be baptized for the dead, Paul never . . .'

[The conclusion is lost.]

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 29, 30

CAVEAT EMPTOR?

BY WILLIAM FEATHER

AT college I needed money, so I tried for a week to sell magazine subscriptions by supersalesmanship tactics. I rang doorbells and represented myself as bearing a message from the New York Central Railroad.

'May I see you a moment?' I asked.

The victim thought I might be bringing news of the untimely death of a relative, that I might be distributing passes to Yellowstone Park, that I might be offering to settle the claim of an ancestor.

This is what I said, once inside the office or the house: 'The president of the New York Central Railroad desires me to call your attention to a series of articles now being published exclusively in our magazine. Here is his letter.' (The letter was a photostat of the sort of letter a friendly reader often sends to an editor. The official complimented the editor on a recent article and expressed the hope that every citizen might read the series.) As the prospective victim gave his eyes to this precious message I reached into a small black bag strapped under my coat and brought out a two-foot strip of imitation leather which represented the backs of a set of books, a collection of short stories.

'Now,' I explained, 'we desire to give the president of the New York Central Railroad our fullest coöperation. Therefore we intend to present you with a free subscription to our magazine for one year. All that we ask is that you sign this card. By signing you not only get the magazine free for

a year, but by the payment of one dollar you will receive this beautiful set of books. They will be delivered by messenger to-morrow. You pay one dollar to me now. The balance of six dollars you can pay at your convenience on the first of each month when our collector calls. Here is the card, here is a pen, and that is the line where you sign your name.'

If the card was signed and the dollar collected, I kept the dollar. It was my commission. I gave the card to my boss. I was then permitted to forget the transaction.

In those days five dollars was considered fair pay for a day's work. Some of our men made as much as ten dollars. I could make about two dollars in an afternoon, but the work was so disagreeable and some prospects were so brutal that I gave up. My little experience was supersalesmanship in its lowest form.

My next experience came seven years later when I joined the forces of the National Cash Register Company. That was in 1915 and John H. Patterson was still alive and in command. Patterson was the first man to conceive and apply in a practical way the idea that the first principle of salesmanship is to measure the value of a device or a service not by weight or by cost of manufacture, but by its usefulness to the buyer. Time was when a salesman would talk about materials, gears, workmanship, finish. Patterson discarded all that and instructed his salesmen to sell cash registers as a tool of

business without which every merchant faced imminent bankruptcy. Measured by the protection and information a cash register afforded, Patterson showed that his device was cheap at any price.

'Is it worth ten cents a day?' we would ask the merchant who hesitated. 'Can you afford ten cents a day? Well, what is ten cents a day? It is \$2.40 a month, \$28.80 a year, \$288 in ten years. But you know the machine is worth more than ten cents a day to you. More likely it is worth ten cents an hour. Think of the possibilities of petty thievery, forgotten charges, and mistakes, due to the lack of records. Yes, ten cents an hour is a low estimate of what this machine will save. Ten cents an hour is one dollar a day, and that's \$300 a year. But that's only part of the story. Consider what this machine will do for you. The important fact is that it will put your accounting on a modern, up-to-date basis. At the end of each day you will know how much you have paid out, how much you have taken in, and you will know the total of the sales of each clerk. With such information you will be able to direct your business intelligently. Do you suppose this advantage is worth fifty cents a day? Yes? Well, fifty cents a day is \$150 a year. Add this to the \$300 which we obtained by a previous calculation and we have a net gain of \$450 a year, and the price of the machine which will last a lifetime is only \$150, and all I ask you to pay now is \$50, with the balance in small monthly installments.'

That is a sketchy summary of the sales method devised by Patterson and now used by every business house that prides itself on being modern. Every advertising man whose earning capacity exceeds \$75 a week understands the principle. Don't sell cigarettes, counsel

the deans of the advertising schools. Sell distinction, freedom from sore throat, delight. Don't sell antiseptics. Sell freedom from halitosis, dandruff, and disagreeable body odors. Don't sell long-lived motors. Sell a quick get-away, envy of neighbors, moonlight rides, gay picnics. Don't sell soap. Sell complexion, youth, beauty. Don't sell books. Sell love, intrigue, adventure, mystery.

Such is the essence of supersalesmanship. It stimulates sluggish brains. It supplies courage to timid souls. It gets action where otherwise there would be none.

No one can object to the supersalesmanship principle, provided it is not abused. If I am a manufacturer of bedroom scales I shall be stupid, indeed, if I discuss technical construction and neglect to play on a motive such as this: 'Ladies, control your weight! Fat can be eliminated by a simple diet. With each scale we supply a table showing the correct weight for each height. Weigh yourself every morning.' Common sense dictates the appeal.

But supersalesmanship often steps outside the bounds of honor and integrity. We are told that the old phrase, *caveat emptor*, is dead, that the buyer no longer needs to beware. It is true that the vast majority of business houses now conduct their affairs on the one-price system, and the buyer is fairly sure that on the day he purchases he will pay the same price as every other buyer. Department stores, for example, no longer haggle with individual customers, but all department stores haggle with the public. The season opens with all men's overcoats at \$35, \$50, and \$95. After January all prices are reduced 20 per cent. A month later prices are reduced another 10 per cent. 'Final Clearance Sale' brings prices down to \$22 for any overcoat in the store (former prices \$35

to \$95). In this sale somebody gets an overcoat for \$22 for which a November customer paid \$95. The defense of this practice is that the customers at the beginning of the season have the advantage of a wide selection of new goods and new styles. But so many customers have learned to beware of first showings that the stores now do their biggest trade at sales.

The buyer to-day must also beware of the supersalesmen and the super-advertisements. Price trickery has gone. All are treated alike on price, but all are treated pretty rough. The patent-medicine advertisers with their concoctions, often loaded with whiskey and laudanum, did positive harm with their quackery and exaggeration. Is there any harm in setting forth excessive claims for face creams, perfumes, antiseptics, cigarettes, automobiles, men's suits, automatic machinery, office systems?

I am a printer, doing a business large enough to attract the attention of salesmen for every new time-saving device for office or shop, yet small enough to have no profitable use for half of what is offered. Unless I beware, the supersalesmen every six months will trade me out of my check protector, adding machine, filing cabinets, letter folders, time clocks, and even my office desks and safe. Their pencils move fast, and they can multiply faster than I can talk or think. I have learned to beware, lest my solvency be jeopardized.

Whether it is fair to suggest that Cleopatra's beautiful complexion was due to washing her face with soap is a neat point in ethics. Whether it is proper to state that the reason for the success of certain women with men is the use of perfume of a peculiar scent is even neater. Whether it is right to affirm that a dull man can become a brilliant dinner guest by quoting odd

bits from a book of miscellany is puzzling.

I have often contemplated what an adventure the special-delivery stamp would afford to a supersalesman. Imagine for a moment that the post office sold the special-delivery business to a private enterprise. What an opportunity it would offer! The price would be raised at once to twenty-five cents. The messengers would be scrubbed and brushed and fitted out with neat blue uniforms and rakish caps. The appeal in the journals for ladies and gentlemen would be to pride, vanity, conspicuous waste. Personal messages by personal messengers. In the business journals the appeal would be speed, attention value, economy, adequately supported by testimonials from users. Supersalesmen calling at offices for orders for sheets of special-delivery stamps would demonstrate that letters bearing ordinary two-cent stamps have no more chance of being read than a last week's newspaper. They would show imposing lists of customers. The glue on the stamps would be delicately scented with perfume from the Orient, and the design and color of the stamps would be changed frequently to make excessive inventories obsolete. The 1929 designs would be announced June 1, 1928, and would be on sale July 1, 1928. Stamps in special shapes, designs, and colors would be offered for Valentine's Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. 'Will a special messenger deliver a letter from you on Mother's Day?' would be the challenge right up to midnight of Mother's Day. The possibilities are infinite. One wonders that the Government itself does not use such methods to lift the war debt instead of resorting to old-fashioned taxes.

The line between plain salesmanship and supersalesmanship is so exceedingly fine that one is never quite sure

what should be condemned and what should be praised. Was it a sense of supersalesmanship or good judgment that caused two youthful publishers to take a dozen nickel pamphlets, for which there had been a poor sale, and print the contents in a handsome book? The book, at five dollars, had a sale of over 200,000 copies. Shall we honor the advertising man who took a slow-moving breakfast food, selling at ten cents a package, raised the price to fifteen cents, devised an unusual method of presentation, and developed a market for several million packages a year? The food was healthful, but was the public charged too much for the information?

Caveat emptor is not quite dead. As long as women crave youth and beauty, despite advancing years, there will be clever advertising men who will take delight in exploiting them. As long as men are willing to believe that culture can be acquired by short cuts, there will be smooth, smiling book agents who will take their orders for just as many yards of books as they seem to require. As long as sales of any product sink below the level set by the board of directors, the sales manager will inject steam into his men

and attempt to convert them into 'go-getters.'

Let me conclude with just one more thought. Business in the United States is developing into a competition between entire industries. It's steel against wood. Concrete against brick. Cigarettes against cigars. Rayon against cotton. Leather against rubber. Books against magazines. Phonographs against radio. Meat against fruit. Bran against agar-agar. Candy against flowers. Varnish against lacquer. Dogs against children. Apartments against houses. Insurance against bonds. Cremation against real estate.

The battles are being waged through coöperative advertising, through sleek press agents, through beautiful and convincing brochures. Are you planning to build a new house? Free plans are offered by the makers of brick houses. Buy your bricks where you will, but do buy bricks. Are you thinking of having a few friends in for tea? The tea people will send you a pretty book of suggestions. Eat what you wish, but drink tea. It's all nice and dignified.

The consumer is the supreme court. Must he beware? Must a mouse beware of hungry cats?

THOUGHTS AT THE WISHING WELL, BURNHAM MARKET

BY RODERICK MORISON

MORE than a hundred years ago,
In days when you and I
Were still at play adown the lanes
Of God's Infinity,

Adown this lane, one summer time
(As it were yesterday),
There danced a little Norfolk boy,
And sat him here to play.

Full many an hour he sat and sang,
And sailed his fleet of shells,
Until the twilight called him home,
And Holme's vesper bells.

That night within the well the weeds
Swayed sinuous and slow,
And timeless Wisdom worked her will
Under the quiet flow.

Slowly the slumbering seasons turned,
And Fortune followed far
The lad that laughed and sailed his shells —
And died at Trafalgar.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVs

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

I

THE reasons for the summary and unexpected transference of the ex-Tsar and his family to Siberia, entailing, as it did, fatal consequences that are now part of history, were explained by Mr. Kerensky to the ex-Emperor with careful precision, and have been similarly repeated to this day by apologists of the régime responsible for it. It was due, the Premier insisted, to the concern felt by the Provisional Government for the physical safety of the prisoners. The Cabinet had decided to suppress with a firm hand the increasing disorder in the country and come to grips with the growing challenge of Bolshevism. Such a step would very probably lead to popular rioting, which, in turn, would have to be met with armed force; should serious strife ensue, the royal family would be among the first victims demanded by the mob. He had experienced one such manifestation already. At Moscow, as early as March 20, extremists had interrupted Kerensky during his first speech in that city and demanded the execution of the Tsar. Kerensky had shouted in reply: 'I will not be the Marat of the Russian Revolution!'

One abortive attempt, moreover, had actually been made to kidnap the Tsar and imprison him in the Russian Bastille, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. A certain Maslovsky, a Social Revolutionary of the Left, had presented himself one day, in the uniform

of a colonel, to Khobylinisky, the responsible officer in charge of the Summer Palace, and presented an order requiring the Commandant to deliver up Nicholas Romanov. The document purported to be issued by the Executive Committee of Workmen and Soldiers, bore an authentic seal, and was signed by Tchaidze, a member in good standing of the Duma. Maslovsky declared that he was empowered to conduct the Emperor immediately to St. Peter and St. Paul. Khobylinisky refused to acknowledge such authority; Maslovsky lost his head, stormed about, poured abuse on Khobylinisky, and threatened vaguely that blood would flow. But Khobylinisky held his ground and Maslovsky made off in a rage.

Those who have ever seen two Russians of the revolutionary period, each armed with class-consciousness and a 'mandate' arguing their respective rights and jurisdiction, will readily visualize this scene at the gate of the Summer Palace.

With a view to averting similar dangers in the uncertain future, Mr. Kerensky had dispatched two confidential agents, Verchinin and Makarov, to Siberia for the purpose of selecting a spot sufficiently remote from Moscow where the prisoners would not be exposed to the threat of mob violence. They chose Tobolsk, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, on the right bank of the River Irtysh, near the mouth of the Tobol, some two

thousand miles from Petrograd. It was a tranquil spot, undisturbed by the revolution; then, too, it boasted a comfortable Governor's Palace which had been prepared for the ex-Tsar and his family.

But why, asks Nicholas Sokolov, the judge who conducted the judicial inquiry into the circumstances of the murder, did not Mr. Kerensky send the family to South Russia — to the Crimea, for example, where so many royalists had found safe refuge? If Mr. Kerensky was sincere in his protestations of concern for the safety of his charges, why did he not send them to the one region from which escape to a foreign land was still possible? All the relatives of the imperial family who reached the Crimea were eventually saved.

Mr. Kerensky replies that a voyage through the heart of Russia, then in the hands of revolting peasants and Bolshevik workmen, was impossible. But was not a journey by rail and water from Petrograd to Tobolsk equally perilous, counters Judge Sokolov. No, answers Mr. Kerensky: the regions to the east were not aflame with revolution and peasant uprisings as was South Russia. Judge Sokolov is not satisfied, and his final report indicates that there was but one reason for the choice of Siberia — the dethroned Autocrat of All the Russias must be made to taste the bitterness and dreariness of exile in Siberia, must be made to experience the icy blasts of that House of Dead Souls to which he and his ancestors had banished so many Russians!

On August 14, at 6.10 in the morning, the journey was begun, but not until the ex-Tsar had spent a dismal night sitting in a large salon on the ground floor, waiting patiently for the train which had been promised for the previous evening. The Tsarevitch celebrated his thirteenth birthday on the

eve of the departure. Forty-six court attendants voluntarily accompanied the family, making, in all, a party of fifty-three persons, exclusive of the military escort. It took two trains to accommodate the travelers, their baggage, the government representatives, the jailers and soldiers. By rail to Tiumen, thence by river steamer to Tobolsk, the trip consumed five days and ended at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 19. Pierre Gilliard, who accompanied the exiles, relates an incident that must have awakened memories that stabbed. On the eighteenth the boat passed Pokrovskoie, the birthplace of Rasputin. The house of the *staretz* was plainly visible among the izbas. Did the Tsarina, standing an exile on the deck, recall the prophecy of Rasputin: 'My death will be your death'?

Life at Tobolsk during the first few months was another idyll of domestic calm and undisturbed tranquillity. The ex-Tsar breakfasted, studied, walked, lunched, exercised, dined, taught history to Alexis, and held family reunions in the evening to an extent never possible before. Special religious services were held for the royal family in the town church and they were permitted to leave the house for that purpose. The children prepared and enacted dramatic pieces in French and English. The townspeople showed themselves courteous and sympathetic, frequently sending gifts, particularly fresh food, and saluting the members of the family respectfully or blessing them with the sign of the cross when they appeared at the windows of the Palace. It was only the unending monotony, the drab Siberian monotony, that oppressed, together with the almost complete absence of news.

The first rift appeared in September 1917. Two new Commissars, Pankratov and Nikolsky, arrived, with authority

from the Provisional Government to supersede the humane Khobylynsky, who remained, however, in a subordinate capacity. Had his régime been too mild? In any case, the new Commandants, who were Social Revolutionaries, one of a genial but fanatical and the other of a vulgar mentality, instituted a propaganda which rapidly demoralized the guards and initiated a progressive persecution of the prisoners. Insulting inscriptions began to appear on the walls and fences. The soldiers now refused to return the salute which Nicholas scrupulously accorded each in passing. Permission to attend divine service in the outside church was withdrawn. Nicholas was ordered to remove his epaulettes. The harmless 'snow mountain,' which the whole family had built as a joint recreation and which gave them much distraction, was demolished.

It is not within the scope of the present article to trace, step by step, the declining fortunes of the Kerensky Government and the corresponding rise of the Bolshevik power. Suffice it to say, at this point, that the reasons for the increasing severity in the treatment of the royal hostages became apparent in distant Tobolsk about the middle of November. The Petrograd experimentation in democracy was at an end; Russia's one short summer of freedom had passed and a change of masters was at hand. While the Duma theorized and perorated interminably, Lenin mounted to the balcony of the Kseshinskaya Palace — owned by a ballet dancer once the favorite of Nicholas II — and shouted his political platform in four promises: '*Peace, land, bread, power.*' Magic words, easily understood by all! Under the irresistible appeal of universal formulæ, never intended to be fulfilled, popular imagination, already surfeited with war and hungry for booty, was whipped to

easy mutiny. Petrograd seethed again. Russia was put on the auction block; Lenin simply outbid Kerensky. Constitutional Democracy was swept into the discard and Militant Communism emerged an undisputed victor. It was a second Russian Revolution, which left Nicholas Romanov and his family in the hands of his most relentless personal enemies.¹

When a Bolshevik draws his sword in class warfare, he throws away the scabbard. *Vae victis!*

II

The long-postponed liquidation of a three-hundred-years-old account was about to begin. The punishment started in the kitchen. First coffee, cream, milk, butter, and sugar were removed from the table of the prisoners at Tobolsk. News of the signing of the humiliating Treaty of Brest-Litovsk reached Siberia toward the middle of the following March. Nicholas was saddened and embittered. 'It is such a disgrace for Russia,' he said, 'and amounts to suicide. I should never have thought the Emperor William could stoop to shake hands with these miserable traitors. But I'm sure they will get no good from it; it won't save them from ruin.' The ex-Tsar indignantly repudiated the suggestion made in the newspapers that Germany had demanded that the Soviets hand over to them the person of the Tsar unharmed. 'That is either a manœuvre to discredit me or an insult.' Pierre Gilliard adds that the Tsarina said in a low voice, 'After what they have done to the Tsar, I would rather die in

¹ On February 9, 1918, the Bolshevik soldiers expelled the two representatives of the Provisional Government, Pankratov and Nikolsky, but permitted Khobylynsky, who seems to have been universally liked, to remain in charge pending the arrival of a new Commandant from Moscow. — AUTHOR

Russia than be saved by the Germans.' Then follows a most significant entry in Gilliard's journal of the captivity:—

Friday, March 22: At a quarter past nine, after the evening service, everyone went to Confession—children, servants, suite, and finally Their Majesties.

But it was not until April 22 that the real prologue to the tragedy began. On the evening of that day still another figure appears on the scene in the person of Vassili Vassilievich Jakolev, in command of a troop of one hundred and fifty horsemen, including an experienced telegraph operator. It was late and dark when he arrived; nothing could be done then, so the latest arrival from Moscow passed the night in the Kornilov house opposite the Tsar's prison. The next morning he introduced himself to Khobylynsky as an 'Extraordinary Commissar,' producing three documents from the *Tzik*, the Central Executive Committee of the new Soviet Government. The first two papers, addressed to Khobylynsky and the guard, respectively, required entire and immediate submission to any order of Jakolev, who was authorized to shoot them on the spot should they disobey. The third document declared that Jakolev was charged with a mission of 'particular importance.' These orders were signed by Sverdlov, Chairman of the Central Executive Committee, and by another Soviet official, Ovanessov.

The nature of the particularly important mission was revealed at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 25, when Jakolev appeared before the ex-Tsar; having asked the Empress to leave the room (which she refused to do), Jakolev began:—

'I have to tell you that I am the special representative of the Moscow Central Executive Committee, and my mission is to take all your family out of

Tobolsk, but as your son is ill I have received a second order which says that you alone must leave.'

Nicholas replied: 'I will not go anywhere.'

Jakolev protested: 'I beg of you not to refuse. I am compelled to execute the order. In case of your refusal I must take you by force or resign. In the latter case they would probably decide to send a less scrupulous sort of man to take my position. Be calm; I am responsible with my life for your security. If you do not want to go alone you could take with you the people you desire. Be ready; we are leaving to-morrow at four o'clock.'

No indication was vouchsafed as to the ultimate destination; but Khobylynsky was able to deduce from certain hints let fall by Jakolev as to time and distance that it was Moscow. He communicated his belief to the royal pair. 'Then,' said Nicholas, 'they are trying to make me sign the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. I will let them cut off my hand rather than do it.' 'I will go with him!' cried the Empress, in a violent agitation. 'If I am not with him they will force him to sign something as they did before.' She mentioned Rodzianko, evidently referring to the abdication at Pskov.

Alexandra suspected a German intrigue and declared to Gilliard that afternoon, in a tempest of emotion: 'They will take him away, alone, in the night. . . . I cannot abandon him at such a moment. . . . I know they are preparing some ignominy. . . . They will make him sign a peace at Moscow. . . . The Germans are behind it, knowing that only a treaty signed by the Tsar has any value. My duty is never to permit that nor abandon him. But how can I leave Alexis? What would become of him without me?'

Torn between love of son and fear for the safety of husband,—or was it

apprehension that he might again show a weakness detrimental to the dynastic rights of Alexis? — she paced distractedly back and forth, like a caged tigress, wringing her hands and talking to herself. Gilliard makes the following record: —

I remember with precision the next phrase she spoke. 'Oh, God! What a ghastly torture! . . . This is the first time in my life that I am not sure what I should do.'

But she finally found herself and became the old Alexandra Feodorovna of the Rasputin days.

'Now I am determined.' . . . At that moment Nicholas entered, returning from his walk.

'I will not let thee go alone!' she cried. 'I will go with thee!'

'As you will,' he replied.

It was agreed that the Empress and the Grand Duchess Marie should accompany the ex-Tsar, while Alexis and the three remaining Grand Duchesses were to be entrusted to the protection of Gilliard. They left the Tsarevitch suffering from a cruel attack of his hereditary disease and bathed in tears.

But before their departure another messenger had slipped out of Tobolsk. It was a spy, of Jewish extraction, Zaslavsky by name, who, after insinuating himself into the favor of the local guards, had spread poisonous rumors as to the intentions of Jakolev and had, moreover, sent reports by wire to Sverdlov in Moscow. Now that the transfer was about to take place, he took a six hours' start and reached Ekaterinburg in time to play his part in the weaving of the complicated net of death.

The travelers began their journey on April 26. It was a horror. No conveyances were available except the

peasant tarantass, consisting of a large wicker basket resting on poles in place of springs. Passengers lie or sit on the straw-covered floor, at the mercy of every jolt. The roads were what all country roads in Russia are in early spring — quagmires of clinging mud. The horses floundered about, up to their knees in ooze and to their chests in water when crossing rivers. Wheels were broken, horses exhausted, and passengers bruised and sore. But at last the two hundred and eighty versts to Tiumen, the nearest railroad station, were covered in safety, and an assuring message came back to Tobolsk on April 28: 'Traveling in comfort. How is the Boy? God be with you.'

But dead silence thereafter until May 7. Then a letter, from Ekaterinburg, with the laconic announcement that they were well. Nothing more. Why Ekaterinburg? An agony of fear descended on the children at Tobolsk. Ekaterinburg was the headquarters of the Ural Soviets. What and who had diverted their parents to the stronghold of the Reds? The mystery remained unsolved — as, in fact, it remains to this day — until, on May 8, the officers and men of the guard who started out with Jakolev returned to Tobolsk and told a story which, while it does not explain, at least describes the occurrence.

Once on the open road, Jakolev manifested a feverish desire to hasten forward without losing an instant. He seemed possessed by some secret, driving fear. Despite the appalling condition of the roads, he would permit neither halts nor relaxation of speed. En route, the cavalcade passed the house of Rasputin in Pokrovskoie; the wife and children of the murdered staretz were standing in the doorway and made the sign of the cross over the royal couple as they swept by. Arriving at Tiumen on the evening of the

twenty-seventh, Jakolev conducted his prisoners to a waiting train and started westward toward European Russia by the line passing through Ekaterinburg. But on approaching that city, with no intention of stopping, he learned, no one knows how, that the local authorities would not permit him to pass, but intended to arrest him. He doubled on his tracks and sped at full steam back to Tiumen and took the alternative, but longer, Cheliabinsk-Ufa route to Moscow. At the station of Koulomzino, the last stop before Omsk, his train was again halted, this time by a massed contingent of Red Guards who declared that the Soviet of Ekaterinburg had pronounced him an outlaw for having attempted to rescue Nicholas Romanov and transport him to a foreign land.

The spy, Zaslavsky, had arrived in time!

Jakolev then uncoupled his engine and rode into Omsk, where he spoke by direct wire with someone in Moscow. He was ordered to proceed via Ekaterinburg. This he did, with train and passengers. The convoy had barely steamed into the station of that city when this amazing game of hare and hounds came to an abrupt end. Jakolev was surrounded by Red soldiers, his guard disarmed and thrown into a cellar. Jakolev himself went to the office of the local Soviet for a conference; he soon came out, crestfallen, his authority gone. The three royal prisoners were conducted to a house that had been hurriedly requisitioned from a wealthy Siberian merchant named Ipatiev and there imprisoned. It was to be their death chamber. After a few days the soldiers imprisoned in the cellar, Jakolev's Tobolsk detachment, were released; Jakolev himself left for Moscow and from there sent a message to his private telegraph operator at Tobolsk: —

Gather together the company and come back. I have resigned. I take no responsibility for the consequences.

With the exit and disappearance of the mysterious Commissar charged with his mission of 'particular importance' vanished the key of that bewildering performance. He is never to be heard from again; report had it later that he had been killed in battle, fighting on the side of the Whites. At the end of this article I shall hazard a guess as to who Comrade Jakolev really was.

III

On May 23 the Tsarevitch Alexis and his three sisters arrived at Ekaterinburg from Tobolsk; the entire family was thus reunited, never again to be separated. But the two foreign tutors, Gilliard and Gibbs, were not permitted to continue in attendance on their pupils. They remained in Ekaterinburg, however, until the arrival of the White troops.

The imprisonment which now began was far different in character and severity from the preceding periods. Brutality replaced respect; the thirst for vengeance became increasingly apparent in the attitude of the jailers. Two hoardings of rough logs and planks were erected around the Ipatiev house, the outer one a short distance from the first stockade, leaving a walking space between. These barricades reached to the level of the second-story window-tops, thus completely isolating the prisoners from sight and the outside world from them. To ensure a complete screen, the windows themselves were painted. The Grand Duchess Anastasia, driven desperate by the isolation, once opened her window and looked out. She was driven back by a shot from a sentry, the bullet lodging in the woodwork of the window frame.

A machine gun was mounted on the roof of the house directly opposite and trained on the Ipatiev house; guards were posted at every corner of the stockade as well as at the doors of the rooms where the prisoners ate, slept, and congregated. The first floor was occupied by the Bolshevik guards; the royal family was quartered on the second.

For the first time the prisoners were subjected to personal search. Avdeiev, the Commandant of the 'House of Special Designation,' rudely snatched a reticule from the hands of the Empress. Nicholas protested: 'Until now I have had honest and respectful men around me.'

Didkovsky, one of the searchers, retorted: 'Please remember that you are under arrest and in the hands of justice.'

Tchemodourov, the Tsar's faithful valet who accompanied the family throughout their imprisonment, has left, under oath, a deposition the bare recital of which makes comment superfluous:—

Night and day three Red guards were posted on the first floor, one at the door, one in the vestibule, and one at the door of the [only] toilet. The conduct of these men was gross; cigarettes hanging on their lips, vulgar and half-clothed, their looks, actions, and habitual manners inspired fear and disgust. . . . When the young Grand Duchesses passed on their way to the toilet room the guards followed, under pretense of watching them; they addressed indecent remarks to the girls, asking them whither they were going and for what purpose. While the girls were inside, the guards lounged against the door. . . . The food was bad, coming all prepared from a Soviet dining room. [Later they were allowed to have their own cook.] Their Majesties always ate in company with the domestics. . . . They would put a soup tureen on the table, but there would not be enough spoons or knives or forks. The Red guards sat by

our side and ate from the same dishes. One day a soldier plunged his spoon into the soup tureen, saying, 'Enough for you—I will be served.' Another day Avdeiev [the Commandant] kept his hat on and smoked a cigarette. As we ate our cutlets, he took his plate and, interposing his arms between the Emperor and the Empress, helped himself. As he took the meat, he managed to bend his elbow and strike the Emperor on the chin.

The very walls of the Ipatiev house, particularly in the lavatory, were made to contribute something to the mental suffering of the helpless victims. The guards, under the tutelage of a certain Bieloimoine, covered them with ribald verses and gross sketches caricaturing the Empress and Rasputin. On another occasion Faya Safonov, one of the most offensive of the guards, climbed a fence to the level of the Tsarina's window and sang filthy songs at her. The girls had a swing in the garden; soldiers carved indecent words on the seat.

Under the moral torture and physical confinement—toward the end the prisoners were allowed but five minutes in the garden each day—the ex-Tsar maintained that astonishing external calm and passivity which characterized his whole life. His health did not seem to weaken, nor did his hair whiten. During the few minutes allowed for exercise in the open air, he carried the Tsarevitch in his arms, as the boy was unable to walk, and marched stolidly up and down until his precious five minutes were over. But the Empress never left the porch; she aged visibly, her health failed, and gray hairs appeared.

The first days of July brought important and ominous changes in the personnel guarding the prisoners. Avdeiev and his colleagues, Moshkin and all the peasant-soldiers who had been recruited locally from the Zlokazov and Sissert factories, were dismissed or removed to a position

outside the house. All 'key' stations were taken by 'reliable' guards, a sure indication that murder was contemplated. Three entirely new figures now glide into the picture — Jankel Mikhailovich Jurovsky, who assumed the duties of Commandant vacated by Avdeiev, Chaia Isaacovich Golostchekin, an active and influential member of the Bolshevik Party, and Alexander Georgevich Bieloborodov, the twenty-five-year-old peasant who served as President of the Soviet of the Ural region. Jurovsky and Golostchekin were of Jewish birth, while Bieloborodov was of purely Slavic origin. All three were leading spirits in the local organ of terrorism, the *Chrezvychaika*, commonly called the 'Cheka' or secret police, and had contributed their share to its final roll call of 1,800,000 victims. All, particularly Golostchekin, were in close relation with another Jewish Commissar, Jankel Sverdlov, who was at that time undisputed master of Moscow as Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the All-Russian Congress. It was to Sverdlov that reports would be directed from Ekaterinburg.

The new arrivals were accompanied by ten Lettish soldiers — that is, by a detachment of those hardened shock troops whose ruthless brutality won for them the reputation of being the bashibazouks of the Russian Revolution. In the present instance certain circumstances would indicate that this group were really Magyars. In any case, the Cheka simply followed its common practice in thus removing all strictly Russian guards from immediate participation in the most comprehensive act of regicide in the history of a people whose annals reek with deeds of violence and bloodshed.

Golostchekin had been in Moscow for the two weeks preceding the night of the murder, remaining absent until the fourteenth of July. During that

time he was closeted in frequent conference with Sverdlov, with whom he lodged. Bieloborodov kept him informed by wire of events at the Ipatiev house. In the meantime, Jurovsky had been seen by townsfolk on several occasions surveying the woods in the suburbs of Ekaterinburg; a week before the murder he was discovered in the same occupation near the locality which subsequent investigation determined as the spot where the funeral pyre had been erected.

On July 14, the day of Golostchekin's return from Moscow, an Orthodox priest of Ekaterinburg, Storojev by name, was permitted to celebrate Mass for the prisoners. He testified later that Jurovsky had remarked: —

'You have said Mass here before?'

'Yes.'

'Well and good. You will do it once again.'

Storojev further deposed: —

According to the liturgy governing a low Mass, at a determined moment the following prayer must be read: 'May the souls of the departed rest in peace with Thy saints.' I do not know why he did it, but my deacon, instead of merely reading the prayer, began to chant it. [This prayer is never *sung* except at funerals.] I followed suit, though somewhat irritated at his violation of the canons. We had barely begun when we heard, behind us, the noise of the whole imperial family throwing themselves on their knees. . . . At the end of the service they all approached to kiss the Cross and the deacon gave the Blessed Bread to both Emperor and Empress. . . . The deacon and I left in silence. . . . Suddenly, in front of the School of Fine Arts, the deacon said to me, 'Do you know, something has happened to them.' As his words corresponded exactly to what I was thinking, I stopped and asked him why he thought so. 'I am sure,' he said; 'they seem so changed, and not one of them sang to-day.' He was right, because for the first time, on July 14, not one of the Romanovs accompanied us by singing.

On Monday, the fifteenth, four women were admitted into the death house and ordered to scrub the parquet floors. Their testimony, taken before the Commission of Inquiry, establishes the fact that the entire imperial family was alive on that day and in good health. On the same day, two lay sisters from a local institution, Antonina Trinkina and Maria Krokholeva, presented themselves as usual with milk for the prisoners. Jurovsky himself received the charitable offering and informed them that on the morrow they should bring not only milk but fifty eggs, carefully packed in a basket. This the good Samaritans gladly did on the sixteenth, all unconscious of the cynical preparation Jurovsky was making to ensure a luncheon for his executioners in the woods after the deed of blood was done and the traces removed. During the minute examination of the ground in the forest at the spot where the bodies were cremated, the indefatigable Nicholas Sokolov discovered a mass of broken eggshells.

Final preparations seem to have been completed by Tuesday, July 16. On that day the boy Leonid Sednev, a playmate of the Tsarevitch, was removed from the house and transferred to an adjoining building. He was never seen again, except for a brief moment next day as he sat in tears at an open window. Five motor lorries were requisitioned from the official Bolshevik garage and the chauffeurs were instructed to have them in readiness outside the Ipatiev house at midnight. On one of these trucks were placed two barrels of benzine and a few smaller jugs containing a supply of sulphuric acid. The Commission of Inquiry which gathered and laboriously analyzed every scrap of evidence bearing on the gruesome happenings of those twenty-four hours was able to establish, from the confiscated receipts

delivered by Jurovsky for these supplies, that the barrels held more than three hundred litres of benzine and the jugs one hundred and ninety kilogrammes of the deadly acid. These destructive precautions had been obtained on mandates signed by Voikov, who paid for his zeal with his life; he was assassinated by a Russian exile at Warsaw, in June 1927.

The instruments of death were provided; the grave was ready; the executioners were resolved, and the victims were asleep in their beds. It was Tuesday night, July 16, 1918.

IV

The knell sounded shortly after midnight, when Jurovsky knocked at the door of the ex-Emperor and bade Nicholas arise and dress. The same summons was delivered to the Tsarina, the children, and their suite. Jurovsky explained to Nicholas that the Siberian Army, under Admiral Kolchak, and the Czechoslovak troops, those former prisoners of war who had succeeded in arming themselves and were now a serious menace to the Soviet régime in Siberia, were approaching Ekaterinburg; an engagement was imminent, and bullets would be flying in the streets. In his solicitude for the safety of the royal family he must insist that they come below stairs, where they would be secure from accident or injury. The ex-Tsar, seemingly, was satisfied, credulous as always, and did not appear to suspect a trap. The women dressed and washed, not omitting, however, to put on the specially prepared clothes into the lining and hems of which they had previously sewn jewels and banknotes against the hoped-for day of escape. Several cushions had likewise been filled with precious stones and money; in all, one million rubles, something over \$500,000, had been secreted.

To reach the safe place designated by Jurovsky, they descended a flight of steps, passed into the open courtyard, and thence approached a semi-basement, eighteen by sixteen feet in dimensions. The single door was open, awaiting their coming; there was no other exit, as the inside door entering into a farther room was barred and obstructed on the other side. The only window, opening on to the Vosnesensky Lane that traversed the back of the house, was protected by a heavy iron grille. Outside this window stood sentries, their faces pressed against the grimy glass, able to see all that passed within, especially as the room had been lighted, for the better aim of the executioners. The testimony of these onlookers forms one of the strongest elements in the convincing depositions gathered during the inquiry. There was, moreover, another window, opening not directly into the room, but into a lobby before it; this window commanded a view of the interior, and here too stood a sentry who witnessed the butchery. The deposition of Medvedev, one of the actual participants in the murder, later captured by the Whites; the description given to Yakimov by Klescheev and Deriabin, the sentries who gazed spellbound through these windows; and the account of Proskouriakov, the Red guard who removed the bloodstains from the floor with water, mop, and sawdust, make it possible to reconstruct the tragedy in all its hideous detail.

The midnight procession, in passing through the dim courtyard, must have seen the motor trucks silhouetted against the summer sky. In that northern latitude it is light until after 10 P.M.; it is never wholly dark, especially on clear nights, and dawn appears as early as two in the morning. They doubtless imagined the vehicles were for their escape in case of danger, or

possibly for the baggage. Not one of the victims seems to have suspected what lay beyond that open door through which light was streaming into the courtyard. Above, nothing to be seen but sharp points of light, like a myriad watching eyes in a clear blue sky; below, shadowy figures lurking at corners and along the inner stockade; no sound, except the shuffling of many feet on the dirt walk. Jurovsky marshaled them, leading the way and beckoning toward the open door; behind followed Medvedev and the scowling Letts, eleven men, fingering their pistols as they closed in on their unsuspecting victims.

As it is the last time we shall look upon their faces before the fiery acid eats away all traces of a human countenance, let us note them carefully as they pass into the shambles:—

1. *Nicholas Romanov*, fifty years of age, late Tsar of All the Russias, carrying in his arms

2. *The Tsarevitch, Alexis*, a boy of fourteen years, heir to the throne;

3. *Alexandra Feodorovna*, forty-six years old, late Empress, born Princess Alice of Hesse, favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England;

4. *The Grand Duchess Olga*, eldest daughter, twenty-three years of age;

5. *The Grand Duchess Tatiana*, daughter, twenty-one years of age;

6. *The Grand Duchess Maria*, daughter, nineteen years of age;

7. *The Grand Duchess Anastasia*, youngest daughter, seventeen years of age;

8. *Dr. Eugene Sergeievich Botkin*, physician to the royal family, a stout, gray-haired man, between fifty-five and sixty years of age;

9. *Anna Demidova*, a chambermaid, tall, thin, dark, about forty years of age;

10. *Ivan Haritonov*, cook to the imperial family, a short man, slightly

bald, with black hair and moustache, aged forty years;

11. *Alexis Troupp*, a footman, tall, thin, dark, thirty-five years of age.

Once having entered, exit for them is barred by the executioners, who mass themselves before the door, awaiting the prearranged signal. Nicholas, still believing that the family is about to be conveyed to a place of safety, requests that chairs be brought for the Empress and the children. It is done. They rest, waiting in simple expectation, hats on and clad in traveling clothes.

At this point the available testimony, which covers volumes, diverges slightly, but only in unimportant chronological details. According to some witnesses, Jurovsky, standing at the head of his file, suddenly produced a paper and read what purported to be a death warrant which authorized him to execute 'Nicholas the Bloody and all his family'; others, not mentioning the death warrant, depose that Jurovsky suddenly addressed Nicholas thus:—

'Your relatives have sought to rescue you, but it could not be managed by them and so we ourselves are obliged to kill you.'

The ex-Tsar did not seem to understand and asked: 'What do you mean?'

'This is what I mean!' cried Jurovsky, firing point-blank at the Emperor with his automatic revolver, killing him instantly.

The scene that followed must await its own proper Dante. Twelve revolvers bellowed thunder and spat tongues of fire; the hollow chamber, reverberating with the explosions, filled up with smoke and acrid fumes; not once nor twice, but again and again each Lett, frenzied with primeval blood-lust, fired, choosing his own particular victim. With twelve men letting loose the pent-up hatreds of three hundred years, it is not unreasonable to expect that each emptied the clip of his

automatic, which would make nearly a hundred shots. Medvedev, a participant, confessed that the sight, with the blended smell of blood and powder fumes, nauseated him. The petrified onlookers at the windows were harrowed by the shrieks of women and the groans of men; Alexis, the Tsarevitch, was not killed outright, but moaned and writhed over the bodies of his dead parents. It was Jurovsky who finally dispatched him with his revolver. Those who still breathed were bayoneted to death. The floor was chipped and torn with bayonet thrusts driven through the soft bodies. A little dog, a King Charles spaniel, pet of the Grand Duchess Anastasia and brought down by her in her arms, ran hysterically about, darting between the legs of friend and foe, barking furiously. Floor and walls were spattered with blood and bits of clinging flesh.

Twenty-three living persons had entered that narrow cellar—eleven prisoners and the twelve guards conducting them to a place of greater safety. As dawn began to streak the sky, twelve persons came out, leaving eleven corpses safely within, lying in pools of blood that spread in widening circles out into the corridor. Such evidence must be removed; Jurovsky called for Proskouriakov to mop up the floor, scatter sawdust about, and cleanse the walls. Sheets were then brought from upstairs; into them the bleeding bodies were rolled and then piled pell-mell into the waiting motor truck, precedence no longer observed.

V

Twelve miles northwest of Ekaterinburg, on the shores of Lake Isset, stands the secluded little village of Kopchiki, in the centre of a heavily wooded forest. Once the site of extensive mining operations, it was now

deserted, save for the scattered peasant families, who remained unaffected by the coming and going of miners and engineers. Off the beaten track, forgotten and insignificant, the Siberian hamlet slumbered in obscurity — until July 17, 1918.

Early that morning, Anastasia Zykova, a peasant, accompanied by her son Nicholas and her daughter-in-law Maria, started before sunup for Ekaterinburg, with horse and cart, to sell their catch of fish. They had barely passed one of the abandoned mines, — the one known as 'Four Brothers' because of the four pine trees that once stood there, — when they perceived a procession of some sort approaching them. It took the form of several vehicles guarded by Red horsemen. Barely recovered from their surprise at the early morning apparition, they were further dismayed when two of the horsemen galloped swiftly forward to intercept them. The soldiers reined up before the Zykovi, ordered them curtly and with menace in their voices to turn back to their village, and, above all, not to dare to look behind. The simple peasants obeyed, turned their horse's head toward home, and retreated. But one of the women looked back, whereupon the two Red guards galloped in pursuit and with drawn revolvers accompanied the party nearly a mile, threatening them with instant death if they attempted to see what was going on behind them.

In a short time the village of Kopchiki was buzzing with excitement. Men crept out on all fours across the fields in the direction taken by the motor truck and carts of the cortège; the tracks led across open ground toward one of the shafts of the old Isetsy mine. But the village scouts found that sentries had been stationed in a wide circle, completely isolating the locality; frightened and wondering, they crawled

back and awaited developments. Toward evening they saw in the heavens glowing reflections from a great bonfire kindled on the spot where the Bolsheviki had finally halted. The hidden rite, whatever it was, continued throughout the next day; only on Friday, July 19, were the woods deserted and silent.

Then, and only then, did a group of peasants venture to approach the scene. They found the space around the shaft littered with débris of various kinds — disturbed foliage, remnants of a fire, charred wood, and piles of ashes. But on poking under the ashes with sticks they encountered a collection of burnt objects that gave rise to horrible suspicions: first, a Maltese cross set with emeralds, six corset steels from women's corsets, a miscellaneous collection of charred buttons, buckles, parts of slippers, hooks and eyes, beads, parts of women's clothing, and a number of small, dirty pebbles which, on being cleaned and treated chemically, turned out to be pure diamonds. Francis McCullagh, that brilliant and supremely daring journalist who visited these scenes a few weeks after the murder and interrogated the peasants and even Jurovsky himself, spent many weeks — trying weeks — with the present writer in Moscow. He recounted his findings at Ekaterinburg in considerable detail. It was the discovery of that Maltese cross that led to the ghastly truth. Such a decoration was worn only by personages high in the Imperial Service. Pometkovsky, one of the searchers, who was in reality an escaped royalist officer in hiding, knew that there was but one such person in Ekaterinburg. As other metallic and stone objects that had resisted the fire, but plainly revealed their late owners, were placed before him, he cried aloud: "God Almighty! Can they have burned the whole family alive?"

He was right, but not entirely so; they had burned them, but not while alive.

The spot for the cremation of the bodies had been chosen in advance by Jurovsky and extraordinary precautions taken to destroy the *corpus delicti*. Subsequent events, however, have proved that, though the bodies of the victims can never be produced as primary evidence of the crime, the boast of Voikov, 'The world will never know what we have done with them,' has not been justified. The elaborate technique of concealment overshot its mark and ignored a number of obvious possibilities. Jurovsky had added to his staff two new assistants whose particular function seems to have been to dismember the bodies. Arrived at the pit, which was thirty feet deep, the regicides set to work to finish their gruesome task. The corpses were drenched with benzine, the countenances having probably first been destroyed by the sulphuric acid, and the human bonfire was then ignited. Acid was likewise used to dissolve the larger and tougher bones which were likely to resist the flames. When fire had consumed all the flesh and reduced skulls and skeletons to ashes, the débris was swept up and cast into the yawning mouth of the iron pit. An attempt was made to rearrange the scarred face of nature by scattering the embers and foliage carelessly about, so as to simulate the appearance of an ordinary camping ground or picnic place. But the wound was too deep; the executioners were tired and probably hurried. They sat down at last beneath the pine trees to eat their lunch, letting fall the telltale eggshells.

The Commission of Inquiry found hundreds of clues and articles definitely identified as belonging to the imperial family: the six sets of corset steels, exactly the number for six women; precious stones in great numbers; the

belt buckles of both Tsar and Tsarevitch; the buckles from the women's shoes; hooks and eyes and other metallic parts of feminine wear; the broken lenses of the Empress's eyeglasses; a set of artificial teeth identified as those of Dr. Botkin; fragments of chopped and sawed human bones; and one human finger, long, slender, well-shaped, probably cut from the Empress's hand to get at a ring. This pathetic collection of relics, the meagre remnants of a fallen dynasty, this admixture of human bones and ashes, corset steels and diamond dust, was transported in a single trunk to Harbin and from thence to 'a sure place.' That is all the record shows; where or how far they wandered after crossing into Mongolia I know not.

So passed Nicholas II and the Romanovs, to be followed by a third Nicholas, called Lenin, and the House of the Soviets.

Eight days after these events, on July 25, 1918, Ekaterinburg was evacuated by the Bolsheviks, and the combined Kolchak and Czechoslovak troops entered the city. Five days later, on July 30, an orderly investigation, conducted in a scientific and judicial spirit, was instituted, first under the direction of Judge Nametkin, of that territorial jurisdiction, but later — and fortunately — committed to the very capable hands of Judge Nicholas Sokolov of the Omsk Tribunal. On the evacuation of the town by the Bolsheviks, someone had the presence of mind to rush to the telegraph office and secure possession of the official telegrams that passed between Moscow and the Ural capital during those eventful days; from these records, fortified by the sworn statements of the scores of witnesses and the mute testimony of the hundreds of recognizable clues that had been trampled into the clay in the forest or found

at the bottom of the shaft, Sokolov was enabled to publish to an expectant world in 1925 his precious report of 295 pages, totaling 120,000 words. With infinite difficulty, patience, and hazard, he managed to smuggle his material out of Russia to Western Europe, where in peace and safety he edited and published his findings. His work done, he died of hardship and exhaustion.

These documents, of inestimable importance for students of the Russian Revolution, are a monument to the painstaking judicial mind of their author. They set at rest, definitely, all doubt as to the fate of the Romanovs, not only with respect to the immediate family of the Tsar, but also his near relatives, the Grand Dukes and Princes who were murdered about the same time, either at Petrograd or in the environs of Perm.² The murders at Alapaevsk, near Perm, bear a striking resemblance to the Ekaterinburg tragedy. Twenty-four hours after the death of Nicholas, six other Romanovs were officially murdered in that city by the Bolsheviki, their bodies thrown down the shaft of an unused mine, and hand grenades dropped down to ensure complete destruction of life. But the bodies of the Perm victims were eventually recovered and identified.

² Following historical precedent, claims are now being made in monarchist circles that not all the family perished. At Castle Seon, in Bavaria, a certain young woman called Frau von Tchaikovsky has been proclaimed as the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who, it is pretended, managed to escape from Ekaterinburg to find refuge eventually in Germany. Similarly, a young man calling himself Eugene Mikhailovich Ivanov, resembling Alexis, — he is even afflicted with hæmophilia, — has been discovered in Bydgoszcz, Pomerania, Poland, and hailed as the true Tsarevitch. According to the legend, he too escaped the slaughter, his place having been taken by the son of a cook. This is not the place to subject these claims to minute investigation. Royalist circles are divided. The evidence is far from being convincing and shows glaring inconsistencies. — AUTHOR

VI

The moral responsibility for the wholesale butchery of the imperial family would now seem to rest fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the Soviet Government, and can no longer be charged off to an alleged uncontrollable fanaticism on the part of local Ekaterinburg authorities. It was decided upon, approved, and arranged by Jankel Sverdlov at Moscow; Bielorodov, Golostchekin, and Jurovsky were merely the executors — most willing executors — of a matured governmental policy. To be sure, contrary protestations have been made and pretexts advanced as fictitious as the inhuman charge of incest brought against Marie Antoinette by Hébert during her trial. But, in the copious light shed upon events by the official telegrams confiscated at Ekaterinburg, such evasion is no longer tenable.

There was but one telegram sent by the Ekaterinburg authorities on the day following the murder; it was for Moscow and signed by Bielorodov, President of the Ural Soviet. Written in code, the combinations of numbers defied the best cypher experts of Europe for two years. But when human ingenuity had unraveled what other human ingenuity had contrived, the cryptic groupings of numbers fell into the following indictment of Moscow as having had a clear understanding with Ekaterinburg before the murder: —

TO MOSCOW, KREMLIN, for GORBOUNOV,
Secretary of Council of People's Commissars

Please confirm receipt

Tell Sverdlov that the entire family has met the same fate as its head. Officially, they will perish during the evacuation.

BIELOBORODOV

In an earlier paragraph of this article I promised to hazard a guess as to the

identity of Commissar Jakolev and the nature of his mission of 'particular importance.' It will be only a deduced conclusion, in the realm of conjecture, quite distinct from the facts before narrated, which have been juridically established and historically authenticated. The only persons capable of fully substantiating my thesis are dead; the remaining principal actors in that unsuccessful episode are still dumb, though they have contributed valuable hints.

It will be necessary to recall the military history of the Great War and to visualize the situation on the Western Front at that time. Germany had suffered a fatal check by the entrance of the United States into the arena on the side of her adversaries. With fresh and seemingly unending American forces pouring into the trenches and massing before Saint-Mihiel, the German High Staff prepared for that supreme drive on Paris that caused the world to hold its breath in agonized expectation. The scales of war hung even.

The disappearance of Russia from the Allied line was followed by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which reduced Bolshevik Russia to the status of a sullen vassal of the Teutonic Powers. The interpreter of Germany's will and the virtual dictator of Russia's policy was Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador in Moscow. Fully aware of the fundamentally revolutionary character of Bolshevism, with its threat to German monarchy as well as to Russian autocracy, and perfectly willing to crush this Frankenstein monster which military necessity had obliged her to introduce behind the Russian lines, Germany decided on a bold move. She would restore monarchy in Russia and place Alexis on the throne — provided the Tsar would consent to sign the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and align

Russia with the Teutonic Powers! The Tsar's spontaneous and indignant reaction to Jakolev's very first proposals and his outspoken resentment against Germany support this view: 'I will let them cut off my hand before I do it.' The coachman who drove the team to Tiumen reported that Jakolev had sought in vain to win the Tsar over to some weighty project. Although unable to hear the exact words, the driver made out that Nicholas always refused; he did not 'scold the Bolsheviks, but somebody else.'

General Ludendorff, in his *Memoirs*, gives solid ground for a similar surmise. Guardedly, vaguely, as if unwilling yet to admit the full truth, he says: —

We could have deposed the Soviet Government, which was thoroughly hostile to us, and given help to other authorities in Russia, which were not working against us, but indeed anxious to coöperate with us. This would have been a success of great importance to the general conduct of the war. If some other government were established in Russia, it would almost certainly have been possible to come to some compromise with it over the Peace of Brest.

These are significant words. If Mirbach was authorized to sound out Nicholas on this important possibility, he must get the Tsar back to Moscow, or, better still, out of Russia. Sverdlov, already under the domination of Mirbach, may have been obliged to acquiesce — or feign acquiescence — in the plan to move the Tsar. It was noted at Tobolsk that Jakolev was not the usual type of Bolshevik Commissar; he was suave, well spoken, versed in foreign languages, showed breeding, — 'had clean hands and thin fingers,' in the words of Khobylynsky, — and treated the former monarch with courtesy and deference. He did not omit to salute Nicholas as the Emperor entered the cart for the trip to Tiumen.

His nervous haste and ill-concealed anxiety to get his prisoner out of the danger zone indicate knowledge of some coup d'état ahead.

But something went wrong. Either the Tsar refused point-blank to accede to the Teutonic advances, as we may reasonably assume from his own condemnatory utterances, and was flung back into the hands of the Soviets by the infuriated Mirbach, or Mirbach himself was double-crossed by Sverdlov, who permitted the escape as far as Omsk and then ordered the farce to be ended at Ekaterinburg. In any case, the decision was abrupt and unexpected; no preparation had been made for the imprisonment at Ekaterinburg

and Ipatiev's house was requisitioned at a moment's notice; no properly constituted guard was on hand, but had to be recruited from a local factory; the encircling stockade was hurriedly erected after the arrival of the prisoners. Neither Sverdlov nor Mirbach is available to affirm or deny; they were assassinated too soon.

If my main hypothesis be true, which only time and the opening up of more European archives can determine, then Comrade Jakolev was an agent of the German High Staff; and Nicholas II, redeeming an inglorious past by one heroic choice, was murdered because of his unshakable loyalty to the cause of the Allies.

OUT OF THE PAST

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

A RARE occupation it is to vex our minds with trying to re-create a living, visible background for the storied events in our country's history, a rare thing to envisage with undimmed mental eye just exactly how the chalk cliffs of England looked, with thyme and viper's bugloss in flower, when Cæsar visited our island; to recapture in retrospect the very smells of the great Hampshire forest on the morning of William Rufus's death; to hear across fields enclosed for hay the sound of the rebeck as the country villages rejoiced over the return of Charles Stuart.

But quite apart from such imaginative pastimes, which are, indeed, common to all of us, each family, however modest its origin, possesses its own particular tale of the past — a tale

which can bewitch us with as great a sense of insistent romance as can ever the traditions of kings and princes. The years lived by our father before he begot us have upon them a wonder that cannot easily be matched. Just as we feel ourselves half participant in the experiences of our children, so in some dim way do we share in those adventures of this mortal who not so long ago moved over the face of the earth like a god to call us up out of the deep.

Often it is the name of some particular place, some historic city with tilted roofs and clustered chimneys, some market town or wintry hamlet, that is associated with this transfigured world before we were born. We grow up with scraps of hearsay about the place forever in our ears,

the very repetition of the accustomed syllables creating presently an assured legend, a legend that takes soon an important part in the substance of our minds.

In the annals of my own family it is the Dorset village of Stalbridge that has held our imaginations in fee. Ever since the days when our father would visit the nursery before going down to his tea in the dining room, the word 'Stalbridge' has carried in its utterance a significance outside the commonplace. Stalbridge! The old china tea set came from Stalbridge. It was at Stalbridge that a cup of coffee used to be left in the oven overnight so that it might be warm for my father in the early hours of the morning when, as a boy, he set out to fish for pike in the still black river pools of the Stour. It was in Stalbridge Vale that my father had found all the rarest specimens in his collection of birds' eggs, in that collection which he preserved so carefully all through his long life in the three lower drawers of the cabinet in his study. It was to Stalbridge that he had gone, half across the county, in his great age, when, rendered dumb as an animal by the merciless years, he had suddenly, without warning, left his servants in his house at Weymouth. Hour after hour passed and still he did not return, this aged, inarticulate clergyman, who was so old that he had almost forgotten how a man puts bread into his mouth. It was to Stalbridge that he had gone, to the beloved rectory where he had played with his brother.

What manner of call had he received, imperative and not to be denied, to return unto that place from whence he came? Far away over the seas as I was at the time, I have often wondered whether I could have borne to have found him, this old man, my father, advancing with deliberate purpose, with intellectual purpose, along

the green leafy lanes of Dorset. Should I have had the temerity to divert him from his dedicated pilgrimage with the cry of 'Father!' as he went forward, this octogenarian who was lost and yet who knew every stile, every ditch, every shard, along the way he was taking?

It is exactly ninety years since my grandfather, who himself was born in the eighteenth century, — was born, indeed, but five years after the death of Dr. Johnson, — came first to Stalbridge to take possession of the fattest of all the Corpus livings. And in the circle of those years my father has lived to a great age, and to-day lies buried hip bone to hip bone by the side of my mother in Somersetshire clay.

For the first time in my life I visited Stalbridge last Whitsuntide. With the dear companion of my days I set out upon my adventure in bright June sunshine. Hardly had we descended upon the deserted village platform when we felt come over us a strange glamour. Although for sixty years no member of my family had lived in the village, yet as we came up the street each crooked, mute paving stone seemed to keep back a memory. We entered the churchyard, and there under the tall holly, with rose trees at its foot, was the flat stone marking my grandfather's grave. There he was lying, this other octogenarian, hip bone to hip bone with *his* wife. Presently we opened a side gate and entered Stalbridge Park. It was noon. We found ourselves in a hayfield. Then it was, as we ate our fruit, under the shadow of a group of West Country elms, that ninety years seemed to us to shrink to the proportions of a day.

With the ancient timber standing in the mown grass, with the protecting wall of quarried slabs set up like tombstones about the meadow, familiar

to me from many an old faded water color in the album at home, the prospect before us was exactly the same, and we knew it, as it must have been when, as a young girl, Queen Victoria sat upon the throne of England. Here through these sweet-smelling pastures my grandfather must have walked on many a summer evening, here my father must have come as a boy on many an early spring morning in search of the brittle eggs of the far-off ancestors of the birds which crossed and recrossed our vision in the trembling gnat-burdened air between tree and tree. Out of the stones of the old sheep-washing pool, now fallen into decay, grew herb Robert and silverweed, flowers so familiar, so actual and inevitable to the experience of my own life, that it seemed impossible that these simple tokens of the countryside as we knew it could ever have adorned in the same matter-of-fact way the nooks of this pastoral structure on those occasions when my uncle and my father had stood to watch the busy activities that used to take place here in the old days.

We left the park and entered Wood Lane, a hesitating narrow lane which runs above the village. We knocked at the door of a thatched cottage. The woman who answered us gave us cool water to drink from her mossy well. She knew nothing of my grandfather, but told us to go to an aged woman named Maria at the end of the street. Old Maria had nearly lived out a century and yet her mind was still clear. She took down a book, a thin book on religion, kept carefully all these years, with my grandfather's writing on it. 'You yourself be terribly like to him,' she said. 'I can mind the old gentleman as though 't were yesterday; I can most see 'an now come down the street with half crown in flat of hand. On one of the young gentlemen' birthdays we

would go up to the house and dance before 'en. I do carry the ditty in head to this day.' And this old woman, whose face had retained through all her years so much refinement, sang to us these simple words:—

'Children go to and fro
In a merry, pretty row.
Footsteps light, faces bright,
'T is a happy, happy sight.
Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground.
Follow me, full of glee,
Singing merrily.'

And as I gazed upon this frail human being, so purely winnowed by the harsh flails of life, I felt a deep love surge up in me for the old creature who still carried in her head the memory of the dancing days of her childhood under the mulberry tree in the rectory garden of Stalbridge eighty years ago. There she stood before us, backed by her cottage ornaments, her small head swaying a little as she repeated the words of the rhyme. When we turned to go tears were falling down her cheeks and were in my own eyes. Had we not both of us been plunged into the deep waters of the past that are forever flowing toward an ocean without marge or bottom?

From Maria we went to the cottage of Mrs. Duffet, another old woman. She required no prompting. She remembered Mr. Powys. Had not her mother come to the very house in which she now lived so as to be nearer to the rectory? A duty had been required of her—the duty, namely, of twice a day suckling my father. Here, then, I was talking to my father's foster sister—this old woman and my father had been held up to the same fountain, had drunk from the same life-giving well. This was the daughter of the woman who had put wormwood to her dugs, sitting in the sun under Stalbridge Cross!

How would it be possible to catch, to hold for a moment, the quality of those magical hours of June sunshine, of June moonlight, down in that Dorset village? At night we wandered along Drew Lane far into the vale. On all sides of us recumbent cattle dreamed away their animal existence under hedges festooned with dog-roses already in bud. Barn-door owls with unfilmed eyes called to each other out of the hollow bodies of listening trees. One by one the lights of the village above the valley were put out. The old men dreamed, the old women dreamed, the boys and girls dreamed, and a grace, the solace of antiquity, sustained in Christian peace these ancient meadows.

The next morning we were waked by the treading of cows being driven through the street. All was once more astir. Above each little back garden, with its produce so neatly set out in rows, innumerable larks trilled. We left our hostess early and made our way in the direction of the next village. Often had I heard my father speak of a certain halter path which led to Sturminster Newton, and I now had a mind to follow it. More like a lane than a path it turned out to be. Sturdy oaks flourished on each side of it. We

presently realized that we were overtaking a bowed figure, who, with a stick in her hand, was picking her way over the ruts. We spoke to her. She had lived in Stalbridge all her life, she said. When she heard who I was she laughed aloud. She remembered my uncle Littleton well. 'He used to run races along be I. He used to give I star cakes; they star cakes were as big round as a frying pan and had currants in 'em.' And then as the old woman gathered her memories about her, like starlings collecting on a bare January field, it was as though in that ancient mind time became discounted. The bracken that was uncurling on upright stems in the ditches belonged to the year 1927, but to the old cottage woman it opened upon a world where death itself was forgotten. 'Tell them, tell them,' she cried with excitement, 'that ye met Nancy Curtis in the halter path, the girl what used to run races for they star cakes — that will bring I back to the mind o' 'em.'

I asked for her blessing and hurried on. How could I explain that she had given me a message to a soldier who had been lying dead in the dry soil of India already for half a century!

THE MUSICAL MIND

BY CARL E. SEASHORE

THE late Horatio Parker once said, in the way of a witticism, 'There are no musicians in this country'; and to my intimation that there must be some near-musicians he replied, after some deliberation, 'Well, there is one.' On inquiry as to what his particular merits were, it came out that he was a composer. 'But,' I asked, 'how about our great singers and instrumental performers?' 'Ah, they are technicians.' From this conception of the musical mind to that of Blind Tom there is room for recognition of countless varieties of musical minds.

Avoiding as much as possible the account of technical methods of approach, analysis, and measurement, I shall aim to set up a skeletal structure in terms of which musical minds may be described and interpreted.

The outstanding feature in the point of view which I desire to present as a result of laboratory experience is the basing of the analysis of the musical mind upon the analysis of the musical medium, the physical sound. This rests upon the assumption that a musical mind must be capable of sensing sounds, of imaging these sounds in reproductive and creative imagination, of being aroused by them emotionally, of being capable of sustained thinking in terms of these experiences, and ordinarily, though not necessarily, of giving some form of expression in musical performance or in creative music. In presenting this object of approach, I desire to keep in the foreground the fundamental fact that the

musical mind is not its dissected parts, but an integrated personality, and in its evaluation we must always have regard for the total personality as functioning in a total situation.

Musical talent is not one talent but a hierarchy of talents, branching out along certain trunk lines into the rich arborization, foliage, and fruitage of the family tree which we call the musical mind. The normal musical mind is first of all a normal mind. What makes it musical is the possession, in a serviceable degree, of those capacities which are essential for the hearing, the feeling, and ordinarily the expressing, in some form, of music, with a resulting drive or urge toward music.

I

The psychological attributes of sound — namely, pitch, intensity (commonly called 'loudness'), duration, and extensity ('bigness,' as in the comparison of a high and a low tone) — rest upon the physical characteristics of the sound wave — namely, frequency, amplitude, and duration. In terms of these attributes of sound we can account for every conceivable sound in nature and art — vocal or instrumental, musical or nonmusical. We therefore recognize that the musical mind must be capable of apprehending these four attributes of sound to a serviceable degree. These capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of intensity, the sense of extensity, and the sense of time, can be measured with

a high degree of precision. For the present purpose we may set aside the sense of extensity, because, although it is of very great significance musically, it is perhaps, from the psychophysical point of view, fixedly coördinated with pitch, and therefore varies approximately with the sense of pitch.

These four capacities are, then, the four 'windows of the musical soul.' But in the combination of them we find an inner screen which is more significant musically, being composed of the four fundamental sensory capacities in the complex form — namely, the sense of timbre, the sense of consonance, the sense of volume, and the sense of rhythm. The four complex forms of capacity must be measured by themselves and not in terms of their elemental components; for example, rhythm depends upon the sense of time and the sense of intensity, but it also involves other factors and must therefore be measured by itself. So timbre is a pitch-complex, but the experience is unitary and involves the other attributes of sound.

We can, then, offer a complete account of the sensory capacities for hearing music in terms of the four elemental capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of time, the sense of intensity, and the sense of extensity, and the four derived or complex forms of these capacities, the sense of timbre, the sense of consonance, the sense of volume, and the sense of rhythm. The complex forms may, however, in turn be analyzed experimentally into more specific components; for example, the sense of volume may be regarded in turn as intensity volume, extensity volume, and reduplication volume; or rhythm may be attacked in terms of time or in terms of stress.

This classification of sensory capacities is probably complete, because it is

based upon the attributes of the sound wave, and it must be borne in mind that the sound wave is the only medium through which music is conveyed from the performer to the listener, and everything that is rendered as music or heard as music may be expressed in terms of the concepts of the sound wave. As in good reading we are not aware of letters or phonetic elements as such, but read for meaning, so in music we are as a rule not conscious of specific tonal elements, but rather of musical design or impression as a whole.

On the basis of our experiments in the measurement of these sensory capacities, we find that the basic capacities, the sense of pitch, the sense of time, and the sense of intensity, are elemental, by which we mean that they are largely inborn and function from early childhood; after comparatively early age they do not vary with intelligence, with training, or with age, except in so far as the exhibition of these capacities is limited by the child's inability to understand or apply himself.

This fact is of utmost importance in that it makes diagnosis of talent possible before training is begun, and points to certain very radical principles of musical education. We can measure these capacities reliably by the age of ten in the normal child; and this measure is likely to stand throughout life, except for the numerous vicissitudes of life which tend to cause deterioration.

To take an example, the sense of pitch depends upon the structure of the ear, just as acuity of vision depends upon the structure of the eye. As no amount of training or maturing tends to increase the acuity of the eye, so no amount of training or maturing can improve the pitch acuity of the ear. However, training and maturing in

both cases have unlimited range for the enrichment of the functional scope of these capacities. The ear, like the eye, is an instrument; and mental development consists in the acquisition of skill and the enrichment of the stock of experience through this channel. This is analogous to the fact that touch and acuity of hearing are on the whole as keen in seeing persons as in the blind, who show apparently marvelous power of orientation through these senses.

The complex forms of sensory capacities also tend to be elemental to a surprising degree. That is, the child from early infancy has the sense of timbre, the sense of volume, the sense of rhythm, and the sense of consonance, long before he begins to sing or to know anything about music. It is the meaning of these forms of impression that we develop, and this meaning matures with age and enlarges in compass in proportion to the degree of intelligence.

There seem to be three taproots of the musical mind, or, to change the figure, three large trunks in the family tree of musicality, each of which may develop and ramify to a large extent independently and out of proportion to the others. They are the tonal, the intensive, and the temporal. Each is the main trunk of a musical type. The tonal are peculiarly sensitive to pitch, and dwell upon music in all its tonal forms — melody, harmony, and all forms of pitch inflection; the dynamic have a fine acuity of hearing and sense of intensity, and dwell by preference upon musical 'touch' as the intensive aspect of music in all forms and modifications of loudness; the temporal are peculiarly sensitive to time and rhythm, and dwell by preference upon the rhythmic patterns and all other media for the temporal aspect of music.

Of course, a great musician, or a balanced musician of any degree of greatness, tends to have these three trunks of capacity branch out in balanced and symmetrical form; but such cases are comparatively rare. Many distinguished musicians are dominantly of one of these types; their performance and appreciation and their musical creations all give evidence favoring dominance of one of the trunk lines. Furthermore, high capacity in each of these three trunk lines of talent is not essential to marked distinction in musical achievement, and very extreme sensitivity in one or more of these capacities may even be a drawback to balanced musical development.

Let me give a very striking illustration on this last point. In measuring certain phases of musical talent in all of the available living members of six of the foremost musical families in the United States, Dr. Stanton found that the brother of one of the protagonists of these musical families said he had no musical talent whatever, and this seemed to be the opinion of the family; but the experimenter found that in the four basic capacities which were measured (the sense of pitch, the sense of intensity, the sense of time, and tonal memory) he was most extraordinarily keen — indeed, conspicuously keener than his brother, the famous musician. The interesting confession came out that the reason he was not musical was that practically all the music he heard was to him so bad that it jarred upon him and was intolerable. That was why he was not musical in the conventional sense of the word; he was so keen that the ordinary humdrum of music, even in a musical family, continually jarred him. Is he in reality musical or is he not? The psychologist would say, 'In terms of all the evidence at hand, he has

extraordinary musical capacities.' Yet in his family he was the one who had not 'amounted to anything' in music.

Generalizing on the basis of all types of record available, we may say that so far as the sensory capacities are concerned a balanced and distinctly gifted musical mind is one which in these capacities measures in the highest ten per cent of the normal community, but that great musical achievement is attained by persons who may have a low average sensory capacity in one of these three main lines.

But here it must be pointed out, of course, that success depends upon following the lead of natural capacity. For example, a person who has only an average sense of pitch can never become a good violinist or a great singer, but with the other two trunk lines well developed he may become a pianist or a composer of great distinction.

II

Granting the presence of sensory capacities in adequate degree, success or failure in music depends upon the capacity for living in a tonal world through productive and reproductive imagination. The musician lives in a world of images, realistic sometimes even to the point of a normal illusion. This does not mean that he is aware of the image, as such, any more than he needs to be aware of sensation in seeing an object. But he is able to hear over a musical programme which he has heard, as if it were rendered in the present. He creates music by 'hearing it out,' not by picking it out on the piano or by mere seeing of the score or by abstract theories, but by hearing it out in his creative imagination. That is, his memory and imagination are rich and strong in power of concrete, faithful, and vivid tonal imagery; and

this imagery is so fully at his command that he can build the most complex musical structures and hear and feel all the effects of every detailed element before he has written down a note or sounded it out by voice or instrument. This capacity, I should say, is the outstanding mark of a musical mind at the representation level — the capacity of living in a representative tonal world. This capacity brings the tonal material into the present; it colors and greatly enriches the actual hearing of musical sounds; it largely determines the character and realism of the emotional experience; it is the familiarity with these images which makes the cognitive memory for music realistic. Thus tonal imagery is a condition for learning, for retention, for recall, for recognition, and for the anticipation of musical facts. Take out the image from the musical mind and you take out the very heart.

No one maintains at the present time that a person can be of a single imaginal type, but in natural musicians with a rich feeling for music the auditory type dominates, and perhaps largely on account of the fact that realistic imagery is always intimately associated with organic responsiveness. The motor imaginal type is ordinarily also well developed. It is not necessary for us to quarrel about the relation of kinæsthetic imagery to kinæsthetic sensation, but we can agree upon this — that the motor tendency to image the tone or execute it in inceptive movements is highly developed in the musical mind. The auditory and the motor images are normal stimuli for organic reaction in musical emotion.

This fact of the necessity of living in a world of representation tends also to bring out vivid visual imagery as well as imagery in the other senses; because there is a general tendency to reinstate, in the representation of a sensory

experience, the whole of the original setting. Thus a musician not only hears the music, but often lives it out so realistically in his imagination and memory that he sees and feels a response to the persons, instruments, or total situation in the rendition represented. Without this warmth of experience music would lose its essential æsthetic nature.

It is a well-known fact that many persons who ply the art or business of music report having no developed imaginal life or concrete imagination, and it has been very interesting to observe in many such cases that, although they are engaged in the practice of music, their musical life is quite devoid of the genuine musical experience.

The power of mental imagery may be developed to a marked degree with training. There is also good evidence to show that the power of vivid imagery deteriorates with nonuse. A comparison of musicians and psychologists shows the musicians to stand very high in auditory imagery and the psychologists, as a class, comparatively low. This marked difference is probably due partly to selection and partly to training. There seems to be no doubt that there are very great differences in the nature of children in this respect. We have no exact method of measuring the degree of imagery, its vividness, adequacy, stability, and so forth, but the introspective method quite generally employed is fairly adequate for practical purposes.

But mere strength or fidelity of imagery is of little value except in so far as it is the medium for imagination. Music is an art, and he who plies it successfully has the power of creative imagination. This may be of the sensuous type, which is characterized by luxuriant and realistic imagery without much reflection; it may be of

the intellectual type, in which creation takes the form of purposes, theories, postulates, as the material of musical content; it may be of the sentimental type, in which the flow of imagery is under the sway of the higher sentiments which are often nursed into æsthetic attitudes sometimes called musical temperament; it may be of the impulsive type, in which the drive or urge of emotion flares up but is not long sustained; it may be of the motor type sometimes called architectonic, which takes the form of a realistic experience of action or of mere performance. Accordingly as a person is dominantly of any one type or of a combination of these types, his personality as a whole may in large part be designated by such a pattern. Thus among others we may have as types the sensorimotor, the sentimental, the impulsive, the reflective, the motile, or the balanced musician.

While retentive and serviceable memory is a very great asset to a musical person, it is not at all an essential condition for musical-mindedness. A person may have naturally very poor memory of all forms and get along well in music, just as an absent-minded and forgetful philosopher may get along very well in his field. Furthermore, the possibility for the development of memory has such a very large range that with careful training a person with very poor memory capacity may improve this many fold and attain fairly serviceable command in memory. The musical mind that can reproduce several full programme repertoires with precision is, however, a different mind from one which has neither large scope nor fidelity in retention or reproduction. But both may be musical. The personal traits in memory and imagination color and condition the musical life and often set limits to achievement in music.

III

So far as the power of reflective thinking is concerned, musical intelligence is like philosophical, mathematical, or scientific intelligence; it is good reasoning power. Intelligence is musical when its background is a storehouse of musical knowledge, musical interests, musical tasks, and a warmth of musical experience.

Here, as in the case of imagination, the type and the degree of intelligence may characterize or set limits to the musical achievement. The great composer, the great conductor, the great interpreter, live in large intellectual movements. They have the power of sustained thought, a great store of organized information, and the ability to elaborate and control their creative work at a high intellectual level. At the other extreme are the various kits of small musicianship in which reflective thinking does not function: the experience and the performance are on a sensorimotor level. Such music is to real music as phantasy is to creative imagination. Between these extremes we may sort musicianships into markedly different qualities and levels in terms of some sort of intelligence quotient. Thought is, however, not limited to the difficult and ponderous in music. For, as in all other realms of reflection, the highest and most beautiful achievements of thought often have the charm of simplicity.

We should not infer from this that a great mathematician or philosopher, for example, who plays the violin or sings beautifully does so as a great thinker. The violin and the voice are often a relief to him from the dull strain of sustained cogitation. He may not create music at all; he may not even interpret at the level at which he philosophizes; yet his sensuous and his imaginative experience are chastened,

mellowed, and balanced by the fact that he is a contemplative man.

Again, the great intellect in music may dwell so exclusively upon the musical forms and upon conceptions of new musical structures as to become calloused to the more spontaneous appreciation and expression of music. He becomes hypercritical and may even lose the sense of enjoyment of music. The penetrating critic often derives more pain than pleasure from music as it is.

My main point, however, is that, as is the intelligence of a man, so is his music. If he is in a school for the feeble-minded, his music may be spontaneous and appealing to a high degree, but it will be, nevertheless, feeble-minded. If it is the expression of the philosophical and highly trained composer or conductor, it will be a thought creation whether or not it has the more elemental musical appeals which reach the masses.

IV

Music is essentially a play upon feeling. It is appreciated only in so far as it arouses feeling, and can be expressed only by active feeling. On the basis of the degree and the kind of feeling, we may again classify persons into characteristic types. The emotional responsiveness of the musician may be regarded from several points of view. In view of the fact that everything that the musician conveys to the listener as music is conveyed on the sound wave and that we now have methods of intercepting the sound waves by the camera and reproducing them with as fine detail as we may wish, it is possible to represent in scientific terms every shade of feeling, sentiment, or emotion as expressed in music.

As a fundamental proposition we may say that the artistic expression of

feeling in music consists in æsthetic deviation from the regular — from pure tone, rigid pitch, rigid intensity, rigid time, rigid rhythms, and so forth. All of these can be measured so that we can now compare singers quantitatively in terms of their use of a particular one of the countless devices for deviating from the regular or rigid, including also adherence to the regular as a means of expressing emotion in music.

In other words, expression of musical feeling is effected through the countless possible changes in sound waves; and all of these are recordable and measurable. The emotional medium at one moment may be primarily tonal timbre, at another moment rhythm, at another moment dynamic value, and each of these in countless forms of sublimation. In the ensemble of such deviation from the regular lie the beauty, the charm, the grandeur of music. When Tetrizzini catalogues, among the chief faults of singing, 'faulty intonation, faulty phrasing, imperfect attack, scooping up to notes, digging or arriving at a note from a semitone beneath,' she is of course right, but may fail to realize that in just such variables lie the resources for beauty and power of music.

In other words, our concept of feeling as expressed in music may become concretely scientific; so that, if the musical critic praises or blames a singer for a certain emotional quality, it need no longer remain a question of dispute or opinion; for, just as we could snap the profile of the singer with the camera, we can get the profile of the sound wave and settle the dispute about the musical quality. The musical critics have, of course, not yet adopted this technique; but the next generation will make a beginning. The expression of feeling in music, that mysterious and enchanting retreat for all things

musical, is being explored; trails are being blazed, and the musical critic will soon talk about the expression of feeling in music in terms of precise and scientific concepts.

This very sweeping assertion about submitting the expression of æsthetic feeling to scientific analysis and measurement is so radical and far-reaching that it deserves some illustration of proof in support. Bearing in mind that scientific procedure ordinarily requires the isolation and control of one specific factor at a time, — not feeling as a whole, but specific factors in turn, — I may cite as an example the definition, description, and evaluation of the *vibrato*. This quiver of the voice is one of the countless media for deviation from the regular for æsthetic effect. It is distinctly an expression of feeling.

What is the vibrato? What causes it? Is it desirable? If so, what form is desirable? Is it spontaneous? Can it be taught? Can it be eradicated? Can we establish norms of beautiful vibrato? What does it mean in the language of emotion? How does it develop from childhood? Do primitive singers have it? In what respect does the vibrato vary with each type of emotion? How does it vary with register, with sex, with emotionality and temperament? What is its relation to emotional instability? How do different singers differ characteristically in their vibrato? What are the typical faults or shortcomings of the vibrato? Answers to all these questions and many other questions about this specific medium of expression of emotion have been sought boldly, confidently, and with success in the laboratory in terms of measurements as recorded on sound waves. Thus in answer to the first question, calling for a definition of the vibrato, we find that, generalizing from a vast variety of concrete data at

hand, we can express it in scientific terms. In calm and beautiful singing the vibrato is a synchronous pitch and intensity oscillation, ordinarily at the rate of from five to eight oscillations per second, in which perhaps the most beautiful effect is obtained when the pitch oscillation does not exceed one fourth of a tone and the intensity oscillation is as barely perceptible as the pitch oscillation and both take the form of a smooth sine curve.

Countless descriptive features may be added to such a definition for specific purposes, and qualifications may be added as new information accrues. The point is that we are now enabled to define, describe, measure, and control such a subtle aspect of the expression of tender emotion as the slightest change in the character of a vibrato.

When Madame Kurenko, who seems to have a beautiful vibrato in all registers, sings in New York and the critics opine about the technique of quivers in her voice, we may have at the footlights a recording instrument which photographs every sound wave and enables us to preserve for all time the form of her expression of emotion. Not only so, but when she sings in New York I can now sit in my home in Iowa City and hear her, through the marvelous performances of the radio, or go to my laboratory and take moving pictures of her song, and preserve and make an objective study of any specific aspect — for example, her vibrato. Ages of opinions and quarrels about what the vibrato is have taken us nowhere. Five years in the laboratory have laid the foundations of a science of the vibrato which, in turn, will lay foundations for the pedagogy and the æsthetic appraisal of this specific phase of the expression of feeling.

We are, of course, here not thinking about that mystic inner something

which is spoken of as feeling as such, but of the *expression* of feeling; and, in modern psychology, to feel is always to do, to express something — action of the organism. The expression does not take ethereal, magical, or even mystic forms, but comes to us through the media to which our senses are open.

There are two other aspects of feeling in music. One is the nature of æsthetic experience, and the other is what we may call the creative feeling as it operates in the composer. It is evident that both of these will stand out in an entirely new light the moment the conception of the concreteness, descriptibility, and tangibleness of the expression of emotion in music is recognized.

V

Musical performance, like all other acts of skill involving unusually high capacity, is limited by certain inherent and inherited motor capacities. For example, a child is slow and sure, quick and erratic, or may be found in any other combinations of the two series from the extremely slow to the extremely quick, the extremely precise to the extremely erratic. And, as a child is found, so will be the youth and the man. It is often like stature or a color of hair, a personal trait.

Singing involves the possession of a favorable structure of the vocal organs and motor control. Playing various kinds of instruments calls for a high order of natural capacity, for speed and accuracy in control. Motor capacities can be measured before musical training is begun. Musical action is, of course, also limited by limitations in each and all of the talents heretofore discussed — for example, a person who is low in sense of rhythm will of necessity be low in rhythmic performance. In the next generation the music

student and the music teacher and theorist will rate progress and quality in musical performance in relation to capacity, just as at the present time we are beginning to consider it reasonable not to expect as much from a moron as we do from a philosopher.

It is quite possible to recognize fundamental types of motor resourcefulness in musical performance, but for the present purpose the main thing to be stressed is that there is nothing indescribable about it and that individual motor fortes or faults of a basic character often determine the character of the musician.

VI

This, in brief, is the skeletal structure I promised. In many respects it is but dangling and rattling dry bones. 'Atomistic!' some of my confreres will say. Now, atoms are not roses; but with atoms, and with atoms alone, Nature flushes roses, resplendent in bloom, fragrance, and *Gestalt* — living roses! The æsthete, whiffing and raving about the beauty of the rose, can ignore the atom, but the botanist cannot. It is to the botanist that we look for a true revelation of the origin, the growth, the essential character, and the rôle of roses in the economy of Nature. It is the botanist that can make verifiable and permanent distinctions among roses.

Forty years ago Wundt was asked, 'What have you learned from the reaction experiment?' — to which his whole laboratory force had devoted its first three years. His reply was, 'It has given me a new conception of the human mind.' Speaking for those who take the scientific point of view for a psychology of music, I may say that experiment has given us a new conception of the musical personality as a whole — its infinite richness in capaci-

ties, the intimate relationships among these capacities, the marvelous range of possible training, growth, and substitution, the sublimation of musical interests in daily life, the necessity of viewing the personality dynamics as a whole.

Does this point of view oversimplify the musical mind? The argument I have made is that it can and should vastly enrich and deepen the concept; for, if you ask one question of Nature in the laboratory, Nature asks you ten, and each of these when pursued in turn multiplies into tens of tens of tens. For laboratory procedure is but the setting of conditions for more and more precise observations of specific, concrete, verifiable facts or features. What I have said is after all merely a point of view. The details remain to be worked out, filled in, modified as science progresses. My whole appeal is to and for verifiable facts.

What shall it profit? Perhaps I may bring together in a constructive way some of the features which seem to me to be involved in the acceptance of scientific procedure in the interpretation, evaluation, and education of the musical mind.

It gives us a psychology of music in that it furnishes describable and verifiable facts as a basis for classification. The particular data I have presented are just plain psychology; not any particular brand, but rather an attempt to select and consolidate what is usable in the various modern points of view and from all investigators.

It furnishes us a technique for the development of musical æsthetics. The armchair deductions about the nature of beauty in music must give way to experiment, and conclusions must be limited to factors under control. Musical æsthetics will soon loom up as one of the applied and normative sciences.

It forms a basis in individual psychology for the analysis and evaluation of musical talent and will furnish helpful data for vocational and avocational guidance in music.

It develops an intimate relationship between music and speech. It may be that speech, a long-lost art, may gain recognition in æsthetics on the ground of its close relationship to music.

It lays the foundations for musical criticism, musical biography and autobiography, and musical theory in general — even for intelligent parlor conversation about musical thrills.

It furnishes the foundation for the psychology of musical education in that it furnishes essential facts for the construction of the curriculum, for the

selection and motivation of the musically educable, for the evaluation of progress in training, and for countless improvements in the technique and economy of teaching. If a committee of scientifically trained musicians should make a survey of the economies or wastes involved in current methods of teaching music and should be free to set forth the pedagogical consequence of facing the new scientifically known facts about the musical mind, very radical changes would follow.

It helps to give music its true place and influence by enhancing the musical life for the musically gifted and thereby furnishing a natural drive for the effective functioning of music in the life of the people.

DISILLUSION WITH THE LABORATORY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

DURING the second half of the nineteenth century Thomas Henry Huxley delivered a number of lectures, evangelical in character, to popular audiences, and his purpose was a double one. He wished to arouse in his hearers an enthusiasm for the truths of the laboratory equal to his own, but he felt at the same time the necessity of quieting certain fears which had been aroused when Darwinism had exploded in the midst of English society. He was anxious to convince his hearers that the moral fabric of their world was not, as they supposed, put in jeopardy, and he went even so far as to assure them, in effect, that he could give them good

human reasons for obeying most of the Ten Commandments even if they should be compelled, as a result of his other teachings, to doubt that these commandments had been handed down to Moses by God Himself.

But there were moments at which he felt himself hard pressed by those of his opponents who doubted the utility, even more than they doubted the truth, of the hypotheses he was expounding. He had received letters from well-meaning old ladies who asked him what *good* it would do to go about assuring people that they had apes rather than angels for cousins-german — even though he himself were sure

of the fact — and sometimes he felt the inconvenience of being always compelled to defend his beliefs upon the double ground of their truth *and* usefulness. This inconvenience he did not, however, usually admit in public; but once, just after his wife had died and when Charles Kingsley had written him concerning the possibility of a future life, he did, in a private letter, renounce one half of the obligation he usually assumed and, taking his stand upon a dogmatic allegiance to truths of the order which particularly concerned him, he wrote: 'Sit down before fact as a little child . . . follow humbly and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing.'

Now to us of a later day there is something ominous in this sentence. Since the time when first it was defiantly uttered we have listened to the accounts of many explorers who have followed Nature and have returned with tales not wholly reassuring, but we shall miss the contrast between the temper of Huxley's day and our own if we fail to perceive that the words sprang from a heart more confident than the words seem to imply, and that, indeed, no utterance of his is more characteristically Victorian. Not only is it marked by a certain rhetorical grandeur which gives it an heroic ring foreign to the best expression in an age like our own, when men have grown a little distrustful of such rotundities, but also, for all the desperation of its rhetoric, it is replete with an unmistakably Victorian optimism. Huxley did not in his heart believe that Nature had any 'abysses' very deep or very dark, and he did not really admit the possibility that they might exist. Formally, and for the sake of argument, he declared his willingness to know the worst about man and the universe, but he was serenely confident that that worst was not very bad. He loved

what he called Truth, and he believed that all he valued could be established upon it.

This optimism, characteristic of Huxley's age, was the natural accompaniment of a fresh enthusiasm for a new method. Together with those of his contemporaries who had, like him, reflective minds, he perceived that Darwin's discoveries were more than isolated facts, and he saw in them a missing link in the chain of reasoning which was leading him to the conclusion that all human problems were ultimately solvable. The sciences had already demonstrated their power to understand and deal with the forces of Nature, and now that Darwin had proved that man was not something essentially different from, but actually a part of, this same Nature, it seemed fair to conclude that they might hope for an equal success in dealing with human things. Doubtless he foresaw a part of all those painstaking studies which have since been made into the genesis of the arts, religions, and civilizations, and like those who undertook them he supposed that they would be as fruitful in both truth and utility as those of Darwin upon which they were modeled. He had seen so many problems solved in the laboratory that he was little disturbed by any doubts as to what the limits of the method might be, and, while some were left desolate by theories which seemed to deny them their trailing clouds of glory, he saw no cause for anything but hope in an hypothesis which made man part of that Nature which was so rapidly yielding up its secrets.

In the light of his knowledge and experience Huxley's optimism was not, perhaps, unjustified, but those of us who look back over the fifty-odd years which have passed since it expanded in its full flower are aware of a buoyance which has somehow passed away and of

a sense that the possibility of certain ultimate solutions has rather receded than approached as the years went by. All prophecies make sad reading when their term has elapsed, but in this particular case we are not quite sure why it should be so, since in so many respects the optimism of Huxley seems more than justified. Knowledge *has* marched on — more rapidly perhaps than he hoped — and this knowledge *has* brought with it that increased capacity to control the accidents of our lives which he predicted. Ingenuity has devised subtler instruments to investigate the secrets of Nature and to direct her forces than any he dreamed of; already we know more and can do more in certain directions than he would have supposed possible for a generation as close as ours is to his own; and yet, in spite of so much success, we are aware of a certain disappointment and of a hope less eager than his, as though our victories were somehow barren and as though the most essential things were eluding us. We do not, we cannot, actually doubt even the most fantastic of the verities which the scientist announces, since his boasted power to foretell and control upon the basis of his hypotheses has been too often vindicated to permit a skepticism, and when he tells us that soon we shall be doing this or that we know from experience that we had best believe him. Yet our belief is without enthusiasm — even, perhaps, a little perfunctory or impatient — because all his successes seem to achieve and to promise less than once they did.

Doubtless this disillusion is due in part to a clearer and clearer penetration of the ancient fallacy which consists in basing an estimate of our welfare upon the extent to which our material surroundings have been elaborated. This fallacy, born at the same

moment with scientific method itself, runs all through the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, where it leads him to accept without question the assumption that we shall be wise and happy in proportion to the ingenuity of the machinery which surrounds us, and it is still the very foundation stone in the faith of the more naïve of contemporary materialists who assume that we have, for example, indubitably bettered ourselves when we have learned, first to say things over wires, and then to dispense even with them. A wider and wider experience with inventions has, however, convinced the more thoughtful that a man is not, as once was said, twice as happy when moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour as he would be if he were proceeding at only half that speed, and we no longer believe that the millennium presents merely a problem in engineering. Science has always promised two things not necessarily related — an increase first in our powers, second in our happiness or wisdom, and we have come to realize that it is the first and less important of the two promises which it has kept most abundantly.

Yet this explanation is not in itself complete, and we cannot deny, either, that the better sort of scientist has always realized that the ultimate value of science must depend upon its human value or that his researches into the mind and institutions of man have been less remarkable than those he has conducted into inanimate Nature. Huxley himself was fond of pointing out the danger which lay in the error of assuming that a pump was the most important result of our knowledge of the fact that air has weight, or that Galileo was great because he made good clocks possible. He had a Lucretian faith in the power of the light of knowledge to banish the fears which had oppressed the soul of man, and he

had, beside, a faith that that same light would so illuminate the moral world as to enable us to see more clearly than we had ever seen before our capacities, our obligations, and our aims. Nature he thought was important chiefly because man was a part of it, and because by knowing Nature he would come to know himself. And yet, though the eagerness which the scientist has shown to draw conclusions sociological, ethical, and philosophical from his discoveries is sufficient proof that this aspect of the laboratory has not been forgotten, it is precisely here that our disillusion is keenest.

The more we learn of human nature, the less sure a foundation it seems to be upon which to build; and the more we know of the origins of the arts and faiths which have made the human race seem heroic, the less we see how they can be carried on to any perfection. If the proud confidence of Huxley has oozed away, it is in part because the abyss of Nature is darker and deeper than he supposed, and in part because the light which illuminates it does not reveal as clearly as he had anticipated what our bearings are as we wing our way, like Milton's Satan, through a vast emptiness. Science, though it fulfills the details of its promises, does not in any ultimate sense solve our problems.

II

Certainly the spread of scientific method to fields of inquiry which had not been thought of as subjects thereto was no less rapid or complete than Huxley had anticipated. Within a generation people had come instinctively to assume that the universe was a single continuity whose phenomena, from the crystallization of a salt on through the transports of romantic love or the profoundest experiences of

mystical religion, were all part of the same great system and all natural in the sense that they were all subject to investigation by the same methods. Anthropology, defined as the science of man considered as an animal, was born; and, though the designation came to be used in a narrow sense, this definition is sufficient to describe the subject matter of practically every study undertaken during half a century. History, philosophy, and even theology became chiefly the search for origins and the study of processes by which things were evolved, so that even when a man as sympathetic as William James toward religious experiences undertook to study them they could only be approached through the method of documentary comparisons.

First man's body and then his soul were dragged into the laboratory to be measured, tested, and made the subject of experiment. His desires, his beliefs, and his impulses were tracked down, catalogued, and mapped. The history of morals was written, the physiology of love was described, and the functions of faith were analyzed. A vast mountain of data, much of it accurate and incontrovertible, upon every activity of the human spirit, was gathered, and always we were promised the great illumination which was to follow its absorption. Knowledge, we had learned, was power. When one had come to understand the laws of physics one was able intelligently to arrange for one's physical well-being, and so when one had learned the laws of the mental world one would be able in the same way to assure one's spiritual state. Once we had come to grasp the principles of art, we should know how to produce it; once we had unraveled the complexities involved in the history of morals, we should be able to devise and practise a really intelligent

moral code; and once we thoroughly understood the functions of religion, we should be able to embrace one capable of perfectly fulfilling those functions.

And yet, for some reason not easy at first to comprehend, the analogy has failed to hold, and a laboratory knowledge of what, for want of better terms, we must still speak of as the soul and its activities does not result in any greater mastery of them. Though the 'I' in each one of us is the thing of whose reality we seem to have the directest possible evidence, yet in the laboratory it dissolves into an unstable agglomeration of sensations and impulses which we cannot recognize as ourselves, while the will, which seems to us to inform this nonexistent entity, is revealed as a pure illusion. And if science thus illuminates the problems of the soul by assuring us that it cannot find any of the things we are talking about, its efforts are not much more satisfactory when applied to the study of ethics. A Westermarck, having adopted the genetic methods consecrated by Darwin and having armed himself with the detachment of science, plunges into the study of morals. We eagerly await the exact and positive conclusions which science seems to promise, and he returns with three fat volumes which prove — that morality does not exist. In the laboratory there can be found no trace of the soul except certain rather undignified phenomena which give rise to the illusion that we have one, no sign of the will except that conditioned preponderance of one impulse over the other which leads us to feel as though we were exercising a choice, and no evidence of the existence of any such thing as morality except customs — more or less fixed in certain times or places, but in the large extremely variable — which familiarity leads us to regard as

absolute. And yet we act and must act as though these things were realities and the problems which we looked to science to solve were problems predicated upon the real existence of the entities it denies. They are a part of that world — illusory, perhaps — in which our consciousness has its being, even though not part of any which the laboratory can investigate.

The origins, evolutions, and relativities which the latter does reveal are in part disconcerting and in part irrelevant. It has shown itself most competent and most decisive in dealing with those aspects of life which, when contemplated, are the most likely to disturb the equanimity of our souls. It has, that is to say, been most fruitful of result when it has attempted to trace our most exalted feelings back to their basis in some primitive physiological urge; to analyze our art into the elements which serve to excite and satisfy some appetite which seems, when so examined, trivial enough; or to demonstrate how completely our reason — which Shakespeare thought godlike and in which Spinoza thought he had found the realm which he could denominate as 'Of Human Freedom' — is in reality also in bondage to our passions and to be adequately described as a mere 'rationalization' of them. It has, then, humbled our dignity and clipped the wings of our aspirations, but its disconcerting revelations are more easily borne than the irrelevancies which result from the fact, mentioned above, that the stream of consciousness, and the conditioned preponderance of one impulse over the other with which it replaces the 'I' and the 'will' of our intimate experience, do not correspond with that experience or help us to understand its problems. To the man in the grip of a romantic passion and uncertain whether 'love is all' or merely an

infirmity of mind, the modern cure of souls can say no more than that the victim is suffering, perhaps, from a fixation; and the person in search of moral guidance who goes to the scientific studies of morality to get it will be vouchsafed the information that among certain of the South Sea Islanders modesty consists in taking care that the body is tattooed, or that in some other time and place the murder of one's superannuated grandparents was considered a duty. Doubtless the facts in both cases are true, but they are not recognizable in the experience with which the individual is called upon to deal, and they are in that sense irrelevant.

We went to science in search of light, not merely upon the nature of matter, but upon the nature of man as well, and though that which we have received may be light of a sort, it is not adapted to our eyes and is not anything by which we can see. Since thought began we have groped in the dark among shadowy shapes, doubtfully aware of landmarks looming uncertainly here and there — of moral principles, human values, aims, and ideals. We hoped for an illumination in which they would at last stand clearly and unmistakably forth, but instead they appear even less certain and less substantial than before — mere fancies and illusions generated by nerve actions that seem terribly remote from anything we can care about or based upon relativities that accident can shift. We had been assured that many troublesome shadows would flee away, that superstitious fears, irrational repugnances, and all manner of bad dreams would disappear. And so in truth very many have. But we never supposed that most of the things we cherished would prove equally unsubstantial, that all the aims we thought we vaguely perceived, all the

values we pursued, and all the principles we clung to were but similar shadows, and that either the light of science is somehow deceptive or the universe, emotionally and spiritually, a vast emptiness.

Hopes are disappointed in strange and unexpected ways. When first we embrace them we fear, if we fear at all, some miscarriage in the details of our plan. We are anxious lest we should not be able to go where we hope to go, acquire what we hope to own, or gain the distinction we hope to win. But it is not thus that we are most frequently or most bitterly disappointed. We accomplish the journeys, assume the possessions, and receive the distinctions, but they are not what we thought them, and in the midst of success it is failure that we taste. It is not the expected thing but the effect that is lost, the advantages of possession or the joys of achievement which fail to materialize, in spite of the fact that it was never at that point that we feared a failure. And so it has been with modern science. It has marched from triumph to triumph, winning each specific victory more completely and more expeditiously than even its most enthusiastic prophet predicted, but those specific victories do not bear the fruits expected. Less follows than once seemed inevitable and we are disillusioned with success.

III

Your scientist, impatient and a little scornful of the speculations, dreams, and fancies which have occupied the man ignorant of the laboratory and its marvels, is inclined to feel sure of his superiority when he insists that it is with *realities* that he deals; but it may be that by that statement he is destroying himself, since the contact of the human mind with reality is so slight

that two thousand years of epistemology have not been able to decide exactly what the nexus is, and it is easier to argue that our consciousness exists in utter isolation than to prove that it is actually aware of the external phenomena by which it is surrounded. Nor need we, in order to demonstrate this fact, confine ourselves to the consideration of such intangible things as those which have just been discussed, since the physical world of which we are aware through the senses is almost equally remote from that which the laboratory reveals.

The table before which we sit may be, as the scientist maintains, composed of dancing atoms, but it does not reveal itself to us as anything of the kind, and it is not with dancing atoms but a solid and motionless object that we live. So remote is this 'real' table — and most of the other 'realities' with which science deals — that it cannot be discussed in terms which have any human value, and though it may receive our purely intellectual credence it cannot be woven into the pattern of life as it is led, in contradistinction to life as we attempt to think about it. Vibrations in the ether are so totally unlike, let us say, the color purple that the gulf between them cannot be bridged, and they are, to all intents and purposes, not one but two separate things of which the second and less 'real' must be the most significant for us. And just as the sensation which has led us to attribute an objective reality to a nonexistent thing which we call 'purple' is more important for human life than the conception of vibrations of a certain frequency, so too the belief in God, however ill founded, has been more important in the life of man than the germ theory of decay, however true the latter may be.

We may, if we like, speak in conse-

quence, as certain mystics love to do, of the different levels or orders of truth. We may adopt what is essentially a Platonistic trick of thought and insist upon postulating the existence of external realities which correspond to the needs and modes of human feeling, and which, so we may insist, have their being in some part of the universe unreachable by science. But to do so is to make an unwarrantable assumption and to be guilty of the metaphysical fallacy of failing to distinguish between a truth of feeling and that other sort of truth which is described as a 'truth of correspondence,' and it is better perhaps, at least for those of us who have grown up in an age of scientific thought, to steer clear of such confusions and to rest content with the admission that, though the universe with which science deals is the real universe, yet we do not and cannot have any but fleeting and imperfect contacts with it; that the most important part of our lives — our sensations, emotions, desires, and aspirations — takes place in a universe of illusions which science can attenuate or destroy, but which it is powerless to enrich.

But once we have made that admission we must guard ourselves against the assumption, hastily embraced by those who make the admission too gladly, that we have thereby liberated ourselves from all bondage to mere fact and freed the human spirit so that it may develop in its own way. The human world is not completely detached and autonomous. Since mind can function only through body, the one world is interpenetrated by the other. The two clash from time to time, and when they do so it is always the solider which must prevail, so that we dare not attempt to deny its existence. The world which our minds have created to meet our desires

and our needs exists precariously and on sufferance; it is shadowy and insubstantial for the very reason that there is nothing outside itself to correspond with it, and it hence must always be fragile and imperfect.

Science, to be sure, has sometimes imagined a wholly scientific man of the future, and the more thoroughgoing sort of scientist has sometimes predicted that the time would come when the world of the human mind would be precisely the world of the laboratory and nothing more. Conceiving a daily life far more thoroughly mechanized than that of to-day, — of a society that sped through the air at incredible speed, that took its nourishment in the form of concentrated pellets and generated its children from selected seeds in an annealed glass womb, — he has imagined man as possessed of a soul fit for such surroundings. To him the needs and emotions referred to in this essay as distinctly human are merely troublesome anachronisms destined to pass away when we have accustomed ourselves more completely to things as they are, and it is our business to get rid of them as rapidly as possible in order to hasten the coming of the happy being to whom the roar of wheels will be the sweetest melody and a laboratory the only tabernacle for which he feels any need.

But it must be remembered that before such a creature could come into being changes more fundamental than are sometimes imagined would have to take place, since, even if we confine our attention to his physical surroundings only, he would have to be one who lived no longer, as all of us do, in the world of appearances, but one for whom vibrations were more real than colors because the spectroscope and the interferometer were more natural than the eye. For him the table in its most intimate aspect would have to

be a swarm of dancing atoms, and not only all the art but all the thought and feeling of past humanity alien nonsense. We could understand him no more than we now understand the ant on the one hand or the dynamo on the other, and he would feel no kinship with us. And hence, though we may admit the possibility that the future belongs to him, we cannot feel any delight in it or make its possessor any concern of ours. It is to our humanity that we cling, because it is the thing which we recognize as ourselves, and if it is lost, then all that counts for us is lost with it.

What we have come to realize, then, is that the scientific optimism of which Huxley may be taken as a typical exponent was merely a new variety of faith, resting upon certain premises which are no more unassailable than those which have supported other vanished religions of the past. It had as its central dogma the assumption that truths (of correspondence) were necessarily useful, and that the human spirit flowered best in the midst of realities clearly perceived. After the manner of all religions, it instinctively refrained from any criticism of this essential dogma, and it was left to us in an age troubled by a new agnosticism to perceive how far this first article of the scientific creed is from being self-evidently true. Experience has taught us that the method of the laboratory has its limitation, and that the accumulation of scientific data is not, in the case of all subjects, useful. We have learned how certain truths — intimate revelations concerning the origin and mechanism of our deepest impulses — can stagger our souls, and how a clear perception of our lonely isolation in the midst of a universe which knows nothing of us and our aspirations paralyzes our will. We are aware, too, of the fact that art and

ethics have not flowered anew in the light, that we have not won a newer and more joyous acceptance of the universe, and we have come to realize that the more we learn of the laws of that universe — in which we constitute a strange incongruity — the less we shall feel at home in it.

Each new revelation fascinates us. We would not, even if we dared, remain ignorant of anything which we can learn, but with each new revelation we perceive so much the more clearly that half — perhaps the most important half — of all we are and desire to be can find no comfort or support in such knowledge, that it is useless to seek for correspondences between our inner world and the outer one when we know that no such correspondences exist. Many of the things which we value most have a relation to external Nature no more intimate than the relation of purple to vibrations of the ether, and the existence of such a relation can never be to us more than an academic fact. We are disillusioned with the laboratory, not because we have lost faith in the truth of its findings, but because we have lost faith in the power of those findings to help us as generally as we had once hoped they might help.

IV

And what, then, of the Age of Science? It began, perhaps, with the Renaissance, or perhaps with the beginning of the seventeenth century, which saw the first of its most magnificent triumphs, and it may not yet have reached its apogee. Is it destined to give way to some other age, named from some new predominant interest? Will it be looked back upon as an epoch whose limits, like the limits of others, can be recognized? Or is it, as some seem to think, a period which began

when, for the first time, the true method of inquiry was discovered, and which is hence certain to endure as long as the continuity of life is maintained? Is it something with a beginning, but no other end than the end of the story of mankind?

Not even a speculative answer can be given to that question unless we define more closely what we mean when we ask it, and certainly it is not likely that the time will ever come when the wheels of the machine will cease to turn or the door of the laboratory be closed. Fanatics, the antithesis of those who gladly envisage a more and more vertiginously mechanized world, have been known to express a wish that just that would happen. So violently have they hated the soul of the modern man that they have wished to erase from the record of history every thought and deed since the Renaissance, and have longed for the return of a new Middle Age hardly different from that which closed when new hopes were born.

But one need not have all of Huxley's faith to see the absurdity of such a programme. One can hardly embrace it without being willing at the same time to destroy a large part of the population of the earth, because only the devices of science make it possible for them to be supported; and, even if one accepted that condition, one can hardly wish for the return of those good old days when there was nothing but prayer to oppose to the ravishes of a plague or when a wounded limb rotted slowly but inevitably away. There is something to be grateful for also in the fact, for which the realism of science is largely responsible, that we are no longer likely to be burned at the stake because we hold too tenaciously an unpopular opinion concerning the nature of the Trinity which we feel it would involve damnation to relinquish,

and there are other benefits bestowed by science which we are not anxious to surrender. If we speak, then, of the possibility that the Age of Science may pass, we do not mean that science would thereupon cease to perform its functions. We are thinking rather of a time when those boundless hopes which Huxley cherished, and to which many still cling, shall have been definitely renounced, when science shall no longer be looked to as the universal nostrum, and when it shall no longer give its name to an epoch because it will no longer be the dominant interest of all the best minds.

Even this is not easy for us, born as we were in the midst of an age of faith, to imagine. We have grown accustomed both to the triumphs of science and to the gradual extension of its activities, until they have come to seem to us something inevitable. We can hardly conceive how they should cease to occur or by what process the tendencies they express should pass away; and yet, if we follow the method which science has taught us, if we will make a study of comparative intellectual religions, we may see how that which happened once may come about again.

There was once, as everyone knows, a time when deduction, or the method of metaphysics, had followers as devoted, as numerous, and as confident as ever were won by the rival system of inductive logic upon which science is based. The universities of the Middle Ages which sprang up over Europe and were filled with eager scholars were an expression of the extravagant hopes which the world then fastened upon the methods of the schoolmen just as surely as the laboratories now dotting the face of the earth are an expression of the hopes which science has inspired. In that day students flocked to the centres from

obscure corners just as they do now, and they were drawn for the same reason. Keen minds were attacking the most important problems which face mankind with a new weapon, and the syllogism was marching from triumph to triumph. Every problem seemed to yield to the strength of that mighty engine, a thrill not unlike that which we feel at the successful result of a new experiment went through the soul of the listening world of scholars when a new demonstration was achieved, and it seemed as though everything were ultimately knowable. Vast volumes, filled with certitudes and no less imposing in bulk than those our own age has produced, were written; and at last came one who summarized in one great work a systematic series of answers to all the questions a wise man would care to ask.

Little remains as a result of all this activity. Most of the writings it produced are couched in a jargon which only the specialized student can understand, and the veriest amateur of science will tell you, with a quiet confidence based upon a complete ignorance of the subject, that the schoolmen wasted their time. And how came it, then, that that which once seemed the greatest of human triumphs has sunk so low in the estimation of the world that few take even the trouble to find out what it was? Somehow the confidence which had been reposed in it oozed away and there was growing disillusion with the metaphysician not unlike that disillusion which is the subject of the present essay. Within its own world metaphysics was perfect, but it came to seem, like so much of modern science, less relevant to the life people led than at first it appeared to be. Men's realest needs and desires seemed to elude it, and the progress which it made was the progress of a squirrel in

its cage. Its irrefutable demonstrations made very little difference in the success of the lives of those who mastered them, and enthusiasm waned, not so much because of any failure upon which it was possible to put one's finger as because metaphysics did not seem to be helping people very rapidly along the road which they wished to travel.

And if we were compelled to sum up our criticism of modern science in a single phrase we could hardly find one better than this last — that it does not seem, so surely as once it did, to be helping us very rapidly along the road we wish to travel. We cannot make physical speed an end to be pursued very long after we have discovered that it does not get us anywhere, and neither can we long devote ourselves whole-heartedly to science except in those departments — like medicine, for example — that accomplish not merely results, but results which have an ultimate value.

This does not mean, as some are already suggesting, that we have reason to return with a new enthusiasm to metaphysics. The fact that science has not succeeded in many of her efforts does not make the failure of the

schoolmen any less evident; does not prove, for example, that he who finds Westermarck unsatisfactory will find what he is looking for in the pages of Saint Thomas. But it does mean, on the other hand, that the new instrument has begun, like the old, to reveal its limitations, and that our aim has once more eluded us. Huxley and the schoolman were essentially alike in that the ultimate aim of each was the establishment of a science of man founded upon an accurate and positive knowledge of his nature; and they were alike also in the fact that the failure of each served to demonstrate that human nature is too phantasmagorical, too insubstantial, too 'unreal' to submit to such treatment, that it must continue to exist precariously and, as it were, upon sufferance in a universe not made for it. It may be that in time the most honored volumes which the scientific study of human nature has produced will become as nearly unread as the *Summa Theologiæ* itself, even though, in some still more distant future, they are rediscovered and revived in one of those oscillations of ever disappointed hope such as that which, at the present moment, is leading not a few back to Saint Thomas.

WHEN THE CARIBOU FAILED

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

I

'CRACK!' went the whip. The sharp report tore the frozen stillness of the Barren Lands. A little white puff rose from the hard snow, showing where the end of the walrus-hide lash had harmlessly landed. The long low sleigh quivered and plunged forward, while the team of dogs, crouching low, dug their claws frantically in the ice of the lake and strained in their harness for more speed.

Seven dogs! All pure huskies! When I close my eyes I can see them now, after all these years.

A black and white leader. He always ran with his head turned back over his shoulder, watching the driver, when the man was n't breaking trail ahead. Then three brindles, all brothers, silent like wolves. Behind them a little white bitch, with one yellow spot on the right cheek. She was the best dog for her size I have ever known, but she had the bad habit of whining, sharp, eager little whines, each time she had to tug a little harder at her breastplate. After that, a roan, a rare color, like a blue fox. He was sulky and treacherous, always apt to bite the dog in front of him if he could reach him. And, last of all, an old seasoned traveler of five years, pure gray, who knew every trick of the game and always howled to the skies when he felt a blizzard coming. He was my special pet in camp.

Yes, it was a great team, the best I think I have ever had, and that day my

guide and I were urging them for all they were worth.

The long bleak frozen lake stretched due north. We could already make out the end of it, through the haze, the vague outline of rocky hills, wind-swept, desolate, snow patches in the hollows gleaming white against the gray of the stone.

It was in the dead of winter, and the cold was terrific. There was no trail. We were traveling close to the shore, on the glare ice, walking or running behind the sleigh. A light breeze was blowing from the west in uneven gusts. And when those gusts came, the little rifts of snow would curl up suddenly like wisps of white smoke, lashing our left cheek and making us turn away in an agony of pain. Meanwhile the dogs shrank also, veering toward land, until a crack of the whip straightened them out on their course.

It was noon, I remember. We were looking for a small band of inland Eskimos, led by an old man called Kakarmik. He was supposed to be trapping somewhere at the end of the lake and we had to find out if all was well with his people. He was new to the district and we wanted to meet him and tell him where he could trade in his furs next spring.

Mile after mile went by. Then a rope on the sleigh snapped, a small part of the load slipping off. While we repaired the accident, we noticed that three of the dogs, instead of lying down and

resting curled up with their backs to the wind, remained standing, looking ahead and sniffing high in the air.

Climbing on the top of the load, I searched the end of the lake with my glasses and picked out a small dark speck which was moving. It was a man, the first one we had seen since we had started traveling twenty days ago, and in the utter desolation of that frozen desert the sight of the tiny, living dot seemed to fill the horizon with color and movement.

Half an hour later we were in plain sight of the whole band of Eskimos. The igloos were built on a rocky point, while the entire tribe seemed to be scattered a mile or so out on the ice.

'Fishing,' was our thought, and at once we knew that our friends were in a bad way. No Eskimo fishes inland through the ice in winter unless he has missed the herds of caribou in the fall and has been unable to stock up with meat and fat until the next spring.

'Starving,' was my guide's curt remark a few minutes later.

Then, three men who had been watching us with their small telescopes started running toward our sleigh. They still had their fish spears in their hands. We stopped our team and looked at each other thoughtfully. We were not frightened of the Eskimos, for we knew them well. But starving men in the Barren Lands are not easily handled at times, and our precious stock of food, with our seven dogs, might have proved too much of a temptation.

We had a rifle with us, but the thought of showing it never entered our minds. In the North neither white men nor red men ever use firearms except on game. The days of murder have long since gone, notwithstanding printed stories to the contrary. We simply waited, anxiously, wondering what would happen.

As soon as the first man arrived

within earshot, he began calling out and waving. In a few seconds we understood his words. 'Bad ice — look out — turn round — pass near the shore.' With a few muttered words of relief, we slewed the excited team back in a wide circle and, obeying instructions, made our way past the igloos on the point to where all the Eskimos were standing.

Kakarmik, the old chief, was the first to greet us. Then we had to shake hands with everyone, man, woman, and child, even the babies in their mothers' hoods — a tedious job when it is forty degrees below and one must keep one's double fur mitts on. After that, as quickly as possible, my guide explained who we were, from where we came, when we had to go back, and the reason for our trip.

Kakarmik thanked us for our visit. His description of local conditions was exactly what we had guessed at first.

Being new to the district, the band had reached too late the place where the caribou cross the river in tens of thousands on their migration south, and had only been able to spear a few stragglers. After that they had spent weary weeks scouring the country in vain for smaller herds. Winter settling down in earnest, Kakarmik had finally decided to camp at the end of the lake where the water was shallow and the ice thin because of the current of the mighty river flowing from there down to the Arctic Ocean. His only solution was to fish, and, since he had no nets, to spear through holes in the ice, where the men, crouching behind a small windshield, watched all day long.

The fishing had been good at first. But now it was poor, very poor. When a man caught four fish of three or four pounds every twenty-four hours, he could consider himself very lucky. They had only four spears to feed seventeen people. He didn't count the

small babies at the breast. Half of them had already died, and he expected the rest to go soon. They had no dogs. They had eaten them all. They were going to stay here another week, in the hope that the fishing would improve. But, if it did not, then he would leave for a certain lake he knew, twelve days' walking to the northwest. There he thought he might perhaps find musk ox.

Yes, they had three rifles and enough ammunition. He knew the risk he would have to take. In fact, he expected that half the band — even more — would fall on the way, but he would take the chance if the fish were going to fail entirely. And, did we have food, over and above what we needed for our return trip — twenty days?

The guide and I looked at each other. There stood a band of Eskimos on the point of sheer, complete starvation. Numbering seventeen to the two of us, still they made no move to seize our food and our dogs. Obeying the eternal law of the North, they took it for granted that we had to keep our team so as to be able to travel back south to wherever we lived, and enough food, so much per man and per dog, per day, to last the distance we had to cover. They simply asked us if we had, by any chance, a surplus of food. Without hesitation we unpacked our whole outfit and laid out our complete stock on the ice.

While a woman kept our dogs quiet under the threat of the whip, we sorted out and counted the dog food, fish, then our own caribou meat. Traveling north of the trees, we had only a little gasoline stove, to boil our tea. The meat we ate raw, trusting to be able to last on it until we found our cache on our way back, at the trees, where wood and fire would enable us to cook again and eat pork and beans and flour cakes.

Twenty days of traveling! Seven dogs! Three fish per dog per day. They

were very small fish. That meant four hundred and twenty fish. We found that we actually had four hundred and fifty. We put the balance of thirty aside. Then we cut down the dog allowance to two fish a day, thus adding one hundred and forty fish to the thirty. As far as our own meat was concerned, we gave them forty pounds of it, keeping eighty for ourselves. We offered them tea, but they refused it, as they had no fat to use with moss for fuel in their little stone lamps.

Kakarmik distributed the fish and meat there and then, so much per head, and in a few minutes every Eskimo had gone to the igloos to eat.

As we turned south, after saying good-bye to the old chief, we noticed a young woman standing a few hundred yards ahead of us. When we got up to her, she beckoned and we stopped. She was very thin and very, very weak. She told us that she was an orphan from another tribe and, having been taken up through charity and having absolutely no relations, she was not receiving her proper share of the daily catch. Therefore she was starving, and she begged us for one fish, — one fish from our dog food, — just one, for her alone, adding that she would eat it at once, there on the ice, before the others found her and took it away from her.

She was very pathetic, with her thin face all blackened with frostbite, and she made little pleading gestures with her hands in her anxiety to make us understand that she was dying on her feet from hunger.

We took a fish out of the bag. I chose it carefully. It was a whitefish, weighing about three pounds, very fat, and frozen, of course, as hard as a piece of granite. When I handed it to the girl I could see her trembling with excitement. One of her legs, in the big caribou trouser and boot, started shaking so badly that she nearly pitched

forward on the sleigh, and the saliva began to drip from the corner of her mouth, freezing when it reached her chin.

As soon as she had the fish in her arms she tried to bite a piece out of it. But her teeth failed her. The guide gave her our little axe. Putting the fish down on the ice, she tried to chop it in pieces, but she was too weak and she missed it. The man had to cut it up for her. And then it was an awful sight to watch her gobble the chunks and swallow them whole, hardly munching. When she had eaten a large portion, she gathered the remains and hid them in her clothing, against her bare skin, where they would thaw and where she could reach them easily, without attracting attention.

When we turned round to have a last look at the igloos, she was halfway back to the shore. She had stopped walking, and was sitting on the ice, facing us. As we waved at her she did not make a sign, but she bent her head down to her chest. I suppose she was having another mouthful of fish before getting back to the others.

And during the twenty days of our trip south, to the trees and our fur outpost, every night when my guide and I lay side by side in the same fur bag, under the little canvas tent, we both pondered over the fate of Kakarmik's tribe, while the face of the starving woman haunted our dreams as soon as we fell asleep.

II

Six months later I returned to the Barren Lands, in the same district. I was traveling by canoe with two Indians. My guide of the winter was somewhere north of me and I had arranged to meet him at the northern end of the lake where I had seen Kakarmik and his band in January.

Leisurely I proceeded on my way

north. It was toward the end of July and the bleak rugged country had changed into its summer garb. No more snow — a few patches of greenish moss and stunted willows scattered about between the gray rocks. No more ice — but miles and miles of sapphire-blue water. Hundreds and thousands of caribou plodding north, keeping high on the crest of the hills, seeking the wind so as to avoid the black flies. White gulls soaring aimlessly about the lake. Ducks and geese flying back and forth over their nesting grounds. White foxes — invisible — barking defiantly somewhere in the rocks. Thousands of small birds twittering and flitting about their nests on the ground. And proud piebald cock ptarmigans drumming and crowing everywhere, perched on the stones all along the shore line.

I pitched my camp at last on the same point where I had seen the igloos seven months before. Not a sign of life anywhere. And there I waited a whole week before my guide arrived. My thoughts at all times were with Kakarmik and his small band of Eskimos. No one, south, had received any news of them since I had last met the tribe in the dead of winter.

Had they been able to ward off starvation where I had seen them until the first caribou had returned in the spring? Or had they risked the big adventure and faced death in their search for musk ox, away, far away, somewhere on the shores of the big lake unknown to all of us but Kakarmik?

For a whole week I pondered, and then suddenly, from far out on the lake, just before sunset, I saw my man coming from the northwest in a canoe manned by three Eskimos.

It was a beautiful evening, such as one sees so often in the far North during the summer. The horizon was blood red. The canoe, silhouetted in

black across the flaming background, glided through waters as still as a mirror and of all the hues of the rainbow. The regular splash of the paddles woke the echoes of the hills behind me, while the scattered drops of water fell back on the surface of the lake, around the canoe, like tongues of fire.

Silently I watched the four men coming nearer and nearer until the bow of the canoe grinded softly on the sand of the beach and remained still.

The guide walked up the bank. So did the Eskimos. They belonged to a band from the east and I knew them well. We all shook hands, silently. Such is the way men greet one another in the wilderness.

After a few seconds, when the white man had found a flat stone to sit on, and lit his pipe, carefully and slowly, I looked at him. 'Well.' He knew what I meant. He took the pipe out of his mouth and turned the bowl slowly in his hand, gazing at it thoughtfully. Then, moving sideways, his eyes found mine. 'All dead,' he answered, and after that, a second or so later, as an afterthought, 'I found them all.'

Although I expected the news in a way, his few terse words stunned me and I remained silent. Meanwhile the three Eskimos, who guessed what had been said in English, remained squatting in front of me, watching my face with unscrutable half-closed eyes.

Finally I asked what had happened, and this was the story I heard.

That spring, before the ice had left the lake, my man had returned to the very spot where we had last seen Kakarmik. The igloos were still there, but the camp was deserted. There were no fresh signs. One could see at a glance that the Eskimos had gone away months before. He decided to travel northwest, toward the other lake that the old chief had told us about. He took the three eastern Eskimos with

him and first crossed the lake he was on. For half a day they all searched for tracks on the shore, as they had to find out exactly where Kakarmik and his band had started their walk inland. Then they found sure signs. First a bunch of traps, then a skin bundle of extra caribou blankets, finally a grave — just a few small stones scattered over the body of a very small child.

From the lay of the land it was easy after that to guess that the band of Eskimos must have taken a sort of coulee, like a small valley, winding its way more or less northwest. My guide took a chance and started walking up that trail. There were no tracks on the ground, as the thin snow had been swept away by the wind or had melted under the first rays of the sun. For a whole day the four men did not see anything that could make them believe that they were on the right trail. Then, all at once, they began finding things — a fish spear, a telescope, an axe, a snow knife, two pairs of boots.

Not only did they know then that they were on the right track, but they soon guessed what had happened. The weak, straggling band of starving natives had begun there to discard all extra weight. A little later they came across, in a hollow, a half-melted ice screen, like a portion of an igloo wall. There the Eskimos must have huddled together and slept during the first night. A mile farther the white man, walking ahead, found the body of a woman, still half frozen, untouched by any preying animal. The three Eskimos recognized her and named her at once. It was the girl to whom we had given the one fish.

From there on the trail was strewn with every loose article the band had been carrying. It was easy to see that the pace had begun to tell and that the dying natives had decided to throw away everything they had except the

rifles. After that, during seven weary days, my man followed the trail by the dead bodies. Generally one alone; sometimes two, side by side; once three, sitting in a group, close to one another behind a rock.

They counted the dead carefully. The band consisted of seventeen souls originally, not including the babies. Kakarmik seven months ago had told us seventeen, meaning from the youngest child who could walk, without being carried at any time, up to himself.

Well, they finally found the old man. He seemed to have been the last to fall. He was lying on his face, halfway up a little slope, but he had no rifle beside him. They searched around for a long time, but did not find it, although the two other firearms had been accounted for with the two last bodies.

It was then that the three Eskimos told my man that Kakarmik's body was the sixteenth and that someone was still missing. The guide checked up carefully and came to the conclusion that they were right; but, although the Eskimos knew each one of Kakarmik's band, they did not seem to be able to name the seventeenth.

The four men decided to go on toward the lake. For five hours they walked without finding anything — and then, just as they were going to give up, they came across the last body.

It was a girl — a little girl of twelve or thereabouts. The three Eskimos remembered her name. And right alongside of her body there lay the third rifle, with a small bag of cartridges.

III

That is the story my man told me. The sun had gone down before he stopped talking and it was past midnight. There was n't a breath of wind on the lake. Right above, the

northern lights shimmered and danced in the sky.

I left the four men without a word and went to my tent. I was tired, suddenly, so tired that I could hardly lift my feet from the ground. I lay down in my blankets and closed my eyes. But I could n't sleep. I never slept during the whole night. I just lay there, opening my eyes now and then to stare at the gray silk roof over my head.

I expected a tragedy. Starvation, after all, is a common occurrence in the far North. I was prepared for it, in a way, the very minute I said good-bye to Kakarmik during the winter. My man's report was no more tragic than many stories I had heard before, elsewhere, north of sixty-two. My thoughts, in fact, did not even dwell on Kakarmik himself, nor on the young woman whom we had saved seven months before with the one fish from our dog food.

What haunted me was the thought of the little girl, the last one to survive — then to die, all alone.

The little girl of twelve, who managed to keep up until the very end because her mother probably had fed her with hidden scraps before she herself fell dead on the trail.

The little girl who saw the other members of the tribe sink one by one and die on the frozen land.

The little girl left all alone, hundreds of miles from anywhere, in a strange desert of ice and snow, with nothing but a sense of direction inherited from the old chief.

The little girl who never thought of giving in, even then, but who grasped the last rifle and went on and on, blindly, in the deathly arctic winter, — on and on, — true to the right direction followed by her elders, — on and on, — with the unfailing courage of her race, until death, at last, mercifully struck her down.

ESCAPE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I AM pavilioned here from past and present;
From yesterday and from to-morrow locked:
I sit and watch that flashing bird, the pheasant,
Plunge by me while the heavy peace is rocked
With the swift fire of his sweeping plumes.
Save for that instant edged in flame no sound
Snarls in the somnolent and level looms:
The bees with loaded baskets brush the ground;
Or an occasional painted horsefly grooms
Himself in sunlight, brisk, serene, profound;
Or from the bluebell's balcony a bird
Like the muezzin from his minaret
Calls out the holy interval word for word;
The late light pauses golden with regret;
A leaf snaps loose; there is no other sound.

I am a cell where silence like a bee
Packs down one radiant and essential hour;
I am a door sewed up with subtlety
Of silver by a spider's rapid power;
Between me and the world an armistice
Hangs by a thread as delicate as hair:
The yellow jacket is aware of this,
The droning dragon fly is well aware.
And if the sword fall, if the serpent hiss,
If beauty cannot save me, if despair
Is forced upon me as a habit — how
Shall I believe in grass or song or sun
Or any bird diving from bough to bough
Like a fish with wings? How shall I, having none,
Escape the hawk's black circles in the air?

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I

I SUPPOSE that a Catholic priest will answer or, anyhow, say something concerning the anonymous Catholic priest who wrote about the Catholic Church in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. There were so many things in his article having to do with seminaries, and presbyteries, and the priest's compartment of the confessional, that only a priest could be expected to deal with such points in an informed and instructive fashion. Whether any priest will believe it is worth while to do so is quite another thing. But meanwhile there are several reasons which incline me to the opinion that a layman may with propriety venture to express his thoughts on some of the many subjects brought forward for consideration in these extraordinary articles.

First, it is a layman, Mr. John Hearley, who introduced and vouched for the anonymous priest; and in doing so Mr. Hearley made some remarkable, indeed sensational statements, which, as it happens, the present writer considers highly questionable. Secondly, there never has been a time when Catholic laymen have not been keenly, and quite often cantankerously, ready to discuss the Church; and therefore, aside from the special point mentioned above, — namely, my qualifications to deal with some of the amazing statements made by Mr. Hearley, which I will describe in a moment or two, — I deem it fitting that a Catholic layman

should ask the privilege of being heard when he considers that he has a proper occasion to bear witness to what he deems to be the truth about the most important thing in our world to-day, which is the Catholic Church. And thirdly — but no! 'And thirdly' twangs too much of a sermon. Let that third point wait; we shall come to it later on, in any case, and the two reasons already given are, I trust, enough to go on with.

As I attempt to do so I find myself facing a distasteful mode of action, which I am constrained, though most reluctantly, to adopt by the fact that this particular discussion is acutely personal — one in which abstract facts are less important (not, of course, in themselves, but in the part they play in the discussion) than the somewhat emotional and even dramatic atmosphere created by Mr. Hearley's novelistic 'preface' to the anonymous articles of the priest, and by the priest's own pathetic prelude, or foreword, to those articles. As it happens, I am not in a position consistently to object to this manner of dealing with the subject of religion, having myself written a long book soaked in subjectivism and intensely personal, about how and why I left the Catholic Church and how and why I returned. All the same, I do not like to feel myself obliged to adopt that tone again. When Mr. Squeers asked one of the wretched schoolboys at Dotheboys Hall to spell 'window,' and

the urchin answered 'w-i-n-d-e-r,' he was instantly, and I think very properly, told to go and clean it. In the book to which I refer, as Mr. Hearley in his preface refers to those of his experiences which are related to his subject, I tried to spell my answer to the questions propounded by the Master of the school of life, and I had hoped that during the rest of my time in that school I might devote myself to the even harder task of cleaning windows — letting in more light, more warmth, more life — in a word, trying my best to be a Catholic, instead of making myself painfully conspicuous by talking to other people about the matter. We are all little children in the universal school of the Catholic Church, and all children — except the spoiled ones — hate nothing more than 'showing off,' or being forced to stumble through their lessons publicly. However, the Head of this school is somewhat more indulgent than the pragmatical Mr. Squeers, and takes the will for the deed when we stumble.

So if I now proceed to trace very briefly an outline of some of my personal experiences, which so curiously coincide with or parallel some of Mr. Hearley's, I hope my lack of reticence is justified under the circumstances. For Mr. Hearley declares that certain things are unquestionably true which I emphatically deny to be true. I do not believe that either Mr. Hearley or I can prove our opposing contentions, either logically or in a law-court fashion. Neither could we possibly grant each other's major premise. Mr. Hearley says not only that the Catholic Church is false, but that it is deliberately false. I say not only that the Catholic Church is true, but that it is divinely true; that, quite literally, God founded it, as Napoleon founded his empire, or Henry Ford his business; and that God sustains and directs it,

to-day as in its beginning, and so onward, in *sæcula sæculorum*. I think that both propositions are 'unprovable,' certainly in any ordinary sense of that word. The same thing applies to other statements made by Mr. Hearley, and by me, on points of lesser importance, yet very important for all that. It is, then, really Mr. Hearley's word against mine, and mine against his. It might possibly be said that the whole affair is verbal wrangling — but no! There is such a thing as truth, and unless we are in a world of mere madness and chance materialism, — and of course we are not, — what is true will prevail, and will last. We must all say and do as best we may what we believe to be true, and truth itself will test our sayings and our doings — the one fact that justifies religious, and indeed all kinds of, controversy.

I hope I need not say that I am not challenging Mr. Hearley's veracity. I simply question the credibility of his statements, which — so far, at least — depend upon the evidence he has presented of his own qualifications as a witness in this matter, except at one point where he quotes an unnamed informant, not the anonymous author of the articles. In doing so, I set over against Mr. Hearley's presentation of his experiences and observations a somewhat similar statement of mine. In other words, if Mr. Hearley is an 'expert' in the court of public opinion, in this matter, so am I.

For, like Mr. Hearley, I too am a journalist. I too was born a Catholic. I too, at about the age of fourteen, entered those doldrums of doubt and perplexity traversed by sudden squalls and storms of emotion which most adolescents know in religious matters, and others as well. I knew 'the confusing, baffling influences' of many writers of many kinds, including those listed by Mr. Hearley. I also knew

Rome. And, like Mr. Hearley, I too 'lost my Catholic faith.' In my case, I became a Socialist, after looking for Utopias in many strange places and strange ways, including Helicon Hall. Again like Mr. Hearley, I had my attractions toward Anglicanism. I still, after many years, feel gratitude for the friendly interest in me so generously shown by Dr. Codman, afterward Bishop Codman, in Boston. I recall the incense and the processions at St. Mary the Virgin's, in New York, and how, being deeply though perhaps vaguely moved by Dr. Barry's splendid sermons on mysticism, I troubled him with a letter or two, which were very civilly answered. But I turned into more curious byways in the quest of my high romance, taking more than a peep into the tangled mysteries of theosophy and occultism. Like Mr. Hearley, I too read William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*; and followed up my reading by going on a pilgrimage to Cambridge and interviewing the philosopher for a magazine. I remember how moved I was by my meeting and conversation with that fine gentleman and kind soul. (No doubt I bored him rather dreadfully by my immature ideas. 'Yes,' he wrote to me later on, when I had rushed into print with some of them; 'yes, I suppose something of what you say is something like the views I hold; but you say it with a megaphone!') By him I was introduced to Wincenty Lutoslawski, the 'Polish Yogi,' who that year was giving the Lowell lectures and who wanted me to go to Africa with him and help him start a colony of mystics. (Perhaps William James was trying to get rid of me in a way congenial to my own bizarre interests.)

Many other experiences might be mentioned; but surely these are enough; with only this to be added — namely,

that during most of this period, some twenty years, I was (I hope honestly, but am not at all sure about that) convinced that if our poor, suffering, deluded, yearning, questing humanity had one undoubted enemy barring its progress, tampering with its liberty, and obscuring its enlightenment, that enemy, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, was the Catholic Church. But I never held, as Mr. Hearley does, that the Catholic Church was 'deliberately' false, and that in 'Rome, the kitchen of the Pope,' skilled hands prepared the foods of falsity for the world-wide Church.

II

Having thus separated from Mr. Hearley on one important matter, I may drop cataloguing our similarities and proceed to a more particular examination of those points in Mr. Hearley's experiences that are peculiarly his own. As a young man, he was in quest of 'the purest modern reflection of primitive Christianity,' but he found 'no trace of apostolic footprints in the present-day unevangelical field of Catholic theology.' Having presumably completed his own exhaustive study of the history, traditions, and literature of the primitive period of Christianity, and of the entire field of Catholic theology since primitive times (a fairly stiff task in itself, I should fancy, for a young man, or an old one either; but I suppose there was no help for such a case; a modernist could n't, of course, accept anything on mere authority; he would have to do the job himself to be sure of it), Mr. Hearley reached the conclusion stated above as to the deliberate falsity of Catholicism — a conclusion apparently confirmed by his observations at Rome.

After leaving Rome, Mr. Hearley met the American priest whose work

he introduced to the readers of the *Atlantic*. To this priest he related his story. By him he was assured that 'the God of humanity will set your topsy-turvy religious house to rights.' He was also told by this 'indulgent father' that 'the more highly organized, the more ecclesiastically authoritative the Church is, the less conspicuous the religion of good works among its members.' Mr. Hearley, upon returning to the United States, made inquiries which showed him that this priest was 'a prominent professor at a Catholic college in the West. For thirteen years his public writings on religious subjects had enjoyed the episcopal imprimatur of approval. To the hierarchy's outer eye he was orthodox, or at least sufficiently orthodox to be tolerated.'

Mr. Hearley's inquiries, he goes on to say, disclosed other 'extraordinary facts.' The priest was one of a growing number of Catholic clergymen 'who in their own consciences were interpreting the Church in terms of personal experience and modern science. The fetish of ecclesiastical authority grew more and more difficult to bear. Some opposed celibacy and advocated marriage for the clergy. Some favored public-school education over parochial-school education. . . .' This state of things was kept a close secret until Mr. Hearley lifted the veil. The Catholic 'modernists' have been hoping for a 'peaceful religious revolution in the Church itself.' If they revealed themselves, 'they, like Luther or the more recent Loisy, would be forced from the Church. Their Catholic influence would be gone.' They have reconciled this policy with their conscience because they were 'acting not only in the light of reason but according to the instinct of conscience as well. Catholic modernism is nothing but an honest and holy attempt at

the resurrection of the undogmatized Church of the first three centuries.'

Mr. Hearley tells us that during the period of his quest he had spoken with some six or seven Catholic priests about his religious difficulties. He gives as his sole informant concerning the 'modernists' among the Catholic clergy an unnamed 'Catholic physician.' There is nothing to show how many priests he talked or corresponded with on this matter, if any. I do not like to question Mr. Hearley's facts, if facts they are. He himself may have been deceived, wittingly or unwittingly, by his informant. All I can say is that, if true, the facts form an exceedingly startling and important revelation. For nearly fifteen years I have been almost exclusively engaged in Catholic journalism and authorship, or activities connected with the work of the Church as an employee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. I have met and talked with priests throughout this country, and in Canada, and in Rome. These priests belong to scores of dioceses; they include members of many religious orders, writers, teachers, missionaries, city and country clergy, social workers, scholars, artists, contemplatives (followers of the mystical life), scientists, musicians — in a word, priests of all types. I have carried on correspondence with many whom I have never met. I have been the recipient of intimate confidences. I have listened to many, many stories of hardships and difficulties, of misunderstood motives, of troubles with those in authority, of heartbreaking disappointments and failures. I have known, or at least I have known about, one or two 'fallen' priests — namely, unhappy individuals who were barred from the sacred ministry because of notorious personal faults, or who themselves left the Church for such reasons. I have never personally known

even one priest who left the Church because of intellectual or spiritual difficulties, or who seems likely to do so. Of course, I know there are a number — not a large, indeed a remarkably small number — who have done so. When have they not, since the very beginning? Faith, after all, is faith, and not a mechanistic instinct. 'Do what you will' is still the law, if not exactly in the same sense as it was understood at Rabelais's *Thélème*.

My acquaintance also includes — necessarily includes, because of the nature of my professional duties as editor of a lay Catholic journal — a very wide acquaintance with American Catholic laymen, of many and of highly various opinions, from those who lay the strongest stress upon organized social-service activities as the most effective means of doing their share of religious work to those who devote themselves almost exclusively to attempting their personal sanctification in what is called the contemplative, or mystical, life. And never, until I read Mr. Hearley's article, have I dreamed that there was even a small group of such priests or laymen as he describes existing to-day in the United States. It strikes me as a ridiculous statement.

So does his statement that he 'marked in despair how the Christlike voice of Dr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council cried in an American Catholic wilderness.'

Also the statement bewilders me. Dr. John A. Ryan is an honored and distinguished professor at the Catholic University. His successive books on economic and other questions have been well received and thoughtfully reviewed by a large number of American Catholic magazines and newspapers. It is well known that he played a leading part in drawing up the famous statement on 'Social Reconstruction: A General Review of the Problems and

Survey of Remedies,' issued by the four bishops of the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council, composed of all the archbishops and bishops of the United States, out of which grew the National Catholic Welfare Conference of to-day — a statement which was not only circulated throughout the length and breadth of the country, but which was advertised in the leading daily newspapers, calling forth a volume of editorial discussion and comment, favorable or adverse, though mostly favorable, which completely filled a huge volume of clippings. If Dr. John A. Ryan's voice is crying in an American Catholic wilderness, it is certainly not the fault of the Catholic Church.

There is no doubt that many Catholic priests, including bishops, do not agree with Dr. Ryan's views. It is also quite true that the Catholic laity as a whole have so far not been deeply affected by his economic opinions. But to insinuate, as Mr. Hearley does, fault to the Catholic Church in the United States, or in Rome, for the indifference or apathy or opposition encountered by Dr. Ryan — who suffers here as all pioneers of new or advanced views inevitably must suffer — is so amazing that this fact alone quite shakes my confidence in Mr. Hearley's knowledge and powers of judgment alike. As for his personal views of the Church, so far as they are personal and do not lead him into such extraordinary statements as the two with which I have just dealt, I can only pass them by — sympathetically, I trust, and also sorrowfully. To me there is nothing more deplorable than the loss of faith in the Catholic Church on the part of any of its children. I will attempt to indicate my reasons for so thinking a little later on, after first saying whatever I deem it proper and becoming in a Catholic layman to say about the

article by the anonymous priest to which Mr. Hearley writes what I can only term so trivial and, unwittingly, mendacious a preface—trivial in all but the sad circumstance that it describes his own loss of faith.

III

As I began by saying, only a priest could adequately traverse the statements made by the anonymous clergyman introduced so theatrically by Mr. Hearley, but even a layman finds so much to wonder at that it may be well to touch upon a few of the points causing lay wonderment, first remarking that what I say was not suggested to me by any priest, and that, where I go beyond my own notions or information, the points dealt with were suggested by another layman, one of the contributors to my journal.

We were both struck by the singular ignorance of Catholic teaching displayed by this clergyman who for thirty years, we are told, has been a pastor and a professor—ignorance that perhaps deserves the harsher name of misrepresentation. Why, too, does he open his article with the rhetorical question, 'Why don't priests marry?' and then drop the question so precipitately without giving any account of the Church's reasons for imposing celibacy on its clergy, after insinuating that the Church wholly depends upon Saint Paul's advice, or, really, his remark, that 'he that is without a wife is solicitous for the things of the Lord: how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world: how he may please his wife. And he is divided'? In every Catholic handbook touching on this subject it is stated that Saint Paul was speaking of all men, without special reference to the clergy, as the anonymous priest must

know. The Church's argument for celibacy, based upon the text of Saint Paul, is simply an argument *a fortiori*, and goes something like this: 'If what Paul says is true for all men, that they can serve God better without marrying, how much more true of the priest, whose whole life is to be devoted to God's interests.' The argument has simply what theologians call *suasive* force. There are, as every fairly well informed layman knows,—and how much more the clergy!—all sorts of practical reasons for the disciplinary matter of clerical celibacy, economic reasons prominent among them, none of which reasons are so much as hinted at by the anonymous author. The same disingenuous treatment is at work when he goes on to say that 'most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures . . . when they were as yet children.' As priests are at least twenty-four years old when they take their vows, it would hardly seem correct to term them children.

The same unfair and distorting mode of treatment comes out when the anonymous author trots forth that veritable boggy of a word, 'casuistry,' a word which has gained in the pages of ignorant or hostile writers about the Catholic Church something of the same diabolical malodor that is evoked in the black belt of bigotry by the word 'Jesuit.' He writes, 'In moral theology, solutions are generally obtained by casuistry. Volumes are written, filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution. The student studies these. Thus he is educated in moral principles.' This is something almost topsy-turvy, so far is it from the truth about the way seminarians are trained for the priesthood.

If you define casuistry as 'the solution of special problems of right and duty by the application of general

ethical or legal principles,' it would be true to say that all individual cases are solved by casuistry in secular and religious courts as well as in the court of conscience. If, however, casuistry is taken to mean 'oversubtle and dishonest reasoning applied to particular cases,' the anonymous charge is merely false. Our author has not troubled himself about clarity of definition; he is repeating an old accusation against the theologians urged by those who were ignorant of the nature of Catholic studies. There are, indeed, volumes that are full of moral cases, in which theologians solve these cases which they have proposed by a full discussion of the principles involved. Legal men will find little to blame in this study of case law. When, however, we examine the practice of Catholic seminaries, we find that this branch of moral study is relegated to a minor place, and that the student is taught from volumes which contain nothing but an explanation of the principles of conduct and an analysis of the content of law. The ordinary textbooks in use are the works of Vermeesch, Noldin, Lehmkuhl, Prummer, Genicot, Cappella, Tanqueray, Sabetti-Barrett, and so forth. Not one of these is 'a volume filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution.' They contain a rigid and scientific analysis of the nature of responsibility, the ideas of obligation, of law, of conscience. They contain treatises on justice and the nature of contracts. They contain no cases for solution; they are books dealing with principles, and a mastery of their content, under the guidance of a competent professor, furnishes the young priest's education in moral principles. One hour a week devoted to 'case solutions,' with about six hours devoted to the study of the principles in the light of which the student tackles the cases, is about

the average. The statement of the anonymous author, with its unworthy sneer, proves on examination to be utterly misleading.

So do his remarks on several other matters — for example, his statement that the Catholic laity are taught that they need not bother their heads about what is going on, in Latin, at Mass. 'The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention,' he writes. 'Physical presence fulfills the precept.' He goes on to say: 'The law requiring him [the priest] to say this daily portion of prayer [his Divine Office] does not, however, obligate him to follow the meaning of the words. He need but formulate the words with his lips and tongue.'

The two Church, or ecclesiastical, laws here referred to impose a very serious obligation, and their violation is a grave matter. The limits of their content are therefore strictly defined, but they are not the whole law. Behind them lies the natural law (or divine law) of more direct fundamental importance which governs all prayer. Prayer is, in the Catholic view, an *ascensus mentis in Deum*, an elevation of the soul to God; and, from the very nature of man who prays to God, his sovereign Lord demands all the reverence of which man, having due regard to the circumstances under which he prays, is capable. This law is universal in its application, since it arises from the very nature of the ties that bind man to God. It applies to all prayer and cannot be abrogated or diminished in its force by any Church law. It is presupposed in every law dealing with prayer. Our anonymous writer, in citing the two ecclesiastical laws, would have the non-Catholic infer that the reading of the Office and attendance at Mass are for Catholics merely mechanical acts, and condemns the

Church for mere formalism. He might as well find fault with the traffic regulations by citing the law regulating speed and complaining that there is no provision here for the proper lighting of vehicles traveling in the dark. A well-trained Catholic schoolboy could explain that deliberate irreverence and inattention at Mass are always sinful, but under certain conditions do not violate the additional precept enjoining physical presence. As a matter of fact, the precept goes a little further than the anonymous theologian asserts; besides physical presence, it requires at least the absence of any occupation which is incompatible with the hearing of Mass devoutly. Deliberate inattention during prayer, if not excusable on legitimate grounds, is always sinful in the Catholic view.

But it is when this singular priest begins to write about the Sacrament of Penance, commonly known as Confession, that a layman begins most sadly to ask himself if he really can be a priest at all, so woefully is this solemn, this delicate, this holy, this beautiful, this truly divine thing, this consolation of consolations, misrepresented. For instance, he gives what he terms a typical confession, 'some such narrative as this: "I missed my morning prayers twice and my evening prayers three times; I failed to say my grace at meals once; I had bad thoughts several times, but did n't take pleasure in them." Though this list theologically does not indicate the semblance of a sin, the penance is imposed and absolution is pronounced. . . . It is easy to see how a great sacrament can become almost a meaningless formulary.' Now even a layman knows enough to agree with the anonymous priest here, so far as to grant that the list of faults or failings given above, theologically speaking, is sinless; but the layman also knows that the further statement

made by the author—namely, that absolution is given after the confession of such trifles—is false. Certainly no priest with any knowledge of theology, his own business, would give absolution in such a case; he would either ask the penitent to mention some past grave sin of his life already confessed, and then grant absolution, or else give the poor soul trying so hard to be spotless his fatherly blessing and send it forth into the world where it is so hard to be sinless, still less faultless, consoled and strengthened. He would never degrade the sacrament to a 'meaningless formulary.'

The ordinary Catholic teaching distinguishes between matter of confession which is certain and that which is dubious. In the latter case, which does not arise in the instance dealt with above, the priest may give absolution, but only provisionally. Where there is no matter, he does not give absolution at all. Such is the Church's teaching on this question, but the whole discussion is misleading. The most important part of the sacrament, as Catholics are reminded in season and out of season, is true and sincere sorrow for sins committed and the serious resolve to avoid them in future. The confession of sin is necessary, but it does not involve the intimate process indicated by the *Atlantic* writer. The harrowing details of the secular law courts and the newspapers are foreign to the atmosphere of the confessional. Strictly speaking, the confession of the most serious crimes is a simple matter. To say, as does our author, that the priest 'must pass upon the most intimate relations of connubial life . . . must solve the intricate problems of sex,' is true enough in itself, but utterly misleading in its implication that detailed descriptions of sex impulses must be listened to from 'the lips of both men

and women.' Penitents are checked if they think they are talking to a psychoanalyst and not a priest. They must respect the modesty and reticence of the confessional. The emphasis has been put on the wrong element by this critic of the Church. Mere confession is a simple matter; the resolve to reform, arising from sorrow for past offenses, is the crucial matter of every good confession. This is an intensely personal thing, and of its very nature excludes the danger of formalism.

IV

I think I have said enough about the first article of the anonymous priest to justify my statement that even laymen are amazed by the obvious errors and the apparent misrepresentations with which it bristles. Of the second article, dealing with the parochial schools, there is no space left to speak. Moreover, I am writing without having more than glanced through it. Only this may I say, that even my glance at the second article showed me that it does not state the case for the schools. It confines itself to condemning them, even in principle; and how any Catholic, still less a priest, can follow that line is completely beyond my ability to imagine.

I will, therefore, come to an end, and in doing so I will return to that third reason for writing these pages to which I referred in starting, holding it in reserve and not naming it. My third reason, then, for writing as best I may something about the Catholic Church is because — though it may be quite wrong of me to do so — I believe that even this anonymous, possibly even traitorous, attack upon the Catholic Church may do some good, though not in the way its author professes to desire, and that a Catholic journalist may possibly be an instru-

ment in helping to achieve those good results by calling to the attention of those interested in the discussion it has provoked one paramount fact about the Church and its relations with the Modern Mind that is of supreme importance. There is more than a mere coincidence in the circumstance that the January numbers of three of our leading magazines contained articles discussing the Catholic Church — one of the authors of those articles being no less an authority than the Supreme Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan. It is more than a further coincidence that just as these three magazines reached my desk, and hundreds of thousands of other desks and reading tables, the newspapers should have been reporting the Pope's letter on Church Unity, and — less fully, yet still significantly — the persecution of the Church in Mexico, and the 'Rome-ward tendency' in the Church of England brought to a sort of national crisis by the Prayer Book affair. For, as President Butler of Columbia at the same time was saying, in connection with the publication by his university of all the documents relating to the claims of the Papal See, the Catholic Church is 'doubtless the chief single phenomenon in the history of the world since the fall of the Roman Empire.' And this phenomenon is to-day engaging the attention of the whole world in a fashion more vividly compelling, and significant, and universal, than at any time since its beginning. It is not merely because, for the first time in its history, the United States is interested by the spectacle of a candidate for its Presidency who belongs to the Catholic Church that Americans are to-day discussing that Church as never before. Forces deeper and stronger than purely political, or social, or economic, or literary, or scientific interests are

compelling this attention, in America as in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and in the islands of the Seven Seas. And all the multifarious questions concerning it ultimately can be resolved into one question only: 'What is the Catholic Church?'

In attempting to make his own answer, in his own poor words, to that question of questions, the present writer believes that he is voicing the innermost convictions of millions of Catholics, and expressing something that is now engaging and will increasingly engage the earnest interest of all non-Catholics, and their institutions, and their governments. He may perhaps best attempt that answer by again, but finally, becoming personal. When he, then, returned to the Catholic Church, what happened? What did he find the Church to be?

What happened was a supernatural thing — a force not of this world, not natural, not material, but spiritual wholly. Grace was given to him, and he believed. And he found the Church to be the divinely appointed channel of God's grace. And all attempts to understand, to study, to explain, to attack, to strengthen, or to destroy the Church, which first of all do not at least recognize its claim to a supernatural origin, a supernatural support, a supernatural mission, lose touch with the one essential condition of study, or attack, or defense.

That the Spirit, which is the first and only creator of all things, became Man in Jesus Christ, who founded His

Church on Peter and made Peter and the other Apostles the spiritual progenitors of the Bishops of the Church, through all time to the ending of time, promising to be with them always — such is the greatest fact now faced by the Modern Mind. What the Modern Mind will do with it remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, Catholics who refuse to be disturbed by Spengler's prophecies of the certain death of all human cultures, or by the traveling philosopher Keyserling's somewhat similar though more nebulous prognostications; Catholics who remember the bad Popes, and the ages of the decadence of bishops and priests, and the grievous mistakes of policy on the part of the human instruments of God's will, and their sins and crimes as well, and who know how hotly, how thoroughly, internal criticisms, and discussions of those things not absolutely defined in faith and morals, are going on to-day in the Church, as during all times past — Catholics, I say, will not be greatly perturbed by Mr. John Hearley and his anonymous companion, the disgruntled priest. Some of them, being very human, as all Catholics are, may feel and perhaps express themselves somewhat as American patriots felt and expressed themselves over the case of Benedict Arnold; others, I believe, and hope, will say Masses for them, and ask the Carmelites to say some prayers. In which case, I think I know what may happen, for it happened to me.

WHAT IS CATHOLIC OPINION?

THE discussion stirred by the *Atlantic's* series upon 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has roused a correspondence wide as the nation and of deep interest. Letters of moment have come to us in such numbers that it is physically impossible to do them even scanty justice by quotation in the magazine. In making our selection we have in general passed over those communications from earnest Catholics which insist that no priest in good standing could have written the articles. With absolute proof in our possession, and having talked face to face with the author, we cannot deny the evidence of our own senses. Likewise we have naturally omitted the extravagant statements and intemperate opinions which mark the fringe of all controversy, and which in this instance come to us from extremists of all sorts and kinds, Catholic and Protestant alike. It is a satisfaction to add that from the Klan we have heard not one syllable. Evidently it feeds on other meat than the *Atlantic*.

First, we are glad to print this note regarding a good man's reputation:—

In the preface to the article on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' in the January *Atlantic* the statement occurs, 'They [certain "Catholic clergymen"] recalled the late Archbishop Ireland's opposition to the existing parochial-school system and declared that time had "proved Ireland right."' As this statement involves very grave injustice to the memory of one of the most illustrious prelates of the Catholic Church in America, it should not be allowed to pass without comment.

It is difficult to surmise what could have misled the 'Catholic clergymen' quoted by the sponsor of the article. Probably it was

the so-called Faribault School Plan, a plan which had been, substantially at least, in operation in various dioceses at home and in various countries abroad before Archbishop Ireland, casting about for a solution of the school question, experimented with it. It proposed that during school hours the State should rent denominational schools, pay for the secular instruction given in them, and leave them free to impart religious instruction at other hours. So far from displacing the parish school, it was meant to strengthen its position and enhance its efficacy by relieving struggling parishes of the heavy pecuniary burden entailed by the erection and maintenance of schools. However, for reasons familiar to all who are conversant with the circumstances of the time, it aroused a storm of controversy, which raged, with all the passion and prejudice incident to polemics, until Rome's 'Tolerari Potest' vindicated the Archbishop, and definitely put out of court any imputation on his loyalty to one of the essential institutions of the Church.

If Rome's impartial decision be not enough, the unbroken stream of Archbishop Ireland's own pronouncements on parish schools should have left no room for even the possibility of misunderstanding his educational policy. Among these I may single out as especially worthy of study his striking address on 'Public Schools and Parish Schools' before the general convention of the National Educational Association assembled in St. Paul in 1890. With the fairness that characterized all his utterances, he rendered due meed of praise to the public-school system of America, but also, with his customary candor, he arraigned its fatal flaw—lack of provision for religious instruction—and made a powerful plea for the right of Catholic schools to exist side by side with public schools (see Ireland; *The Church and Modern Society*, vol. I). The Catholic school he made the theme of discourses without number in the churches of his diocese;

indeed, he never allowed an opportunity to pass without urging its claims to support and approval upon all classes of people. If no word of his can be adduced which, under the most skillful exegesis, can justify the hoary libel of 'opposition to the existing parochial-school system,' the reason simply is that never in this country has the cause of Catholic education had a more staunch or more consistent advocate than Archbishop Ireland.

If Archbishop Ireland was opposed to parochial schools, how is it that in the Archdiocese of St. Paul a Catholic school is found in every parish capable of maintaining it? The history of the Diocese of St. Paul is, in large part, the history of Archbishop Ireland's life. During forty-three years he was Bishop in St. Paul—from 1875 to 1918; during thirty-four years, from 1884 until his demise nine years ago, the reins of administration were entirely in his hands. In the really formative period of a comparatively new diocese, he fostered a system of schools that remains a monument to his devotion to Catholic education—a monument which, one might think, would have rendered impossible the stupid slur foisted on him by the 'Catholic clergymen' of the *Atlantic* article.

HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN

From a letter which we wish it were possible to print in full, from the Reverend Virgil Michel, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey, Minnesota:—

Some of the statements interest me, even though I recognize my limitations as a critic of them. For I have passed through the complete ecclesiastical school curriculum, from parochial school to seminary, and after my ordination was in different years 'indoctrinated' at such orthodox centres as the Catholic University of Washington, the International Benedictine College at Rome, and the Institut Supérieur de Philosophie at Louvain. If the effect of two summer sessions at Columbia might be a partial offset, this is more than counterbalanced by my membership in the Benedictine Order, which makes me, I suppose, a mediæval monk par excellence. My pastoral experience has covered only the

Middle West and a few parishes in New York City. I cannot therefore speak directly for the Catholic world at large, but only for what I have learned in the schools, especially in the school of my experience.

I have always been interested in the question of how vocations are fostered or encouraged. When I applied for membership in our abbey the late abbot of that time asked me one question: whether I had been influenced in my choice by any person. Within my experience it is entirely false that 'most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures . . . when they were as yet children'; also that 'it is the custom to seek out likely boys who manifest signs of piety and to convince them that they have a vocation to the priesthood.' It may possibly happen in individual cases, and it is exactly what non-Catholics say does happen, but the generality of priests with whom I am acquainted would deprecate such a practice in the strongest terms. Often the attitude of the priest toward youthful candidates seems to many rather like a rebuff than a coaxing enticement; prospective converts applying for admission to the Church have often undergone the same experience. My official contacts with college and seminary life since my ordination have shown only that, as the average candidate for the priesthood grows older, he thinks more and more seriously about the pros and cons of his vocation, until the final decision is reached before acceptance of major orders. As to the segregation of youthful candidates from worldly contacts, I know of no protests in my community against the fact that candidates for the Order are entirely out of contact with us during all the vacations, and that some in the summer months join student tours to Europe, necessarily including Paris (horrors!).

I have taught scholastic philosophy in a seminary for some years and am amazed at the statement that 'modern philosophy, psychology, and the infinite research of the last two or three centuries find little place' there, if by the latter phrase one means 'are not mentioned and discussed, or made to contribute to class contents.' As to textbooks, many seminary philosophy professors use their own notes and compilations

in their work, just as do all other professors in higher education. The educated Catholic cannot ignore and cannot avoid non-Catholic thought, while the educated non-Catholic often has no direct acquaintance with Catholic thought. In my experience the average seminary philosophy student knows more about Kant, James, Dewey, or Bergson than the average university professor does about Thomas Aquinas; and he has had more direct acquaintance, say, with some of James's writings than the average university philosophy professor has had with the Angelic Doctor. Again, all my experiences and contacts belie the statement that 'in all these studies' (theology, Scripture, church history, canon law, and liturgy) the students 'are simply supposed to memorize the ideas handed down by great minds which have gone before'; as well as the assertion that 'solutions' and 'interpretations' are simply to be memorized mechanically and then automatically given forth in examinations. All of this, as almost everything else in the article, is precisely the description of Catholicism given by non-Catholics.

If the educational situation were as described in the article, then there should be no wonder at its results as revealed in the mentality of the priests, according to the article. It must be left to all who have had contacts with priests to judge whether as a class 'they grow impatient when confronted with the opinions of those who have not been trained in sacred science'; or whether the typical priest is a 'zealot for the honor of the priesthood which is in him'; or does not 'fail to chide them [his people] bitterly when he finds them recreant to his mandates.' All of this is quite contrary to my experience.

I shall say nothing about celibacy or the universal language of Latin, since just in our own day prominent non-Catholic divines have envied and have spoken of emulating these features. There is another point, however, which I 'do not choose' to pass by.

Much of the article deals with the 'routine' and 'formalism' of Catholic religious life. Thus we read that 'to be saved, it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest.' This is news to

me, and I do not recollect having seen anything of this kind among the conditions of salvation in Catholic books. Again we read: 'The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention. Physical presence fulfills the precept.' This is so false that I cannot suppress the impulse to express my suspicion of bad faith in the writer. If it is not that, it is the grossest ignorance.

Regarding the matter of grace and the sacraments, the writer stresses the automatic efficacy of grace in producing holiness and says, 'The mere worthy reception of a sacrament sufficed, even though it were a perfunctory act.' For the Catholic the two words 'mere' and 'worthy' are here incompatible. A 'worthy' reception cannot possibly be a 'mere' reception in the sense implied. The worthiness of the recipient is a prior disposition to the reception of the sacrament, not its effect, and is the result of internal, intelligent, and sincere acts on the part of the recipient, including a sincere purpose of amendment where necessary. Once that disposition is effected, the sacrament confers added spiritual power by virtue of the priesthood of Christ transmitted through the ages in the Church. Thereby the sacrament is the means of contact with the divine, and the source of or means of the increase of spiritual life. Without the worthy disposition of the recipient, this grace is not received. This being understood, we readily say with the writer, 'Hence the desire on the part of priests to have their people receive the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and penance frequently.'

But alas for the formalism of my educational training! I forget that I am lecturing to a Catholic priest!

From an American priest:—

How eagerly, how enthusiastically, I can endorse that farsighted article you have published in your January issue on the Roman Church.

And how hungry I am to shout it from the hilltops — yet I must remain silent, or else betray myself and my associates before we are ready.

For, you see, I am of the younger clergy

so taught by the American spirit to think for ourselves that we unanimously look forward to the time when, by virtue of our maturity, we can guide our people to the American Catholic Church we so earnestly pray for.

Could you — or even the most casual observer — know the extent of this feeling, even your greatest expectations would be overwhelmed. Everywhere thought, reverent but independent, is speeding the day when ancient blindness will be met and overcome by the true spirit of Christ, His simple message, His lack of earthly pomp, and real instruction and application of the Golden Rule in place of a stupid and bigoted intolerance practised in the guise of sanctimony.

Even now all we await is the leader. Give us the man — one like that wonderful, God-inspired soul at St. Bartholomew's, Robert Norwood — and that great dream of ours, a modern but no less sincere worship in the American Catholic Church, shall become a reality.

Nor is this the ravings of the afflicted, the persecuted. It is cold, sombre fact written by one who can no longer restrain himself — and who speaks for many, many others.

God speed the day — and bless you for your courage in presenting a fact.

From a Paulist father: —

I see no reason for the cautious anonymity of the author of 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January. The writer says nothing dangerous, for he says little that is new. I must confess a sense of disappointment that his article was so rambling. One likes a taste of logic; and one admires a sharpened and true blade.

To begin with his beginning: the question of celibacy. I venture that I have met more priests than Anonymous, and can honestly say that the burden of celibacy is the last thing on their minds. Their major difficulty is in securing a good housekeeper, who can cook and at the same time close her ears and shut her mouth to parish gossip. Are priests the only celibates? Is n't the world half filled with bachelors? And they walk

in every field of life's activity. Anonymous asks, How can an unmarried man advise a husband and wife on the delicate problems of sex? Decent people need no advisor. Must a specialist in obstetrics be a husband? Must a doctor of venereal diseases be a married man? Must a lawyer whose specialty is the divorce court have a wife or keep a mistress?

Take the question of the piety of the multitude. The Catholic Church must be concerned with the multitude. The multitude wears down its thresholds every Sunday. There are no cushioned pews for a select coterie. A parish may harbor one millionaire and a thousand who are dodging poverty.

What is wrong with going to confession when one has no sins to tell? Is n't it frequent confession that prevents frequent sins? What keeps the conscience clean and the life right? Why object to a crowd at the altar rail for Communion every first Friday or third Sunday? 'Blessed are the clean of heart.'

The writer makes a fair point about Latinity in our seminaries. He could have done it better had he read or quoted the *Reminiscences of a Maynooth Professor*. But when he drags his thesis into church, he fails. For Catholics the Mass is not a language, but an act, a sacrifice, surrounded by certain ceremonies. Its tongue means nothing to the people. It might be in Hebrew or Syriac. Its quiet, its silence, mean something to their souls, even when no prayer book is in their hands.

Most of our churches are big auditoriums. Imagine the priest at the altar shouting his 'Orate Fratres,' even in English, in order to be heard at the front door. Acoustics are the curse of architects. Why should the celebrant at Mass howl like a fishmonger in the street?

Israel Zangwill in his *Italian Fantasies* wrote a few paragraphs on the Mass. To my thinking they are as fine as Newman's in his *Loss and Gain*. Zangwill compares the Mass to the cataract of Niagara. Anyone speaking any tongue can understand Niagara. Its language is universal. It sends solemnity to the soul; silent yet thunderful, mighty and majestic, its torrent falls through day and night.

From a Catholic professor in a Western college:—

The policy which the *Atlantic* has apparently been pursuing with respect to Catholic questions is characterized by unusually sound and well-balanced judgment. With regard to Catholic questions nothing in American periodical literature has approached the sanity governing the introduction of such articles as those by Hilaire Belloc and his opponent, W. R. Inge, the distinguished Dean of St. Paul's; those by Governor Smith of New York and his opponent; and lastly, the article in the January issue.

I do not, of course, ascribe to the *Atlantic* the convictions voiced in any of these articles, for it is not in this direction that the great service which you are doing for liberal thinking people lies. With respect to such questions we have already in the field two classes of periodicals: those fostered by the Church, and having for their sole purpose the propagation and defense of the Faith and the strengthening of the ecclesiastical institution; and those devoting themselves solely to attacks upon it. The former cannot and do not publish anything that cannot receive the official imprimatur. These publications are characterized by an utter and willful neglect, if not of current social and religious problems, at least of the comprehensive nature of such problems. The Church has always and still does maintain that in questions touching it, religious or political, it is not only advocate, but also judge. We cannot always expect justice where the judge is also party to the controversy. Even in periodical literature, by virtue of Church authority, this is the status of all Catholic publications.

Nor are the latter class of publications any more commendatory; they publish little that exhibits the slightest sympathy for the Church, or the slightest understanding of its problems. It is not in these opposing camps that we find an intelligent 'pursuit of sweetness and light,' nor will their efforts, if directed as they are now directed, make 'reason and the will of God prevail.'

Such articles as you are now printing ought, to the unthinking Catholic, bring home some conception of the enormous

responsibility to mankind which rests upon the Church by virtue of the relations it sustains to the social fabric. To the Protestant, who in general (contrary to the Church's expressed opinion) is more enlightened in such matters, it will bring home the fact that there are still great men in the Church who have pledged themselves to see that the obligations which the Church owes mankind will be discharged.

From the Bishop of the Diocese of Bismarck, North Dakota:—

Allow me to make a few remarks in answer to your letter of January 6.

I. You claim: 'The discussion in these articles is not a question of dogma, but of policies and methods.' Very well. But why does your advertisement sent to me December 29, 1927, state that the title of the February article will be 'The Heresy of the Parochial School'? Heresies concern Christian dogmas. Are all the ecclesiastical documents which teach the necessity of parochial schools—for example, the frequent documents of the Apostolic See on this subject, the teachings of the general councils of Baltimore regarding the duty of maintaining parochial schools—mere matters of policy? A priest who publishes said article and who states, 'Her schools are probably the most destructive influence the Catholic Church has ever experienced,' is, if not a heretic in the strictest sense, at least more or less shipwrecked in his faith.

II. You write: 'We believe the subject is of the deepest interest to thoughtful people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike.' Very well. But is it a subject that any fair-minded and just publisher should bring before the public? Undoubtedly the subject will be 'of deepest interest' to all enemies of the Catholic Church; they are pleased that a Catholic priest goes openly before the public, not as a faithful son of the Church, but as her opponent; they are glad that he uses his talents for the purpose of spreading prejudice and errors against the Church that has raised him to the dignity of the priesthood. They rejoice that there are plenty of indications that before long he will march over into the field of her avowed enemies. Surely this is interesting to them.

It may also be 'of deep interest to thoughtful Catholics.' Yes, their hearts will with sorrowful interest watch how a priest squanders his talents and throws away the first principles of Catholic thinking and acting. Such reformers act usually according to the fashion of the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century, who have caused such a reform that their followers have now not more than shreds of Christianity.

I ask once more: Is it the business of a just and fair-minded publisher to publish these articles? Can a just and fair-minded publisher advertise the writer of these articles as 'a Roman Catholic clergyman, renowned for his intellectual attainments, and holding a high and responsible position in his Church'?

III. You state in your letter: 'The writer cannot give his name at this time, — to do so would be to make the debate intensely personal, — but it is known to me and will be divulged at the proper time.'

May I ask: Since when has the forum of the *Atlantic Monthly* become the proper place where religious questions are to be debated and, perhaps, decided? Our Catholic Church has her diocesan synods, her provincial councils, and, most of all, has the Holy See — that is, the Pope with his counselors — to discuss and decide matters of religion. But to cause discussions on matters of our holy Catholic Church, even if they were only 'on policies and methods,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* is about as wise and appropriate as having such debates in an old-fashioned saloon, the debaters fortified by jugs of beer or something stronger.

I suspect every secular paper that adopts such methods as being guided by commercial or sensational or antichristian motives. You assert you are not guided by commercial or sensational motives; I suppose you will also protest against the charge of unchristian motives. But the fact is, there is only one true Church founded by Christ, — that is, the Catholic Church, — and opposition to her is antichristian. Your advertisement of these two articles shows clearly that the writer is not only opposed to faults of members

of the Catholic Church, but is really opposing some of her teaching.

IV. I may add: The reason which you give for not publishing the name of the writer at this time is extremely weak. You claim: 'To do so would make the debate intensely personal.' This is an insult to his fellow Catholics, as if they were unable to treat his articles with justice and fairness if his name were known to them. A man who has something worthy to say, who has a real message for the public, does not hide his name, nor act as players in a show or theatre who are masked but sometimes lift the mask after the play.

VINCENT WEHRLE

From a New York critic: —

Course of studies. Naturally the priest's course of studies is devoted primarily to those subjects which pertain to his calling, as is also the case in law, medicine, and every other profession. To say that modern questions and sciences are not considered in the priest's course is an unwarranted calumny, since every pertinent question, ancient or modern, is brought up and viewed in the light of the perennial truth of faith and sound reason as taught by revelation, and by Aristotle and right philosophy. No individual thought or questions allowed in the seminary? Why, every student and professor with a little experience knows that a great part of the class time, day by day, is taken up with the consideration of difficulties made by the student body.

The use of Latin. It is mere claptrap to be objecting to the use of Latin at Mass. In ninety-nine churches out of one hundred the people could n't understand the priest at Mass no matter what language he used. Let the lazy priests explain the Mass to the people and exhort them to use the fine missals and prayer books in which they have the whole Mass and liturgy explained, and there will be no trouble about the priest using Latin when he says Mass.

There is no reason why the sacraments of Baptism, Matrimony, Extreme Unction, as well as the service for the dead, should not be given in the vernacular; and this is why they are printed both in Latin and in

the vernacular in all ritual books, as your correspondent ought to know.

To say that the people 'need not bother their heads about what is going on' at Mass is not only to be ignorant of Catholic teaching, but seems to border on the dishonest.

From a Catholic priest:—

Permit me to express my heartiest appreciation and sympathy for your January article on conditions within the Catholic Church. As a minor clergyman within that organization, I can not only testify to the correctness of this article, but also to the fact that there is coming within the Church what most of us hope will be a peaceful but none the less thorough housecleaning which possibly may result in the organization of an American Church—but which certainly will put our Faith on a modern basis of applied Christianity.

Most certainly I am not alone in this crusade—on every hand I have companions who agree and who work and pray for the speeding of the day when, without injury to the people we love, we may be able to lead them directly to Him.

In the meantime we are preparing for the exodus—and mayhap await the modern Moses who shall become our leader. Some think we have already found him.

But, be that as it may, those who are not blind—who do not refuse to see the truth—are preparing. Perhaps it may take us a decade—or a generation—before we feel our time has come.

From Miss Ellen Gates Starr, of Hull House, we can unfortunately quote but a paragraph or two of a most interesting discussion:—

The readers of our despondent priest should not lose sight of the fact that the Catholic Church is not dealing with little handfuls of artists and intellectuals, carefully selected groups, but with great, mixed masses. There must necessarily be a certain amount of formalization to find time for the personal sacramental ministrations to souls which is felt by Catholics to be the most precious part of the gift of the Church. One who does not feel it to be so can hardly be called a Catholic.

Scarcely any ignorance, misconception, or misuse of a law, custom, or tradition is so gross as to be impossible. But one wonders how a person who regards, as does this author, the general practice of his Church as perfunctory, rigid, and spiritless, devoid of spontaneity, joy, and freedom, can account for the numbers of converts flowing into the Catholic Church from non-Catholic bodies, especially the Anglican, in England and the United States—these largely from educated classes. This has been going on ever since Newman, with his at once logical and mystical mind, opened the door, removing many old misconceptions. One's own acquaintance furnishes many recent examples: a member of a well-known law firm, several writers of some repute, teachers of the classics; and the press from time to time gives notice, without much stir or scandal, such as that of a member of the faculty of one of our oldest universities leaving it for the priesthood of the Catholic Church, to endure that long and, as this so otherwise-minded man would have us believe, deadening process. Why should these free beings voluntarily and needlessly put their necks under a yoke so galling? As to those born to the Catholic Faith and remaining true to it, who will pity or condescend to Paul Claudel or Baron Friedrich von Hügel?

From the Reverend James H. Cotter, a parish priest of Ohio:—

In priestly education he would violate one of the very first principles, 'thought begets thought,' for he would throw overboard the great kings of thought and have the pupils follow their own raw thinking. This is tantamount to saying that students of music can learn nothing from the great music masters, that artists should not study Phidias or Michelangelo.

Though 'order is Heaven's first law,' he holds that order in our seminaries destroys 'individuality.'

In the unbalanced prominence which he gives to his invectives against the use of Latin, he seems to betray more interest in London than in Rome. As a dead language, Latin suits the expression of an unchanged and unchangeable doctrine, and its logical

sequence in prayers and ceremonies. He holds, substantially, that the people would have to be linguists in order to pray properly and understand the priest's prayers. This is absurd. Even the dumb can pray. He gravely errs when he says that no attention or devotion is required to hear Mass, but merely the 'physical presence' of the attendant.

He declares that the priest makes a mistake when 'he rates the spirituality of his parish, not by the lives of his people, but by the attendance at Mass and the number of Communion and confessions.' The iconoclastic scribe puts the cart before the horse, for the good lives of the people are begotten from these very sources, — Mass and the Sacraments, — otherwise he would belittle the efficacy of Christ's institution. No priest has warrant for the queer statement that 'the people are urged to go to Communion daily and to confess their sins weekly.' Any Catholic knows that to receive Communion he must be free from mortal sin; hence, if need be, he must go daily to confession if he communicates daily. He strangely declares that in the judgment of the sincerity of a penitent the priest has 'but the teaching of the old Scholastics' to help him. Why, no — he has, as in any other serious business, common sense alone.

The oddest of all is his wonderment that the priest, 'a celibate, must solve the intricate problems of sex.' Is it not a question of applying principles to facts, and do not education and zeal for souls assist him as much in this as in solving any other problem?

The human side is the inspiration of many letters. One woman writes: —

If the practices of the Catholic Church were as exterior and meaningless as they are here pictured, I should long ago have abandoned such hypocrisy. However, one need only be present, not on a Sunday, when it is required, but at a five o'clock Mass on some dark First Friday morning, to be convinced otherwise. I invite him to watch the silent devotion of some poor old workingman, or some beautiful little girl.

If 'physical presence fulfills the precept,'

then is not the central fact of Catholic doctrine — that is, the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament — ignored?

I have no fear that the Church will be modernized to an unrecognizable degree in the dry-docking process.

HELEN BEVINGTON

A hundred more press for quotation, but our space is at an end. In considering the points at issue, we suggest that our readers keep steadfastly in mind the facts. This is not a discussion of the sanctions of religion, but of the human prudence and wisdom of certain policies of the Roman Catholic Church. If it is wrong to discuss them, then as certainly it is wrong to discuss the policies of other churches. Much can be said for parochial schools. Much may be said against them. The point we wish to make is simply this: Should a topic vital to education in our country be immune to discussion? If that be so, we must not allude to Methodist interference with schools where evolution is taught, or to public dangers involved through lack of religious instruction in our public schools. All alike are American problems. Their implications are immense. Shall we leave them to the malice of whispering tongues, or shall we discuss them aloud, temperately and with good will?

One other fact is pertinent to this controversy. Here is a topic of intense interest which has elicited a correspondence almost unparalleled in our experience, but not one newspaper in the United States (barring church publications) has mentioned it. The topic is absolutely and consciously tabu. A similar debate upon Protestant issues would be a favorite, almost a universal, subject of discussion. Is it well for the Republic, is it well for the Roman Catholic Church, that her affairs, and her affairs only, are outside the pale of public debate? Here is matter for thought. — THE EDITOR

CLEANING THE COURTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

A FEW months ago, in New York, a little girl crossing a crowded highway was knocked down by a passing truck. The driver called an ambulance and the little girl was taken to a public hospital. The driver then telephoned to his employer and reported the event.

In half an hour a representative of the employer called at the child's home, found the girl's father, who had just arrived, and went with him to the hospital, which was a few blocks away. The girl was found to have been very slightly injured, and they put her on to the truck to take her home.

As they left the hospital, the ambulance driver who had brought the girl there accosted them. 'Do you want a lawyer for your case?' he said. The father shook his head, somewhat surprised, perhaps, at the question. The truck proceeded on its way back to the child's home.

At the house they found four young men waiting for them, representatives of four different lawyers who were seeking to be retained to bring an action on a contingent fee for the child's injury. Each was provided with a printed form of retainer for use in the case. All this happened within less than an hour after the accident.

This is not an unusual occurrence. A serious case, such as a death by accident or a lost leg, in New York, will send as many as forty or fifty ambulance-chasing agents to the home of the victim of the accident. Every possible

source of information for advance news of such accidents is covered. The police stations and hospitals are the usual points of vantage. The money paid to tipsters, to police, to ambulance attendants, to hospital employees, to doctors, and to undertakers for prompt notification of accidents runs into large figures.

Quite apart from the general accident business—that which comes to the swiftest and earliest informed in the general mêlée from the common hunting ground, the hospitals and police—are what might be called the specialized fields. Here, for example, is the falling-thing specialist. Every great building operation has accidents. Modern workmen's compensation insurance is intended to make this type of accident one for insurance, for which the employer must pay his injured employee during his disability. The specialist, however, still finds it a field, and a rich one, for his operations. He has on the pay roll of some contractor in every construction job a man who makes a daily afternoon report to the representative of the specialist of every accident, mainly due to falling things, which occurred during the course of the day. The agent, armed with printed retainers, procures the employment of the specialist, who for the convenience of his large business has printed forms of complaint, through which the injured employee sues another subcontractor for damages caused by the

alleged carelessness of his employees in negligently causing an object to fall, to wit: '(Blank to be filled here) upon plaintiff, causing him to become sick, sore, and disabled and permanently injured as follows (blank to be filled here) . . .'

One specialist in this field, I am informed, brings a thousand cases of this kind annually in New York City.

Then there is the specialist in the new semi-blackmail field, the food cases. The dealer in food products is in law a guarantor of the wholesome character of his merchandise. The restaurant or hotel keeper with an established reputation finds himself presented with a complaint from a suffering but hitherto unknown patron, who claims to have found a cockroach in the soup, causing mental and physical agony. The milkman wakes up to be sued for a mouse in the milk, the baker for a nail in the bread, the butcher for the sickness caused by diseased and unwholesome meat.

The danger of publicity in the press which would be injurious to the goodwill of his business, the difficulty of disproving something about which the defendant in these cases usually knows nothing and as to which he has no witnesses, make this a particularly lucrative field for 'settlements.'

So large has this field grown that food dealers and purveyors within recent years have been obliged to organize themselves for self-protection and to report to a central clearing station these claims, where they find not infrequently that the same victim of misfortune has suffered from the deleteriousness of milk, meat, bread, cheese, pastry, and condensed soup, and that the same lawyer has presented his claims to a successful settlement, in which the lawyer has shared fifty-fifty with his client.

Business abhors litigation in these

cases. Casualty insurance against accident claims has grown enormously in recent years, with rates of insurance constantly mounting and adding by millions to the cost of doing business, which cost in turn is added to the cost of the product, and that product is sold at such price as to make the general public carry, so far as possible, the burden entailed.

The great American cities all are carrying their part of an unprecedented increase in the burden of accident litigation.

Court calendars to-day in any of our large cities will show the amazing transformation which has occurred in the past quarter of a century in the character and quality of the lawsuits for which the public pays in court-houses, in judges, and in court attendants, and in the time and pay of jurors who are called to decide them. They all make practically the same report: that there has been an enormous increase in litigation and in the number of judges, courthouses, and court attendants; and that, in the main, the bulk of the litigation for which these facilities have been required is contingent-fee litigation.

Twenty-five years ago 'food' cases were practically unknown. Accident cases were mainly against railroad companies. While they were numerous enough and more or less a public scandal, in the way they were both prosecuted and defended, the great bulk of the litigation in our courts twenty-five years ago was of a quite different character and these cases formed a relatively small part. Lawsuits in those days brought into the courts the ablest of the lawyers of a former generation, the recognized leaders of the bar. The days are gone, however, when men like Joseph H. Choate, John E. Parsons, and Frederic R. Coudert could be found engaged in forensic contests over

weighty questions of law and fact as the main part of their professional work. The automobile, in large part, has brought about this change in the character of the litigation in our civil courts, as it has enormously increased our problems of crime and has extended interminably our criminal classes.

Lawyers of the type of those to whom I referred a moment ago are found to-day only occasionally in the courtroom. They have been crowded out and supplanted by the ambulance chaser and the vast radiation of the accident contingent-fee litigation which the automobile has largely created, ably supplemented by contingent-fee litigation in the other fields of damage claims to which I briefly and quite inadequately have referred.

II

Consider a few statistics; and, while these statistics are from New York, the conditions which they show are not confined to that city, but doubtless can be duplicated in a lesser degree, perhaps, in any great American city. Judge Victor J. Dowling, the Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York City, said recently that 70 per cent of the cases now congesting the law calendars of the courts in that city are negligence cases.

The matter has become sufficiently alarming to cause the appointment of a Special Calendar Committee by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, whose recent report gives significant statistics, some of which are printed below. The increase in the volume of this type of lawsuit may be indicated sufficiently by the fact that, as the Committee's report shows, in 1916 there were 9309 cases on the jury calendar of the Supreme Court for the Borough of Manhattan in that city, and in 1927 there were 29,466.

While there have been very great increases in the number of judges in the Supreme Court to cope with this flood, they have proved wholly inadequate to the task. There is a delay in the Borough of Manhattan of twenty-two months before a case in the Supreme Court can be reached for trial. In the county adjoining to the north, Bronx County, there were on January 1, 1927, 9562 cases, and a case could not be reached for trial for twenty-four months. There were in the City Court about 18,000 cases, and a new case could not be reached for trial for sixteen months. There were in the Municipal Court 59,086 cases triable by jury, and a case could not be reached for trial in crowded districts for a year and a half.

An analysis of the cases on the calendar of these courts indicates that over one half of the Supreme Court cases were accident cases, that 84 per cent of those on the general calendar of the City Court were of like character; and it is stated by the Committee that, in the Municipal Court, actions for negligence are increasing even more rapidly than in the Supreme and City Courts.

The delay which this congestion occasions increases rather than diminishes. For example, in 1926 there were 25,596 cases on the Supreme Court Calendar; 15,324 were disposed of, leaving an accumulation for subsequent years of 10,272. The great new courthouse which has just been completed at an enormous cost in New York City, whose facilities were intended to be adequate to house both the Supreme Court and the City Court for generations to come, proved to be inadequate to meet the new flood of litigation before the day of its opening.

If these were all genuine suits, sincerely brought, the situation indicated by these figures, though grave, would be one to be accepted as necessary; and

the expense entailed to the public for their trial should be borne as part of the necessary burden of the taxpayer, and of the citizen as juror. But is this flood of litigation sincere? Does it really mean that the need of going to law for the redress of wrongs has increased in this amazing fashion — from 7000 cases pending in 1910 to nearly 30,000 in 1927? What is the quality of litigation now presented to these courts for their determination?

One test of sincerity is truthfulness. Sincerity and perjury should be at opposite poles. Perjury, however, we are told, has increased in our courts to a most appalling degree. Judges who ought to know have made the affirmation of the increase of perjury before them so frequently that the accuracy of this statement cannot be questioned; yet perjury is practically an unpunished crime.

It would, of course, be a grossly unfair picture of a deplorable condition to seem to suggest that this perjury is all on one side. The temptation of defendants to fight fire with fire is an inevitable part of the whole unsavory mess. Many large corporations, including most of the railroads, however, realize that in the long run, and quite apart from ethical considerations, the reputation with judges of playing straight is the only sound policy for corporations that are in court day after day in these cases.

There are plenty of defendants, however, whose methods are quite as questionable as those of the ambulance-chasing fraternity. Perjury is no monopoly for either side. The important matter is that this perjury flourishes and nothing is done to make it stop.

Mr. Charles H. Tuttle, the able Federal District Attorney in New York, has studied the records and declares that since 1912, in fifteen years, there

have been only nine convictions for perjury after trial in New York County. He says that of the total prison population of the country, state and Federal, according to the United States Census Reports for 1923, there were, out of the total of 109,075 prisoners, only 171 in prison for perjury.

The extent of the growth of perjury is only one test of the sincerity of this new flood of litigation. Here is another. Is it not fair to assume that a man who demands \$10,000, which he swears is the extent of his injury, and who gladly accepts from \$50 to \$150 to settle it, is insincere in his original demand? The Special Calendar Committee to which I here referred, which investigated exhaustively the calendar conditions in New York, found the prevalence of small settlements of cases brought in the Supreme Court so great that it recommended drastic methods of preventing the maintenance of such suits in the Supreme Court, by a penalty imposed on the plaintiff's attorney personally. This recommendation, however, was one with which the legislature did not concur.

Another test of sincerity in this sort of litigation is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the records show that only an unsubstantial amount of it ever goes to trial at all. From 70 to 80 per cent of these cases which cumber the calendars are settled without trial or are dismissed for failure to prosecute.

Theoretically, at least, the courts are intended only for those who, of their own initiative, seek justice for wrongs which they feel have been done to them. It may be that the grievance felt is fanciful; it may be wholly unreal; but at least it should be genuine. It should have its sole origin in the person who presents it for redress, for he alone has suffered it, if it has been suffered at all. It should not be a grievance created by a self-seeking outsider.

The relation between the contingent-fee, ambulance-chasing lawyer and the enormous growth of litigation in New York is a direct one. The Committee to which I have referred states that the great bulk of the accident cases upon the court calendars are brought by a comparatively small number of lawyers and legal firms. It states that one lawyer filed, in the month of April, 1927, 442 notes of issue for 442 separate cases, and that an aggregate of 882 cases, most of them being negligence suits, were filed by four lawyers or firms of lawyers. All the judges of the Supreme Court in the County of New York acting together could not in one month dispose of that number of cases.

As the Committee says, 'It will undoubtedly be useful to ascertain the circumstances leading to this employment of a very small number of lawyers in this kind of litigation.' It is precisely this investigation which, with one recent exception, never has been made, either in New York or in any other great American city in which like conditions prevail. It is the heart of the whole matter.

III

The statistics of the Supreme Court cases brought in this wholesale way, while startling, are not complete. How many more cases were brought by this same type of lawyer in the other New York courts, the Municipal Court, the City and County Courts, in the same month in which these appalling figures in the Supreme Court were accumulated?

These suits and thousands of others of a similar character which constitute the flood of litigation in the New York courts, for the most part, are unquestionably the result, not of the desire for litigation of injured plaintiffs, but of the desire for speculative fees of a

relatively small number of high-powered, highly organized, contingent-fee law machines with hundreds of outside runners and investigators actively employed in soliciting them from and through police and hospital adjuncts, culminating in the calendars of the courts — with the injured or alleged injured person a pawn in the process. He is a silent partner in a new and strange adventure, with the active partner a lawyer engaged in a doubtful and disreputable business instead of conducting an honorable profession.

It should be noted in passing that casualty insurance tends to increase rather than diminish the growth of this type of litigation. The current quotations of the market price of the stock of the principal casualty companies are eloquent proof that their part in this business has not been without adequate reward. On the other hand it requires little argument to prove that the bar as a whole suffers rather than profits by this transformation of the courts into an arena for contests between ambulance chasers and casualty companies. The pinch of this business so far as the bar is concerned is largely in a quarter which does not receive much consideration and which deserves at least passing mention — its effect upon the young lawyer.

It has been customary in some quarters, of course, to assume an unduly lofty attitude in the matter of the so-called 'contingent fee.' Lawyers who began their professional careers with a silver spoon, with well-to-do friends and favorable professional connections, may deplore, if they please, the struggle of youngsters less favorably situated and their somewhat undignified efforts to keep their noses out of the black waters of an overcrowded profession.

The zeal and hard work which an ambitious young lawyer will put upon

a case, when it is the only one he has, are not likely to be lessened by the fact that he has to win it to be paid for services rendered to an impecunious client. Neither the public nor the client is likely to suffer from the process.

One of the worst features of the highly organized ambulance-chasing business now rife in our cities to-day, conducted by this comparatively small number of operators, doing business at wholesale with 'private-wire' systems as elaborate and as expensive as those of any first-class stock-exchange house, is that it is particularly hard on the young lawyer in depriving him of opportunities which well might have fallen in his way. These systems are wholly beyond the pale of legitimate professional activities. They can be operated by laymen quite as readily as by lawyers, and one of the sinister features of the business is the laymen organizations of this kind, which, I have been told, flourish in the field for collecting 'cases,' and peddling them to the lawyer who is the highest bidder.

I shall not attempt to consider the evil consequences to the unfortunate client which are inherent in this traffic, except to relate an illuminating incident which occurred a few years ago. A man had been killed in the city streets, leaving a wife and two little children. It was clearly not the fault of the corporation whose vehicle caused the death. The ambulance chaser who got the widow's case actually admitted that it was 'a long chance.' He refused, however, to consider a settlement except on a \$10,000 basis, which was out of the question.

When the case had been tried and lost, appealed and again lost, he came around and asked the lawyer for the defendant if there was not something which the company would be willing to do as an act of charity to this poor woman.

'Why did n't you talk this way in the first place?' the latter asked. 'You know you had no case.'

'Oh, well,' said the widow's lawyer, 'you have to take the accident business on an annual basis. It is all a gamble. Some cases, which look pretty weak, we win, when there could only be a small settlement. What you lose on one case, you may make on another.'

Certainly this was poor comfort to the widow and clearly a grossly unprofessional attitude to take toward her case. She was no partner in his general-accident business, sharing in its interesting system of hazards so as to make up for the loss to her and hers of the case which ought never to have been brought.

The explanation which this lawyer made may account for the sheer heartlessness which sometimes characterizes a shortsighted policy in the operation of many claim departments of large corporations. If you have to pay unjust claims to buy peace, why not try to make it up 'on an annual basis' by treating harshly and unjustly claims which are honest and proper? One wrong inevitably tends to beget another.

What we are here discussing is not the old subject of the right or wrong of the contingent fee, except as an incident to certain evils long recognized as such by the law and which have become, under the condition of modern city life, far more dangerous than ever before.

Barratry and its two sister offenses, champerty and maintenance, have for centuries been named and denounced as the three disgraces of the common law which from ancient days sought to discourage and prevent the bringing of groundless and unnecessary judicial proceedings.

The barrator was 'the common mover, exciter, or maintainer of suits

and quarrels, either in courts of justice or elsewhere.' Maintenance was 'the officious intermeddling in a suit that in no way belongs to one, by maintaining or assisting either party with money, or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it.' Champerty was the bargain to divide the spoils of litigation, the champertor agreeing to carry on the suit at his own expense. These practices have been denounced by the law and declared to be crimes.

Difficulties which need not be here mentioned have proved that as a crime barratry has been unpunished both in England and America. There are a few old cases in America, none of recent date. In England we are told that from 1726 to 1889 there was no record of an indictment for this offense, and that in 1889 one Bellegrove, though indicted for this offense, was convicted for something else, and the barratry charge against him was abandoned.

In New York, barratry in a comparatively small number of cases has been the occasion of the disciplining or disbarment of a few lawyers, where through exceptional circumstances or by accident the facts of the business became fully disclosed. The mere definition of these offenses has proved insufficient to prevent the abuses at which it was aimed, and justice today, in America's largest city, stands like a perplexed Mrs. Partington with an ancient broom struggling unavailingly against this new incoming flood of muddy litigation.

IV

What we have to deal with here is a major problem in house cleaning, of driving the traffickers from the temple of justice. It is also something more. The situation is one which in many of our states calls for a practical test of the efficiency under modern conditions,

which have been outlined above, of the traditional American theory of the organization and relationship of the bar to the bench in the processes of justice.

In London, current statistics show that there are as many street accidents as in New York. No such flood of questionable litigation, however, confronts the great law courts in the Strand.

The reason for the difference is mainly in the organization and operation of the English bar. From time immemorial the benchers of the Inns of Court have had control over the calling of lawyers to the bar and the discipline for professional misconduct or the disbarment of unworthy members. It is a bar composed of all its members, which, acting through its chosen officers, exercises all the powers of self-government. Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Continental Europe have organizations with corresponding powers.

We have bar associations, to be sure, in America. They are, however, in the main, social and educational. They are purely voluntary, with a membership which includes generally a minority only of qualified practitioners. Discipline of unworthy members of the profession is no one's business in particular. If it is undertaken by bar associations it is a purely voluntary act, and the association possesses no power of subpoena, and its power to investigate includes only those who voluntarily come before its committees. The bar does not function as a disciplinary organization. Through its leaders it may preach professional ethics, but it is powerless to enforce such doctrines by the discipline of offenders against its canons. It may and on occasion, by a clumsy procedure ordinarily exceedingly wasteful of time and energy, does investigate complaints and present charges to the courts against lawyers who commit flagrant offenses, principally failure to pay over the

client's money. The power to repress and punish disreputable practices injurious to the good name of the profession and the public, power which the English benchers possess and exercise, does not exist with us.

Under the American tradition, lawyers are officers of the court, which prescribes the condition of their admission to practice and which may, on occasion shown, discipline or disbar them. The courts have all the powers but almost none of the disciplinary machinery necessary for what is obviously administrative rather than judicial work. Many leaders of the profession have realized this weakness in the American tradition and are striving to change it and to overcome the apathy, timidity, and conservatism which, with some practical difficulties, to-day make slow the process of creating a self-governing bar.

Under existing conditions of the American tradition, the responsibility for remedying abuses, such as have been outlined here, is primarily with the courts themselves. The serious present question is the capacity of the courts to meet these responsibilities, lacking, as they do, this administrative organization. An interesting recent experiment in Milwaukee in the suppression of ambulance chasing is in point in this connection and indicates what can be done.

A local ambulance chaser, who was not even a lawyer, but who boasted that he had six hundred cases then pending, had the hardihood to sue one of his employees for a balance claimed to be due arising out of the ambulance-chasing business. A member of the Milwaukee Lawyers Club happened to be retained to defend the case. The unsavory facts ascertained from the testimony in this action later formed the basis of a petition signed by all the directors of the Lawyers Club to the

Circuit Court. The court was asked to exercise its own inherent power to make a general investigation into what was happening about the doorstep affecting the cause of justice in the jurisdiction of the court.

A general inquisition was held accordingly with members of the Lawyers Club acting in conjunction with the Circuit Court. It took months of time and disclosed startling irregularities and criminal conduct. The court was asked to deal with its own records and to purge these records of all cases tainted with champerty and maintenance or any other malpractice, or to compel plaintiffs to purge their cases of such taint by engaging new attorneys. This was done, and done most thoroughly, and the court also adopted rules strictly governing members of the bar, which these conditions had shown to be necessary. We are told that, by this vigorous coöperation of the bar and the bench, ambulance-chasing operations in Milwaukee have entirely ceased.

One part of the petition of the bar in this interesting matter has not yet been put into effect. The court has been asked to call before it all these malefactors whose activities have been discussed and to make them show cause why an injunction should not issue restraining them from ever again engaging in any such practices. 'The reason why we took this final step,' says Mr. Lyman G. Wheeler in a letter published in a recent number of the *Journal of the American Judicature Society*, 'is that if we rely upon criminal proceedings in misdemeanor or crime, to enforce our remedies, there will be much of the usual delay and escapes in jury trials. By utilizing the power of injunction, the court can cite these men summarily before the court for contempt in case they violate the restraining order of the court.'

Presumably the injunction process suggested is one intended for the laymen engaged in this business, as the established power to punish by disbarment lawyers thus engaged would seem to require no such supplement.

The proceeding above described was, of course, a novel one. The facts justifying a general inquiry or inquisition had to be presented to the court to make clear that an occasion existed for the exercise of the court's power to clean its own house.

The significant fact is that the vigorous exercise of its inherent power was found adequate by a court resolved to vindicate its dignity and authority in the interest of the public.

The calendar conditions in New York and the facts already a matter of public knowledge would seem to justify a similar inquiry into personal-injury and contingent-fee litigation in that city. The inherent power of the court over its officers is in that state practically without limit, and has not been shown to be insufficient for a like proceeding. There is no question that such an inquiry would be welcomed by the public and would be heartily supported by the bar.

At a meeting of the Association of the Bar held in December 1927, a proceeding such as that successfully conducted in Milwaukee was authorized and the Executive Committee of

the Association requested to cause a petition for a general examination of contingent-fee and damage litigation to be filed with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, other bar associations interested in such an investigation to be invited to join in the application.

Those who believe that the American tradition is inherently defective, that the growth and development of these and similar abuses are an almost inevitable consequence of the breakdown in practice of the theory of judicial control over lawyers, are advocating for this and other reasons an integrated bar, self-governing and with full power of discipline over its members. Such a revolutionary change has been made in five American states, the most recent being California, added to the list this past year.

Those who believe the old theory is adequate, and that it needs no such fundamental change, will defend their position best, not by an elaboration of learning upon the history of its origin or development or by alarmist prognostication of the dangers of new and untried programmes, but by aiding the courts to demonstrate that they can and will clean house and will manifest to a long-suffering public that over the whole domain of the professional conduct of lawyers the courts not only reign, but govern.

THE SHERMAN ACT TO-DAY

SHALL THE SMALL INDUSTRIAL UNIT SURVIVE?

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

I

For some time past the rapid growth of consolidations and combinations of capital has challenged thoughtful consideration. Thus far it has done little more than issue a 'challenge' to which public opinion has failed to respond. One school of thought 'points with pride' to the size of our mammoth corporations, to their supposedly lower costs of doing business, to the era of 'bigger and better business,' to our giant banking consolidations, and to the corresponding growth of the various other facilities necessary to serve such clients. Another school inevitably 'views with alarm,' wonders whither we are drifting and how far distant is the time when many more of our industries will become definitely closed to the individual or to the company of even substantial means for mere lack of the rapidly increasing capital requirement. While there is as yet no unanimity of opinion, there is nevertheless a clear indication that, unless this entire question is subjected to an early analysis, the capital consolidation movement will go on unchecked to a point where the small unit in many industries will have ceased to exist.

These combinations or mergers are of several types, each based upon some economic principle, either sound or otherwise. There is the so-called 'horizontal' merger, comprising directly

competing interests, and formed as a rule either to reduce the fixed operating or sales-expense ratio or to lend stability to the sales market by removal of a disturbing competitor whose individual inefficiency or selfishness denies to the industry a fair profit. Then there is the so-called 'vertical' merger, which was originally planned so as to acquire the sources of raw material or to increase the market for the product. But of late this plan has been extended to the acquisition of concerns making products that go to the same class of customers even though the manufacturing problems of the several products may have nothing whatever in common. The object here is to be able to offer the customer all of his requirements in allied lines from one sales organization, thereby decreasing sales resistance and promoting sales that, in part at least, would probably have gone to some of the competing makers of single products. Thus we see the card index, the typewriter, the files, the filing cabinets, adding machines, ledgers, office furniture, and so forth, all brought together by merger under one sales roof, so that the customer equipping an office need deal with but one organization for all of his allied requirements. In much the same manner we see the breakfast-food manufacturers acquiring by purchase

other quite different foodstuffs, with the result that we may soon expect to see them advertising breakfasts instead of products! At the same time the 'horizontal' combinations are threatening to bake all our bread and spoil all our laundry from Maine to California — and the end is not yet.

Now it will scarcely be denied that some of these objectives have a sound economic basis in fact which 'progress' cannot resist, regardless of the fate of the small industrial unit. But the great majority of these combinations are founded upon the necessity for price stabilization. To prevent the demoralization that unquestionably exists in many industries to-day (despite the recent period of exceptional national prosperity) it is surely high time that an effort be made by some authoritative body to study the whole problem, to the end that future consolidations having improvement of the price structure for their major motive may be avoided by the appropriate legislation based on a truer conception of the public welfare. It is by no means unlikely that such an investigation impartially conducted would show that some of these mergers which may have seemed to be necessary under past conditions of legislative restriction would have been unnecessary and unwise if based upon the operation of natural law.

As a background for this proposed study, and lest the reader has mistaken the recent period of great national prosperity to mean *universal* prosperity, let us first ponder the meaning of a few of the figures recently issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the comparatively active business year of 1925. How many would believe that more than 40 per cent of the net profits of all the 430,000 corporations in the United States were earned by only 196 corporations? Or that the next group

of 937 companies, each earning between \$1,000,000 and \$5,000,000, accounted for substantially 25 per cent of all corporate profits? Less than one twentieth of one per cent earned over 40 per cent, less than one fourth of one per cent earned 25 per cent; 65 per cent of the 7651 millions of total profits earned by scarcely more than one fourth of one per cent of all the corporations!

The manufacturers appear to have done but slightly better than the average: 95 corporations earned 1650 millions; the next group of 446 showed profits of 900 millions. Together these 541 concerns acquired more than two thirds of the 3701 millions of total net profits, for which no fewer than 88,674 manufacturers competed. And two out of every five showed losses! These figures demonstrate very clearly the domination of the larger units in industry.

A recent report of one industry will illustrate an experience by no means uncommon. In the *Daily Metal Trade*, the independent sheet-steel industry was recently represented as consisting of 543 hot mills, with working capital a total investment of 110 millions. Over a recent period, notwithstanding that they operated with the utmost efficiency and at 108 per cent of normal capacity, they showed a total net deficit of two million dollars — such was 'the life of trade' as practised by their customers, aided by the inability of the industry under our laws to compel fair play. One of these plants in March 1927, operating at 100 per cent capacity, lost \$18,000; a month or so later it shut down completely and lost only \$8000 — a comforting way of figuring a net gain to itself and a net loss to the buyers of \$10,000! Yet the country needs sheet steel, which is neither an infant industry operated by amateurs nor an industry

whose recent experiences are unique. Is it strange, therefore, that we hear so much complaint of 'profitless prosperity'? Or that, even since the foregoing was written, six of these companies in Ohio have announced their consolidation, commented on in the public press as follows:—

Further mergers of sheet-steel companies, hard hit by irregular business and price depression, show indications of materializing. Pressure of trade conditions brought about the recent six-company merger of sheet rollers in Ohio, for the most part non-integrated producers. . . . Breakdown of sheet prices in the last sixty days, after strenuous efforts to sustain the market, is hitting the smaller, nonintegrated interests. Weaker companies are being compelled to unite with stronger and more fully integrated producers.

II

If our so-called antitrust legislation as embodied in the Sherman Act of 1890, and supplemented by the Clayton Act of 1914, were merely antitrust laws, as the titles indicate and as popularly supposed, there would be small reason for the widespread criticism that has been more or less privately visited upon them by those who have been familiar with their effect upon many of the smaller business enterprises of this country. For, in so far as the Sherman Law has performed the function for which alone its creators strove, and has protected 'trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies,' it has been effective in preventing the growth and continuance of the grossly unfair business practices that so outraged the moral sense of the country prior to its enactment. In the accomplishment of that purpose probably no greater or more laudable service to a self-respecting citizenry has ever been performed by

any piece of legislation. As thus responsive to a popular demand of thirty-eight years ago, and as thus popularly understood to-day, its wisdom remains unchallenged. It is, therefore, only with some of the subsequent ramifications and diversions of the original purpose, which have come down through the succeeding years as the result in part of judicial interpretations and in part of the momentum lent to the popular psychology by politicians, that criticism has had to deal.

It will be readily recalled by the active business men of the late eighties that the demand of the country for remedial legislation sprang from the disclosure of various unconscionable practices on the part of the 'big business' of that day, among which was the granting of rebates by the supposedly common carriers to their larger corporate customers, to the obvious disadvantage of the less favored competitors lacking the purchasing power to compel equal treatment. This discrimination was sometimes sufficient in itself to render the business existence of the smaller companies a mere matter of sufferance. Another, and an even more direct, abuse was the constant attempt of big business to put its small and struggling competitors out of business by such methods as the placing of a new store alongside a competitor's and selling its wares below cost temporarily until the small man's capital should be exhausted. Often, rather than liquidate or repeat the experience in a new location, the latter would sell under pressure, the 'enemy' recouping its momentary local loss by acquiring a bargain, and thus still further strengthening its ability to do likewise elsewhere. These, and other equally reprehensible practices, had for their weapons sheer weight of capital, and the country demanded of its legislators

in no uncertain terms restriction of this growing monopolistic 'trust' movement — immediate, drastic, absolute. Hence the title: 'The Federal Anti-trust Law.' Hence the subtitle: 'An Act to protect Trade and Commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies.' Hence the absence in that law of any prohibition save that which declared that 'every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce, is hereby declared to be illegal'; and again, 'Every person who shall monopolize . . . or combine or conspire with any other person to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce . . . shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,' and so forth. These quotations are the essence of the Sherman Law, the balance merely covering matters of definition, execution, and jurisdiction. The Clayton Law, enacted in 1914, in so far as it touched upon public policy, merely added the phrase 'to substantially lessen competition' to the above-mentioned illegalities, although for purposes of clarity it also added a number of specific inhibitions to the more general 'restraint of trade' and 'monopoly' terms of its predecessor.

It will be observed in passing that the outcry against anything savoring of monopoly or oppression obviously reflected a commitment of the public opinion of the day to the converse of the question — the preservation of the smaller capital unit in industry — and there is no subsequent evidence of a conscious change in that fundamental national policy as then recorded. There is also no evidence, either in the public records of that time or otherwise, to show that anything other than an *anti-trust* demonstration was contemplated or even desired in the operation of that law. But, whereas the meaning of the words 'restraint of trade' has gradually and even subconsciously become

subject to extended degrees of definition, nothing can be clearer than that the most flagrant 'restraint of trade' conceivable then or since would have been the operation of this law in such manner as to create the incentive, if not the necessity, for the acceleration of capital consolidation!

Yet that is just what has happened. Why? Because of a curious twist in the workings of mass psychology. 'Trusts,' as has been shown, were anathema to the public. That fact furnished fuel for many candidates for office for some years to follow. By the same token many will recall the cartoons about the 'octopus,' the 'money power,' and the glee that used nightly to greet Weber and Fields's definition of a trust as 'a body of men surrounded by money.' It was then but a short step to the period of 'the malefactor of great wealth,' the 'trust busters,' the 'square deal,' and the 'short and ugly word.' Mr. Roosevelt's successful appeals to the conscience of the country had many imitators of more demagogic character, and of less constructive purpose. Gradually the Sherman Law had come to be interpreted, both in the public mind and in the courts, as prohibiting gentlemen's agreements between any competitors — large or small — that tended even theoretically to influence a price level, to limit production, or to apportion territory according to natural markets, and also quite regardless of whether the effect was beneficial or otherwise. The public was thinking, and still is, of preventing monopoly and the concentration of capital in the hands of the few, but the politicians and the courts have been telling us in effect, until the public has come to believe it, that the way to accomplish that result is by preventing competitors from even discussing their most vital mutual problems, upon which their ability to continue to serve the public

may, even their very existence, is often based. Never, surely, has the intent of a legislative policy been so emasculated, or so subjected to what the informed laity may well term 'injudicial interpretation'!

One instance of this is the case of an entire industry during the extreme depression of 1921. The average capacity operation at the time was about 10 per cent, and the losses consequently great. The industry submitted to counsel plans for letting one or two factories do the work for all, so that the others might close down temporarily and cover their reduced fixed expenses by sharing in the general result on some mutually satisfactory basis. Counsel was obliged to advise that such action was thoroughly contrary to the law as construed by the courts, and as 'restraint of trade' was defined. The industry, facing ruin, was, therefore, forced by that highest of all laws, the instinct of self-preservation, to disregard counsel in order to save its property.

Another instance of a different character. In 1922 or thereabouts coal was selling in the market at an abnormally high price, the demand, due to strikes or what not, exceeding the supply. A conference was called by the Department of Commerce at which an agreement was reached between the operators as a unit under governmental auspices, resulting in the immediate announcement of a much lower price for the public. The Government feared a further rise, with all its attendant suffering, so intervened as an 'observer.' Both the Government and the operators obviously violated the Sherman Law as 'restraint of trade' is interpreted. But, considering the result, the public applauded, and the Attorney-General's office had 'no information'! During the war, of course, this procedure was common under government sanction and in the name of 'public interest.'

Examples of ruinous price competition due to the illegality of protective price measures will come readily to the minds of most business men. Those caused by our inability to limit an industry's collective output are far less numerous. However, two illustrations of far-reaching effect are to be seen in the coal and oil industries. These occupations are notoriously either a feast or a famine. It has been so difficult to maintain equilibrium between supply and demand that prices have constantly been subject to violent fluctuations according to whether we were for the moment experiencing a shortage of supply or a plethora of unemployment, with all its widespread suffering. In the coal industry the operators and the miners have filled the headlines of our newspapers almost annually with their sincere but pitiful efforts to agree upon a wage that would fairly compensate the miner for his periods of unemployment without making the cost of heat and power too prohibitive for the public. Arbitration, mediation, and inquiry after inquiry have all failed to find a permanent solution that will ensure stability under present conditions. The crux of the problem is said to lie in the fact that there are two thousand too many mines and two hundred thousand too many miners, and that only through production agreements which would contravene the Sherman Law could the needed 'deflation' be accomplished. Similarly, in the oil fields, regulation of total production would require an illegal agreement between the producers. But the philosophy of America deems it in the public interest that in times of overproduction we shall squander our natural resources for a mess of pottage when no one is anxious to buy, and produce an insufficient supply at an exorbitant price when demand is active, rather than permit

the producers to agree together upon a policy that will tend to conserve resources and stabilize employment!

Only a few years ago members of trade associations were advised not even to discuss or compare their costs, except by the use of key numbers by which each member might identify only his own report, and they were further advised to file with the Government a disclaimer of any price activity as a presumption of innocence. Any cost statistics exchanged for the information and improvement of the industry might be in the 'twilight zone' unless filed with the Department of Commerce for public circulation. Competitors meeting by chance in public began to feel as though they were carrying marked bills, and jumped if tapped on the shoulder. The situation became intolerable, and many industries abandoned all efforts to progress together, and adjourned *sine die*. Many have never reassembled. Then came Mr. Hoover in the Department of Commerce, who undertook to see what he could find out in behalf of industry, which was looking so eagerly to him for relief. He initiated the famous Hoover-Daugherty correspondence, wherein he asked the Attorney-General what, if anything, his clients — the industries of the country — might lawfully accomplish together. Industry suspected it could do nothing very beneficial to anybody, but wanted to grasp at any hopeful straw. So Mr. Hoover wrote. Mr. Daugherty replied in effect, 'Try me and see' — and that was that.

Conditions to this day are practically unchanged, except that in its more recent utterances on the general subject the Supreme Court has liberalized that situation somewhat by declaring:—

Trade associations or combinations of persons or corporations which openly and fairly gather and disseminate information as to the cost of their product, the volume

of production, the actual price which the product has brought in past transactions, stocks of merchandise on hand, approximate cost of transportation from the principal point of shipment to the principal points of consumption, as did these defendants, and who, as they did, meet and discuss such information and statistics without, however, reaching or attempting to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or restraining competition, do not thereby engage in unlawful restraint of commerce.

This is some little progress, to be sure, but after all, courts may only 'interpret'; they may not legislate or determine fundamental policy, and therefore may not go afresh to the root of the trouble. That may be done only by Congress, enforced by public opinion. And so, in the light of that bit of solace, trade associations are being generally and properly advised by counsel to-day to be very careful to do nothing beyond these powers specifically conferred, lest the present gradual progress be interrupted. What one may lawfully do even in the interest of self-preservation is still far too limited for law-abiding men to achieve any substantial measure of coöperative effort. And now, paradoxically, as a result of a certain recent investment by one large corporation in the securities of another operating in an entirely unrelated field, we see Congressmen quoted as favoring the 'strengthening' of our antitrust restrictions by legislative enactment without evidence of the slightest realization that the same result could be accomplished in far greater degree by removing some of the present restrictions that prevent the operation of natural law. Well, it is at least an acknowledgment by indirection that the avoidance of capital concentration is still the goal of public opinion — but what a travesty on economic law and common sense it all is!

III

Clearly, therefore, if substantial relief for 'small business' is the real intent of public sentiment, the phrase 'restraint of trade' must be redefined. As long as the theory persists that cut-throat price competition 'is the life of trade,' so long shall we hear the leaders in most of our industries advocating, and see them building, further combinations of capital as the only way out of the demoralized conditions that even to-day infest so many important industries. In times of depression it is plain that still more of these mergers will be forced into existence. For obviously, if the seller may not lawfully check the statements of the buyer (who is highly paid to play members of an industry against each other that the price may be depressed), and if it is in the interest of trade that purchasers may organize (as they do) while sellers may not, the natural thing is to resolve an industry into a few large aggregations of capital, and so minimize the number of competitors. If care then be taken that no one combination exceeds the 50 per cent dead line of total capacity established by the Supreme Court, much of the present unfair advantage of the organized buyers will be destroyed. But, is this concentration what the country really wants?

Now, what is behind this theory of price competition to the utmost? Is it the notion that it is in the 'public interest' that goods shall reach the consumer as cheaply as possible, regardless of whether the producer or distributor is worthy of his hire? Does the consumer alone constitute the 'public'? Does not modern society live by exchanging the product of one individual for that of others, and are not the interests of producer, distributor, and investor an equal part of the 'public interest' with that of the consumer?

In the last analysis, have we not each of us a dual capacity both as earner and as spender, and can society spend without earning or live without spending? Surely it should be self-evident that where a whole industry operates with little or no profit, as is frequently the case to-day, the purchasing power of both labor and investor is either diminished or threatened, and that a continuance of that condition means either loss of capital or combination. Stabilized prices mean stabilized wages; the two together mean stabilized purchasing power, which exercises an all-important influence upon the stabilization of business activity.

Or is it the notion that the establishment of fair prices for standard products by an industry would guarantee a living to the inefficient, otherwise unobtainable, and would unduly reward the efficient? If so, let it be said that the leveling influence of the economic law of supply and demand, given free play, may be safely relied on to control the situation, especially when the public's interest is further protected by the 'reasonable' requirement of the common law — 'reasonable' meaning simply that the restraint upon one party shall be no greater than protection of the other party's interest requires. First, because enlightened self-interest will usually operate to stabilize prices in times of demand at a 'reasonable' level that will not invite new competition; secondly, because the strong, though loath to concede that the world owes a living to their weaker competitors, have to remember that the overdevelopment of their power would bring them within the monopolistic category.

For an illustration of this type of self-restraint that is occasionally practised in deference to the *genuine* anti-trust features of the Sherman Law, one need look no further than the United

States Steel Corporation. Here was a corporation which the Supreme Court refused to dissolve because the Government could not show that it had abused its power, notwithstanding that it constituted almost 50 per cent of the country's steel-making capacity. Investigation brought out the fact that the Corporation, under the sagacious leadership of Judge Gary, had pursued a consistent policy of 'live and let live' in the face of its conceded ability to produce steel for about three dollars per ton less than its competitors. Its ability to cause the ruin of these competitors was therefore manifest. But to have thus exercised its power would inevitably have created a virtual monopoly, which in turn must have caused its early dissolution and the consequent disintegration of the very factors that had produced its low cost efficiency. Therefore we had the anomaly of a powerful corporation given a clean bill of health because, in effect, it had kept its prices up to a point where its competitors might live! Of course, no one may justly quarrel with the decision in question, but one may logically wonder why the same privilege of survival is not conceded to the many smaller industries where the danger of monopoly does not exist.

Wherein is it a restraint of trade if an industry be permitted to take such steps as are necessary for its own preservation? No country may expect to attain perfection; we have our thieves, murderers, bootleggers, and no doubt shall continue to have, but we do not intentionally penalize the preponderant honest majority because of the few. So, even supposing, as we must, that an 'unreasonable restraint' will be practised here and there with only greed for its motive (as no doubt it is to-day), is not that offending industry easier to deal with when such restraint depends upon the concerted action of many

loosely associated units than when those same units — with greater presumption of legality — combine for the same purpose within one or two dominating aggregations of capital that cannot so readily be disbanded or reformed?

Price-fixing, that supposed synonym for opprobrium, where it could be applied at all, would operate chiefly to prevent demoralization when supply exceeded demand. It is, of course, here that its public benefit would accrue. Admittedly in many industries it would not be feasible in any case, because of the varying character, design, and requirements of the product or the multiplicity of the sources of supply. The assumption, however, that legalized price-fixing is merely an invitation to human cupidity is contrary to general experience. Cupidity may dominate a company, — for a brief span of life, yes, — but not an entire industry composed of numerous independent units. The simplest proof of this is the absence of important or frequent objections to price-fixing either in America in the 'old days' prior to 1890 or in any of the other industrial countries of the world to-day.

In this connection it is well to remember that Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill did not discover or preach their immutable economic laws as observers of an artificially restricted economic era. On the contrary, they had only natural laws to judge by, such as have held sway in every civilized land but ours. It is true that modern conditions of intensive economic development even in other countries have required artificial protection against monopoly and against such other unreasonable restraints as might occasionally be attempted, but where sufficient independent sources of supply exist there have been relatively few complaints of pernicious agreements. In the existing

interpretations of our system, however, the mere fact of agreement as to prices, production, or territory is *prima facie* evidence of illegality.

In this discussion attention has been centred upon price agreements as perhaps the most 'opprobrious' aspect of 'restraint of trade' in the effort to show that they need not 'unreasonably' restrain trade, especially if surrounded with proper, rather than misdirected, safeguards. But it is not price-fixing alone that is the crying need of so many industries to-day so much as the privilege of complete coöperation for the stabilization of a moderate prosperity to *capital efficiently conducted and labor efficiently performed*; education in such matters as what constitutes a fair profit, based on such factors as the proportion of investment required, the frequency of capital turnover possible, and the degree of risk involved — all of which factors vary with the type and conditions of individual industries. Upon such vital subjects competitors may not lawfully take counsel with each other, although they alone possess the collective knowledge that would educate those managements which are willing to risk their stockholders' capital. The theorist will say that no one need 'choose' to-day to sell below cost, but to him it should be said, 'Try to stop it.' Surely he will get no help from the customer's purchasing agent, for every industry contains some who think they can take another's business away by price concession without suffering retaliation, and who will always think they can successfully produce what their competitor is alleged to be offering, while the law as now construed will not permit them to get the correct information until too late, if then. To be sure, it is the weaker element who give way, but their eventual failure to prosper and survive is detrimental to any industry, since it usually means the

substitution of a new competitor on the basis of a bargain purchase, whose consequent lower capital charges permit the use of lower basic cost rates, and thereby convey an unearned cost advantage for the future over the more established members of the industry affected.

IV

How many who read this paper have realized that no other country has ever thought of interpreting 'reasonable' price or policy-stabilizing agreements as 'restraint of trade,' or of construing the lowest price to the consumer as the sole factor of national economic well-being?

Observe the contrasting and representative British point of view as expressed by the British Court in the well-known Australian Collieries case: —

It was also strongly urged that in the term 'detriment to the public' the public means the consuming public, and that the legislature was not contemplating the interest of any persons engaged in the production or distribution of articles of consumption. Their Lordships do not take this view, but the matter is really of little importance, for in considering the interests of consumers it is impossible to disregard the interests of those who are engaged in such production and distribution. It can never be in the interests of the consumers that any article of consumption should cease to be produced and distributed; as it certainly would be unless those engaged in its production or distribution obtained a fair remuneration for the capital employed and the labor expended. . . . In the first years of the present century a new coal field . . . began to be developed. . . . The proprietors accordingly entered on a course of ruinous competition with each other. . . . The collieries in the Newcastle coal field were ceasing to pay dividends and falling into the hands of the banks who had financed them; the miners had little chance of an advance in wages, though there had been a general advance in prices; and

the prosperity of Newcastle, which is dependent on the coal industry and the shipping industry in connection therewith, was seriously threatened. . . . It was under these circumstances that on January 5, 1906, there was a meeting of some of the proprietors of collieries in the Newcastle and Maitland fields. The chairman pointed out the necessity of forming an association of all the collieries if the present very unsatisfactory state of the coal trade was to be improved. The meeting thereupon passed a resolution that it was desirable to form an association to raise and maintain the price of coal. . . . It can never, in their Lordships' opinion, be of real benefit to the consumers of coal that colliery proprietors should carry on their business at a loss, or that any profit they make should depend on the miners' wages being reduced to a minimum. Where these conditions prevail, the less remunerative collieries will be closed down, there will be great loss of capital, miners will be thrown out of employment, less coal will be produced, and prices will consequently rise until it becomes possible to reopen the closed collieries or open other seams. The consumers of coal will lose in the long run if the colliery proprietors do not make fair profits or the miners do not receive fair wages. There is in this respect a solidarity of interest between all members of the public. The Crown, therefore, cannot, in their Lordships' opinion, rely on the mere intention to raise prices as proving an intention to injure the public. To prove an intention to injure the public by raising prices, the intention to charge excessive or unreasonable prices must be apparent.

The age-long record of industrial Britain may not be said to be altogether without merit or economic understanding. Nor are we justified in ignoring the experience of others because of temporary post-war conditions, as too many of our public men seem prone to do.

This, then, was the dictum of the Privy Council of England in the case that arose in 1912 under the Australian Industries Preservation Act (note the objective as described by the title),

which prohibits agreements or combinations 'in restraint of trade' just as our Sherman Law does, but differs therefrom in specifying that such agreements shall be considered unlawful only when they are 'to the detriment of the public' or carry with them 'intent to destroy or injure, by means of unfair competition, any Australian industry the preservation of which is advantageous to the Commonwealth, having due regard to the interests of producers, workers, and consumers.' Absence of 'detriment to the public' or absence of an 'unreasonable' quality in the restraint effected or intended, if proved by the defendant, constitutes a valid defense, while on the other hand the absence of such proof constitutes proof of the Government's charges — the burden of proof thus resting upon the only party who is in position to supply the facts. What a contrast to the narrow, antiquated, and restrictive policy dictated in this country by a contrary definition of the same words — 'restraint of trade'! And what simplicity of enforcement and of fact-finding underlies the economic objective of this Australian law! What a boon its adoption in this country would be, properly and strictly enforced!

Another remedy was suggested some years ago by the late Judge Gary when testifying before the so-called Stanley Committee of Congress in the Steel Corporation dissolution suit, as follows:

'I realize as fully, I think, as this committee that it is very important to consider how the people shall be protected against imposition or oppression as the possible result of great aggregations of capital, whether in the possession of corporations or individuals. I believe that the Sherman Act does not meet and will never fully prevent that. I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control, even as to prices, and so far as I am concerned, speaking for our company so far as

I have the right, I would be very glad if we had some place where we could go, to a responsible governmental authority, and say to them, "Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production: now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge." I know this is a very extreme view, and I know that the railroads objected to it for a long time; but whether the mere standpoint of making the most money is concerned or not, whether it is the wise thing, I believe it is the necessary thing, and it seems to me corporations have no right to disregard these public questions and these public interests.'

'Your idea then,' said the committee, 'is that coöperation is bound to take the place of competition and that coöperation requires strict governmental supervision?'

'That is a very good statement,' replied Judge Gary.

That is about the only other feasible remedy yet suggested. While it would undoubtedly accomplish all the legitimate purposes sought by honest business, it lacks the simplicity of the Australian conception, and has the apparent disadvantage of putting the Government into business at a time when all sentiment, both governmental and public, leans strongly in the opposite direction.

V

That there has long been a recognition of some of these incongruities on the part of at least a few of our public men is shown by the following excerpts from President Roosevelt's Message to Congress of March 25, 1908, and from addresses by Mr. Chief Justice Taft and Mr. Secretary Hoover. Mr. Roosevelt said:—

As I have repeatedly pointed out, this antitrust act was a most unwisely drawn statute. It is mischievous and unwholesome to keep upon the statute books un-

modified a law like the antitrust law, which, while in practice only partially effective against vicious combinations, has nevertheless in theory been so construed as sweepingly to prohibit every combination for the transaction of modern business. . . . The Congress cannot afford to leave it on the statute books in its present shape.

Mr. Roosevelt's characterization of this law is of particular significance when it is recalled that it was he who, more than any other man in history, denounced and prosecuted the trusts and all other abuses of power in business.

Mr. Taft's statement, made in August 1908, when he was making his successful run for the Presidency, has been frequently quoted as follows:—

I am inclined to the opinion that the time is near at hand for an amendment of the antitrust law, defining greater detail defaults against it, and its aim, and making clearer the distinction between lawful agreements, reasonably restraining trade, and those which are pernicious in effect.

Mr. Hoover's statement was made on May 10, 1922, before a convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in connection with the possible extension of lawful trade association procedure, and the clarification of the existing uncertainties of definition:

I believe the time has come when we must have some assistance from the law, but this does not imply the alteration of the purpose of the restraint-of-trade acts.

At the time when the Sherman Act was passed, the country was in the throes of growing consolidations of capital. There were consolidations of actual ownership, and the country was alive with complaints of attempts to crush competitors with unfair practices and destructive competition. Large numbers of trade associations were then in existence, but were scarcely even discussed in this connection.

It will be observed that Mr. Taft's use of the word 'reasonable' in connection with 'restraint of trade' coincides perfectly with Australia's theory and practice. In this connection, too, a resolution adopted in 1922 by the National Association of Credit Men, since reaffirmed more specifically, indicates an awakening of a responsible business sentiment:—

To treat our commerce to-day as was deemed necessary in an earlier period is an injustice and a blow at our best protective powers. The destructive competition of the eighties led to trusts and combinations which the Sherman Law was intended to regulate and check. Destructive competition has now given way very largely to constructive competition. This particular law therefore should be superseded by a modern statute designed according to the proportions, methods, and practices of to-day's business. Where there are evil tendencies to check, where there are undesirable combinations to prevent, a law framed on broader principles, free of prejudices, and capable of practical application, will be more useful and more protective than the statute of 1890 could ever prove to be on the most generous and judicious construction.

It is also well known that organized labor for some time past has been desirous of a modification and revision of these laws. In fact, at its Atlantic City convention, in September 1925, the American Federation of Labor went on record as urging even the repeal of the Sherman Law. This was confirmed last year in its meeting at Los Angeles.

And that the need for revision or amendment of the present legislation is beginning to receive the serious attention of the legal profession in an organized, as distinct from an individual, way is evidenced by these excerpts from the 1927 report of the American Bar Association's Committee on Commerce:—

The Sherman Law is economic legislation. It can only be helpful if it is subservient and not in opposition to economic laws. . . . Not only is the Sherman Law economically unsound, but its application to individual cases is uncertain. The facts constituting unreasonable restraint of trade cannot be catalogued. What is clearly an unreasonable restraint of trade in one case may in another case be a reasonable restraint. The result of such a state of complicated uncertainty is not only to keep men from violating the law,—that is, from entering into agreements unlawfully restraining trade,—but to keep men from entering into any agreements restraining trade, even though the restraints be reasonable and, therefore, lawful. Lawful agreements are commendable. If fear of the law keeps men from entering into lawful contracts, the public interest is violated. The Sherman Law is the basis of such a fear to an extent that cannot be overstated. It is, therefore, something more than a law—it is a power beyond the law. . . . It is the view of your Committee on Commerce that the country has outgrown the Sherman Law. . . .

All this being so, it may well be wondered why no substantial demand for reform has thus far made itself felt. There would seem to be a number of reasons. First of all, public sentiment having been educated in days gone by along opposite lines, the majority of public men have looked at the subject as one surcharged with political dynamite. Only a few, who have had contact with or cognizance of the true workings of these laws, have ventured to speak out, and these few have realized their impotence in the face of the failure of business itself to make its needs known. Some of those few who have had the courage openly to favor revision or amendment have asked in vain for business to declare a specific programme. Business has never done so in any organized way, because, like labor, organized and unorganized, its own purpose has been divided. The

representative men of big business have treated the subject as though they too expect one day to run for office. For one thing, their corporations have been frequently attacked, both in the courts and by demagogic outburst, their actions closely watched, and their motives often misconstrued. Moreover, it is a question whether existing conditions are not welcome to the agents of big business as making them constantly bigger and more powerful through the elimination or absorption of their smaller competitors.

Small business, on the other hand, is unorganized, its trade associations rendered impotent and their members held apart by this very 'antitrust' legislation, so that its voice is as a voice in the wilderness. Yet it is this mass of individual units, composed of all the producing and distributing organizations up to a few millions of capital and a few thousands of employees, which is still to-day the backbone of the nation's economic structure — though reflection as to how long this status can continue may well give us pause.

In the creation of mass psychology an ounce of rumor is often worth a pound of truth. The very terms 'price-fixing' and 'collusive agreements' are in the public mind so tainted that only in private does one hear the protests of those who could and should help to bring out the truth. Are the interpretations of the Sherman and Clayton Laws so sacrosanct that their perpetuity must be conceded, that to challenge the economic wisdom of their application and the economic benefit of their execution one must incur the suspicion of malefaction? Are we not taught that under a republican form of government there is no other orderly means of relief from unwise or injurious legislation than to 'speak out loud and bold'?

Thus it is that most of the public discussions of the question have been confined to members of the legal profession, whose self-interest may not be so cynically questioned, whose services are vitally necessary, of course, but whose discussions are usually and naturally from a legalistic rather than a strictly business or economic point of view. They have therefore concerned themselves more with the inferences to be drawn from the successive expressions of the various courts, as one phase after another has arisen for interpretation, than with the basic need for a more general understanding of the many and varied phases wherein the present laws restrict and hamper industry's legitimate aspirations. These are far too numerous and too intricate to permit of elaboration in any general discussion of this many-sided subject, but, broadly summarized, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that *substantial* relief from the conditions cited can come, not from the adaptation of procedure to existing law, but only from the conformity of the law and its interpretations to the 'reasonable' protective requirements of business itself.

If, then, these truths be self-evident, it should be the immediate demand of both capital and labor upon their only organized spokesmen — the national Chamber of Commerce and the American Federation of Labor — that the statesman shall emerge, of so unimpeachable a character and reputation, and of such a generally recognized personal financial detachment and political independence, as will enable him and his party gradually to bring about through the processes of public education a recognition and correction of the present economic absurdities that are to-day harassing so many industries, producer and distributor alike.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HAPPIEST PERIOD

THE happiest period in human history in which to have lived, concludes Gibbon after a learned dissertation on the subject, was that of imperial Rome under the Antonines in the second century of the Christian era. Although he fails to say so, no doubt the famous historian argues on the assumption that he, or anyone making the election, would have enjoyed the privileges of aristocracy and wealth. It would be unreasonable to expect great satisfaction from life as a member of a slave gang on one of the great latifundia, or as one of the rabble dependent on public largesses and the uncertain arrival of the grain ships from Egypt. Indeed, this same uncertainty as to the food supply must have hung like a black cloud over the heads even of the favored ones of the imperial city, unless, like certain fabled patricians, they were fortunate enough to possess an ample supply of fish requiring no more problematic nutriment than the flesh of slaves. It is one of the privileges of the imagination, however, always to picture one's self in the most pleasant circumstances. No one, following Gibbon's lead, is likely, therefore, to envisage himself clothed in any lesser garment than the senatorial toga, or even the purple itself.

Even so, however, numerous objections might be urged against the thesis of the author of Rome's *Decline and Fall*. Not the least valid of these would be based on the fact that the reign of the benevolent Marcus was of only moderate length, so that the historical changeling might, through inadvertence, find himself surviving over

into the era of the imperial Stoic's somewhat impetuous and inconsiderate successor, Commodus. Before entering into any rash bargain, therefore, with fate, it would be wise to have the term of one's sojourn in this happy interim of Rome's troubled history clearly defined and delimited.

In determining the happiest epoch of human existence, many strong arguments might doubtless be urged by classical students in favor of the Athenian period — say, from the battle of Salamis to the destruction of the long walls. Born in 480 B.C., according to this arrangement, such an adventurer into the past would have completed the allotted span of life several years before the final Spartan triumph, and might conceivably be quite ready, after the horrors of the siege and plague, to descend into the lower realms still ignorant of the impending cataclysm. Exactly how happy existence may have been, however, even for the more fortunate during this era, is somewhat difficult to determine; so much depends on the point of view. Indeed, that is the trouble with Gibbon's whole argument: are we admirers of freedom and the abuses of democracy, or are we wedded to monarchy and its special iniquities? As an elder member of the Areopagus during the later Periclean Age, one would, no doubt, encounter many subversive and shocking ideas regarding dress and behavior among the representatives of the younger generation, calculated to undermine the good old-fashioned concepts of duty and filial respect and of woman's proper place in the gynæceum. It is easy to imagine

that these might prove extremely unpleasant to one brought up in what may be termed the later Victorian Age of Greek culture. Likewise, the new revolutionary ideas regarding the sacredness of the old dramatic 'unities' and the permissibility of greater freedom in the use of rhythm and metre, foreshadowing, as it were, the free verse of our own day, would no doubt add to the sense of strangeness and discomfort. Nevertheless, even under these circumstances there would be distinct compensations.

'I remember at the première of Euripides' *Andromache* . . .' Or, 'When Cimon made his great speech against Ephialtes, I turned to Callias, who was sitting next to me, and said . . .'

There would be a certain authority about a remark of this kind calculated to impress even revolutionary youngsters like Alcibiades. Likewise, the days of the poets were not yet so distant that one might not entertain a hope — faint, perhaps, but still valid — of encountering a nymph or two on the way to Piræus, if one strayed sufficiently from the beaten path. Phryne's vindication, at a somewhat later period, justified the expectation that divagations of this nature would not entail extreme penalties.

Altogether, the Periclean Age seems not to be unfavorable for an essay in retroactive reincarnation, although a little closer study of the period might be advisable before reaching a final decision.

I realize, however, that there may exist a certain excusable prejudice in the minds of strict churchmen against pagan countries and periods as the scene of a second venture into existence. It may be well, therefore, to turn to later ages in the search for the ideal era. If left to the decision of the more learned and liturgical of the churchmen in question, the choice would, pre-

sumably, be nearly unanimous in favor of the thirteenth century, the century of Saint Francis and Dante, of the revival of faith and learning without the turmoil of the Reformation, and of the praiseworthy activity in cathedral construction. Undoubtedly there is much to be said in favor of the thirteenth century, although it is hard to forget that the first half of it was darkened by the so-called 'crusade' against the Albigenes and the second half by the Sicilian Vespers. Indeed, I have often wondered, in listening to the benevolent ecclesiastical panegyrists of the period, how much at home, how comfortable they would feel as a suddenly converted contemporary of the redoubtable Thomas Aquinas. Heretical as it may sound, I am inclined to think they might find themselves more in sympathy with the broad tolerance of a Zeno or an Epictetus, or even of an Epicurus.

Personally, I should not select the thirteenth century for any rash chronologic-sociologic experiments. Certain rather liberal and heterodox opinions which I happen to entertain on capitalistic and ecclesiastical questions might, I fear, involve me in difficulties with both Guelf and Ghibelline, and even lead to premature termination of the venture.

I should elect, I think, a much later age in the world's history and a fresher soil — that, namely, of Virginia during the period pictured by Thackeray, or even of a later date. All things considered, my choice would fall, I think, on the early days of the Republic — say, the period immediately following Washington's death and extending down to the Civil War. There is a certain careless, regal prodigality about the age, especially as exemplified in the South, without the annoyances of royalty, that appeals to the imagination. The arrangement in

question would find me but twelve years of age at the outbreak of the second war against Great Britain and removed from the danger of being called to the colors during the conflict, while by the time of the Mexican disturbance I should be safely in the second or third line of reserves. Besides, with the influence which would be mine as a member of the state's aristocracy, to which of course I should make it a condition to belong before consenting to any chronologic readjustment, there would be little difficulty in avoiding military duties of an unpleasant nature. To be sure, the existence of slavery during the period of my election might be

urged as an unpleasant feature for one of even mild socialistic leanings; but this drawback, I feel convinced, would cease to be felt as such after initial adaptation to conditions. Indeed, the undeniable advantages of the institution might not unlikely recommend themselves with considerable force to the mind of one fresh from the scene of modern domestic and industrial labor troubles.

Decidedly, the more thought I give to the question, the more inclined I feel toward the Era of Good Feeling and the spacious days of Jackson and Harrison as the scene of personally conducted historical investigations.

TOO MANY AND NOT ENOUGH

(Written on a Boston and Albany Local)

THERE are too many people in the world . . .

Too many children whose ears need scrubbing,
Too many drummers whose jokes need snubbing,
Too many girls who touch up their lips,
Too many porters gaping for tips,
Too many fat men lolling and snoring,
Too many old men, piteous and boring,
Too many women with Main Street chins
(A mouth leaves off where a neck begins) —
THERE are too many people in the world.

But there are n't enough in all of the world . . .

Not enough thoroughbred colts all prancing,
Not enough puppydogs dinky and dancing,
Not enough woodchucks dozing and dreaming,
Not enough daffodils glimmering and gleaming,
Not enough birches, or brooks, or wings,
Not enough sunrises, not enough Springs,
Not enough time between living and dying
To set our minds on one swallow's flying,
Not enough time to dip our free
Cupful of beauty from sky and sea —
No, not enough in all of the world!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WITH those admirable binoculars which brought everything that de Tocqueville noticed into such perfect focus, **André Siegfried** has traversed the United States from end to end. His first visit was in 1898. Renewing his impressions every four or five years, M. Siegfried observed that the very basis of American civilization was changing, and that by 1925 a new society, whose foundation rests upon entirely different principles and methods, had come to life. This he sets forth in his book, *America Comes of Age*. M. Siegfried is a professor at l'École des Sciences Politiques, Paris, but at present working in England under appointment as an Honorary Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. ¶A reporter at large in New York City, **Morris Markey**—who is, by the way, a Southerner—has brought to light facts and situations unnoticed by the police, the citizen, or the censor. **The Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas** is minister of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. ¶In Harvard a very few years ago **Walter D. Edmonds** was giving promise of his rich and varied narratives with stories that, as now, centre about the old Erie Canal, which he has known from boyhood. ¶A minister of the Kirk, **Dr. J. M. Witherow** contributes to us from his parish on the Scotch border.

* * *

William Feather has solved the author's problem. As he says, 'The truth is, publishers can do little for me I can't do for myself.' He writes his books and the articles for his little monthly, and then, since he is head of a Cleveland printing house that bears his name—he prints them all at a profit! It is only fair to add that they have an excellent circulation. **Roderick Morison** is a seafaring poet. As the editor in charge of the wireless edition of the *Daily Mail*, he crosses the Atlantic at least twice a month on Cunard liners. **The Reverend Edmund A. Walsh** is Vice President of Georgetown University and

Regent of the School of Foreign Service. Following the war, he spent several years in Russia in charge of the Catholic Relief Fund, and then it was that he gathered those tragic clues and testimonies which enable us to penetrate the mystery of the Romanovs' death. ¶A Welshman and one of a family who have all found distinction in English, written and spoken, **Llewelyn Powys** makes his first and welcomed appearance in the *Atlantic*. Of late months he has been 'The Visiting Critic' of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. **Carl E. Seashore**, Dean of the Graduate College of the State University of Iowa, writes us, by way of introduction, that his present paper 'is an attempt to bring into a constructive summary the findings from our experimental studies in the measurement of musical talent during the last twenty-five years.'

* * *

Joseph Wood Krutch, formerly of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, is an editor of the *Nation*, and the author of a critical study of Poe. ¶As a rule, **Captain Thierry Mallet**, president of Revillon Frères, New York, spends four months of each year inspecting the fur-trading stations of the company in Hudson Bay and the West. 'I knew Kakarmik well,' he tells us, 'and his end was exactly as I write it.' ¶For several years **Joseph Auslander** has been able to make himself heard above the hubbub of New York City—a test of skill for any poet. **Michael Williams** is a Catholic journalist of established reputation, who since its foundation has been editor of the *Commonweal*.

* * *

George W. Alger, a well-known member of the New York bar, is an *Atlantic* author of the standing of a quarter century. ¶A manufacturer of drop-forged tools, and president of the Buffalo company bearing his name, **James Harvey Williams** is intimately concerned with the effect the

Sherman Act must have upon small manufacturers the country over. Up to four years ago Mr. Williams was a resident of Greater New York, where he had served his term as President of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

* * *

The following correspondence is in our experience unique. On reading the manuscript of 'Hang the Dog,' the legal ethics involved seemed to us open to question, but, as laymen continually surprised by what the lawyer's code will and will not permit, we accepted Mr. Hedrick's revelations (which are quite incidental to his argument) as interesting evidence on a confused subject. We remembered, too, something of the character of Chicago newspapers and of Chicago politics. We are glad to publish the following letters as evidence that the ethics of the Chicago bar is in a different category.

THE CHICAGO BAR ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
January 5, 1928

Editor of the Atlantic Monthly

DEAR SIR:—

Enclosed please find a letter addressed to you from Edwin Hedrick. Mr. Hedrick sent this letter to the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association to be sent to you and to be given such further publicity as the Board of Managers thought proper.

You will also find enclosed a statement approved by the Board of Managers setting forth the fact that Mr. Hedrick's article, 'Hang the Dog,' had been called to their attention, and also the action taken by the Board of Managers after receipt of Mr. Hedrick's letter.

I accordingly request that you publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* as soon as possible both Mr. Hedrick's letter and the enclosed statement approved by the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association.

Very sincerely yours,

CARL R. LATHAM
President

A STATEMENT

There appeared in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled 'Hang the Dog,' which was written by Edwin Hedrick, a member of the Chicago Bar. This article aroused instant and general resentment on the part of members of the legal profession through-

out the country and was peculiarly brought home to the Chicago Bar by the reference by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to Mr. Hedrick as a noted trial lawyer of this city.

The article was called to the attention of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association, which referred the matter to its Committee on Professional Ethics. That Committee, after a full investigation, reached the conclusion, in which the Board of Managers concurred, that Mr. Hedrick had laid himself open to criticism upon two grounds: First, by the article itself he showed that he was guilty of unethical and unprofessional conduct in the trial of several of the cases to which he had referred. Second, by the general tone of his article and several times in express words he had indicated that the conduct to which he resorted was the proper procedure to follow and not at all opposed to due professional methods.

Mr. Hedrick appeared before the Committee and later prepared and submitted for the Board's consideration a letter addressed to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the request that it be published. Upon due consideration the Board of Managers concluded to accept Mr. Hedrick's own characterization of his conduct in lieu of other censure, and to cause his letter to be published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *American Bar Association Journal*, the *Illinois State Bar Association Quarterly*, and the *Chicago Bar Association Record*.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Editor of the Atlantic Monthly

DEAR SIR:—

I beg to advise you that I have been severely criticized by fellow members of the bar because of the article, 'Hang the Dog,' written by me and published in the September *Atlantic*.

The criticism is that in the narration of incidents in trials in which I had participated and in the discussion contained in the article I have subjected myself to the charge of lacking proper professional ethical standards, and that in so far as the article might be taken as indicative of similar views and practices on the part of the legal profession generally it constitutes an unjust reflection on the bar.

I now realize that I fully deserve this criticism. I owe it to myself and to the profession to submit the following explanation and to request its publication in the *Atlantic*.

The article was written with the intention of expressing my views on the subject of capital punishment, and in my enthusiasm to make it more readable and interesting I injected several anecdotal reminiscences. In narrating these reminiscences I freely mingled fiction with the facts. In order to make a good story I referred

to incidents in trials of cases in which I had participated, some of which were purely imaginary, and others of which were magnified out of all proportion to their importance and effect in the cases in which they had occurred and were colored and embellished. Thus my story did not conform with the facts.

This method of treating these incidents has resulted in conveying an erroneous impression of my conduct in trying cases and my conception of the ethics of the profession and of proper trial practice, and if regarded as typical of the methods of lawyers generally is a wholly unwarranted reflection on the legal profession.

This result I did not anticipate and certainly did not intend. I sincerely regret having written an article which has given such an erroneous impression of myself and which has been interpreted as a reproach to the bar.

Yours truly,

EDWIN HEDRICK

* * *

Wanted: a pair of seven-league boots.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS
December 24, 1927

GENTLEMEN: —

I am planning to walk from my home town, Salem, to Paris, France, by way of the Berring Straits. Starting from Salem, I plan to go to Montreal, there following the transcontinental railroad to Winnipeg, to Edmonton, Alberta, to Darson City, British Columbia, and to Iolglloe, Alaska, then to across the Berring Sea, into Siberia, to Moscow, Russia, to Poland, by way of Warsaw, on to Berlin, through Belgium, and on direct to Paris, France.

The trip will take me only one year and six months and will cost me one thousand dollars. It will be the first of its kind in hikes that has ever been done in the history of the world, and it won't be a pleasure trip by a long shot. And as far as getting rides on the way, that will be next to impossible, as there is no road open to autos in the winter on account of the snow. It will have to be walking all the way over.

It ought to be a good trip for some one to get interested in as it has never been done before and there will be all kinds of experiences in it and excitement to it. I have already engaged in several cross-country hikes from Salem to San Francisco, Cal. The last one took me just 14 months to complete it for a round trip.

If you are interested in this trip, please answer as soon as possible so that I may start without delay on my part.

Very Truly Yours,

OWEN C. EASTMAN

The possibilities for optimism.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's 'Paradox of Humanism,' in the December *Atlantic*, is less a paradox than a dilemma. It may be paraphrased as follows: If one lives according to nature, all human values are destroyed, because 'perfected society is utterly devoid of human values and its perfection is made possible by that very fact'; and if one lives to achieve human ends one upsets the relentless mechanism upon which humanism parasitically feeds. But one must live either naturally or humanistically. Hence, one must in either case fail to attain satisfaction. Hence pessimism.

Among ways of dealing with dilemmas the two best known are picturesquely called 'taking it by the horns' and 'escaping between the horns.' Let us take this one by the horns.

To the second hypothetical of the disjunction one may speak as follows. No human society is quite destitute of humanism. Yet human society, taken generically, is not being undone by sub-human species. On the contrary, the existence of subhuman species is increasingly subject to human tolerance. Old men and sentimental women hunt lions and tigers with impunity. Bugs of one sort or another succumb to antitoxin or even to an atomizer. And of human species those survive which are farthest from the mechanical, the habitual, and the merely biological. The American Indian is now either dead or no longer a natural savage. Where is the defeat of thought?

And with what justice is humanism identified with Don Juanism, or, indeed, with static indulgence of any sort? It is an enormous assumption that thought terminates in eroticism or in contemplative finalities, and that art and philosophy contribute nothing to the task of survival. On the contrary, they have played major parts in the creation of social cohesion. It is certainly true that any attempt to make the moment eternal, to repose in its joys and arrest its dissolution, ends in suffering and in practical biological disaster. But to identify such maudlin intoxication with humanism or with thought is quite gratuitous.

Nor is it obvious that individualism is the alternative to a regimented naturalism. It is likely that the individual emerged from the early homogeneity of the group partly because he could meet an eventuality for which no mechanical practice was adequate. In fact, mechanically organized groups usually fail. Sparta finally suffered a worse fate than Athens. Sparta was not at all biologically successful.

The fact that admirably cultured societies have

fallen before the barbarians does not prove the softness of humanism, nor its practical futility. An African village may be wiped out by a herd of elephants, but Greece and Rome required worthier antagonists. The human barbarians capable of destroying America would not be so very close to nature.

Nature, in short, has no penalty for an active humanism, nor for an intelligent individualism. But the penalty for all merely biological activity is eventual annihilation.

Finally, it is not thought for its own sake that interferes with practical action, but rather it is among conflicting acts or conflicting programmes of action that disaster lurks. Certainly humanism means thought for its own sake, but such enjoyment of individual self-consciousness comes from a perception of the significance of the practical process, and not from immersion in a transcendent and biologically irrelevant egotism. At least these are possibilities.

J. W. MILLER

* * *

An epitaph for the Unknown.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Neither the author of the 'Unknown Soldier' article nor the correspondents who wrote about it stated the real truth.

A young Englishwoman, who wrote the enclosed lines when the English Unknown was buried, told the whole story: —

Miles Ignotus! I am he
For whom these ceremonies be!
The concentrate epitome
Of all who died by land or sea.
Son of each mute, mourning mother,
Husband of every widowed wife,
Of all sisters their dead brother,
For all who live gave I my life
Freely, contentedly, proud to be
Miles Ignotus.

Yours truly,

A. W. STEPHENS

* * *

For those who follow Reason's path.

NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Agnes Repplier's unusually informative and well-written article, 'Collective Unreason,' in December's *Atlantic* appealed to me as finely and fairly written, save at one spot. I wondered why she had to write, speaking of college suicides, 'Nothing is less likely than that the youths who committed suicide could ever have grown into intelligent and useful manhood.'

It is a difficult speculation, at best, and those of us who are still trying to scrape through may not be much helped. For, if she be correct, it is not so much of a tragedy after all. Perhaps it is merciful if the useless dispense with themselves — merciful to all. But the conclusion is difficult. It is a long distance from 'Not a sparrow falleth . . .'

I am a relatively young man, the son of a rigorous iconoclast who knew some of the reasons why old religious thought lost its moorings. I have seen stoical agnosticism lived, not under bad conditions. My education has included some of the 'best' in modern psychology, philosophy, economics, and science. Because all that left such vast voids, I have hunted out old theology, and have spent time in one of the older theological seminaries. My youth was as free of theology and the church as anyone's youth possibly could be. It has seemed somewhat as though I had run a good deal of the gamut of 'modern' thought before pushing backward. I am doing my best to fit into the present scheme of things without uproar. But it is not easy going.

Very sincerely yours,

A STUDENT

* * *

Green thoughts in a hospital.

DENVER, COLORADO

December 23, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thanks for Flora McIntyre's 'Green Thoughts in a Green Shade.' It has reassured, as well as instructed, me. For almost a year now I have been confined to bed here in the National Jewish Hospital. Not having the good fortune of a tent in a summer environment, I've had to find and manufacture my diversion. I planted sweet peas and nasturtiums in flowerpots. These grew and flowered. Of the orange and lemon and apple and grape and grapefruit and plum and peach and pear seeds that I planted, and that did not grow or flower, it is too sad to write. The day I found a worm — a real live worm — in one of my flowerpots is memorable. Once I had a number of grasshoppers in my room for pets. (They did not ruin my nasturtiums or sweet peas.) Once the barber spilled some of his hair tonic on the bedclothes and everybody that came in told me how nice my sweet peas smelled! At present I am growing narcissus and hyacinths in flowerpots, fruit jars, and an Indian pottery bowl. There is only one small disadvantage in all this 'extra-curricular' activity, and that is that my fellow patients think that, though I may not be entirely, I am at least a little bit crazy. It is good to find another such.

J. R. L.

Optimism in the air.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is somewhat astonishing that Neon, writing in the January *Atlantic*, with his evident knowledge of aeronautics, should confine himself to destructive criticism based largely on the failure of the transoceanic flights. I write 'failure' advisedly, because even the wonderful flight of Colonel Lindbergh proved nothing as to the commercial exploitation of transoceanic flight. What it proved was, as Neon writes, 'that an airplane required so much weight in fuel that no further weight, except the passenger, could be carried,' but to reason from this that all aeronautical vehicles are similarly handicapped is all wrong. Neon surely must know, as the world does, of the astonishing flights of the rigid dirigibles. Two of them have crossed the Atlantic, one even making the return voyage. What is significant about these flights is that not only was the fuel carried, plus a numerous crew, but there was carried what we engineers call a fair-sized pay load. The rigid dirigible is the proper economic vehicle for transoceanic flights and for long nonstop flights.

Great Britain is building the R.100 super-dirigible for the purpose of connecting the mother country with Australia. Spain is planning an organization of dirigibles to link up with her South American interests. I myself firmly believe that dirigible transportation, under the proper organization, between the United States and Europe, the United States and Japan, and the United States and South America would do much to promote harmony and increase export trade. This particular branch of aeronautics, which Neon so strangely ignores, should be developed and encouraged.

Now let us turn to the constructive side of aviation — to the heavier-than-air airplanes.

One of the most interesting Bulletins coming from our Bureau of Commerce is entitled *Foreign Aeronautical News*. In a very recent number we read of the network of air lines that is spanning the world, shortening distances and increasing understanding. The vast territories of South America are being covered by such a network of plane lines. In the Belgian Congo in Africa an air line is in operation transporting the gold from the mines to Khartum.

The longest air line in the world — about 8000 miles — is about ready for use, connecting Paris, France, with Buenos Aires, South America. Part of the distance — about three days in time — will be by boat; the balance by land or sea planes.

Throughout the world, air clubs are being formed; the world is unquestionably becoming air-minded, just as it has become automobile-

minded. Do not forget that it took the automobile some seventeen years — from 1893 to 1910 — to overcome the convention of the people. Yet the automobile had hundreds of years of wheeled-carriage tradition behind it, plus nearly a century of mechanical railroad transportation.

It is twenty-four years since Wilbur Wright first flew, and we have thousands of years of tradition before that to prove that we could not fly. We are expecting too much of the airplane to have it justify itself in this short space of time. And yet a perusal of the records shows that it is so justifying itself. Just to take one or two examples. The British Air Transport services during the last seven years flew 5,000,000 miles with only four accidents. In 1926 the Lufthansa in Germany flew 3,800,000 miles, carrying over 55,000 passengers, with only one fatal accident. Innumerable such records could be quoted here to illustrate the fact that the aeronautic industry — heavier-than-air vehicles and lighter-than-air — can solve, and is solving in an economical manner, the world's transportation needs.

JOHN YOUNGER

* * *

It all depends on the point of view.

WEDGEFIELD, S. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When I went to the station a few afternoons ago to see a friend of mine off on the train, both of us bought a magazine, I an *Atlantic*, and she one which she kept with the back turned outward. I almost stood on my head until I finally saw that it was a *True Story Magazine*. My face must have given my feelings away, for she hastened to justify her purchase by explaining to me that 'it was nothing but true-to-life stories.' I expressed the opinion that the *Atlantic* was a great deal more 'true-to-life.' Upon thinking it over, I don't wonder that she thought her choice realistic, for briefly her story is this: —

She is a year younger than I, only twenty-two years old, and she has been married twice to the same man — the marriage was annulled the first time, and she divorced him the second time. He had deserted her after a scene which made my blood run cold when she told me about it. She and her two children are now dependent on her father, who is fortunately a wealthy man, but she is engaged to a young man who is himself getting a divorce. That is a bare outline of the facts — the whole story is melodrama, pure and simple.

Now I want to know if she is not justified in thinking that the Hon. Prof. Bernarr Macfadden's popular magazine is 'true-to-life.' What right have I, a mere teacher of Freshman Composition in a small denominational college, to say what is realistic and what is not?

(MISS) MARY CELESTIA PARLER

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1928

FROM THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN

BY ROBERT KEABLE

'THOSE who demand new forms of belief most noisily are, as far as I can judge, intrinsically a-religious. When they have become more mature, even they will recognize that they are not concerned for a new faith, but for a new formation of being; that such a struggle does not necessarily mean religious strife, and that they will find themselves much more rapidly if they make up their minds to try to express their being in the world of appearance without any side-glances upon God.'

— COUNT KEYSERLING, *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*

I

It is almost impossible to avoid making of this story a personal narrative, and indeed, seeing that it is peculiarly personal, it is perhaps best to be as honest as possible, even though it is a process from which one shrinks. I might tell the whole thing in the third person, or even write it up as something that happened to some friend of mine, but that would smack of unreality, at least to me — and if to me, why, then, probably also to my readers. Besides, if the thing is worth telling at all, it is valuable only as a personal reminiscence.

It happened to me in November, a year ago, in England, when I one day received an invitation from the secretary of a well-known Scottish literary society to give a lecture in the biggest town in Scotland upon any subject that I liked. The invitation pleased me, not only because there was a sufficiently big honorarium attached, but

chiefly because the secretary was a clergyman and the literary society was closely linked with the Church. Now it was indicated that a lecture was wanted upon some subject connected with my work, and I confess that I have found recently that the subjects discussed in my novels do not usually recommend themselves to the orthodox. So I replied to the secretary that I should be glad to come, that there were a large number of subjects upon which I should like to speak, but that I did venture to wonder if he himself had read my books, and if I should be as acceptable to the society as he expected. Once before, I had been asked to contribute to a London quarterly, and, in making much the same reply, had been politely told that there had been a mistake.

My Scottish clergyman, however, was of different metal. He wrote back at once that there had been no mistake

whatever, that not only did he repeat the invitation, but that he and his society desired that I should speak whatever was in my mind without fear or favor. He said that they had especially asked me because they imagined that I should not give a purely literary address. And then he added what was to me a most moving paragraph. He said, with an unmistakable kindness and brotherliness, that he knew I had been a clergyman and had left the Church, and that if I could see my way to arrive on Saturday instead of the Monday of the lecture, and preach on Sunday evening in his church, he would be delighted. It chanced that it was the commemoration of Armistice Day, when the Roll of Honor would be read out and the church packed. He believed that I should have 'a message' for them. Would I come?

Now it is not easy to say how moved I was by that request. It was seven years since I had voluntarily left the Church, not because I was discontented with the life of a minister, and not because I hoped to make more money as a novelist, but merely because, in my state of mind, I did not think it was honest to stay. I had increasingly found that my old colleagues and friends did not, apparently, think that it had been loyal to go. I had increasingly found the gulf between us widening, and I had increasingly regretted it because, while we differed in so many things, I could not help thinking that our ideals remained the same, though we saw the approach to them through such different spectacles. At any rate, the loneliness of my position, and possibly the sadness of being misunderstood by new friends and foes, had become very hard to bear. And now unexpectedly, out of the blue, an ordained clergyman of a well-known, influential church had

offered me his pulpit. I immediately accepted.

The first five minutes of that Sunday evening service was one of the most affecting five minutes of my life. The church was large, beautifully furnished, and packed to the doors. There were nearer two than one thousand people present. The beautiful altar, an outstanding artistic work given by the members of the congregation as a war memorial, had been decorated entirely with scarlet Flanders poppies rising from a field of corn. One of the finest organs in the North was pealing a pæan of victory as a voluntary, and there was about the whole place and audience an air of expectancy which was most moving. It was an unorthodox church and congregation, independent in a real sense; but it was a distinguished congregation, and its very independence made possible a richness of simple ceremonial, and a service in which could be incorporated the best of music and literature of a kind not often heard in a Christian church. Opposite me my friend, the minister, stood, one whom my old profession of faith had taught me to regard as outside the apostolic succession, and there stood I, in lay dress and merely academic robes, who last had ministered in priestly vestments. There was a feeling that I had come back home after seven years, but the realization that the home had changed. There was a knowledge that many before me either regarded me triumphantly as a convert, or thought of me as a renegade, or had come out of mere curiosity. And there was a growing wonder in my own mind as to whether I really had anything to say worth saying.

It was after a service of marked restraint that I entered the pulpit. The roll of some score of church members who had fallen in the war

had been called by the minister, and, while they had been commemorated with honor, they had not been extolled without discrimination as saints; still less had they been looked upon as dead; still less as men who had given their earthly lives in a cause for which there was nothing to be said for the other side. Yet it had been a most moving service. The remembrance of those years of war, of suspense and loss and deprivation, was markedly in all our minds. That great congregation had sat down introspective, awed, and not a little sad. In the silence they waited for me to speak.

I said that I had no text to give them and that it was from a somewhat peculiar point of view that I wished to speak. They had commemorated a score of at least nominal church members who had fallen in the war, but we had to remember that at least seventy-five per cent of the million British dead had not been church members at all. I, who had been through it, knew only too well that the majority of the boys who had gone over the top had not gone inspired by any heroic dream of being Christ's soldiers fighting in a crusade of right against wrong, but they had gone either because they had to, or because the war was a desirable adventure compared with their previous humdrum existence, or because they had been swept away in a wave of unreasoning national enthusiasm. They had died, not with a prayer, but with a curse on their lips. Religion had meant nothing to them in their agony and their trial; some such thing as a sweetheart's letter, if it had not been the surgeon's merciful drug, had helped them across the River of Death. Many names of men hung on rolls of honor, even in the stateliest churches of England, who had thought no more of the church in life than that it was a conventional

place to be married in, and, in the end, to be buried from. That was the fact which the Church really ought to face on any Armistice Day.

Moreover, while it was a magnificent sight to see so many people assembled in a religious spirit to commemorate the fallen, we had to remember that that congregation was not, probably, twenty-five per cent of the population of the district. Seventy-five per cent of it would commemorate Armistice Day over a glass of beer or around the gramophone. In a word, seventy-five per cent of the living, as the seventy-five per cent of the fallen, were deliberately outside the boundary of orthodox religion of any sort. If any cared to investigate, they would find that I had probably put the percentage too low.

And, still again, the preacher who preached to them that night was one who had deliberately gone outside the Church to join the army of the seventy-five per cent. It did not interest him in the least to speak of the men who had died with a prayer on their lips; he would rather stand as representative of those who had died with a curse. He was not there as one of the orthodox to instruct the orthodox in their faith and duties; he was there as one of the unorthodox to speak for the unorthodox and to tell the true believers why he thought it was that he and they were outside the Church.

It would, of course, be tedious and uninteresting if I were to attempt to reproduce my sermon in these pages. I remember that I was enormously moved, myself. Constantly in my mind and before my eyes was a war-time picture which, for some reason or other, of the many I had seen, I had never been able to forget. Imagine an enormous French barn, retaining a roof by a kind of miracle, and lit fitfully by half a dozen lanterns. It was shaken every few minutes

by the sound of exploding shells. It was crammed to its limits by I do not know how many men, lying on straw and even on the bare earth, groaning in every degree of pain, if not mercifully unconscious. Stretcher bearers poured continually in, to the increasing despair of the doctor-officer in charge. And there stood I in the midst of them, the only padre, who should have been a consolation and a strength to those men in their hour of need, and who was not idle only because I was useful now and again for jobs which had nothing whatever to do with my profession. I could shift a bundle of straw or light a 'fag.' If I had been a trained nurse I should have been more useful. I think in all that night of horror I was only once asked by any one of the wounded to supply the consolations of religion, and that was by a black Catholic soldier from Senegambia.

I think I told that congregation that it was because they and others like them had dimmed the image of the Christ that he was not known or wanted by that barnful of wounded men. When Garibaldi went to the conquest of Italy, he spoke to his soldiers in these words: 'Men, I have much to offer you. I can offer you disease, starvation, nakedness, and death. If you are taken alive, you will be shot as traitors; if you fall on the field, I have practically no medical corps to attend you. I can offer you neither uniforms nor modern arms nor adequate ammunition, but I call you to the conquest of Italy.' His audience rose as one man and shouted themselves hoarse for Garibaldi; the majority fell, and counted themselves well consoled if, in dying, the beloved general stood for a moment beside their bed; and the small remainder achieved a victory that the world will never forget. Christ was meant to be a Garibaldi, but the churches had made of him a name for blasphemy, or a senti-

mental kind of Mother-Jesus, hymns to whom, of the rudest composition, might bring tears, especially if they were sung in a sentimental and slightly drunken mood. That was why I thought seventy-five per cent of the men who died in the war, and seventy-five per cent of the population of the Kingdom, had no need for Christ's religion. I did not myself believe that there was anything lacking in the Christ.

II

When we got into the vestry the senior deacon came forward with his hand out, to ask me to remain and take the ministry of the church for a year. To say that I was overwhelmed was to put it mildly; I remember the only adequate answer I had to make was that I wanted to go back to Tahiti. Then we got into the waiting automobile and returned to the manse.

After supper, in the minister's comfortable study, as we sat in a couple of chairs round the fire with our pipes lit and human drinks handy, my new friend returned more seriously to the charge. He said: 'Look here, you've just got to stop and help me with this church for at least six months. We will divide the salary, you can share this house, you will have adequate time to write, and you can give your message. Think it over.'

Said I: 'My dear fellow, you don't know what you ask. There was never a more monstrous absurdity than that a man like me should take up again the ministry of the Church. You don't realize what you would let yourself in for. The whole place would become a boiling pot of righteous indignation. The majority of respectable people would see me advertised to preach, would go home and read one of my novels, and would be absolutely scandalized.'

He said something to the effect that it would be good for the sale of my novels, and, since that was probably true, we left it at that. I went on: 'But honestly, I just could n't do it. I am not what these people would even call a Christian. Frankly, I don't even believe, orthodoxly, in God. My views on Christian morality they would call the most desperate immorality. I don't know what your church organization is, but your bishop, or whatever corresponds to that dignitary, would not stand for it for a moment. You would probably lose your job as well as I.'

'We have no bishop,' he said, 'and the only possible thing that could happen would be that the congregation would not pay their church dues and in consequence there would be no salary to divide. I am willing to take my chance on that, for I don't think it's the least likely.'

I moved restlessly in my armchair. In the vestry, the thing had seemed too monstrous for contemplation; in this brave man's study it was not so easy to escape it. I fell back on my much more serious second defense. 'But,' I said, 'I quite honestly have no message to give. I have what amounts to a set of negative beliefs, but actually no positive ones. When I told you that I did not believe in God, I really meant it. I do not see in existence any evidence whatever for a Being who is fatherly, almighty, the creator of heaven and earth, without whom not one sparrow falls unheeded to the ground. I do not believe that there is any really historical evidence that Christ was the incarnate Son of that God, or even that one tenth of what is said about him in the Gospels is actually true. I cannot imagine how I could conceivably marry people when I think of the orthodox teaching on marriage as monstrous, or baptize their children when I do not believe in the Church, or bury their dead when I

doubt the existence of either heaven or hell. How, conceivably, could I preach, when I think that the majority of what you call sin is not sin at all, and the majority of what passes for virtue is not virtue at all? You've read my books; if I stayed here I should be preaching those things of which I have written; and, while I think that they are chock-full of ideas, I do not even pretend to have any practical programme. Perhaps I may have one day, but I have n't it yet.'

He got up and paced the room. Then he stopped and faced me. 'You have far more of a message than you know,' he said. 'I am willing to set on one side all your negations. Preach us for six months the kind of sermon that you have preached to-night; that's all I ask. And I think you have no right to refuse.'

So then, as I sat in the chair, there came over me a remembrance of Tahiti. I thought, first, of obvious things: of the long, quiet, peaceful days there; of the noise and bustle of a modern city here; of the books that I could not read for the number of newspapers that I should have to scan, whether I liked it or not; of the few old friends there that I should have to give up for a host of acquaintances here; of my own personal life which would be shattered. I dare say it seems foolish, but I thought of my own soul. I thought of the temptations that beset a popular preacher — or even an unpopular one if he is sufficiently unpopular, for the matter of that. I knew that I was not strong enough to bear them, and not even approximately clever enough to play a part in the social and municipal politics which would inevitably follow. I think I thought it through honestly, and if I could have felt that my friend spoke with the voice of the Lord God to a new kind of shivering Jonah, I think I should have assented. But

I did not really feel that. I could only say, frankly, 'I must go back to Tahiti.'

We argued it out till long past midnight, and at least in that hour I found a friend and a brother. In the end we compromised, and it is because of that compromise that this article comes to be written. Short as the time was, for my return passage was already fixed, I agreed to return for two Sundays, preaching morning and evening on each, and along the lines that my friend suggested. The sermons were to be perfectly frank and without any prejudice whatever. He had striven for years to make his pulpit a place for the expression of ideas, with the one proviso that they should be honest. Roughly speaking, the first Sunday should be devoted to saying what was difficult and impossible to the modern mind in the old Christianity, and the second Sunday devoted to the expression of what I, personally, thought the modern mind might find to help it in some development of the Christianity of Christ. The first Sunday would be easy enough, I thought; it was the second from which I shrank. It was only what was, to me, my friend's wonderful conviction and faith that I was not, fundamentally, without religion, that I did not despair of humanity, and that I could not have preached as I had preached that night unless I had had a greater hope than I knew, that braced me to undertake it. And he was right: the mere fact of having to think through one's convictions brought them home to me. The sermons were advertised under the conventional title of 'Christianity and the Modern Mind,' and the best part of it was the couplet printed beneath that title:—

New occasions teach new duties, time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast of truth.

III

The simplest Christian creed of the most simple Christian congregation commences with 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth.' The first words of the first book in that Bible which is the Holy Book of every Christian denomination are these: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' To this latter statement the modern mind inevitably and quite rightly rejoins: 'Who wrote these words? We do not know, nor when, nor where, nor how. But we do know, at least, that whoever wrote them knew less about the earth than the average modern schoolboy, that he believed a farrago of nonsense about the heavens, that he had entirely antiquated views on the subject of time and space, and that he was merely guessing about God. He said that God created the heaven and the earth because, knowing nothing about it, he made what seemed to him the only reasonable guess.' The Christian creed is based upon that guess, and, despite the passing centuries and the unending controversy, it remains a guess. It may be rather a good guess; it may be a right guess; it may be the only reasonable guess of which we are capable; but it remains a guess. Increasingly, it appears a dubious guess. While the question of how the heaven and the earth came into existence is still unanswered, we are increasingly feeling that, until we know something satisfactory about the nature of the heaven and the earth, it is absurd to guess about their origin. We are increasingly feeling that, the more we do know of the nature of heaven and earth, the less likely it appears that they either originated with or are controlled by anyone to whom we can give the attributes of personal being in any sense at all. Some people still feel that the invention of

God in this regard is the only probable answer, but an increasing number of people are coming to feel that it remains an improbable solution.

In any case, a religion based on a guess is inadequate. Vital religion has to cope with real conditions; it is wanted by a man at the most vital moments of his life, and it is precisely because it is in those moments that a mere guess is inadequate that the old religion is breaking down. So, in the days of the Apostles, the Creed was not a theological document which required laborious argument to sustain it. It was nothing more or less than a triumphant war cry, an irresistible slogan, the inspiration of even boys and girls to heroic living and not less heroic dying. It commenced with what seemed to them a certain statement, and it flowed majestically and irresistibly on through all its statements to a glorious hope. It was rightly the backbone of the Christian Church.

The whole process, in our day, has been reversed, a reversion of which the Christian churches have become yearly more conscious. They have tossed like a ship in a storm under this realization. The older ones have gradually given up or reduced in importance the creedal forms; thus the Athanasian Creed is printed as a supplementary document, and that in a revised form, in the new Prayer Book of the Church of England, which still, however, clings to the Nicene and the Apostles'. The newer Protestant churches have long ago relegated the Nicene Creed to the top shelves of libraries. It is now even fashionable for a church to say that it rejects creedal standards and that it asks of its members that they should be men of good will, believing what they please.

All this is a tendency which destroys the vital background of religion. It is almost better to stick to an increasingly

dubious creed than to have none at all. In moments of trial and in the hour of death, a man must feel that his religion is a rock beneath his feet or it will be of no use to him at all. Thus the success of the Roman Catholic Church is not really questionable. While intelligent men are finding that it is difficult to believe in the dogmas of that Church, it still holds its place in the world, and even gains influence, because the mere fact that it professes to be based on great and eternal truths is attractive not only to the simple but even to others. In the Great War, the almost unanimous chorus of unprejudiced consent would admit that the Roman Catholic padre was wanted as the others were not. He was wanted to administer religion, not merely as a Y. M. C. A. worker.

If the Christian religion is to become a power in the world in any real sense, it must begin with a certainty and not with a guess. It must begin with something which seems as obviously true to people as the old assertion of the creation of the universe by God Almighty seemed true to the early Christians. From some such irresistible and glorious truth it can sweep on to some enabling hope. Men who have lived on a certainty will die happy on a possible guess. Men who have lived on a guess will not die with any ease on what they realize is but another.

Still less generally accepted, but for all that increasingly making its way, is the conviction that the historical story of Jesus Christ is likewise a guess. There amounts to what would be a conspiracy, if it were not honest and unorganized, to keep the historical truth about Jesus Christ withheld from men. The facts are that we do not know with any measure of historical accuracy where he was born, or when, or how. The documents which profess to attest the story are of increasingly dubious merit, and

anyway, at least, not what they were to the founders of Protestantism. The Christians of the sixteenth century believed that the historical facts of the life of Jesus Christ were attested to by four independent witnesses who knew him or at least knew his friends, and were as much a matter of history as, let us say, the life and death of Julius Cæsar. The delusion has been maintained by the publication of innumerable Lives of Christ which set forth the main incidents as if there were no question of any of them and no doubt of, or disagreement in, the original Gospels. The very cinema has even been called into the battle. The average man is taught in his childhood a simple, unconflicting, straightforward Life of Christ as if there were no doubt in the world about it. Much worse, the average minister is approached by his theological professors in this way: 'There are a number of irreligious and willful men in the world who dare to suggest that such and such a passage is doubtful. We shall now devote the morning to showing how willful and how malicious they are.'

This, too, is penetrating the consciousness of intelligent men. They hardly like to say so, but it does not seem to them adequate authority for a divorce law that such and such chapter and verse of Matthew should contain such and such a statement by Christ. They know enough to ask: 'Are you sure he said it? If he did say it, are you sure he had any authority for saying it? Is there any reason to believe that the Being whom you have guessed into the position of Almighty God really instructed him to say it?'

Just as it is of no use for the Christian Church to found its creed upon a guess, so it is of no use for the Christian Church to go on upbuilding the Christ of a myth. It would, of course, be an enormous loss if research into the

origins of the Gospel and the historicity of Jesus were to come to an end. It is possible, even if not probable, that new writings may be discovered or new discoveries made which may, for example, render it as historically sure that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead as that Napoleon was imprisoned at St. Helena. Should that take place a hundred years hence, it would do us no harm; meanwhile there is a glorious and inimitable Christ whom the Christian churches are neglecting.

Like a magnet the name of Christ has drawn to it during two thousand years all the most beautiful and all the best in European thought. By an almost inscrutable process there has been erected a majestic figure in the world whom we call Christ. So overshadowing is he to-day that every noble movement automatically shelters behind him. The emancipation of slaves was carried forward in the name of Christ, although the traditional record of him does not contain the vestige of an attack on slavery. When humanity tried to alleviate the horrors of war, it was his symbol that was inevitably taken for its badge, though the historical Christ, in face of the horrors of Roman war, had not a word to say upon such subjects as those which we think of under the symbol of the Red Cross. Heathen men in India and China and Japan offer him the tribute of their praise to such an extent that an intelligent man in those countries would hardly dare say that he was not at least among the first three or four noblest of men.

As for the stories in the Gospels themselves, it is indeed an almost miraculous thing that they ever came to be written. There is nothing in legend or poetry to excel them. From that distant misty age have come down to us these incomparable gifts of beauty. Whether or not it ever happened, the

picture of Mary and Jesus and Joseph in the stable at Bethlehem is the greatest the world has ever painted. The story of the Wise Men following the star and offering the most precious of their gifts to that baby is poetry of the most exalted order. Were we robbed of that legacy, we should be robbed of our best, and we are being robbed of that legacy because the churches will insist that it is all historically true. What in the world does it matter whether or not it is historically true? It is in fact a gem of beauty, and the souls of men need the purifying and strengthening power of beauty and imagination, when they will only shrivel and die on the bare facts of history.

Now the Christian Church has at its disposal an irresistible battle cry of a creed. It is just enough in doubt, popularly, to make it worth while crying. It has behind it, in its naked simplicity, the increasing consent of every science that we know. It has in it an irresistible appeal to the spirits of men and makes them ripe to follow. The wonderful leader, also, the Christian Church has it peculiarly in its power to proclaim. It would take a long argument, much longer than is possible in this article, to commend either, adequately, to serious readers who are inclined, naturally, to be a little skeptical and contemptuous. But the slogan battle cry which can sweep the world, I believe, is this: 'I believe in Life Everlasting.' And the popular leader who can lead the masses is no other than Christ himself, if the Christian Church would only ask men to say: 'I give my allegiance to the beauty and honesty and simplicity of that figure who is symbolized among us as Jesus Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, who rose again the third day from the dead.' Maybe then, in the extreme end of life,

wearied by much thinking, but buoyed up by the creed and stimulated by the beauty of that almost mythical figure, men might be found who would breathe with perhaps their last whisper, 'I believe in God.'

IV

If there is any living man who can say, in the face of the living world around him, that he does not believe in the irresistible, enabling, marvelous certainty of Life, he can be left to his own devices. It does not in the least matter that Life is inexplicable and incomprehensible. The fact is that, the more a man is alive, the more he knows that he's alive. The more he thinks and reads, the more he is struck by the achievements of Life on the earth. The higher he lifts his head and the clearer he looks out on things as they are, the more he is conscious of the miraculous powers within him. The baby in the cradle has always seemed to those standing by to be in the possession of wonderful possibilities — possibly an Alexander the Great or a Julius Cæsar. But what of the baby in the cradle to-day? It is actually possible that he may, ultimately, be conversing with intelligences in the stars, or passing through the door that Einstein has pushed ajar. If to believe in Life is not a creed, I do not know what is; and, curiously enough, it is the one indisputable thing that the modern world is tending to despise. It is actually an age which is delighted when its sons are 'devoted to machinery,' which thinks it has achieved something when a factory of a thousand men has become a factory of a thousand machines. The incredible inefficiency of a perfect machine! It cannot hate; it cannot love; it cannot dream; it cannot think.

Life *everlasting* seems more difficult, but the adjective is one upon which

science, however reluctantly, is being more and more desperately driven. How other can you describe radio-activity? What other word is good enough for the motion of an electron in an atom? There are those who are even beginning to wonder if matter itself must not be without beginning and without end. We have long known that it is indestructible, and it would take a deal of argument to prove that the one and only thing in all this universe which can be annihilated is Life.

Christ himself was not annihilated, whatever happened on the third day after the crucifixion. His life has not merely been continuous — it has been ever-increasing. His thoughts, his message, his spirit, are enormously more alive to-day than ever they were when he lived on earth. When he died, a few thousands only had ever even heard of him; to-day as many millions think of him as a living personality. That he is a living personality I do not doubt. One need not be a spiritualist for that. It is literally true that that insignificant change which we call death has had no dominion over him. It will have no dominion over any of us, and less still has it had dominion over the finest of the sons of men.

If once, of course, we are led astray into any definition of Life and any

attempt to explain its continuation after death, we are out of our depth. Whether personality survives death it might be possible to know could we, with any satisfactoriness, define personality at all, say whether there is any such thing as a single personality, or be absolutely sure that we are not multiple personalities with their beginnings lost to sight in the past. The act of faith, if such there be, is fairly easy now when we know that space-time is merely a condition of this odd existence of ours. As for harps and crowns of glory, as for emerald thrones and glassy seas, as for endless anthems and never-changing days, all these are of the stuff of a fairy story — that it would be a thousand pities if we lost.

Such is the known. And the unknown? It is wonderful how the perfect simplicity and matchless rhythm of the old words chime in one's head. Despite the temptation to paraphrase them just that little which would make them more intelligible to modern minds, I shall not do so. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'

What if Life is God?

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON TO-DAY

THE DICHOTOMY IN AMERICAN THOUGHT

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

'We hold these truths to be self-evident, — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.'

— JEFFERSON

'The People, your People, Sir, is a great Beast.' — HAMILTON

Rhetoric and sentimentalism have always appealed almost equally to the American people. 'Waving the flag' and 'sob stuff' are the two keys which unlock the hearts of our widest publics. It is not, therefore, perhaps wholly unfair to take the most rhetorical and emotional of the utterances of Jefferson and Hamilton with relation to their fundamental political philosophies to head this article. The complete divergence of the two men could be shown in many quotations more carefully worded, but would appear only the more clearly. That divergence was sharp-cut and complete. Their views as to the relation of the people at large to government were as far asunder as the poles. For quite other purposes than this article, I have recently had to examine with care practically every word which has been printed of the writings of both statesmen, and it has been borne in upon me that if, as Lincoln said, a nation cannot live half slave and half free, neither can it live half Hamilton and half

Jefferson, especially when the two ingredients are mixed, as they now are, in the blurred mentalities of the same individuals.

The two men themselves knew this well in their own lifetimes. Each fought valiantly for his own beliefs. Each felt that one or the other, and one philosophy or the other, must conquer. Neither believed that the two could lie down together, lion and lamb, in that curious and conglomerately furnished mental apartment, the American consciousness. That this has come to be the case merely shows for how little ideas really count in modern American political life, a life which is almost wholly emotional rather than intellectual. Ideas are supposed to be explosive. In America, apparently, they are as harmless as 'duds.' Even the Civil War, our greatest 'moral' struggle, was largely a matter of emotion; and as for the last war, anyone who, like myself, was in a position to watch the manufacture of propaganda can say whether it was directed to the heart or to the head of the multitude.

There are certain ways in which conflicting ideas may be held in the one community without hypocrisy. In every age, for example, there has been one set of beliefs for the learned, the cultivated, and the sophisticated, and

another for the mob. The mob in the past was never educated, and even 'the people' to-day, in spite of a smattering of 'book knowledge,' are not educated in the same way that the cultivated and, in an uninvincible sense, the privileged classes are. Here and there one may find a case of a mechanic, a farmer, a saleslady, or what not who really uses his or her mind, but how rare the cases are I leave to anyone who is not afraid to come out and tell the truth as he has found it, speaking broadly. Merely reading a newspaper, even if not of the tabloid variety, or tucking away unrelated bits of information uncritically, is not thinking. Between the man who critically analyzes, compares, and thinks, and the one who merely reads, there is a great gulf fixed as to ideas.

Such a case has always been common in religion, from the medicine man or the Egyptian priest down to the Archbishop of Canterbury or a cardinal in Rome. The dogmas of the Christian religion, for example, as held by the two latter are quite different 'ideas' from the same as held by a person who has had no philosophical training and who could not if he would, and would not if he could, undertake the course of study necessary to get the point of view of the bishop or the cardinal. In this sense, ideas which are so different as to be almost, if not quite, contradictory may nevertheless live on side by side in the same society without hypocrisy. They may, indeed, be considered as expressions of the same idea merely attuned differently to be caught, as far as possible, by minds of different 'pitch.'

Again, we may have ideals which apparently conflict with the practice of society, but they *are* ideals and, however far practice may fall short of attainment, there is no real conflict, because in fact a certain amount of effort,

however slight and however sporadic, is made to attain them. The conflict is not between clashing ideas or ideals, but between thought and act.

Once more, contradictory ideas may exist in the same society without hypocrisy if they are held by different individuals or parties who openly avow them and who either honestly agree to differ in peace or who struggle to get one or the other set of ideas accepted by all.

But the odd thing about the Hamilton-Jefferson contradictory ideas is that they are not held by different social classes, — the one set of ideas as a sort of esoteric doctrine and the other publicly proclaimed, — nor are they any longer the platforms of two parties, as in the days when the two statesmen themselves fought honestly, courageously, and bitterly for them in the open. And I say this even though the portrait of Hamilton may adorn the walls of Republican clubs and that of Jefferson those of the Democratic ones. The present situation is anomalous.

Hamilton and Jefferson each had a fundamental premise. These were as utterly contradictory as two major premises could possibly be. From each of these each of the men deduced his system of government with impeccable logic. Yet what of these men and their philosophies in our politics to-day? There is scarcely a politician of any party who would dare not to preach Hamilton's main deductions, while not a single one could be elected to any office if he did not preach Jefferson's premise. The Republicans claim to be followers of Hamilton, yet they would not dare to preach Hamilton's most fundamental assumption, that on which his whole structure was based. The Democrats claim to be followers of Jefferson, yet they have departed far from some of his most important

deductions. On the whole, I confess I think they show the greater intellectual integrity of the two parties, yet, so far, I have always voted Republican, which is a sample of the intellectual muddle our politics are in.

II

Before going further, let us examine very briefly what the ideas of the two men were.

Jefferson's fundamental idea, his major premise, was an utter trust in the morality, the integrity, the ability, and the political honesty of the common man of America, at least as America was then and as Jefferson hoped it would remain for centuries. He made this point again and again, and from it deduced his whole system. Based on that belief, he wrought out the doctrine that the only safety for the State depended on the widest possible extension of the franchise. 'The influence over government must be shared among all the people. If every individual which composes their mass participates of the ultimate authority, the government will be safe.' 'It is rarely that the public sentiment decides immorally or unwisely.' 'It has been thought that corruption is restrained by confining the right of suffrage to a few of the wealthier of the people; but it would be more effectually restrained by an extension of that right to such numbers as would bid defiance to the means of corruption.' He dreaded the power of wealth, the growth of manufactures, the development of banks, the creation of a strong central government, a judiciary which was not elected and readily amenable to the will of the majority. He wished for as little government as possible, with few hampering restrictions on the individual expression of the citizen. He was for free trade and universally diffused free education. He

wished to preserve the state governments in all their vigor, which, at that time, meant practically independent and sovereign commonwealths. To the Federal government he would allot the most meagre of functions, merely those dealing with foreign nations and concerning such acts in common as it would be impractical for the states to perform individually. His ideal was 'a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned.' 'This,' he added, 'is the sum of good government.'

On the other hand, let us turn to Hamilton. The remark prefixed to this article, although made in a moment of vexation, expresses his attitude toward the common people, whom he never trusted. In his writings for the public, he had, of course, to be more discreet in his utterances, but his statements, and still more his acts, are clear enough. 'Take mankind as they are, and what are they governed by? Their passions. . . . One great error is that we suppose mankind more honest than they are.' 'It is a just observation that the people commonly *intend* the *public good*. This often applies to their very errors. But their good sense would despise the adulator who should pretend that they always *reason right* about the *means* of promoting it. . . . When occasions present themselves, in which the interests of the people are at variance with their inclinations, it is the duty of the persons whom they have appointed to be the guardians of those interests, to withstand the temporary delusions.' 'The voice of the people has been said to be the voice of God; and, however generally this maxim has been quoted and believed, it is not true

to fact. The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge right or determine right.' 'Can a democratic Assembly, who annually revolve in the mass of the people, be supposed steadily to pursue the public good?' 'The difference [between rich and poor] indeed consists not in the quantity, but kind of vices, which are incident to the various classes; and here the advantage of character belongs to the wealthy. Their vices are probably more favorable to the prosperity of the State than those of the indigent, and partake less of moral depravity.' 'It is an unquestionable truth, that the body of the people in every country desire sincerely its prosperity. But it is equally unquestionable that they do not possess the discernment and stability necessary for systematic government.'

As a corollary from this fundamental assumption, Hamilton devoted all his great abilities to the development of as strong a central government as possible. He would remove power as completely as might be from the hands of the common people and place it in those who had inherited or acquired wealth and position. For this purpose he deliberately set about to tie the wealthy classes to government by his Funding Act, by the creation of manufactures, by a protective tariff, by the establishment of banks, and in other ways. He felt that human nature had always been the same and would not change. Public education did not interest him. His one interest was the establishment of a strong government in strong hands, and he evidently felt that a smattering of book knowledge, such as our people even yet get in grade and high schools, would not alter their characters and make them safe depositaries for political power. In fact, and this is an important point to note in his system, the development of the industrial state would tend to

make the people at large even less capable than in his day by creating, as it has done, a vast mass of mere wage earners, floating city dwellers, on the one hand, while it built up his wealthy class on the other. The great mass of the people, he reasoned, would always have to be governed in any case, and the more powerful and influential the wealthy could be made, the stronger would they be for governing. Out of these simple assumptions, the banks, the vast 'implied powers' of the central government, the funding of the national debt, the rise of a manufacturing industry, and the formation of a tariff designed not merely to protect infant industries but to create a dependence of wealth upon government favor, were developed as clearly and logically as a theorem in Euclid.

Thus, very briefly, and perhaps a trifle crudely, we have stated the real bases of Jeffersonianism and Hamiltonianism. Their whole systems of government sprang logically from their differing premises. Jefferson trusted the common man. Hamilton deeply distrusted him. That was a very clear-cut issue from 1790 to 1800, and both men, and the people themselves, recognized it as such. Stupendous consequences would follow from the success in practical politics at that time of either of those theories of human nature. For the first decade of our national life Hamilton beat Jefferson in practical politics, and in a very real sense created the United States as we know it to-day, a vast manufacturing nation with its Federal government eating up all the state governments like an Aaron's rod, with its trusts and its money power and its Chinese wall of a protective tariff, and all the rest. There is no doubt of the strength of the present government. There is no doubt of the support it derives from

the wealthy classes. There is no doubt of the colossal success of the industrial experiment as a creator of wealth.

The Republican Party may well look back to Hamilton as its High Priest, but the odd thing is that Hamilton created all this heritage of strength and power and banks and tariffs for a very simple reason, and that reason the Republican Party would not dare to breathe aloud in any party convention, campaign, or speech. 'The People, your People, Sir, is a great Beast.' Imagine that as an exordium of a keynote speech to nominate Calvin Coolidge. Hamilton deliberately set about to create special privileges for certain classes so that those classes would in turn support the government and control the people. What does the Republican Party do? It hangs on for dear life to all those special privileges, it preaches Hamilton's corollaries as the one pure political gospel, and then it steals Jefferson's major premise, and preaches the wisdom and the nobility and the political acumen of the common people! One feels like inquiring in the vernacular, with deep emotion, 'How did you get that way?' As when watching a prestidigitator, one's jaw drops with amazement as the rabbit pops from the one hat we could not possibly have expected it from.

On the other hand, how about the Democrats? They too preach Jefferson's major premise — the wisdom, the ability, and the political acumen of the common people. But what have they done with most of Jefferson's deductions? They certainly do not evince any strong desire to reduce the functions of government and bring it down to that 'wise and frugal' affair their leader visioned. They are more inclined to increase government bureaus and supervision and interference with the affairs of the citizen. As to the

tariff, I have still to hear any very straight and manly declarations on that point from the Democratic candidates as yet in the running. They preach their founder's major premise and hurrah for the common people, but beyond that I cannot penetrate at all through the murky fog which hides all real political issues in the United States to-day. There is the vague sense of expectancy one has during the entr'acte at the theatre. There is nothing to see, but eventually the curtain will go up again. Meanwhile the scene shifters are supposedly busy. I have an idea that before long the scene shifters will not be our spineless politicians, but the Fates.

III

And now, lastly, let us consider one more curious thing about this preaching and living of Hamilton's conclusions illogically from Jefferson's premise.

Is that premise really valid to-day for either party? Would even Jefferson believe it to be? There is no telling what he would say if he came back, but it must be remembered that he did not believe in the common people always and under all circumstances. He drew a distinction many times between those living in the simple agricultural America of his time and those in the crowded cities of Europe. In a long and interesting letter to John Adams, he wrote: 'Before the establishment of the United States, nothing was known to history but the man of the old world, crowded within limits either small or overcharged, and steeped in the vices which that situation generates. A government adapted to such men would be one thing; but a very different one, that for the man of these States. Here every one may have land to labor for himself, if he chooses;

or, preferring the exercise of any other industry, may exact from it such compensation as not only to afford comfortable subsistence, but wherewith to provide for a cessation from labor in old age. . . . Such men may safely and advantageously reserve to themselves a wholesome control over their public affairs, and a degree of freedom, which, in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe, would be instantly perverted to the demolition and destruction of everything public and private.' Again he says that our governments will surely become corrupt when our conditions as to crowded cities shall have approximated those of the Europe of his day.

Without here attempting to pass any judgment on the success of Hamilton's work in its human rather than its financial and governmental aspects, we shall have to admit that it has brought about the very conditions which Jefferson feared and under which he feared that his common man would become corrupt and incapable of self-government. The tremendous demand for labor resulted in our importing by the millions those very *canaille*, in Jefferson's phrase, — people from the lowest classes of overcrowded Europe, — in whom he had no confidence whatever as capable of self-government. We have ourselves developed overcrowded conditions. There are three times as many people in the metropolitan area of New York to-day as there were in the entire United States in Jefferson's day. Over fifty per cent of our population now live in cities and are beginning, in the larger ones at least, to develop the vices of a city mentality. In fact the corruption is worse here than in Europe in many respects. London has a larger population than New York, yet it costs \$180,000,000 a year to run that city and \$525,000,000 to run New York.

Even making all allowances for difference in prices, there is no escaping a most unpleasant conclusion from those figures.

Yet Jefferson claimed that if he was right in his assumption that the common man was honest, able, and capable of self-government, the governments most honestly and frugally conducted would be those nearest to him, the local rather than the Federal. Jefferson's whole philosophy was agrarian. It was based on the one population in the world he thought worthy of it — a population of which ninety per cent were farmers, mostly owning their own homes. He hoped it would remain so for many hundreds of years. It did so only a few decades.

How long are we to go on preaching Jefferson and practising Hamilton? Jefferson's philosophy develops from his premise and hangs together. So does Hamilton's. But the two do not mix at all, as both men recognized in deadly earnest. We have been trying to mix them ever since, oratorically at least. We practise Hamilton from January 1 to July 3 every year. On July 4 we hurrah like mad for Jefferson. The next day we quietly take up Hamilton again for the rest of the year as we go about our business. I do not care which philosophy a man adopts, but to preach one and to practise the other is hypocrisy, and hypocrisy in the long run poisons the soul.

Personally I prefer Jefferson as a man to Hamilton. In his spirit I believe he was far more of an aristocrat than Hamilton ever was, with all his social pretensions. I prefer the America which Jefferson visualized and hoped for to that which Hamilton dreamed of and brought to pass on a scale he never could measure. On the other hand, I believe that the future will

be, as the past has been, Hamilton's. His hopes and Jefferson's fears have come true. The small farmer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, — safe in their old age, — are being more and more crowded out as to any possibility of becoming more than wage earners. A Hamiltonian philosophy or government cares nothing for them as compared with the large manufacturer and larger trust.

If we want to know why they should not be helped or protected as well as corporations which can declare hundreds of per cent in stock dividends and then cash dividends on the stock dividends and so on ad infinitum, we must go back to Hamilton and the beginning of his system. I do not see now that any other system is possible. Perhaps some day we may secure a lowering of the tariff to less swinish levels and certain other reforms, but as a whole the system must stand. Jefferson's dream of a new and better world at last opened to men, with a whole continent at their back over which as freeholders they could slowly expand for ages, has passed. We have swallowed our heritage almost at a gulp. We have become as a nation colossally rich. But if anyone thinks we have become more honest or more capable of self-government, let him study the records.

If we are to accept Hamilton's conclusions and system, why not be honest and accept, instead of Jefferson's, his own premise, the only real basis for his conclusions and, as he believed, the only real buttress for his system? That system was based upon the deep, honest, and publicly avowed belief that the people could not govern themselves. That they do so, except to the extent of sometimes impeding action at a crisis, is, I believe, far less true than they believe, unpalatable as that remark may be. Of course, 'public

opinion' has to be considered, but anyone who knows how public opinion is manufactured can take that at its real value. Of course, again, there is a lot of bunkum talked, but that can also be taken at its real value. There are two passages in 'Uncle' Joe Cannon's *Autobiography* that, taken together, are very amusing. In one of the chapters he describes how Mark Hanna had the nomination for president of the United States absolutely in his own hand. The sole choice 'the people' had was to vote for or against Hanna's man. Yet Cannon ends his book by saying that America is ruled from the homes and the firesides! As for public opinion, it is far from always being salutary. I have good reason to believe that, had it not been for public opinion in the Middle West, Wilson would have entered the war long before he did; it would have ended far sooner; and the world would have been saved much of all that has happened since. Had it not been for public opinion, which really meant popular emotion, in about twenty countries after the Armistice, the men gathered at Paris to make the Peace Treaty would have been able to make a far more sensible one than they did.

One last point. Hamilton believed in giving special privileges to certain classes so as to secure their adherence and support. That is understandable, and is good Republican doctrine to-day. But those who did not get those privileges were to be kept as far as possible from any control of government. That may sound a bit cold-blooded, but it also is logical and understandable. Jefferson believed in privileges for none and a voice in the government for all. Again, given his premise, that is a logical and understandable position. But where is the logic, and what will happen, when you

give the power to all and still try to retain special privileges for some? For a while the patient may be kept quiet with strong doses of 'hokum,' but some day we may find that the opposing views of the two statesmen of 1800 cannot be fused as carelessly as we have tried to do.

Hamilton and Jefferson. Honest men both, and bitterest of foes in a fight which they knew was fundamental. How amazed they would be could they return and find us preaching the one, practising the other, and mixing their clear-cut positions together! Hamilton might be pleased to see the stupendous growth of all he had dreamed, but would

ask why, when all had gone so perfectly according to his plans, had political power been transferred to the people at large? Jefferson would say, why preach his fundamental assumption and then do all and more than his bitterest foe could do to nullify it practically? Both might say, hypocrites, or addle-pates.

Our apologetic answer for the last century might be — democracy. The answer for the next century is hidden, but is deeply troubling the thoughtful or the wealthy of every nation except the prosperous class in America, which is too gorged with profits to think about anything.

ENGLISHMAN, FRENCHMAN, SPANIARD

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

TELL a man that the three angles of a triangle are worth two rights. If he answers, 'Prove it,' and, when satisfied, adds, 'Very well; I know now how all triangles behave in all circumstances,' he is a Frenchman. If he answers, 'That may be *more or less* so, but when I come up against a triangle I will see for myself,' he is an Englishman. And if he answers, 'The triangle will be worth what I want it to be,' he is a Spaniard.

I have been looking at the English, the French, and the Spaniards these twenty years. I have been looking at *them*, not at the facts about them. Facts are carcasses of dead ideas thought by others. I have turned away from facts, my hand on my nose.

Three nations — by which I mean three peoples fascinating to watch. No three clearer types could be found on the face of the earth. This distinctiveness of their respective natures was the first hint which I received from them as I observed their movements. What was it exactly which made them to me like three mutually independent, mutually equidistant samples of human nature?

My instinct told me that England, France, and Spain were like the three points of a psychological triangle. The ignorant, the superficial, or the 'fact'-bound observer would talk to me about the 'Latin' and the Anglo-Saxon peoples; more keen-eyed persons would ask, 'Don't you think

there is more affinity between Spaniards and Englishmen than between the French and either of them?' My instinct answered, 'Just as much — that is, just as little.' And with that intimate conviction I resumed my watch.

What is the spontaneous attitude of each of these three peoples toward life? What is the spontaneous criterion which determines their actions or abstentions? This question called forth three answers, represented by three untranslatable terms: *fair play*; *droit*; *honor*. These words describe three psychological entities as clear to the intuition as the elm, the wolf, or aluminium.

Fair play is an instinct which manifests itself in action, and, determining action, is determined by it. The fair play of a cricket match is not the fair play of a parliamentary election. Fair play is simultaneous with action, consubstantial with it. In fact, fair play is action.

Droit — so pitifully translated (?) as 'law' — is an abstraction, a diagram, an idea. It is a map of the possibilities of the citizen in a world of citizens, a network of definitions and limitations drawn out beforehand. *Droit* is an idea. It is of the stuff of thought.

Honor is a more evasive species. The word is also untranslatable. For neither 'honor' nor *honneur* conveys what the Spanish word *honor* means. *Honor* is a subjective criterion. It is admirably illustrated in the old ballad of the Count of León. Courtiers and ladies are conversing in a gallery of the Royal Palace overlooking the yard in which can be seen the lions presented to the King of Castile by the King of Morocco. Doña Ana lets fall her glove in the lions' cage, wishing to test the valor of the men present. The Count of León rescues the glove from the lions' cage, but, before giving it back to its

owner, he strikes the fair face of the frivolous lady with her glove in order to teach her not to play with the good name of gallant men; then, turning to the knights present, he adds, 'If anyone disagrees with what I have done, let him come out to the field of *honor*, where I shall maintain it.' Such is the criterion of *honor*. Synthetic and subjective. The individual may do what he likes — violate even that supreme law of chivalry which forbids striking a woman; but he must be noble in his own subjective standards; and, as a pledge of nobility, he must be ready to give his life. *Honor* is, therefore, essentially individual and synthetic. It is of the nature of passion.

I mean by 'action' the exercise of the will, and by 'thought' that of the intellect. I mean by 'passion' the state in which man lets the life stream flow through him in its wholeness and spontaneity, without interfering with it.

II

Let us, then, risk an hypothesis. The Englishman is above all a man of action, the Frenchman a man of thought, and the Spaniard a man of passion. By which, of course, we do not mean that each of the types is devoid of the faculties which are typical of the other two, but merely that the typical faculty in each case rules the others and makes them serve its ends. Thus Cromwell, by no means lacking in intellect or in passion, was preëminently a man of action; Voltaire, certainly an active man and one who knew what passions are, was nevertheless a man of thought; and Saint Theresa, a prodigy of action and an intelligent woman, was nevertheless a woman whose life was lived in the realm of passion.

This submission of two of the primary human tendencies to the third

has been observed in one only of our three cases — that of the Englishman. It goes in English psychology by the name of utilitarianism. This uncouth word really means that the Englishman expects fruits of action from every investment of vital energy. Thought for the sake of thinking, passion for the sake of experiencing, are mere 'indulgences' which the Englishman spurns. Thought and passion must yield results in terms of action. English utilitarianism, therefore, is but the direct outcome, indeed, the very definition of the type as a man of action.

Such an argument suggests a line of thought along which utilitarianism can be generalized in order to cover the other two types. Just as the Englishman, man of action, subordinates thought and passion to action, so the Frenchman, man of thought, must be expected to subordinate action and passion to thought; and the Spaniard, man of passion, will be found to subordinate action and thought to passion. French utilitarianism will, therefore, consist in exacting a yield in thought from action and passion, and Spanish utilitarianism in exacting a yield in passion from action and thought.

What each type seeks in life is the satisfaction of his main tendency. Outside this tendency the type becomes 'utilitarian.' But within his own tendency the type is disinterested, since, living his own life, he lives it for nothing, as we all live. Hence what is naturally disinterested in the English is action — sports; in the French, thought — culture; in the Spaniards, passion — contemplation.

A man of action may be thinking; a man of passion may be acting. We have, therefore, to consider nine cases which, for purposes of comparison, could be grouped in table form.

1a Action in the man of action	1b Action in the man of thought	1c Action in the man of passion
2a Thought in the man of action	2b Thought in the man of thought	2c Thought in the man of passion
3a Passion in the man of action	3b Passion in the man of thought	3c Passion in the man of passion

This table shows a number of symmetries and analogies. The line crossing it from the left top corner to the right bottom corner is its axis of symmetry. The three cases on this line — namely, 1a, 2b, 3c — are analogous. In each of these cases, the type is in his own element. They are cases of satisfaction, cases without inner strife, cases of success. They lead us to anticipate that, in each of them, the type will be found at his best. Then there are three groups of two cases each which are symmetrically placed, both in geometry and in psychology: 1b and 2a; 1c and 3a; 2c and 3b.

Too often parallels between any two of these three peoples fail through an insufficient understanding of the position as revealed by the above table. It is evident that a comparison between French and English action must fail, as unfair to the Frenchman, since in action the Englishman is in his element and the Frenchman out of it. Similarly the parallel between French thought and English thought is unfair to the Englishman, since in thought the Frenchman is at home while the Englishman is an uncomfortable and shy guest.

Self-control in the individual and the spirit of coöperation in the community are two psychological features of the tendency to action in the Englishman. By means of his self-control he keeps his will fit and apt to command the forces of the individual. The spirit of coöperation is a collective virtue acting in each individual for the benefit of the group. It explains the genius for spontaneous organization which is the greatest asset to the British nation. Every Englishman carries in him the spirit of the community, the living voice and inspiration of the racial group. A discourteous wag has said, 'One Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a match; three Englishmen, the British Empire.' The first term of this epigram is as foolish as it is discourteous, and yet it is not altogether without justification, as may be shown hereafter; the second term is good, in as much as a match, living example of the working of fair play, is an apt symbol of English life; as for the third, it only sins on the side of modesty: contrary to what the author of the epigram seems to think, three Englishmen are not necessary to make up the British Empire — one is enough.

While the Englishman is bent on doing things, the Frenchman seeks to understand them. His main preoccupation is with truth. He wants to see. He treats himself as an optical apparatus and often speaks and thinks of *mise au point*. This expression describes the operation whereby the object is placed at the best distance for vision. The Frenchman, therefore, places himself instinctively at a certain distance from life in order the better to see it. Clarity and intellectual courage are his mental virtues. No prejudice is allowed to interfere with the free working of his mind. Thought values attain in France a national scope. The natural abode of the Frenchman's

mind is in the universal and abstract. His aim consists in establishing a scheme of the world appealing to the intellect.

The Spaniard is neither moved to action nor on the watch for thought. He simply waits and contemplates. Passively letting the life stream flow through his being as on a river bed, he acquires experience by living. His virtues are spontaneity and the sense of wholeness. The 'sense of life' which is the subject of Miguel de Unamuno's great work is the ruling factor in the Spaniard's existence. It means union between life as a whole and the individual. The individual is thus the ultimate aim for the Spaniard. It takes the place which the community occupies for the Englishman and the mental scheme of the world for the Frenchman.

So much for the Englishman in action, the Frenchman in thought, and the Spaniard in passion — states in which they are each in his own element, happy and apt. All other phases are out of balance and give rise to inner conflicts due to the fact that the type is no longer in his element. The inherent symmetries which link together every two of these six cases into three groups provide a reliable criterion of comparison. The most illuminating parallels that can be made between these three peoples result from a comparison of the Englishman in thought with the Frenchman in action; the Frenchman in passion with the Spaniard in thought; and the Spaniard in action with the Englishman in passion.

III

The Englishman in thought is not at home. His home is in action and, while thinking, he is homesick. He is supposed to be unintelligent and inclined to be proud of it. Yet his mind, needless to say, is of the very first order.

Even if we were to admit — as Englishmen sometimes seem to suggest — that the British Empire is due to a series of fits of absent-mindedness, the mind, though absent, exists, and the fits in question could hardly be those of a half-witted people. The fact is that the English have a mind but do not like to use it. They spare it for action. They do not plan beforehand, lest thought might cripple their freedom of action. They do not prejudge — that is, they do not imprison future action in present thought. The Englishman's thought must be applied to action. It is, therefore, the brightest, not before or after action, but on that very spot of the present when thought and action touch.

His thinking, moreover, is not done in his head. 'Brainy' is not a word of praise in English. 'Clever' is positively insulting. 'He is so clever,' says the Englishman, and he shakes his head. When he must think, the Englishman thinks with his whole body. He emits a cloud of thought through his knees, elbows, chest, and abdomen. And the curious thing is that, unless his head meddles with it, his thought is generally sound. Sound, please notice — that is, healthy. For he judges thought, not on dialectical principles (Is it correct or erroneous?), but on vital grounds (Is it sound or unsound?). He therefore refuses to grant to all thought an equal right to expression. There are zones of thought which the Englishman does not explore, thoughts of a corrosive nature which might undermine the springs of action. The Englishman guards against such mind adventures by means of inhibitions, reservations, prejudices, and all kinds of devices which may prune thought of its more dangerous growths.

The Frenchman in action is no more at home than the Englishman in thought. He is apt to consider action

as an excellent opportunity for setting problems before his mind. Hence that sense of elaborate preparation which prospective action tends to produce in him. We have seen English thought weakest before and after the spot on the present where action and thought touch and live; symmetrically, French action is at its best before and after that spot — when action, unborn, has not yet emerged out of thought, or else when, dead, it is being devoured by thought in that vulture-like operation known as criticism. Just as the Englishman judges thought not on dialectical principles but on vital grounds, so the Frenchman judges action not on vital grounds but on dialectical principles. The question debated is not so much what is to be done as how, and in the name of which principles, it is to be done.

The Frenchman, moreover, premeditates, foresees, and preregulates his action; he endeavors to catch future action in a network of present thought. The Englishman does not foresee, because he trusts action but mistrusts thought, while the Frenchman foresees, because he trusts thought but mistrusts action. Similarly, while the Englishman, by inhibitions, reservations, and prejudices, prunes thought of all the growths which might be dangerous to action, the Frenchman, by abstractions, definitions, and limitations, prunes life of all irrational elements dangerous to thought. Finally, just as the Englishman muddles through, — that is, succeeds in action while keeping a confused mind, — the Frenchman, bent on seeing everything with a clear mind, is apt to lose his temper while engaged in the throes of action.

The Frenchman in passion is not, of course, in his element. We know that as an intellectual he places himself at a distance from nature in order to look at

it. Distant, he is cool. Intellectual, he is reasonable. He governs his passions, not in order to act, but because in him the hierarchy of the faculties is safely established with reason at the head. He thus remains outside his passions and watches their play, as a man the play of his favorite dogs, knowing he can always bring them back to order when he wishes. The Frenchman analyzes his passions and dissociates the animal and the intellectual factors in them, losing, however, in the process, all the imponderabilia of irrational and ineffable elements which are, perhaps, the very essence of life. He excels in the chemistry of the passions.

The Spaniard in thought presents features in symmetry with those of the Frenchman in passion. For the wholeness and the spontaneity of the man of passion check all tendencies to split and fracture the life stream. And therefore thought in the Spaniard is wholesale, integral, intuitional—a feature in contrast with the analytical and dissociated character of French passion. The Spaniard is, so to say, sunk in his thought, while the Frenchman is outside his passion. To the coolness of the French passion corresponds the human warmth of Spanish thought, which springs from the recesses of the being in which it is formed. And the intellectual consciousness which distinguishes French passion is symmetrical with the subconscious character of Spanish intuition, true form of Spanish thought.

The Englishman in passion is hindered by his self-control and by his group sense. Group sense is the corollary of his genius for spontaneous organization, which presupposes the existence of the group. That is why all English collective virtues are, so to say, 'refracted' on crossing the racial border, just as a ray of light is broken when it passes from air to water. Self-

control and the group sense penetrate deep into the life stream of the individual Englishman, canalizing it toward the mills of social service, dividing it into all kinds of currents and sub-currents. The life stream in the Englishman is, therefore, neither spontaneous nor homogeneous. The pressure of the group forces on individual passions the stamp and color of the group. It drives underground all those passions which resist the group action. Thus, under the armor of self-control, the strong passions of the Englishman live a secluded life—if anything, stronger for their seclusion.

Just as the Englishman keeps off passions for fear of lowering his value as a unit in the group team, so the Spaniard keeps off action lest through action the group enslave him as an individual. His apparent laziness, his passivity, his indifference, his contemplation, are but forms of a selective instinct which evades all action dangerous to individual liberty. It is, therefore, an instinct in strict symmetry with English self-control. So that, to the pressure inward wherewith the group enslaves the Englishman and drives deep trouble into his life stream, corresponds the pressure outward which the Spanish individual exerts on the group, depriving it of its order and efficiency. Spanish actions are ultra-individualistic, just as English passions are ultra-collective. (Hamlet and Don Quixote might be considered as the two characters which personify this contrast. Hamlet—despite incomprehensive critics—is a man of action. His swift decision in everything but the main problem he has to solve is evident. But he feels the strong pressure of the group in the tradition which bids him avenge his father. He is sick with group pressure. Don Quixote is a man of passion—a lover, a reader of books—who goes out and imposes his own

individual visions on the outside world. He is mad with an excessive individual pressure outward, which he exerts on the world.) Under Spanish indifference, stores of human energy are accumulated by time, and now and then the feat, the exploit, is accomplished when they are released. Similarly, under the cold crust of self-control, the heat of English passions rises unseen, and now and then bursts into exceptional flames. Thus the true symmetrical types of the great Spaniards of action — Hernán Cortés, Balboa, Pizarro — are the great English poets — Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron — rising above English calm as the *conquistadores* rise above Spanish indifference. The true parallel of the English genius for spontaneous organization, which guarantees the full life of the group, is Spanish spontaneity of the passions, which guarantees full life to the individual.

Faithful to action, the Englishman is empirical. Faithful to thought, the Frenchman is theoretical. Faithful to passion, the Spaniard is individualistic. The first rules his life by moral-social standards; the second by intellectual principles; the third by individual experience. The Englishman's virtue is wisdom; the Frenchman's is reason; the Spaniard's serenity. A gap between standards and behavior is covered by a bridge of fiction called hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is, therefore, an English vice. Yet it can be generalized by extending it to other than moral standards. English standards are moral; so is English hypocrisy. French standards are intellectual; so is French hypocrisy. Spanish standards are of the passions; so is Spanish hypocrisy. The Englishman feigns when he does not behave; the Frenchman when he does not understand; the Spaniard when he does not experience. But, as hypocrisy is proportional to the

strength of the group, the three hypocrisies differ in intensity as well as in quality.

IV

The structure of the community is aristocratic in England, bourgeois in France, and popular in Spain.

In the people of action, the community is spontaneously organized in a natural hierarchy. The aristocracy is not a self-appointed leading and privileged class, but the outcome of a traditional evolution. All Englishmen rejoice in their aristocracy. When the Duke of Devonshire gives his daughter in marriage, all English homes enjoy the taste of wedding cake; when the Duke of Richmond rides with his hounds, all Englishmen blow their horns.

French social structure is built on a theoretical conception of intellectual order. It is superimposed rather than grown, architectural rather than natural. Rather than a nation, France is a state. The French hierarchy rests on an intellectual criterion. Not pedigree but intelligence is what gives prestige and authority to men. The respect and public admiration which are bestowed in England on dukes and princes go in France to *membres de l'Institut*.

In Spain there is an instinctive rebellion against all social structure. So far as there is a social structure, it is based on the all-pervading influence of the popular element in the country. The standard in England is the aristocrat, and so English charwomen do their best to dress like duchesses; in France, the bourgeoisie, and every Frenchwoman dresses like a bourgeoisie; in Spain, the people, and when a Spanish duchess wants to look smart she imitates the dress and manners of a Seville cigarette maker.

England is a political but not a social democracy; France is both a

political and a social democracy; Spain is not a political democracy, but she is the most democratic of the three in actual life. English political life is built on liberty, but neglects equality and has no conception of fraternity.¹ French political life is built on equality, but tends to overregulate liberty and to understand fraternity as a theoretical idea rather than to feel it as a cordial fact. Spain is such a fanatic about individual liberty that she is unable to evolve the adequate conditions for ensuring it, and her sense of equality is so profound that it amounts to cordial fraternity.

Politics are regulated in England by ethics, economics, and fair play; in France by intellectual creeds and theories; in Spain by the free play of individual ambitions judged by the remainder of the nation in virtue of dramatic standards. In England an increase in the income tax or a private scandal may ruin a political career. In France a lively episode of the *cherchez la femme* type would, if anything, add distinction to a public man, but a difference in political creed will suffice to drive anyone from office. In Spain a prominent man, a *prohombre*, has an inherent right to appear on the political stage whether he is a good or a bad statesman, just as in a novel the hero and the villain are equally interesting for the reader.

A parliamentary debate in England is like a cricket match. Good humor and coöperation on both sides; enjoyment of good batting and bowling, whatever side be the winner; and an all-round respect of the wigged umpire, the Speaker — so called, of course, because he is the only member who

does not speak. The parliamentary system is run for business and not for ideas and opinions. In France, on the contrary, ideas matter in themselves and business must wait till the battle of principles has been fought out. It is a fierce battle, in which arguments are hurled with fury and seek the political death of the adversary. Yet the passion of French debates is not an original source of energy — it is the by-product and waste of intellectual strife. In Spain a parliamentary debate is a show.

The English language is an empirical chaos. Words are monosyllabic; for the present, tense of the man of action, leaves no room for more. Verbs, nouns, adjectives, have all one shape, which means that the Englishman does not prejudge their function and meaning before actual use calls for them. By themselves, moreover, words have not much personality, and it is the phrase accent and stress which give them their true value, just as society gives his true value to the Englishman. The language is led by the upper classes. Hence its chaotic spelling and mannerisms. The language of poetry and letters is artificial, and popular language has no value. English has but one vowel, a cloud of a vowel which remains indefinite and changeable, ever ready to compromise, as reserved and reticent as the Englishman himself, and so successful in the art of dodging that it can remain unrevealed for several syllables, hidden behind screens of consonants — for instance, in the word 'particularly,' which is pronounced 'p't'e'll'y.'

The French language is a black-and-white image of Latin. Every Latin word, in passing into French, collapses like an opera hat, losing its mass, color, and relief. Most words, whatever their vowels in Latin, take a French shape dominated by the letter *e*, the middle

¹It is, however, rich in charity. But charity differs from fraternity in that charity is active and fraternity may or may not be active, and, moreover, charity looks downward, while fraternity looks level. — AUTHOR

vowel, the vowel without color or mass, the vowel which suggests moderation and measure. Thus all the Latin words of the *honor* family pass into *eur* endings, — *couleur*, *douleur*, — forms which suggest moderation and measure; all except *amour*, in which case, of course, moderation and measure would be evidently out of keeping. French grammar is rigid. It does not admit inversions. It follows strictly its own rules. The literary language differs from the language of the people, but less than in the case of England. The ruling form in France is the language of the middle classes, and the immense majority of Frenchmen write it well.

The Spanish language is spontaneous, energetic, and popularly led. It retains the mass and the color of the Latin, but makes it more luminous by dropping the *m* endings and by increasing the number of full vowels, particularly *o* and *a*. It is rebellious to rules, apt to produce its sentences synthetically rather than in logical order, and contemptuous of grammar. Its most exquisite flowers of poetry are often grown on pure popular soil.

Art begins as a passion; it is formed and refined by the intellect and consumed and absorbed by society and convention. Spanish art is therefore strongest in its first impulse —

inspiration; French art in the middle phase — formation; English art in the last phase — actual production and consumption. Subconscious in Spain, art is conscious in France and self-conscious in England. Purely æsthetic in Spain, it is apt to take on intellectual prejudices in France and ethical prejudices in England. In Spain it is free and individualistic; in France it is classified in 'schools' and 'generations'; in England it is aristocratic and conventional.

Religion is in Spain an individual passion, and the Spaniard is apt to absorb into his being the divine beings he worships. In France religion is mainly a school of thought, often leading to incredulity; in England, mostly an ethical force devoted to social service. Individual and concrete in Spain, it is abstract and universal in France, national and racial in England. The world is covered with English churches and English churchyards, so that Englishmen, no doubt, when the parting signal comes, sail in English coffins and land at last in an English eternity which is but another dominion beyond the seas of death.

The man of action; the man of thought; the man of passion — so different and yet so identical. Their existence is a brilliant proof of the delightful imagination of the Divine Artist.

SQUALLS

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

SUSAN PENNELL had been having some difficulty in persuading her usually docile husband to take her brother John as mate. Why was he still so stubborn!

'But I've had Duffy for five years,' he continued to protest. 'I've always intended if ever I got a better ship to turn this one over to him.'

'You never promised him, did you? And he does n't know that you're going to have the Marr in the spring, does he?'

'No. But I owe it to him to treat him decent.'

'I don't see why you'd do more for him than for Johnny, your own brother-in-law. Mr. Duffy would understand. People *always* make places for relatives. . . . I have n't seen Johnny since he left home. He's awfully *smart*, Josiah.'

Josiah Pennell listened.

'He took out his second mate's, first mate's, and captain's papers all at once the second year he was at sea. Hardly anyone can do that.'

'He had more education,' murmured her husband.

'You know he could n't have gone as second and first with a thousand papers unless he'd been capable!'

'Oh, o' course not.'

'Oh, *Josiah*! Could n't you at least take him for one voyage, and then, if you don't like him, get Mr. Duffy back again?'

'I might lose track of Duffy in the

meantime.' He did not say that the business of discharging his wife's brother might be painful. He did not say that the very number of vessels John Richmond had sailed in as first or second officer made him dubious.

'Mr. Duffy's always wanting to stay home for a trip.'

Josiah smoked placidly.

'Or he could get another job easily enough.'

'But not one as promising as this.'

'Oh, I do think you're mean! I never, never interfered in your business before, did I? And you know how I feel about Johnny.' Her voice — the debate had been running for days — quavered and blurred, and Josiah, who loved his wife, weakened fatally.

'Well, I'll see what I can do,' he muttered hastily.

It was arranged. Mr. Duffy, with a hurt look in his blue eyes, shook hands politely with Mrs. Pennell. Resentment tingled in his heart that this ship, faithfully served, should cast him off. He could not miss the brightness of Mrs. Pennell's face and that of young 'Siah, too, who could hardly wait to see in the flesh an uncle of whom he had often heard. But Louis flung herself upon Mr. Duffy and wept on his vest, threatening to write to him; and he, touched by that demonstration, gave her a carved oak box with an intricate fastening which the carpenter had made him. The exposition of how to open this box by deftly adjusting the

little knobs seemed to relieve her grief, though as he looked back forlornly he saw that she still watched by the rail, wiped her bleary face with a rag of handkerchief, and anon waved with it violently. The old man stood beside her, and as often as Louis brandished her handkerchief he too gestured widely with his old felt hat.

Susan induced the steward to clean the mate's room thoroughly. She asked the carpenter to put up a little shelf for Johnny's accommodation. For the cheap mattress, flat and hard, she substituted that in the upper berth in young 'Siah's room; a plump pillow, also, she found. She selected a few blankets, in case, as was quite likely, Johnny brought some of those shoddy things that ship's officers affected. She laid down a little round braided rug. She was as thrilled as in the old days when Johnny was expected from college for vacation and mother and sisters vied with one another for his comfort.

As she bustled around she chattered incoherently to Josiah, who soberly watched her journeyings to and fro. Did Johnny still have that ring she and Julia and 'Lizabeth had shared in buying him? That was the first money she had ever earned. And the fraternity pin? It had been an expensive thing, considering its size and the length of time Johnny had continued in college. It was a shame Father had been so angry that time, though to this day she was not certain why, for the trouble had not been discussed with her sisters and she herself had been away teaching at the time; it did not seem possible that it could have been about *women* or *drinking*. He had always been such a good-natured boy — good-looking, too, and gay. Anyway, Johnny had run off after Father refused to send him back to college and had shipped on the Katahdin. Sometimes

he had written to her; twice when he was in hospital she had sent him some money for the little luxuries that are never lavished in those bleak places on poor broken mariners. His letters were so charming and affectionate — and grammatical. Bill and all the sisters except her had stopped going to school after the eighth grade; it was so long a trip to high school in town every day and the dairy farm needed many hands. That long walk! Fall and winter and spring, in good weather and bad, deep snow and mud and dust, in her horrid clothes and worn-out shoes she had plodded the two miles; she wondered now how she had done it. Well, no; actually she had liked school, and the family felt also that someone must keep an eye on Johnny. He never looked shabby like other country boys; he was naturally neat. She used to swell with an elder sister's pride when she noticed him in the corridors or classrooms, and she was glad that all the nicer boys and girls talked to him and asked him to parties. Father had been so unreasonably harsh! It was going to be lovely to have him with them, and she must try not to call him 'Johnny'; 'John' was more dignified for his position. John. John. 'Your uncle John, 'Siah —'

In due season John Richmond arrived, a little shiny, a little pale, bright eyes a little tired, but cheerful. He dropped into the big chair in the after cabin and talked at length to his eager sister, his taciturn brother-in-law, and his hovering niece and nephew. From first to last his career on the sea, it seemed, had been a series of misadventures, in spite of which he had mounted rapidly at first; he had gone only one voyage before the mast, and only four as second officer. But he had spent nine scorching days in an open boat in the China Sea. He had been on the Venture when she took fire and

was beached on the west coast of Africa, where he had lived for three months. There had been a mutiny on board the Peter Kelly when he was first mate under Starvation Blaisdell, and the after guard had fought off the mutineers with guns and brought them to Liverpool in irons; he had made another trip with old Blaisdell after that, but left the ship in Sydney. He had had malaria in Aspinwall. The penny-pinching ships that he had sailed in had discharged all hands in port — witness this last time when Cap'n Brown had laid off everybody but the steward.

'Cap'n Jim Brown?' said Josiah Pennell. 'But he keeps his mates by the ship generally.'

'Well, yes, generally. But I was n't specially in favor and he wanted a fella he'd had before for several years. That's the way it always is; they all have some pet they want to boost. At this rate I'll never get to be skipper.'

'Oh, but here, Johnny — John, I mean — we —' From the tail of her eye she saw that Josiah had turned an attentive head in her direction and she bethought herself. 'We'd do anything for you we could, John; you're *my* favorite, anyway!' She beamed at the young man draped comfortably in Josiah's big chair.

'Then I got this last whiff of malaria in Boston and ended again in the hospital. Lost most of my goods and chattels; all I've got's this suit.' He picked at it frowningly. 'Somebody stole my sextant. I'll have to have an advance, I guess,' — he grinned at Josiah, who nodded pleasantly, — 'to get some duds and blankets and things. Hunt up a secondhand sextant somewhere.'

'Oh, we've plenty of blankets,' cried Susan, 'and Josiah's got an extra sextant. Though maybe it's not any

good?' She turned questioningly toward her husband.

'I can lend you my new one, I guess.'

'Oh, no, sir. Let me use the old one.'

'I kind of prize the old one more. Cap'n Delano's wife gave it to me with his chronometer after the old fellow died.' Then, 'Why, I went boy and able seaman and second and first with him until he died that time, and I brought the ship home using his sextant and chronometer. She said that the night he died — it was blowing a gale and I was on deck — he told her he wanted me to have 'em.'

'Well, it's kind of you, sir! It'll save me some money, too.'

'Don't call him "sir"! I exclaimed Susan. 'It sounds so stiff.'

The young man laughed. 'Well, it's been great to talk,' he yawned. 'I'll go out and get settled and have a nap.' Susan followed him to his room, with Louis and young 'Siah tagging behind, and she pointed with pride to the things she had accomplished in his behalf. She tucked her hand under his arm, where he squeezed it fondly, and everything was just as it used to be when he came home from school; it was simply delightful to see him once more.

By means of an advance on wages he supplemented his wardrobe so that when he walked abroad he less resembled the seaman; his coat fitted him neatly and he had indulged in a velvet vest and even a pair of light gloves, though the latter item he was at some pains to don at a distance from the ship. When in his new elegance he escorted Susan to the theatre she felt like a girl with a lover.

'I hope we'll get a long charter,' Susan said to her husband. 'We can have such nice times with Johnny — John, I mean — and he'll enjoy our reading, too. He reads much better than I do,' she dreamed adoringly.

'Yeah,' said Josiah, 'but I think we'll take coal from Baltimore to the West Indies.'

'Oh, I thought there was a prospect of going out to San Francisco?'

'I don't favor that one so much.'

'But I have n't been to San Francisco for six years!' Her tone was aggrieved.

Josiah laughed. 'We don't pick our charters for pleasure, Susy! This is n't any yacht.'

'I bet you're trying not to get out of reach of Mr. Duffy.'

'No, really, Susan, I'm not. I may find John is exactly as good —'

'Of course he is!'

'And we ought to be coppered before a winter voyage round the Horn. The longer we can stave it off, the better for us, if the freight is as good.'

They left New York for Baltimore to load coal for Matanzas.

The trip was everything Susan anticipated. She patched John's clothes, darned his stockings, knitted him two pairs of stout woolen socks, abstracted various articles from Josiah's wardrobe, cutting them down, when possible, for her slimmer brother. She washed socks and shirts for him. Though twelve years or more had passed since John had basked in that atmosphere of loving-kindness, he readily adapted himself to it.

In dogwatches and parts of his watches below he stretched on the red sofa or in the big chair and was ministered to with cups of tea and entertained. He did not, it developed, care much for the *Decline and Fall*, so presently Susan laid aside that work for *Henry Esmond*.

Yet, he was a good-humored chap, John was. When Josiah rebuked him very, very mildly for coming to table without his coat, he laughed and fetched it. 'First ship I've ever had to wear my coat to meals,' he remarked.

'Kind of silly, I think, to wear a coat when it's so warm. But what you say has to go.' Susan wished that Josiah had not blurted out such a personal criticism to John, as if John had no manners! If John had n't been so easy-going he might have been offended. Josiah could have asked her to speak to John and she could have explained tactfully how insistent Josiah had always been on that point and how he had had to speak to every mate about it, and so on and so on; it was much more ticklish to correct a relative about a thing of that sort than just any mere officer.

Louis, meanwhile, whom Susan was trying to bring up to good-housewifery, practised darning on John's socks — as well as on young 'Siah's — with a grim countenance. She had to crochet, too, and had evolved a bright green tie for her father that stretched to the proportions of a jumping rope; then she had unwillingly made another for young 'Siah; and now she had been badgered into a similar labor for her uncle. She *hated* crochet! Always she prefaced the undertaking with dire whispers in her room.

'I'm going to give this to the carpenter, anyway,' she said defiantly one day when the hour for neckties was upon her.

'The carpenter!'

'Yep.'

'The *carpenter*! Really, Louis, what an idea! Don't you want to do something for Uncle John?'

'No, I don't — not much. Anyway, I do; don't I have to mend his old stockings? The carpenter made me the cradle for Jane and he made me the puzzle and he mended my cart and I never made him nothing.'

'Anything,' corrected her mother.

'Well, anything, then. Uncle John never did nothing for me. Well, anything, then.' She tightened her wide

mouth obstinately, dropped her crochet hook, caught the thread under her foot as she stooped, and raveled out two or three rows of hard-won work. 'There!' she said triumphantly.

'But you do things for people because you love them, Louis, not because they do something for you.'

'I love the carpenter,' retorted Louis, 'and he's teaching me to carve.'

Susan gazed at Louis in dismay; how could the child at her age be so calculating! She had noticed her selfishness often in the last two years. Louis allowed young 'Siah to play with her little cart only under parental duress, and young 'Siah, and in fact Susan herself, thought that carts were boys' toys rather than girls'; the little drawing board which a second mate had given her with some crayons, and which was greatly coveted by young 'Siah to do his arithmetic on, Louis did n't like him to use. Susan could recall numerous incidents where Louis's selfishness had had to be curbed. Why, even now there was a continual squabble over the carved box! And to have adopted a like grudging attitude toward her uncle John and an outspoken disagreeableness! What did she say only yesterday when, coming in for her lessons, she had found John stretched on the red sofa? She had regarded him as coolly as if he were the ship's cat.

'We always sit on the sofa for school and Mama sits in the big chair.'

John had laughed and tweaked one of the long sleek braids, but Louis had braced herself back, pudgy and fat in her outgrown, made-over purple dress. 'Well, we do, and other times Papa sits in the big chair and Mama sits in her rocking-chair.' As if a mere chair or sofa made any difference!

'Louis!' Susan had exclaimed. 'You can sit on the cushion on the floor just as well. I'm ashamed for you to be so rude. Where's 'Siah?'

'He's out on deck.'

'Did n't he hear the bell?'

'I did,' observed Louis piously, and her brown, doggy eyes lifted to her mother's face.

'Well, he'll be here presently, I guess. We'll wait a few minutes.'

'If you heard me now, then I could go out to the carpenter shop.' This was Louis's usual plea, and useless.

'Louis!' Louis subsided to blow and flutter idly the pages of her reader. Her mother turned to John. ''Siah's rather inclined to be lazy about his lessons and I find that competition keeps him more interested.'

'Do they have the same lessons?'

'Oh, yes. Louis's very quick. I think girls must develop earlier than boys. Louis helps 'Siah a good deal with his arithmetic; he is n't patient at all, and it's good for him and for her, I think, to —'

'I do the examples,' volunteered Louis, 'and then I explain 'em and then he does 'em. And I hear him say tables and things and divide.' Again her soft eyes flickered toward her mother.

'Pretty smart, that,' grinned Uncle John.

'Siah just can't pin himself down to figures. His history and reading are better than Louis's.' Louis fluttered the pages of her book and let it slide from her fat knee to crumple face down on the floor. 'I wonder what he can be doing.'

'Hear me now, Mama,' murmured Louis. She propped old Jane, with the chipped arms and the inane white face, against the carved box beside her on the floor; the ship rolled and Jane doubled acrobatically and laid her face on her shoes. Louis erected Jane again tenderly. 'Hear me now,' she droned. 'I want —'

'Do be patient, Louis. We have to wait for 'Siah.'

'I'll get him,' said John, heaving himself up and out of the cabin. In a moment he ushered in the truant, who hurriedly ransacked his bunk for books and sat down on the floor with his back to the sofa, where John reëstablished himself.

Lessons proceeded. Susan did not like visitors; John interrupted with frivolous remarks, welcomed and echoed with loud laughs by 'Siah. 'Siah, thought Susan, never used to be so parrot; perhaps it was a stage small boys passed through, or maybe it was just that he admired John. Louis bolted through her recitations and hopped to her feet, gathering books, Jane, and box in her arms.

'Now may I go, Mama?' she urged. 'I want to carve. I was just cutting with the darling little chisel.'

'All right, but only for half an hour.'

'Lemme take the box while you're gone,' cried 'Siah. 'I bet I can open it.'

'No!' shouted Louis from her room.

'Don't be a pig. Lemme take it. Mr. Duffy only gave it to you because you bawled when he went. He probably was going to give it to me — it's more for boys.'

'He would n't either.'

'Go on, lemme take it.'

'I won't. It's mine.' But 'Siah clutched her hurrying skirt.

'Don't be a pig. Mama, can't I take the box while Louis is n't using it?'

'Why don't you let him take it, Louis?'

'I don't want to. He'll break it.'

'Break it! I won't either.'

'I think you might let him take it, Louis. I don't like you to be selfish.'

'Piggy, piggy,' added 'Siah tactfully. Tears sprang into Louis's eyes and she looked distressfully cornered.

'It's my box,' she reiterated.

'Louis, I'm ashamed of you. Let 'Siah play with the box.'

Louis relinquished it, blinked, and ran out of the cabin, Jane's aged legs kicking under her arm. John looked up from the history he had impounded. 'What's the row?'

'Louis won't let me look at her box,' answered 'Siah. 'She's a mean old thing.' He was moving the big knobs round and round, pushing and pulling at them, prying at the unmoving cover, shoving the small knob in the middle across and back, peering at the radiating lines on the knobs for distinctive marks.

'Let me have a look.' John took the box in his long brown fingers and puzzled over it. He listened to the faint rubbing of wood on wood as the buttons slid around. 'Does she know how to open it?'

'Sure she does. Duffy told her.'

'Mr. Duffy,' corrected Susan suddenly. She loved to watch John and young 'Siah together.

'Well, Mr. Duffy. Can't you open it, Uncle John?'

'Not just yet. Curious thing, this is. Did this carpenter make it?'

'Um-huh. Let me try now, Uncle John.'

'He's German,' added Susan. 'He was a cabinetmaker and left home, I gather, to avoid military service. He does beautiful work.'

'Let me take it, Uncle John.'

'Just a minute. I thought I had it then.' Minutes passed.

'Do let me take it! Louis lent it to me! Nobody ever lets me do anything! Did n't you say I could take it, Mama?'

'Now, 'Siah, in just a minute.'

'Do your 'rithmetic while you wait,' said John cheerfully.

Susan could see that 'Siah was getting into a temper. It really was too bad of John to tease him so; she wanted them to be friends and 'Siah did so dislike being thwarted — his cheeks were growing redder and redder.

'Oh, let him have it, John,' she interceded.

'All right. Curious, though.' He handed the box to the angry boy, who flung it violently on the floor, where a table leg gouged a piece from one of the knobs.

'There!' he cried.

'My, my!' John pretended to cower.

'Don't, John,' murmured Susan pacifically. 'Be a good boy, 'Siah, and pick it up, and when Louis comes in I'll have her show you how to open it, if it's not broken.'

Later, after a sulky Louis fumblingly revealed the secret to 'Siah, he in turn demonstrated to John, the steward, his father, the second mate, the man at the wheel, and the carpenter, how nimbly he could operate those screws; most of the recipients of the information then dutifully learned how from him. Louis, it is sad to say, snipped into bits 'Siah's crocheted tie, though that effort at retaliation was a total loss, for 'Siah asserted loudly that he despised the rubbery old thing anyway, and moreover such wanton destruction brought punishment in its wake — Louis was confined to the cabin and the poop for three days, glimpsing the carpenter only when he came to the forward cabin for meals or brought the binnacle lantern to the poop. It was a bad time; John produced a succession of giant cockroaches for her to tame, offered to get her a rat for a pet, advised her to cut a hole at night through her partition into the pantry and to freedom, and 'Siah repeated these dull jokes maddeningly. Consequently it was a joy when 'Siah himself fell into disgrace.

Susan was reading to the steady deep roll of the bark and Louis was crocheting as slowly and as badly as she possibly could when the skipper, who had just gone out the companionway door, entered by way of the forward

door with a hand on young 'Siah's shoulder; there was apprehension upon that youthful face.

'But Uncle John went, too,' he was explaining. Susan glanced at them.

'What's the matter?'

'Siah's been up aloft.' He urged the boy toward the bathroom and Susan started erect.

'Oh, Josiah! But did John go with him?'

'Yes, he did, Mama. I —'

'Come along.'

'Oh, but — but if John was with him, Josiah!'

'Disobedience is disobedience.' The last word was muffled by the firm closing of the door, and immediately the sharp cracks of a strap rang in the still cabin. Susan's hands clenched in anguish and even Louis's delight turned to dismay at this dreadful calamity to 'Siah. When John came to intercede for the culprit it was too late; in any case, the skipper stated curtly, 'Siah was quite well aware of the enormity of what he had done. 'When I was a young man,' added Josiah, 'I saw a boy of sixteen fall from the topsail yard to the deck. Go to your room and stay there till suppertime, 'Siah, and don't be a baby. Isn't it your watch on deck, John?'

John flushed and spun on his heel.

Susan, already provoked at Josiah for whipping the boy, was incensed at the rebuke to John, who had come below only to take the blame for the affair. She moved to a straight chair, better adapted to prolonged indignation. Louis, who could just see 'Siah's feet, began again to feel pleased. Josiah stalked into his room and sat down, leaning his elbows on the desk and trembling.

II

During their short stay in Baltimore John borrowed five dollars of Susan,

again and yet again; but he took young 'Siah to the zoo, which, Susan explained to Louis, was to make up for 'Siah's recent punishment. After the third loan had been cordially made, Susan discovered that she was short of cash, that Louis's summer clothes were utterly outgrown, that 'Siah's underwear was in need of replenishing, and that she herself needed a thin dress for the hot weather in Matanzas. Well, she and Louis would just have to get along without anything new, unless — Should she speak to Josiah? That twenty-five dollars she had told him would do for their summer clothes. And now she really felt guilty a little, though Josiah always assented to everything and said what was his was hers. Josiah was n't mean; he would n't object, she was sure, and yet perhaps it was different from lending Johnny her own money as she used to. Still, in a way this was her money — it was her thin dress, anyway, and Louis's. Luckily Louis never noticed whether her dresses stopped at her waist or her ankles. But it was n't respectable for 'Siah to go any longer without new underclothes and shirts, and she had enough money on hand for that. But John should have known better than to ask; it takes money for a family — oh, well, he naturally would n't know that. It was good-natured of him to take 'Siah to the zoo and the natural history museum and the big market; she must try to find time to do the same for Louis, though the cargo was pouring in very fast. She smoothed Louis's silky head and hugged her gently.

'You like 'Siah to have a good time, don't you, Louis?'

'I like to have fun, too,' sulked Louis.

'Boys, you know, when they grow up have to work all the time, and it's nice for them to have a good time when they're small.' There was, Louis felt, a

counter to that somewhere, but as she could n't grasp what it was she grunted disagreeably. 'You worked in the carpenter shop all the morning when he was away and we did n't have any lessons, either.'

They had good dispatch in Baltimore and set out with variable light winds. At sea again Susan forgot her lingering grievances; a pleasant group of three, they began *Pendennis*.

'Let's try something else,' proposed Josiah unexpectedly one day.

'Why, I thought you liked it!' Susan laid the book on her lap and stared at him.

'Oh, yes, pretty well,' he nodded. 'But —'

'And John likes this, I think, and I do. Don't you like it, John?'

'Sure. It's great.' He rolled his head, embedded in a red sofa cushion, to rest a speculative eye on the skipper.

'Oh, well — I thought John did n't. I thought he'd gone to sleep over it.'

But John laughed a denial, so *Pendennis* continued to be their literary fare.

One morning Josiah turned out of bed, gave a casual glance at the compass overhead, started, took a step backward, and stared upward again squintingly. The ship was lunging in a strong swell that rolled up from the southward, and Josiah's sudden alertness dragged Susan from her drowsiness.

'Is anything the matter?' she asked in alarm. West Indian hurricanes flitted across her mind.

'Oh, no,' he replied slowly. He dressed without further comment. His deliberation and the recollection that this was not the hurricane season reassured Susan and she dozed again. Remotely she heard Josiah murmur to the steward over the early mug of coffee, dimly she recognized his thuds on the stairs, as if indeed there were no

hurry and nothing to fear. She was almost asleep when low familiar voices spoke outside the starboard windows, Josiah talking softly to John. Could something be wrong after all? She rose on her elbow and looked tensely at the closed shutters, but she could distinguish only an occasional word. *What* was Josiah saying? It sounded like his reprimanding tone.

'... Changing the course . . . call me . . . master here . . . change the course . . . to know . . .'

If John had changed the ship's course on his own hook, that would certainly annoy Josiah — men are so difficult, so fussy; what difference would such a trifle make, particularly when it was in the family? She hoped John might not be mad. The voices ceased. Josiah padded down the companionway and a succession of creaks presently proclaimed that he was settling in the big chair; a waft of tobacco and the rustling of stiff paper followed. If he were reading the *Masterpieces of Poetry* he was really provoked. Susan rolled over cautiously and leaned a dangerous distance beyond the edge of the bed, the board cutting into her waist like a knife — yes, he had his old red-covered treasure in his hands. She rolled back, rubbing her side.

What had she better do? If she were specially nice to John so that he would not harbor resentment — then, when Josiah had soothed himself with rhymes and had his breakfast and maybe his dinner, she might have a talk with him about being more lenient with John. Weren't men difficult! John should have realized from that other affair that Josiah was inclined to be strict, but John was so amiably competent himself that it would n't occur to him not to take any necessary measures; and evidently, since Josiah had not changed the course back again, it must

have been a suitable manœuvre. A mate should be allowed to exercise some judgment.

Breakfast racketed with Susan's determined chatter. She insisted that John smoke his after-breakfast pipe in the cabin before turning in, an invitation which Josiah seconded. And the stiffness wore off in an argument as to whether young 'Siah was ready for the high school. Susan held that he knew enough, but was far, far too young; John maintained that age had nothing to do with it, and the younger the better; Josiah listened to one and to the other worriedly, saying nothing, until finally Susan turned to him for reënforcements. 'Is n't he too young, Josiah?'

'What do they do there besides study?' he said almost shyly. 'I don't know anything about high school. In fact, I don't know about any schools practically. I went to sea, you know, when I was thirteen — I was big for my age, as tall as I am now, but not so heavy, o' course.' As he sucked at his pipe his blue eyes probed dreamily into the past; Louis came and pressed against his thigh with athletic Jane hanging head downward between his knees. 'Why, I almost had no schooling at all; I went to district school four winters. I never even realized I was ignorant, either, till I was seventeen, about; in a fo'c'sle you seem all right. Nobody ever bothered about me until, when I got to be second mate, Cap'n Delano took kind of a fancy to me and he and the old woman used to lend me books until I got so I liked to read. Mrs. Delano used to take me sight-seeing in port. She and the Cap'n used to argue like time about those books and it made it exciting. After a while I began to notice she was trying to correct the way I talked, — very carefully, you know, — but I pretended I never guessed what she was doing; she was

such a polite woman that she would n't ever have told me outright where I was wrong even if I asked her to. I was seventeen then, though I was on the articles as twenty-three. They did n't have to be as good to me as they were. One voyage we had a passenger, a young fella related to the managing owner, who was taking a sea voyage for his health. I was awful shy with him for a while. He was a teacher in some high-class boys' school round Boston, and we used to talk about this and that; he was older than I in everything but hard knocks — I'd taken all the advanced courses in those myself. Well, he laid out for me a list of the things boys study in high schools and got me the books some place and I studied them for years, dogwatches and fine weather and so on. I got on pretty well except for that Latin. You folks don't understand, o' course, how hard Latin is. I was encouraged at the outset because the first word I learned to — learned to — now what was the name of that business?

'Decline?' suggested Susan breathlessly, almost in a whisper. Hardly ever did Josiah talk like this; things had to be extracted from him piecemeal. Something had jarred him from his rut.

'Yeah, decline. I learned to decline *nauta*, "sailor" — *nauta*, *nautae*, *nautae*, *nautam*, *nauta*. So I concluded that eventually I should get my teeth in nautical affairs.' He patted Louis's hand. 'But I never ran across anything more maritime than the roses the farmer's daughter gives the sailor in the garden; I never saw a sailor with roses, either. As a matter of fact, I could n't make much sense of the sentences generally; I did n't know grammar, — objects or clauses or predicate nouns or anything, — and at last I have to. So, o' course all I know of high schools is some of the plain subjects that they

teach there. What else do they do? What has age got to do with it? It seems foolish to me to wait till you're a certain age before you advance. Still I would like to have my Louis go shipmates with me a couple of years more; if we got short of proper lessons I could teach her navigation.' Again he smoothed Louis's hand and sat Jane up primly on his knee. 'It's a great handicap to be ignorant.'

'Of course Louis is much too young. But so is 'Siah.'

'If they know just as much, Louis should go to high school along with 'Siah,' persisted John.

'But that's ridiculous! They'd laugh at Louis. She's only a little girl, two years younger than 'Siah.'

'I don't believe,' John twinkled at Louis, who was listening as if her very life depended on this discussion, 'that one should be penalized for being a little girl.'

'Any more than can be helped,' muttered Josiah.

'Well, who's thinking of such a thing? I just believe they'd both be better off in different classes, considering everything.'

'I'm better in 'rithmetic than he is,' offered Louis excitedly. 'Why could n't I be ahead, then?'

All three regarded her and laughed. Louis blushed. 'I am,' she repeated, and Josiah gave her a hug.

'Why not?' asked John.

'I would n't want anybody to waste a year of schooling.' Josiah's voice was as anxious as if they were not then a thousand miles from any likely school. At that moment the clap-clap, clap-clap of a bell startled John to his feet.

'To be continued,' he said. 'Got to get a little snooze. I did n't have any idea it was so late.' He disappeared.

'We'd better have those lessons,' said Susan. 'Where's 'Siah now? I felt

almost as if we had to decide this minute whether he should go to high school to-morrow morning.' They laughed. 'You had a hard time when you were a boy, Josiah.' All the awkwardness and temper had been talked away and read away and breakfasted away, she was pleased to see.

In a few days everyone tingled with the thrill of nearing land. Soon they might catch sight of a blur on the horizon or of a dark speck at which to strain excited eyes. Josiah shifted from the big chart to one peppered with the islands and lights and buoys and soundings, and, though their position was still well toward the outside edge, it was much more stimulating to be there than on a plain chart of water, water, water.

Josiah had been on deck continuously from eight till noon and later from eight to midnight. John had not visited the after cabin at all; Susan had seen him only at meals, and he had been rather abrupt. Making port was a delicate piece of work, Josiah explained to Susan when she complained of the indefatigability of her men-folk; she, reflecting on his reply, concluded that making the West Indies must be more perilous than other landfalls. The children had been promised a week's vacation from lessons in Matanzas to begin the instant the anchor chain clanked out, and their impatience was tiring. The book, *Pendennis*, had been neglected.

'Let's finish it to-night,' proposed Susan after supper on the day land had been sighted.

'Well, I dunno,' demurred Josiah. 'I'm kind of busy. But why don't you finish it? I can read it myself another time.' As it was the second mate's watch, Josiah was likely to go and come in spite of that reliable young Scot with the three gold teeth.

'That's not much fun.'

'But it's only a chapter or two.'

'Well, I'll see.' She heard the steward clattering in the pantry. 'Oh, steward! Would you mind asking Mr. Richmond if he wants to read awhile?'

The steward came to the doorway, bowing and grinning, a privileged character of several trips' standing; Josiah from time to time was wont to praise his honesty, his cookery, his faithfulness and general virtues. Now his rolling eyes questioned the skipper, who nodded agreement. The steward hustled back from his errand immediately.

'He says he's got a headache, ma'am. He a-lyin' down.'

'Headache! A headache! Is he sick? Josiah, you must take a look at him. No, I'll go myself.'

'I don't believe I would,' remarked her husband. 'I've seen him. He's all right, and if he's lying down I shouldn't disturb him just now. We've had enough sunshine and chart work to make a man's head ache.'

'Well,' hesitated Susan. Poor John. He should have a cold wet towel on his head; a little drink of weak tea, too, would be refreshing. Josiah vanished up the companionway, a black blot against the darkening sky. The steward's voice came to her faintly. 'Yessir, he sent me hisself.' He must be talking to John. 'Yessir, on deck, sir.'

John lounged to the door, his hair rumpled and his face red. He looked sullen, as if he had not wanted to read, but had felt obliged to come, and he swept a glance about the room before he entered. Susan, remembering the words she had overheard, was hurt.

'Gracious, you don't have to be read to if you don't want to, John! Josiah did n't order you to come. You do look sickish. If your head aches, Johnny,

why don't you lie down on the sofa and let me make you a cup of tea and read to you? Lie the other way, so the light won't torment you.' She hurried into the bathroom, lighted the stove and arranged the kettle, gathered cups and sugar, condensed milk, and the last three crackers; meanwhile John sat on the sofa, rose restlessly, leaned in the bathroom door, tried the big chair, moved back to the sofa. He took the teacup and stirred the sugar moodily, his elbows on his knees. Louis, who was established on the floor with the big dictionary, from which she was copying a flowering plant later to be carved on a cigar-box cover as a present for her mother, had looked up when John entered and was watching him with fascinated round eyes as if she had never seen him before.

'Don't stare, Louis,' rebuked her mother, opening *Pendennis*. Aroused by her words, John turned his head in time to note the astounded expression on the little girl's face, and a burning red surged into his forehead. But Louis turned obediently to her drawing, and Susan took up the story. An hour, two hours, drifted by in the quiet hot cabin. The tale ended. Louis had gone up on the poop. John still leaned his elbows on his knees, chin in hand, and Susan too pondered a few minutes on the history of *Pendennis*.

'Well,' said John with a sigh. 'I guess I am like that.'

'Like what?'

'Why, like *Pendennis*. Did n't you ever think that? It occurred to me at first and then I forgot it until that day — you remember? — when Josiah asked why we did n't read something else. Then I suspected that the old boy thought so, too. I don't see how you could miss it. When I was a boy — I can see it now, though I was used to it then — Mother and you and 'Lizabeth and Julia waited on me and, when there

was any extra money, spent it on me. Why, when we were in high school I used to be ashamed of your clothes! I did n't see why you wore such looking things!' A flush at the reminder of a long-past mortification overspread Susan's face; she had never imagined that anyone but her had minded those clothes. She opened her lips to speak, but John was rushing on. 'When you taught school you gave me money and presents. And Julia did and so did 'Lizabeth. I always thought I borrowed it, but I never paid back a cent. I got suspended from college for gambling, and now I think I would n't feel so worthless if it had been for drunkenness; it does n't cost much to get drunk. I borrowed of you again in New York. If this had been some other ship, do you think I could have got a penny when I'd had a big advance already? I'm a cheap skunk, Susan. All the same, I don't believe it's entirely my fault. I notice you indulge young 'Siah at Louis's expense. So I suppose all women play favorites.' His voice was dreary.

'I favor 'Siah!'

'Gosh, Susan, you don't mean to! Think, for instance, of — well, of Louis's box. And I bet you worked Josiah for this berth for me — when I wrote you I thought you might — and made him get rid of Duffy. The steward and everybody liked Duffy and probably you did, too, until I turned up. No wonder Josiah does n't like me.'

'But he does, Johnny!' she wailed. These things could n't be true that John was saying. 'He said you were smart.'

'Smart!' It was like the bursting of a dam. 'Yes, he told me so yesterday at five o'clock in the morning — he said I was too damn smart. He told me exactly what he thought of me. He asked me if the other skippers had fired me,

and when I told him yes he said he'd fire me, too, when we got back. *Smart!* He said I might, if I ever got a chance, be a good master, but I was a damn poor mate, and he would n't tolerate disobedience or carelessness. He called me a bloodsucker.' His laugh was harsh and forced.

'John! What in the world —'

'Oh, I changed the course again; I'm always doing things like that. I could n't see that it made any difference at all, and it's a bother waiting. I've been in my room ever since, though we agreed not to tell you because you'd be so troubled. So I'm telling you. To tell the truth,' the truth was acid in his mouth, 'I thought I was all right, but I'd made an error in my sight — I almost never do, Susan, so I hardly ever check it over — and if we'd gone on that course I set another two or three hours we'd have been hard aground. He flayed me alive — and I hit him.'

'You *what!*'

'Yes, I did. If he'd wanted to he could ha' killed me, I guess; he's big enough. I've done nothing but mull over things ever since. Anywhere else but here I would have been knocked down and put in irons in the lazaret or somewhere, but you or Mother or Julia or 'Lizabeth have always protected me and you're doing it still. I dare say at this very moment you're thinking that Josiah was too severe.' He did not lift his eyes to see the quiver that twitched across her white face. 'I don't remember another skipper who led a sinner to a place out of earshot before he ripped the hide off — and I ought to be a judge of that.' He laughed loudly and rose. 'I wish I had n't told you. I wish you would n't tell Josiah that I did, Susan — please. I intended — If I only had n't hit him or if he had hit me back —'

Susan tossed and turned all that interminable hot night.

III

Matanzas was a fiery furnace. Every afternoon the heat reached a climax in a few minutes' terrific thunderstorm. Louis was a scarlet spectacle of heat and undiminished energy in her old woolen dress, and — wonderful! — Mama took her to a store and bought her a pongee dress all ready-made that she wore right home; and, getting caught in the shower, the red embroidery ran down in little streaks very prettily, Louis thought, as she made a double chin and cross eyes in the effort to admire the effect on her chest. Moreover, she and 'Siah went ashore every single day with Papa or Mama or both, and every single time they had ices of a different color and flavor. There was no school for a week! And she had a secret with Uncle John, who promised to have her box fixed again another way so that only she and he and the carpenter would know how to open it; she even knew from the carpenter's explanation and picture how it was going to work, though he had n't begun on it yet.

But all nice things have to end, alas, and the morning came when only Papa went ashore. He was sorry, he said, but he had a great deal of business about the sugar cargo to attend to, and he would have to go alone this once; it was the day, too, when the lessons were to be resumed, and he advised having them that morning while he was away.

The usual routine was preserved in his absence. Whenever, full of a haunting anxiety, Susan peered out of doors, she saw John idling on the after hatch, whittling and whistling and full of cheerful talk; he had recovered his spirits in the last day or two. The unfortunate sailors had begun this morning to work on the coal along with the gangs of half-naked negroes, but they

were very slow in the heat. Louis wanted, of course, to go to the carpenter shop, but John told her the carpenter was busy forward and she would have to stay aft, and he distracted her with a long, long story. 'Siah, who tried to sneak past and even got as far as the galley, was discovered and haled back by a sailor; and John shook him thoroughly in an unexpected white fury and ordered him peremptorily to remain on the poop.

It was dull on the poop; no one came aft to scrub or hose off the black dust and it was quite unfit to sit on. Susan, noticing its condition, wondered if it would have continued like that with Josiah aboard; but, after all, the men were working the coal. Even the second mate was invisible, bossing the gangs down in the hold, John said, where, he added, it was a lot hotter, though not so glaring. Susan herself preferred the hot stuffy gloom of the cabin to the deck.

Josiah returned just before dinner. She heard his voice in low conversation with John outside, and then he came in, very serious, fumbling in his pocket.

'I've brought some bad news, Susan,' he said directly, handing her a crumpled telegram. 'Your mother's very ill, it says, and they want you to come home if you can. So I engaged your passage on that steamer over there that's sailing at three, you and the children. I thought you'd want to go.'

Susan gazed at the terrible message. Yes, that was what it said. She must go and see her mother before she died. 'How long will it take?'

'Three or four days to New York, I suppose, and then a day on the train. I told John to get the big trunk up.'

It was thrilling for the children. Susan packed efficiently and Josiah got underfoot, bringing shoes and things and some presents he had bought for

good-bye gifts that very morning — a pretty water color of the Havana Cathedral for Louis, two great old Spanish silver spoons for Susan, and a wicked West Indian cutlass-thing for 'Siah. But Susan was hardly aware of the presents for her busyness and her sad thoughts. Johnny made little visits, would stand around helplessly, assure her foolishly that their mother might be well by the time she arrived, and presently hurry out again to sit on the hatch and smoke nervously. Then it was time to get in the boat. The steward shook hands all round and Louis displayed in his honor her talent for weeping on beloved stomachs, and she made a scene, furthermore, because the carpenter was n't there and did n't come to say good-bye to her, and she had to be restrained forcibly from seeking him out. John hugged the children and Susan. The sailors, so covered with coal dust by now that they could be distinguished from the negroes only by the completeness of their raiment, waved from a distance and smiled; Susan, in a dim, hurried way, felt wounded because not one came to shake her hand or the children's. But the whole affair of departure was very vague and unexpected. At the foot of the gangway bobbed a strange boat with the big trunk perched in the bow and two great black men to row — not even the ship's boat or sailors. John stood by the ladder waving his hat, and suddenly the crew lined the rail in apparent defiance of discipline and labor, flourishing caps and arms. The carpenter bounded from his shop and Louis sprang up in the tossing boat and waved more wildly still. At the steamer Josiah kissed them all and hugged each one long and tightly, and then he too faded from their sight, standing lonely on the wharf.

Their rooms were directly over the engines, and as the sea was rough, and

they were not accustomed to the perpetual jiggle-jiggle-jiggle of machinery or the smell of hot oil, the whole family forthwith fell sick and occupied those shuddering berths the entire way to New York.

With a pale and shaken brood behind her, Susan waited her turn before the doctor at quarantine. The ship's doctor was there also, chatting with a passenger, an acquaintance evidently, just ahead of her. 'Yeah,' he was saying, 'we're looking them over carefully, particularly in the steerage. Yellow jack had a good start down by the waterfront when we left. There were two-three cases on those ships you could see as we came out. Not likely to be any in this crowd, of course.' Susan grew slowly cold. On those ships, he said. That opportune telegram. The sailors had n't come near them. Those presents from Josiah. The earnest way Josiah had said good-bye, which she thought was sympathy. Josiah standing on the wharf alone. . . .

She was going back to Matanzas.

It was her turn. The doctor was not communicative, and neither was Susan. Louis, agog with interest, put her head under her mother's arm. Yes, they felt all right. They had all three been terribly seasick, though — the engine shook so and they were n't used to steamers. They had been in Matanzas a couple of weeks. They had stopped at the Reina Hotel. Louis gave a start under Susan's arm and was strangled mercilessly. The children had no temperatures; they felt all right now. The doctor was forced to grin at the absurd fat Louis, who hung her head when he said Louis was a boy's name; it always teased her when people were surprised at her name. Susan trembled lest Louis blurt out her whole queer name with its flavor of the far seas — and oh, were n't the children just dreadfully tanned!

'You look pretty healthy, Louis,'

said the doctor. 'How did you like Matanzas?' Susan held her breath again. Would this man never finish?

Louis raised her bashful eyes and smiled sheepishly. 'I liked it.' Then, with enthusiasm, 'I had a different kind of ice cream every day!' she announced. The doctor shouted. Susan said a prayer of thanks that that fatal word 'ashore' had so fortunately been omitted in Louis's brief speech. They were through.

Limply Susan escaped from the boat to the dock; she hustled the children into a cab and directed it to 18 Pearl Street, mapping out a swift campaign as they jolted along. She would leave the children at the broker's, find Cousin Lida, have her take the children down home, buy the three tickets for them, see them off if she had time, catch the next steamer herself. She must n't forget to reassert the hand baggage. It was no matter about the trunk; it could go down home.

A steamer left that evening with Susan on board.

An accident to the steamer's vital parts made it a couple of days late in arriving. Susan was frantic. Josiah — who cooked up that scheme to get her and the children out of harm's way — Josiah would take care of John, but who was taking care of Josiah? Josiah was the kind of man to watch over other people, but — The steward might look after Josiah; but, though he was a faithful, good steward, he was only a poor ignorant colored man. Oh, if only Mr. Duffy were there!

She rushed from the steamer to the familiar landing place. There was the bark; yes, and there was the yellow flag. A negro man was dawdling in a boat; she beckoned him and he came lazily. In a trice she was in his boat. She pointed to the bark. 'Buque!' she cried. 'Pronto, pronto!' All the Spanish she knew was all she needed.

The negro shrugged and commenced a lengthy tale of which she did not understand a word, and she continued to point and 'pronto' until at last he shrugged again and began to pull on those sluggish oars. He grinned at her amiably, however, and, tossing his head back over his shoulder toward their goal, 'Muertos,' he observed concisely. The stark word, uncluttered with verbs, prepositions, ejaculations, adjectives, and polite phrases, sounded what it was; a white-faced woman impressed a third word forever on her memory. 'Buque, pronto, muertos; buque, pronto, muertos; muertos.' Dead men.

But the coal was still being delicately removed by the glistening negroes; there was not a white face to be seen, not one. As the boat crunched on the gangway she sprang to the grating, dropping a careless bill in the boatman's palm. Another black face rose above the rail, a face that became a mottled gray at sight of her, a welcome face. She reached him and clutched his shaking arm.

'Ma'am! How come —'

'The captain, steward! Where is the captain?'

'Oh, ma'am,' he gasped. 'He's sick. Everybody most's died here. The mate die, the second mate die, the carpenter, he die too — five men dies; I got four in the hospital now. Them two men gittin' well,' he waved an arm at two pallid exhibits on the after hatch.

'Where is he, steward? I must go to him.'

'Yes'm. Yes'm. Now you here again you might's well go. This minute I jus' make my 'rangements.' He shouted at the departing boatman to return. He vanished in the cabin, whence he emerged without his apron and with his coat on and his hat in his hand. He locked the cabin door and bade the tottery seamen, who were trying to grin at Susan and still not look at her

ghastly face, to keep on the watch like hawks.

'Like canary birds,' retorted one, 'that's us.'

'Step careful, ma'am. The cap'n, when he went ashore the last time, he lef' me in charge. He says, "I trust you, steward." I tend to everything. The cap'n — yes'm, very sick, but I think he's goin' to git well. He done never lef' Mr. Richmond, ma'am, all the time Mr. Richmond was sick. He puts him in a clean house — hospital all full — and hires him two nursery men and he never leaves him hardly; he watches them nursery scalawags constant to see they did n't forgit nothin' the doctor tol' 'em. Yes, ma'am. But Mr. Richmond's only sick three-four days and he — he dies.' The steward turned his eyes away to the sea hurriedly, but Susan was n't crying at all, just sitting very erect and pale. 'Then the cap'n he sees to the buryin' and he comes off to the ship and he looks round and finds everybody's gone but me and Frenchy, so he locks up and gives me all the keys; he puts me in charge, he says. He felt very sick then himself and he's goin' back ashore to where he tol' them nurseries to wait for him. He instructed me to cook good cabin food for the men if they comes back from the hospital and then he goes down inter the boat again, ma'am.' The steward's voice trembled.

'I been ashore every day to see him,' pleaded the steward, as if Susan's icy composure accused him. 'I got a friend ashore that speaks English very influential and I puts her in that house to watch them lazy nursery men. The black folks don't git yellow jack, ma'am. I go ashore when I can leave my responsibilities. I think the cap'n's goin' to git well, I do.' The flood of talk faltered as the boat ground against rickety steps. 'Here, ma'am, careful.'

'Will he know me?'

'I reckon so. He's awake all the time. It ain't far now.'

Josiah, recognizing Susan, thought she was a dream; was n't she in Maine by now? But she would hardly have known him with his sad face and that hideous drawn smile on his mouth. She put her hand against his bristly cheek and said, 'Josiah,' and he knew then she was real and miraculously not in Maine at all. The swollen scarlet tongue clogged his whole mouth, but he essayed to whisper thickly, painfully. 'Th-yon. Th-yon. . . . Yon,' he achieved, and tears ran from the corners of his eyes back into his hair. 'Yes, yes, Josiah,' she murmured, 'don't worry about it, dear.' There were red specks like blood on the pillow. The room was full of the reek of vomit and of brandy. It needed to be cleaned.

At dusk the steward insisted on fetching Susan back to the ship; and, as Josiah seemed unmistakably better, she docilely resigned herself to the steward's direction. After supper he showed her the skipper's gold watch, which he had taken away one day, fearing for its safety; he had locked it in a drawer in the desk. The steward left her fondling the smooth shining thing, but soon he was hovering in the doorway again with a carved wooden box in his hand.

'Mr. Richmond was took after the carpenter, ma'am. He tol' me how to open this-here box in case Miss Louis forgot how, and he and the carpenter should n't git well. He said the carpenter put inside a little gif' for Louis and he put one in, too. You open thisaway, ma'am. One little turn to here on this one, and a little turn to here on this one, and you pushes the middle one over and uppish. Then she comes off.' He lifted the cover. They both peered interestedly inside. Within, on top, there was a neat chamois roll containing in pockets a set of marvelous tiny carving tools; a paper pinned to it said, in a slanting foreign handwriting, 'Louis from her freund the cappinter.' Under the tools was a very small parcel in a square of white letter paper, inscribed, 'Louis, from Uncle John' — a bright new twenty-dollar gold piece. Tears began to crowd Susan's throat and eyes, and one dripped on to the coin.

'I heard Mr. Richmond ask the carpenter to carve her name on the box, too. He wrote the letters all out nice for the carpenter, who could n't spell English very good. See there, ma'am.' The steward, radiant with his importance, held down the lid; in an oval around the knobs the letters ran —
LOUIS MAURITIUS PENNELL, HER BOX.

ELEPHANTS

BY F. J. DEFOSSE

I

ELEPHANTS are found nearly everywhere in Indo-China except in Tonking. They are similar to the Indian elephants, and although they have been divided into several subspecies, on very slender ground, they all belong to the same race: *Elephas maximus*.

Not so tall as their African cousins, but very nearly as big, they differ from the latter by a good number of points. Their ears are much smaller and differently shaped. Their trunk is absolutely flexible and not made of numerous segments, but rather like a big rubber tube with only one fingerlike process at the tip. Their back is convex from the shoulders to the root of the tail and their forehead is slightly concave. Also the brain capacity is larger than in the African species, thus making the head shot far more deadly. An Asiatic elephant charging is easily stopped with a bullet in the forehead. To my mind, the elephant deserves the name of King of Beasts more than does the lion or the tiger. He fears only man, and that not always. He is the unchallenged master of the jungle and, confident in his enormous strength, leads among its denizens a peaceful existence, fearing none and attacking none.

As a rule the elephants spend the day in the shade of the thick jungle, coming out in the evening to feed in the clearings of tall grass and sometimes in the native plantations. In the morning they walk slowly back to the jungle and

keep going until about ten o'clock, when they stop and rest. Some of them may lie down, mostly the young ones, but the old ones doze standing on their big pillars or leaning against a tree, lazily flapping their ears. After a few hours' rest they walk about, breaking a branch here, digging up a root there, or picking some fruits they are fond of, then rest again, and toward the end of the afternoon stroll slowly back to the clearing. In dull weather they may stay out in the open all day, and even in the dry season I have occasionally seen small herds standing still in the middle of the Lagna plains at the hottest time of the day. Now and then they would go down to a pool, throw water over their backs, then come out and stand still again under the broiling sun.

The small herds include only females and young animals, usually from five or six to twelve or fifteen individuals. Bigger herds may have one or two bulls nearly full grown, while very large herds, a hundred or more, are sure to contain a few big bulls with good tusks. Old bulls are solitary and are found sometimes at a great distance from any herd. Two of these patriarchs may go about together.

Very large herds are seldom found. They usually are just a temporary collecting of small troops and they break up again after a few days.

I once saw a great gathering of elephants. They were moving in a big

front line nearly a mile wide. I counted one hundred and twenty different trails, and most of them had been made by several elephants walking in Indian file. I cannot estimate the exact number of animals, but that herd numbered certainly more than two hundred. However, the next day they had broken up into small bands and scattered in every direction.

The most common herds met with number between thirty and fifty animals. And even these are separated into small family groups, walking in the same direction, some distance apart. In case of alarm, they all gather together to escape.

Of all big game the elephant is the easiest to approach if the wind is right. His sense of smell is extremely keen, while his sight is rather poor. His sense of hearing is fairly good, but as a rule a herd makes so much noise that he does not pay any attention to the slight sound the hunter may make. On the other hand, a solitary elephant, if not feeding, will hear the sportsman if the latter is not very careful. In the open, an elephant seems to be able to detect a moving man up to about three hundred yards. Beyond that distance he does not pay any attention to moving objects.

Even after scenting man, the elephant does not always run away. He will stand still with his trunk aloft, very often letting out a low rumbling noise at the same time. The hunter must then stay perfectly motionless and wait. If the animal does not catch any more tainted air, he will regain confidence and start feeding again. If, on the contrary, he gets the scent a second time, he will run away with a scream or a roar, taking all the others with him.

With a few precautions one can easily approach him at a very close range. In the forest the hunter must

approach with circumspection, not forgetting to look right and left. Although a large animal, an elephant is hard to see in thick jungle. Of course, when getting close to a herd, one hears, here and there, animals betraying their presence by the breaking of branches, the never-ceasing flapping of the ears, and the intestinal rumblings; but there are also some elephants standing motionless, resting or dozing, and one becomes aware of their presence when only a few paces away. Once I was following a herd in very thick stuff. I could hear the animals at about fifty yards ahead of me, but could hardly see one yard in front. I had to crawl through the soft vegetation, brushing it aside with my hands, and this was only possible where the elephants had already passed. Suddenly I heard a slight noise very close and, looking up, caught sight of a black object waving to and fro about two feet from my face. It was the tail of an elephant who had stayed behind the others and was standing quite still. I stepped back as carefully as I could and that elephant never suspected that a human being had walked within two feet of his rear end.

II

When I first left the army on pioneer leave I was put in charge of a small lumber camp in the An Loc territory. It was then a splendid big-game country. Elephants, sladang, and bantings were very plentiful, and quite a few rhinoceroses were also to be found. Now the place has been given over to extensive rubber plantations, and the game is gone. But twenty-three years ago it was a true hunter's paradise. I became very anxious to hunt the big beasts, and had plenty of opportunities; or rather, the opportunities were forced on me. My work took me through the jungle in search of valuable trees in

every direction. Almost daily I crossed elephants' trails and very often I heard the animals quite close. However, I had no rifle with which to tackle them, and I was forced to leave them alone and sometimes to make a detour to avoid running into them. Incidentally this going about in the jungle taught me to find my way under any condition as nothing else could have done. The thing to do was to get a proper rifle. I remember that once — I still shudder when I think of it — I followed a rhinoceros in thick jungle with a single-barrel sixteen-bore shotgun loaded with a round lead ball. Luckily I did not find the rhino.

At that time, elephant hunters in Indo-China used an eight-bore rifle with an enormous charge of black powder and a heavy conical lead ball with a sharp steel point, but the price of such a gun was prohibitive for me at the time. Then I met a forest ranger who had killed several elephants with a magazine Winchester, using the .30 U. S. A. ammunition, and this fact gave me the idea of getting a French military rifle. I finally succeeded in securing one and I started on elephant and rhino shooting.

Of course I did not know much about tracking yet, but I had in my employ an Annamite who was a born tracker, a sort of human hound. He had never hunted game before, but he had been employed in the Cochin China rural police to track down cattle thieves, and when put after game he took to it like a duck to water. He had been dismissed from the police force for letting cattle lifters escape for a consideration, but all the same he was a splendid trailer and I learned much from him. The first time we went after elephants we did not find any fresh tracks, only two- or three-day-old ones. Nevertheless we followed those on the chance of finding a fresher trail crossing them.

We did not see any and when night came we camped where we were. The next morning we went on and at about eight o'clock came on a much fresher trail. Apparently the elephants were moving very slowly, feeding as they went. Grass and branches were strewn everywhere, roots had been dug up and chewed, young trees had been stripped of their bark, and droppings were plentiful, a sure sign of slow moving.

At nine o'clock we heard them in front of us. They were feeding at the edge of a large clearing of tall grass. The wind being right, we crept up straight toward them. Right in front of me, about thirty yards away, some bushes were moving violently. Getting nearer, I saw through the intervening foliage a large bull elephant with gleaming tusks. He was pulling down a bunch of rattan vines. This was the first elephant I had ever seen in a wild state, although I had heard them often, and I was a bit excited. Instead of waiting to have a clear view of the animal, I fired at what I could see of his head and, to my disappointment and disgust, he wheeled round and was immediately engulfed in the tall grass. Then pandemonium broke loose in that clearing. The rest of the herd, roaring and trumpeting, rushed about this way and that in the ten-foot-tall reeds. I could not see anything, but just stood there tense and ready.

Finally the noise decreased as the huge beasts got to the opposite side of the clearing and out into the forest beyond. I thought they were all gone, when suddenly a big cow with a half-grown calf came out of the grass, heading straight toward me. I shot her in the forehead and she went down dead in her tracks. The calf stopped by her side, screaming; another bullet through the head quieted it forever. This was my first elephant hunt and, although disappointed at not getting the bull, I

was very well pleased. It also showed that my rifle was all right for elephants if the bullet was placed in the right spot.

It was about fifteen days later that I had my first exciting adventure with elephants. Early one morning I had started with my Annamite tracker and a coolie carrying food and water. We had not seen any fresh signs when, passing near a swamp, we heard some trumpeting not over two hundred yards away. We immediately went toward the spot, but the animals got our wind and ran off. As it was only seven in the morning we decided to follow them on the chance that they would stop sometime in the day, since I did not think they had been badly scared.

Outside the swamp, they had all come together and started in Indian file. They were going south and apparently at a quick walk. They did not stop anywhere to feed, but kept straight on through all kinds of ground, tall timber, thick, thorny jungle, reedy swamps where their big feet made nasty pitfalls hidden under the dark water, and, occasionally, small patches of bamboos or tall grass. Nothing can teach a man to know the jungle like elephant hunting. At about noon we crossed the railroad and then followed on through very much the same kind of country. It seemed that they would never stop and I was for giving up, as we were walking certainly much more slowly than the elephants were. But the tracker seemed confident. At about three in the afternoon we came to a spot where they had stopped to feed, and the abundance of signs, torn grass, broken branches, dug-up roots, showed that they had stayed there quite a while. They had then moved on slowly, feeding as they went, and the droppings were still warm. The forest was not thick, and we hoped to get a good chance of a clear shot. But

we were to be disappointed, as the animals got into a great patch of nasty interlaced thorns many acres in extent. These thorns are called by the natives 'cat claws,' and it is a good name for them. Although not quite so bad as the wait-a-bit thorns, they are so leafy and so twisted together that a man can move only where an elephant has broken a trail, and even there is unable to see five yards ahead.

After all our day's work we did not want to give up when apparently within reach of our quarry, and we followed on through one of the worst kinds of bush to be found in Indo-China. The elephants had been feeding on the soft tips of the thorns, and their trails crisscrossed in every direction. Now and then we would hear some of them in front of us, at other times on our right, then on our left, but we had to stick to the tracks, as any other way of approach was impossible. We had been for about half an hour in that thick stuff when suddenly there was a great commotion ahead of us, and a mass of huge gray beasts, seen only dimly through the foliage, came running back over the trail we were on. I tried to get out of the way by jumping to the right; but the bush was too thick and I fell on my back. I had my finger on the trigger, and as I fell my gun went off. At the sound of the shot the elephants turned back and crashed away, except the big cow that had been in front. This one was standing right over me and her left hind foot was on my right foot. She seemed absolutely nonplused, her trunk hanging down, her ears spread, quite motionless. Lying on my back, I fired eight shots into her belly. It was lucky that I was using a short rifle that day. As it was, the muzzle of the gun was so close to the body of the animal that there was a circle of skin burned by the powder one

inch in diameter round every bullet hole. My Annamite tracker had jumped to the left and I could see him kneeling and firing with my Savage .303 at the elephant's head. I shouted to him: 'Don't fire at her head! She'll fall on me!' Finally the elephant slowly turned round to her right, and in doing so freed my foot. I jumped up and, as she was going off, fired a ninth shot behind her ear, and she went down for good.

I felt a great relief and breathed freely. Of course those elephants were not charging, merely stampeding, and the one that stood over me never seemed to realize the situation. But if the Annamite had killed her when he was firing at her head she would have crushed me with her fall. And when she at last turned to go, if she had turned to her left instead of to her right, she probably would have stepped on me. As it was, I escaped with only the upper part of my foot bruised and slightly skinned, thanks to my heavy military boots. All the same, it was an experience I do not wish to repeat.

We were standing over our victim when, not fifty yards away, an elephant roared. I thought at first that the rest of the herd was coming back, but as the roars kept on always at the same spot I crept toward the sound and found a small calf, not over three feet tall, yelling for all he was worth. The volume of noise these little fellows can make is astonishing. This one evidently belonged to the cow I had just killed, and, being left behind by the rest of the herd, was lost and letting the jungle know it. This youngster was too small to fare for himself and I shot him.

The next day I came back with a lot of men to cut up the elephants. On approaching the carcass of the cow, we found that some tigers had eaten her whole trunk. As for the calf, it

had been completely devoured. What would have happened to me if I had been pinned down to the ground by the elephant's fall!

III

The Mois have a number of superstitious beliefs about the elephants, as they have about other animals. They will seldom give any information to hunters, as they are afraid that the big beasts will take revenge on them by destroying their crops or pulling down their houses. But sometimes their patience is pushed a bit too far.

One day an old Moi came to my house to see me. His two rice fields had been ruined by elephants and he had come to ask my help, as they kept coming every night. For four days this had been going on. 'Why did you not come before?' I asked, and this is the explanation he gave me. The first day that the beasts came into his fields, he offered prayers and sacrificed a chicken to the forest gods, but the next night the elephants returned. Then he offered a goat and more prayers, but to no avail; the elephants still came. He then called the witch doctor to sacrifice a pig and offer prayers, supplemented with a gallon of rice alcohol. The witch doctor got gloriously drunk, so there is no doubt that the alcohol was good and the gods ought to have been pleased, but the elephants refused to listen to reason and came again a third night. So in desperation the old Moi went down to his ruined fields and, standing in the middle and facing the way they had departed through the jungle, solemnly notified them that he was going to get a white man with a gun and that he was not responsible for any mishap that might befall them. And that is how he came to visit me.

His house was about seven miles

away from mine and, as it was already two in the afternoon, I immediately followed him there. His fields were not near his house, but in the jungle, about one mile farther. Toward evening he took me down there to have a look. The two fields were utterly ruined. What the elephants had not eaten they had trampled, and it was hard to realize that rice had ever grown in the place. Round the fields there were some banana trees, and most of these had been torn down and chewed. I had grave doubts about the elephants coming back again. There was nothing for them to come for. But that night, as I was lying in the Moi's house, I heard them trumpeting.

Early next morning the old Moi and I were on our way. There were no fresh signs in the fields and we pushed on through a large bamboo belt. There we found fresh tracks. They led us to a muddy pool where the elephants had been wallowing. They had then started toward a small conical hill. We followed. The animals, forcing their way through the bushes, had left fresh mud on all the twigs and leaves and we were soon as muddy as they were. I had to be careful not to let any mud get into the mechanism of my rifle. At the foot of the hill the herd had separated into two bunches, one group going round the base, the other one going straight up. We decided to follow the latter. After one hour of hard climbing we finally reached the top. There we found a small crater, about fifty yards in diameter, surrounded by a steep wall of rocks twenty feet high. This wall was broken in two places, thus forming an entrance and an exit. Inside the crater were some tall trees and some small underbrush, not very thick. Four elephants were there, resting or lazily pulling at branches. The nearest one

was shaking a small tree, apparently in fun, for he could have broken it easily. Climbing up on a rock, I killed him with a bullet in his ear. The other ones started running in a circle, trying to find a way out. A big female passed broadside near me and I fired twice in her shoulder, but she kept on, followed by the other ones, and went out through the exit at the other side of the crater.

After making sure that the first one shot was really dead, we followed the wounded one. We soon found blood, — a little at first, then a continuous stream, — and after a hundred yards or so I caught sight of her lying on her side, dead. As we were slowly approaching her there was a scream, and a young bull came out of the brush beyond the dead cow. I slipped behind a rock and the Moi went up a tree like a monkey. The bull had stopped near the carcass and was looking around. I shot him through the head and he went down, stone-dead. When he fell, one of his tusks pierced his trunk right through. The old Moi was well pleased — he had had his revenge. The next morning about a hundred savages, men, women, and children, followed by a host of yellow dogs, were on the spot to cut up the elephants, and they spent several days drying the meat. I took only the feet and the tusks.

Elephants seldom charge without provocation. Even when wounded they usually go off, and it is in the process of following up that the danger comes. When shooting in the open, after killing one or two, the hunter may be attacked by some other members of the herd. That is because they see him and realize what is happening. Also, a female with a young calf may charge if she thinks her offspring is in danger. Often, when stalking elephants, the hunter comes on some calves playing

on the outskirts of the herd. If he is seen by one of them, the little fellow may get scared and scream. Then, of course, mamma will come at once to inquire and will attack the intruder if she can spot him. I have never heard of a rogue elephant in Indo-China.

One should never rush out after the shot. Not only may the animal be simply stunned, but some other elephant may see one and charge. A single shot does not scare the elephants badly, and often they mill around for a while or come to look at the fallen one. Several shots in the air may be needed to drive them off.

While hunting in the Gia-Huynh country, early one morning we caught sight of a herd of elephants passing on top of a grassy knoll in Indian file, nearly one mile away. The country is formed of rolling plains interspersed with small woods, and a large forest lies to the west of it. There were seventeen of the huge beasts, not counting the small calves, and the four last ones were bulls. They were moving toward the forest and we tried to head them off, but we were too late. I decided to follow them. It was hard tracking; the ground was very dry, covered with a thick layer of dead leaves, and it was not until one in the afternoon that we caught up with them. The underbrush was not thick and there were no thorns, so stalking was not difficult. I finally caught sight of one of the bulls and I managed to creep up to within thirty yards of him. I was getting ready to shoot when the Annamite tracker touched me on the back and whispered that he could see another bull to our left. Looking where he pointed, I could see an elephant partly hidden by some foliage, but could not distinguish any tusks. As he insisted that the animal was a male, I said, 'All right; you shoot him at the same moment I shoot the one that is in

front of me.' We fired practically at the same time and both elephants dropped.

Excited at having killed an elephant all by himself, the tracker rushed toward his victim, shouting, 'It is dead! It is dead!' But suddenly the animal got on its feet. It was a female, and with a scream it charged the man. He turned and fled toward me with the infuriated cow close behind him, her trunk extended ready to grab him. I had stayed behind the tree from where I had killed my bull. Turning round, I immediately fired at the coming cow, who pitched forward, dead, with a bullet through her forehead. As she fell, the Annamite caught his foot in a creeper and fell at the same time, and there he lay with the elephant's trunk across his legs. But except for a bad fright he was unhurt.

At night elephants, like many other animals, are much bolder than in the daytime. Very often, when they come in to feed on the crops, they refuse to be driven out by shouts, the beating of tom-toms, firing of firecrackers, and so forth. Curiously enough, one or two shots from a gun will make them move when firecrackers have little or no effect.

Only last year a herd of elephants came after dark into a rice field guarded by two Annamites, who were on a platform or machan. These two men yelled and beat on empty kerosene cans, but the animals did not pay the slightest attention to them. Finally, in desperation, one of the guardians picked a bunch of straw from the roof over the platform, tied it to a long pole, set fire to it, and started after the elephants. That made them move away. The Annamite was making his way back to the platform when an old cow that had not followed the herd, but had remained motionless in the field, caught him and trampled him to

death. After killing him, she slowly followed the others into the jungle.

A man killed by an elephant is not a nice sight. The body is trampled out of all recognition, and the identity of the victim can be guessed at only by what remains of his clothes, or by his gun if he had one.

IV

I have already said that big bulls are solitary. But only very old ones are really so and never join any herd. The ordinary adult bulls usually feed by themselves, but join the cows occasionally. They may stay with the herds for a few days or just pass through.

I once killed an old bull which happened to die in a curious fashion. We had picked up his trail early one morning. After following for over two hours we ran upon a herd of cows standing in tall timber with no underbrush, so that they were easy to see. Although the bull's tracks had led right up to the cows, he was nowhere in sight. We circled round at a distance and finally picked up his trail again, going away north. Leaving the cows behind, we followed him and, after a few hours more of walking, found him in a small stream, drinking. He was just turning to retrace his steps when I fired, aiming at his head. He rushed forward blindly; I fired again and he stopped, standing absolutely still; I shot three times more and yet he did not fall or make the slightest movement. It was like firing at a rock. I crept nearer and then understood what was the matter. His head was drooping and a stream of blood was flowing from his trunk; his eyes were shut. But his body was firmly wedged between two trees growing three or four feet apart. He was quite dead, but could not fall. In his blind rush he had catapulted between

those trees without seeing them, just at the time my second bullet reached him. The three other shots had been quite useless.

When getting close to a herd of elephants, if it is too thick to see the animals plainly enough to pick a good one, it is sometimes advisable to circle and get ahead of them, take a stand in a better spot, and let them come up as they feed — always provided the wind is right.

It is prudent to hide behind a stout tree, because the elephants are apt to stampede right ahead after the first shot. Besides the risk of being run over, the stampede may degenerate into a real charge from one or two members of the herd if the hunter is seen or scented.

Three years ago I was camping in the rolling country north of Gia-Huynh with a Belgian sportsman. One morning at five o'clock we were having our breakfast when the silence of the jungle was broken by a loud trumpeting close by. Going to the tent door, we saw dimly in the early light of dawn about a dozen large gray shapes stalking majestically across the small plain in front of the camp. They were walking toward a small wood half a mile away. By the other side of that wood there was another clearing, at the end of which the real forest began. Evidently the elephants were going to spend the day there. Thinking that they might loiter a little while in the small wood before crossing the last open space, we started immediately and, circling quickly round, got beyond the small wood and took our stand near the edge of the forest behind a large solitary tree. We were hardly there when the elephants came out of the wood.

They were in two groups, walking very leisurely a few paces at a time, then stopping, balancing their trunks, flapping their ears against their necks,

and moving a few paces more. The group to the left was composed of three full-grown cows and five or six half-grown youngsters. I did not see any small calves. In the right group were two huge old cows and a young bull. They were all headed for our tree, suspecting nothing. The Belgian was watching out at the right side of the tree; I was at the left. When the elephants were at about eighty yards from us, the right group stopped, but the other ones came on quicker. I told my companion to shoot the bigger cow in the farther bunch and I prepared to take care of the nearer bunch in case of necessity. At the shot the old cow crumpled down, stone-dead. Then the nearer group came on straight toward us at a quick shuffle. With four shots I stopped the three large ones, and the rest swerved to the left and ran.

From his side of the tree the Belgian was firing away, I could not see at what. Getting behind him, I looked over his shoulder. Near the first cow he had shot, another one, nearly as large, was standing, ears spread, waving her trunk smartly from side to side. My companion stepped out of the shelter of the tree to get a better aim. The cow saw him and immediately charged full speed, her trunk held forward horizontally. 'Run and hide in the bushes to your right!' I yelled to the Belgian. I fired at the coming animal, but the bullet struck too low beneath the forehead and did not even check her advance. I had no cartridge left in my rifle, so I too ran, dodging at right angles, with the elephant not five yards away. But she was going so fast that she passed on and it was not until she had run straight on for thirty yards more that she began to turn ponderously in my direction. While running I had thrown a few cartridges in the magazine and now I turned to fire, but before I could press the trigger a rifle

shot rang out from behind a bush nearby and the elephant fell forward, dead. My companion had stopped her.

The three elephants I had shot were lying on their sides; the two killed by the Belgian were dead in a kneeling position. Often elephants and rhinos die that way, and it takes a lot of hard work to turn them over for the cutting-up process.

One month later very much the same experience happened to me, not one mile from that very spot. A herd of over fifty elephants had taken its quarters in the large forest already mentioned. Every night they would come out to feed in the open, and every morning they would go back to the shelter of the thick jungle. I had seen them once just as they were filing in one morning, but too far to shoot. Several of them were bulls with good ivory.

For four days I waited for them to come out in the evening or tried to head them off in the morning. But I was always too late. Finally, the fifth day, at five in the afternoon, I espied five of them just out of the jungle and feeding in a small clearing. Four of them were bulls, two large ones and two half-grown. Keeping within the edge of the jungle, I got between them and their line of retreat. I knew that as soon as I started firing they would face back to the forest and possibly pass right over the spot where I stood. But those bulls were very tempting, and I decided to take the risks.

The farthest one had the finest tusks. He was standing broadside at about a hundred yards, plucking some grass. Kneeling on a small ant hill, I fired at his ear; he lurched forward and nearly fell, but righted himself, and I had to fire another shot to kill him. The other ones immediately raced back straight toward me. I stopped two more bulls in succession, but the two

remaining animals never swerved or slackened their pace, and they were now so close that I had to dodge. I ran across a small sandy glade and the elephants crashed into the jungle. I was in the act of reloading my rifle when the boy who was with me said, 'Look out! One is coming.' The only female of the bunch, instead of going on into the forest, had stopped, after seeing me run, and now she was coming at me full speed. But she had no chance; she was crossing that sandy place where no bushes were in the way, and when she was not more than ten yards from me I sent a bullet through her forehead which stopped her dead in her tracks. The last bull escaped.

Elephants in Indo-China have a curious habit which I have never heard reported by any other hunters from either India or Africa. They often come back to the spot where some of them have been killed and visit the dead ones. This may happen the next day, but more often a few days later. This visit is always made at night, and, as is shown by the numerous signs, such as tracks, grass trampled down, and the quantity of droppings, they stay a fairly long time. Very often a carcass will be moved for a few yards. After several days in the hot sun a dead elephant is not pleasant to look at and the stench is awful. Yet the elephants do not seem to be afraid to touch such a carrion.

The five animals shot by the Belgian and myself were visited for three nights in succession, and three of the carcasses were moved. The blinds we had

built there to stalk tigers were torn to pieces.

In the dry season, when the supply of free water gives out, the elephants dig wells in the dry stream beds. There may be a few pools left along the course of the river, but the water there is generally blackish brown, full of dead leaves and twigs, and, although used by other animals, the elephants will not touch it. They will dig in the sand near by, and so obtain a good clear supply. They never use the same wells twice, but make new ones every night, and by the end of the dry season the river beds look like an endless succession of pitfalls.

The extermination of the elephants in Indo-China is not likely to occur for a very long time. The unsettled areas are enormous, and the natives do not molest the elephants. Moreover, their ivory, although of good quality, is very light compared with that obtainable in Africa. A pair of good tusks seldom reaches fifty pounds, and the females have none, or only small, valueless stumps. Consequently no man could make a living there as an ivory hunter. The elephants are shot for sport or for tiger baits, and that in a very limited number. Of course, when they grow so bold as to be a nuisance to the plantations or a danger to human life in a particular district, their destruction becomes a necessity. But they quickly learn their lesson and move out of a country where they are molested too much.

The big giants are secure for a great number of generations to come.

LUCIFER

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

RAIN has ceased and the dusk is chill,
But a high, sweet wind blows from the hill
Where sun has set, but the red glows still.

Noiseless tread and voice at my side,
Sure and strange as the creeping tide,
‘Why do you walk when paupers ride?’

His eyes are brighter than stars at play:
Pity me that I turn away
Who might be striding the wind to-day.

Dream, poor heart, what you cannot tell,
For he is stronger than Gabriel,
His lips are the maddest fire of Hell.

If ever again he calls me so,
His hair a torch in the afterglow,
Sure as death, I shall laugh and go!

SCIENCE AND MODERN LIFE

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

I

LAST summer it was my lot to be called out of my laboratory to attend in rapid succession (1) a meeting of the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation of the League of Nations at Geneva, a body called into being for the sake of assisting in laying better foundations for international good will and understanding than have heretofore existed; (2) the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Leeds, one of the most important of the Old World's scientific bodies, whose meetings have marked the milestones of scientific progress; and (3) the International Congress of Physics held at Como and at Rome in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Alessandro Volta, the discoverer of current electricity, and thus, in a certain sense, the initiator of this amazing electrical century — suitable errands to inspire reflections on the place of science in modern life. I should like to present them in the form of a few pictures.

As we sped, a thousand persons, across the Atlantic in an oil-burning ship in which even the modern stoker — whose 'hard fate' has often been held up as a symbol of the evils of our 'mechanical age' — has now a comfortable and an interesting job, for he simply and quietly guides the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of man-power represented in the energy of separated hydrogen and oxygen and carbon atoms rushing eagerly together to

fulfill their predetermined destiny, and merely incidentally in so doing sending the ship racing across the Atlantic — in the face of that situation, could I, or could anyone not completely blind to the significance of modern life, fail to reflect somewhat as follows? If Cicero, or Pericles, or any man of any preceding civilization, had been sent on a similar errand, had he had any power at all except the winds, it would have been the man-power furnished to the triremes by the straining sinews of hundreds of human slaves chained to their oars, slaves to be simply cast aside into the sea, if they weakened or gave out, and then replaced by other slaves! Could any man fail to reflect that our scientific civilization is the first one in history which has not been built on just such human slavery, the first which offers the hope, at least, and a hope already partially realized, of relieving mankind forever from the worst of the physical bondage with which all civilizations have heretofore enchained him, whether it be the slavery represented by Millet's man with the hoe — a dumb beastlike broken-backed agricultural drudge — or the slavery at the galley pictured in *Ben Hur*, or the slavery of the pyramid builders referred to in the books of Moses?

Or again, could anyone who stood with me at the base of the column of Trajan, matchless relic and symbol of the unequaled magnificence of Rome, fail to muse first that ancient man in

the immensity and daring of his undertakings, in the grandeur of his conceptions, in the beauty and skill of his workmanship, in his whole intellectual equipment, was fully our equal if not our superior? For we shall leave no monuments like his. But could he also fail to reflect that ancient man built these monuments solely through the unlimited control of enforced human labor, while we have not only freed that slave, but have made him the master and director of the giant but insensible Titans of the lower world? We call them now by the unromantic names Coal and Oil. It is our triumph over these that has given to him freedom and opportunity. This is one side of the picture of science and the modern world, a side that can be presented with a thousand variants, but all having the same inspiring significance.

Another picture. In a comfortable English home out in the country in North England a small group is seated, sipping after-dinner coffee, enjoying conversation, and interrupting it now and then to listen to something particularly fine that is coming in over the radio. The technique of the reproduction is superb, but no more so than that with which we are familiar in our American homes, for the whole broadcasting idea, as well as the main part of its technical development, is American in its origins. But the programme that is on the air in England is incomparably superior to anything to be heard here, for the English Government has taken over completely the control of the radio. It collects from each owner of a receiving set twelve shillings a year, and then, with the large funds thus obtained, — for there are many radio fans in England as in America, — it provides the radio-land public of England with the largest return in education and in entertainment for eight mills a night ever provided, I suspect, anywhere in the

history of the world. For it employs only high-class speakers, musicians, and entertainers of all sorts, so that the whole British nation is now being given educational advantages of the finest possible sort through the radio, at less than a cent a family a night, collected only from those who wish to take advantage of them.

Nor is it merely the subject matter of the radio programmes that is commendable. The value of giving the whole British public the opportunity to hear the English language used, in intonations and otherwise, as cultured people are wont to use it, is altogether inestimable. And, sitting there in the North of England, we had but to turn the dial to the wave length used by Berlin and we heard an equally authoritative use of the German language, and I envisaged a whole population, or as many of it as wished, learning a new language, easily and correctly, instead of through the stupidities of grammar, as we now go at it. What a stimulant to the imagination! What possibilities are here, only just beginning to be realized, for public education, for the enrichment of the life of the country dweller, as well as the city resident, solely because of such an influence as this of modern physics upon modern life.

II

Now turn to another picture which presents the other side of the story. Sir Arthur Keith, the foremost British anthropologist, is now the president of the British Association. The Leeds meeting represented the fiftieth anniversary of the meeting at which Darwin's then new theory of evolution had been first vigorously debated. Sir Arthur took last summer, as the subject of his presidential address, 'Darwin's Theory of Man's Descent As It Stands To-day.' He showed that fifty years

of fossil study had given extraordinary confirmation to the general outline of the evolutionary conception, had placed it, indeed, upon well-nigh impregnable foundations.

The following Sunday the Bishop of Ripon preached upon science and modern life. He thought we were gaining new scientific knowledge, and acquiring control of stupendous new forces, faster than we were developing our abilities to control ourselves, faster than we were exhibiting capacity to be entrusted with these new forces, and hence he suggested that science as a whole take a ten-year holiday.

When, the next day, the newspaper men, who had had as good a story out of the whole incident as our newspapers got out of the Scopes trial, pressed the Bishop to define more sharply just what he meant by a ten-year scientific holiday, he was reported to have said that he thought the workers in medicine and in public health ought not to stop, since then the germs of disease might steal a march on us, and avoidable suffering be thereby caused. He had had in mind, rather, a vacation for physics and chemistry and the parts of biology not associated with the improvement of health and the alleviation of suffering.

The Bishop's explanation is of value as throwing an illuminating side light upon the sort of emotionalism and misunderstanding that is represented in much of the present public antagonism to our scientific progress. The question which the Bishop raises is proper enough, but the conclusion is altogether incorrect. For, first, physics and chemistry cannot take a holiday without turning off the power on all the other sciences that depend upon them, for biological science is at bottom only one of the applications of physics and chemistry; and, second, physics, chemistry, and genetics are, in fact, the great,

constructive sciences which alone stand between mankind and its dire fate foreseen by Malthus. The palliative sciences, such as the Bishop mentioned, are indeed worthy of support, but without the fundamental sciences they only hasten and make inevitable the horrors of that day.

The incident is presented because it is illustrative of a widespread attitude as to the danger of flooding the world with too much knowledge. The fear of knowledge is quite as old as the Garden of Eden. Prometheus was chained to a rock and had his liver torn out by a vulture because he had dared to steal knowledge from the gods and bring it down to men. The story of Faust, which permeates literature up to within a hundred years, is evidence of the widespread, age-long belief in the liaison between the man of knowledge and the powers of darkness. It will persist so long as superstition, as distinct from reverence, lasts.

But there is a real question, not to be thus easily disposed of, which the Bishop's sermon puts before the man of science. It is this. 'Am I myself a broadly enough educated man to distinguish, when I am engaged in the work of reconstruction, between the truth of the past and the error of the past, and not to pull them both down together? Am I sufficiently familiar with what the past has learned, and what it therefore actually has to teach, and am I enough of a statesman not to remove any brick from the structure of man's progress until I see how to replace it by a better one?' I am sorry to be obliged to admit that some of us scientists will have to answer that question in the negative. Such justification as there may be for the public's distrust of science is due chiefly to the misrepresentation of science by some of its uneducated devotees. For men without any real understanding are of

course to be found in all the walks of life.

This problem, however, is not at all peculiar to science. In fact, the most wantonly destructive forces in modern life, and the most sordidly commercial, are not in general found in the field of science, nor having anything to do with it. It is literature and art, much more than science, which have been the prey of those influences through which the chief menace to our civilization comes. After the law of gravitation, or the principle of conservation of energy, has been once discovered and established, physics understands quite well that its future progress must be made in conformity with these laws, at least that Einstein must include Newton, and it succeeds fairly well in keeping its levitators and its inventors of devices for realizing perpetual motion under suitable detention, or restraint, somewhere. But society has as yet developed no protection against its perpetual-motion cranks — the devotees of the new, regardless of the true — in the fields of literature and art, and that despite the fact that sculpture has had its Phidias and literature its Shakespeare just as truly as physics has had its Newton or biology its Pasteur.

I grant that in literature and art, and in nonscientific fields generally, it is more difficult than in science to know what has been found to be truth and what error, that in many cases we do not yet know; nevertheless there are even here certain broad lines of established truth recognized by thoughtful people everywhere. For example, the race long ago learned that unbridled license in the individual is incompatible with social progress, that civilization, which is orderly group life, will perish and the race go back to the jungle unless the sense of social responsibility can be kept universally alive. And yet today literature is infested here and there

with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, oversexed, neurotic influences, the product of men who either are incompetent to think anything through to its consequences or else belong to that not inconsiderable group who protest that they are not in the least interested in social consequences anyway, men who, in their own words, are merely desirous of 'expressing themselves.' Such men are, in fact, nothing but the perpetual-motion cranks of literature and of art. It is from this direction, not from the direction of science, that the chief menaces to our civilization are now coming.

But, despite this situation, I should hesitate to suggest that all writers and all artists be given a holiday. This is an age of specialization, and properly so, and some evils from our specialization are to be expected. Our job is to minimize them and to find counterirritants for them. I am not altogether discouraged even when I find a humanist of the better sort who is only half educated.

Let this incident illustrate. Not long ago I heard a certain British literary man of magnificent craftsmanship and fine influence in his own field declare that he saw no values in our modern 'mechanical age.' Further, this same man recently visited a plant where the very foundations of our modern civilization are being laid. A ton of earth lies underneath a mountain. Scattered through that ton in infinitesimal grains is just two dollars' worth of copper. That ton of earth is being dug out of its resting place, transported to the mill miles away, the infinitesimal particles of copper miraculously picked out by invisible chemical forces, then deposited in great sheets by the equally invisible physical forces of the electric current, then shipped three thousand miles and again refined, then drawn into wires to transport the formerly

wasted energy of a waterfall — and all these operations from the buried ton of Arizona dirt to refined copper in New York done at a cost of less than two dollars, for there was no more value there.

This amazing achievement not only did not interest this humanist, but he complained about disfiguring the desert by electrical transmission lines. Unbelievable blindness — a soul without a spark of imagination, else it would have seen the hundred thousand powerful, prancing horses which are speeding along each of those wires, transforming the desert into a garden, making it possible for him and his kind to live and work without standing on the bowed backs of human slaves as his prototype has always done in ages past. Seen in this rôle, that humanist was neither humanist nor philosopher, for he was not really interested in humanity. In this picture it is the scientist who is the real humanist. Nevertheless, the Bishop of Ripon was right enough in distrusting the wisdom, and sometimes even the morality, of individual scientists, and of individual humanists, too. But the remedy is certainly not to 'give science a holiday.' That is both impossible and foolish. It is rather to reconstruct and extend our educational processes so as to make broader-gauge and better-educated scientists and humanists alike. There is no other remedy.

III

But, says someone, these pictures so far deal only with the superficial aspects of life. What has science to say to him whose soul is hungry, to him who cries, 'Man shall not live by bread alone'? Has it anything more than a dry crust to offer him? The response is instant and unambiguous. Within the past half century, as a direct result of

the findings of modern science, there has developed an evolutionary philosophy — an evolutionary religion, too, if you will — which has given a new emotional basis to life, the most inspiring and the most forward-looking that the world has thus far seen. For, first, the findings of physics, chemistry, and astronomy have within twenty-five years brought to light a universe of extraordinary and unexpected orderliness, and of the wondrous beauty and harmony that go with order. It is the same story whether one looks out upon the island universes brought to light by modern astronomy, and located definitely, some of them, a million light years away, or whether he looks down into the molecular world of chemistry, or through it to the electronic world of physics, or peers even inside the unbelievably small nucleus of the atoms. Also, in the organic world, the sciences of geology, palæontology, and biology have revealed, still more wonderfully, an orderly development from lower up to higher forms, from smaller up to larger capacities — a development which can be definitely seen to have been going on for millions upon millions of years and which therefore gives promise of going on for ages yet to be.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

That sort of sentiment is the gift of modern science to the world.

And there is one further finding of modern science which has a tremendous inspirational appeal. It is the discovery of the vital part which we ourselves are playing in this evolutionary process. For man himself has within two hundred years discovered new forces with

the aid of which he is now consciously and very rapidly making over both his physical and his biological environment. The Volta Centenary, a symbol of our electrical age, was representative of the one, the stamping out of yellow fever is an illustration of the other. And if the biologist is right that the biological evolution of the human organism is going on so slowly that man himself is not now endowed with capacities appreciably different from those which he brought with him into the period of recorded history, then since, within this period, the forward strides that he has made in his control over his environment, in the development of his civilization, have been stupendous and unquestionable, it follows that this progress has been due, not to the betterment of his stock, but rather primarily to the passing on of the accumulated knowledge of the race to the generations following after. The great instruments of progress for mankind are then research — the discovery of new knowledge — and education — the passing on of the store of accumulated wisdom to our followers. This puts the immediate destinies of the race or of our section of the race, or of our section of our country, largely in our own hands. This spirit and this conviction are the gift of modern science to the world. Is it, then, too much to say that modern science has remade philosophy and revived religion?

IV

The next picture brings into the foreground what I regard as the most important contribution of science to modern life. The scene is laid in Geneva; the occasion, a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. The speaker is Nansen, the tall, white-haired, rugged-faced, heavily moustached Norwegian explorer, now directing the tamed and controlled energies

of his fierce viking blood to trying to find a solution to the tragic situation of the Armenians, a situation to which heretofore there has been no solution except extermination. After four years of effort he brings in a discouraging report, and thinks the League of Nations must write down 'the record of its first failure.' He requests the Council to strike the Armenian matter from its programme, promising, however, to keep at it himself and to try through other agencies to find a solution. Then Briand of France speaks. Quietly he begs Nansen not yet to despair of the League's assistance. He is sure some solution can be found, and promises that his country, in financial straits though it be, will not be lacking in lending its assistance. The representatives of other nations follow in similar vein, the problem is retained on the Council's programme, and the conviction is at least fortified that with the right kind of attack a solution may yet be found to an age-old difficulty — that extermination is not the only answer to race rivalry.

With the right sort of attack! What is it that the League of Nations as a whole is trying to do? It is trying for the first time in human history to use the objective mode of approach to international difficulties, in the conviction that there is some better solution than the arbitrament of war. But whence has come that conviction? Without the growth of modern science it certainly would have been slower in coming. Perhaps it would not have come at all. In the days of the jungle, war *was* probably the best solution — at least it was the only solution. It was Nature's way of enabling the fittest to survive, and we are not so far past the days of the jungle yet. Within fifty years as great an historian as Eduard Meyer and as great a humanist as John Ruskin have lauded war as the

finest developer of a people. But it has been quite recently demonstrated that war is no longer, in general, the best way to enable the fittest to survive. The Great War profited no one. It injured all the main participants. Modern science has created a new world in which the old rules no longer work.

New occasions teach new duties, time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast of truth.

Alfred Nobel was perhaps not far from right when he thought that he had taken the main step to the abolition of war by the invention of nitroglycerine. He has, I suspect, exerted a larger influence in that direction than have all the sentimental pacifist organizations that have ever existed. For sentimental pacifism is, after all, but a return to the method of the jungle. It is in the jungle that emotionalism alone determines conduct, and wherever that is true no other than the law of the jungle is possible. For the emotion of hate is sure sooner or later to follow on the emotion of love, and then there is a spring for the throat. It is altogether obvious that the only quality which really distinguishes man from the brutes is his reason. You may call that an unsafe guide, but he has absolutely no other unless he is to turn his face back toward the jungle from which he has come. There is no sort of alternative except to set up in international matters, precisely as we have already done in intercommunity and interstate affairs, some sort of organization for making studies by the objective method of international difficulties and finding other solutions.

But what exactly do I mean by the objective method? Somebody has said that 'what we call the process of reasoning is merely the process of

rearranging one's prejudices,' and we admit the truth of this assertion when we say, as we so often do, 'Oh yes, I understand that is the excuse, but what is, after all, the reason?' Indeed, there is no question that a large part of what we call reasoning is in fact simply the rearranging of prejudices. In so far, for example, as we are Republicans, or Democrats, or Presbyterians, or Catholics, or Mohammedans, or prohibitionists, because our fathers bore those brands, — and many of us will be admitted by our acquaintances, at least, to have no other real grounds for our labels, — our so-called reasonings on these subjects certainly consist in nothing more than the rearrangement of our prejudices. The lawyer who takes a case first, and develops his argument later, is obviously only rearranging his preconceptions.

If, however, one wishes to obtain a clear idea of what the objective method is, he has only to become acquainted with the way in which all problems are attacked in the analytical sciences. In physics, for example, the procedure in problem solving is always first to collect the facts — namely, to make the observations with complete honesty and complete disregard of all theories and all presuppositions, and then to analyze the data to see what conclusions follow necessarily from them, or what interpretations are consistent with them. This method, while not confined at all to the physical sciences, is nevertheless commonly known as the scientific method in recognition of the fact that it has had its fullest development and its most conspicuous use in the sciences. Indeed, I regard the development and spread of this method as the most important contribution of science to life, for it represents the only hope of the race of ultimately getting out of the jungle. The method can in no way be acquired and understood so

well as by the study of the analytical sciences, and hence an education which has left out these sciences has, in my judgment, lost the most vital element in all education.

Nor is that merely the individual judgment of a prejudiced scientist, as the following quotation from one of our most prominent humanists, a member of the faculty of Harvard University, shows:—

It is the glory of pure science and of mathematics that these subjects train men in orderly and objective thinking as no other subjects can. Here are fields of study in which loose or crooked thought leads inevitably to demonstrable error, to error which cannot be glossed over or concealed. Here are branches of knowledge in which there is no confusion between right and wrong, between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*, between the mere coincidences and the consequences of a cause. When you have finished with a problem in any of the exact sciences you are either right or wrong, and you know it. That is why we call them exact sciences, to distinguish them from philosophy, sociology, economics, and the other social sciences, in which the difference between truth and error is still, in most cases, a matter of individual opinion. Many years ago physics was known as 'natural philosophy'; it was merely a body of speculative ideas concerning the mechanics of nature. It became an exact science by developing an inductive methodology, which makes all the difference between science and guesswork.

Some years ago, in the Harvard Law School, we thought it worth while to inquire into the educational antecedents of the student body, with a view to ascertaining whether there was any relation between success in the study of law and the previous collegiate training of these young men. In the Harvard Law School there are more than a thousand students, all of them college graduates, drawn from every section of the country. Nearly all of them have specialized, during their undergraduate years, in some single subject or group of subjects—languages, history, science, philosophy, economics, mathematics, and so on. Off-

hand one would probably say that the young man who had devoted most of his attention to the study of history, government, and economics while in college would be gaining the best preparation for the study of law—for these are the subjects which in their content come nearest to the law; but that is not what we found. On the contrary the results of this inquiry showed that the young men who had specialized in ancient languages, in the exact sciences, and especially in mathematics, were on the whole better equipped for the study of law, and were making higher rank in it, than were those who had devoted their energies to subjects more closely akin.

But can education, even in the sciences, do the work fast enough to prevent the catastrophe feared by the Bishop of Ripon? Can we learn to control our emotions and impulses and our new-found powers, to take the long view, and to do the rational thing instead of the emotional, or the vicious, thing with the enormous forces given to us by science? Can we alter human nature?

Perhaps the following is a partial answer: twenty-five years ago if anyone had asked you or me or any body of men, however intelligent, whether human nature could be so altered in a reasonable time as to make it safe to entrust practically every grown man in California and part of the women and children with a thirty-horsepower locomotive which they might drive at will through the crowded cities, and race at express-train speed over the country roads of California, the answer would certainly have been a decided negative. Nobody on earth, I suspect, would have thought such a result possible. And yet that is precisely what has happened. It is true we have accidents, too many of them by far. There is still much to improve, and yet the risk is so small that we never think of it when we enter an automobile. I marvel at the success of it every time I drive in

city streets. I glory in it when I see the new race of men the taxi business has created in a city like London. Contrast the clear-eyed, sober, skillful, intelligent-looking London taxi-driver of to-day with the red-nosed wreck of a human being who used to be the London cabby of a quarter century ago, and see what responsibility and power do in altering human nature.

Also the picture which modern science has unfolded of the age-long history of the biological organism is one in which it is seen adapting itself with marvelous success to changes in external conditions. That we, too, at our end of this evolutionary scale, have inherited this adaptability was one of the most striking lessons of the late war, in which we settled down to the endurance of what we thought intolerable conditions with amazing rapidity.

V

If, then, there be any notes of optimism in modern life, one of them is certainly the note played by modern science. If there be any escape from Malthusianism, — the world's greatest problem, — science alone can provide it. It is clearly the development of science and its application to modern life that have made possible the support in Great Britain to-day of forty million people, when a hundred and fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin called England overpopulated with eight millions, and when Robert Fulton a little later, in a prophetic mood, saw England holding sometime 'a population of ten million souls.' Perhaps this population has to-day gone too far, but the check is being applied. In both England and Sweden to-day the birth rate is less than it is in France. With the creative power of physical science, and the application of intelligence to the findings of biological science, even this problem

of population can be faced with a good measure of hope. An international union for its continuous study was formed last summer at Geneva. That is the objective way to begin to attack it.

Finally, can science save our civilization from the fate that has befallen its predecessors, the Sumerian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, and the others that have risen and then declined? Are the Keyserlings, the Spenglers, and the other prophets of decay and death to be regarded as real prophets?

The answer is, of course, a secret of the gods, but that these 'prophets' are 'multiplying words without knowledge' it is easy to show. For our modern civilization rests upon an altogether new sort of foundation. These older civilizations have rested upon the discovery of new fields of knowledge or of art — fields which the discoverers have indeed cultivated with such extraordinary skill that they have been able to reach a state of perfection in them that succeeding generations have often been unable to excel. Witness the sepulchral art of the Egyptians, and the perfection of such principles of architecture as they knew how to use; witness the sculpture, the painting, the æsthetic and the purely intellectual life of the Greeks — an accomplishment so great as to inspire an outstanding modern artist to say that there has been no new principle discovered in either sculpture or painting since the age of Pericles; witness the principles of government and of social order discovered by the Romans, or the arch in architecture, altogether Roman, but reaching perhaps its perfection in the Romanesque and the Gothic of a few centuries later; witness the discovery of the principles of music in central and southern Europe in the Middle Ages, and the perfection that art attained

within two or three centuries. And let us remember, too, that humanity for all time is the inheritor of these achievements. This is the truth of the past which it is our opportunity and our duty to pass on to our children.

But our modern world is distinctive not for the discovery of new modes of expression or new fields of knowledge, though it has opened up enough of these, but for the discovery of the very idea of progress, for the discovery of the method by which progress comes about, and for inspiring the world with confidence in the values of that method. So long as the world can be kept thus inspired, it is difficult to see how a relapse to another dark age can take place.

Even if the biological evolution of the human race should not continue, — though why should what has been going on for millions of years have come to an end just now? — yet the process by which progress has been made within historic times can scarcely fail to be continuously operative. This process is the discovery of new knowledge by each generation and the transmission to the following generation of the accumulated accomplishment of

the past — the discovery of new truth and the passing on of old truth.

The importance of both elements in this process has not been realized in the past, and dark ages have come. But the means for the spread of knowledge, for its preservation and transmission, the facilities for universal education and inspiration, the time for leisure, and the opportunity for thought for everybody — all these have been so extended by modern science, and are capable of such further extension, that no prophecy of decline can possibly have any scientific foundation. Even arguing solely by the method of extrapolation from the past, modern science has shown that the ups and downs on the curve of history are superposed upon a curve whose general trend is upward, and it has therefore brought forth a certain amount of justification for the faith that it will continue to be upward. In the last analysis, humanity has but one supreme problem, the problem of kindling the torch of enlightened creative effort, here and there and everywhere, and of passing on for the enrichment of the lives of future generations the truth already discovered — in two words, the problem of research and of education.

NATURAL COMEDY

BY THEODORE MORRISON

FOR a world sicklied over with a host of apprehensions and complaints, and hard enough put to it to maintain honest cheerfulness in its proper ascendant, the genius of comedy is unfailingly to be found in one pleasant quarter. Let inflammations, pangs, and regrets make what havoc they will with the sad face of daily affairs, its contusions and furrows, its visible nostalgia, do not want for a balm rich in efficacy. A source of refreshment lives which has never been quenched, and the world provides none more constant or more delightful. It lies about us in the comedies inadvertently enacted by the familiar creatures of the woods and pastures, whose world is so close, yet so deeply alien, to our own. No entertainment is more healthful to soul and body, for none is more innocent, spontaneous, or whole-hearted, and none presents a more inimitable refinement of humor, to an eye, at least, philosophic in habit and accustomed to seek its pleasures in the green places of the earth, an eye opening on the hinterland of imagination.

Nor is this a pleasure to be sought only upon exotic savannahs and in remote jungles where apes and birds of unwonted plumage mock the traveler from temperate zones. If it is forbidden to the city's heart, it may be found wherever a field, a stone wall, and a wood lot remain in homely naturalness. One need only stand a few moments to watch a red squirrel on the topmost bar of a pasture gate. I remember a beast little bigger than

my thumb that eyed me from such a vantage. The rough boards of the gate were still resinous, the edge on which the squirrel crouched hardly wider than a finger. Inflamed, as I should be glad to believe, by the outline of my approach projected on the orb of his minute, glittering eye, he vented a stream of that Gallic expostulation and excitement which so often rings from the tree tops of the northern forests, a sound imperishably comic and refreshing in the charmed spaces of the woods. Of a sudden he was off in a frenzy of agitation along the top of the gate, and I looked for his early disappearance. But in mid-flight, by a feat of agility and physical tension too astounding and instantaneous for my dull eye to follow, he reversed the direction of his headlong career, and dashed with equal velocity toward the opposite end of the gate. Still reluctant to vanish, he bewildered my vision with repetitions of his skill, so that it was impossible to say at the extremes of his course in which direction he was facing. Fortunately it was possible to laugh, for great was the need of some response to a performance which had set my veins flowing with delight.

Attempts have been made to substantiate the laughter inseparable from such adventures by insisting that animals themselves have humor, as though it were intentionally that they provoked our amusement, or as though, at least, our enjoyment were not so foreign to their own impulses as to be wholly gratuitous. These attempts, I

have somewhat regretfully concluded, are mistaken. It would be pleasant to believe that animals have at least the rudiments of that whimsicality which would seem to us indispensable to some of the episodes of their behavior which we are fortunate enough to observe. Otherwise the humor with which we view them is an impertinence. It is improper mockery from without of a world which, seen from within, may be intensely serious and important.

And such in sober truth is the fact. For animals are serious. Their busyness shames our mortal craving for distraction. Their earnest attention to the necessities of existence rebukes our frivolity. The squirrel on the gate had certainly an overplus of energy which resulted in anything but economy of movement. His kind is the most electric of all the creatures of the wood, and a little eccentricity can be forgiven a frame of such exquisite tension. But that his madness was deliberate gayety I cannot assure my doubting heart, though I should be glad enough to believe that he enjoyed moments of wantonness and irresponsibility, which might be made a sympathetic excuse for my own. Even the flutings of his tail, motions more delicate and swift than winds ever gave to tossed spray or rippled fields of barley, are ecstatic only to the observer. His anxiously twitching nostril, when a glance at it can be snatched, forbids any other conclusion. It might, indeed, suggest the truth, that curiosity is a great part of his excitement, curiosity apprehensive and ready to strike an instant bargain with flight.

Animals are engaged in continual alertness and industry, in peril, escape, and thrift. The trim and admirably tailored atom that descends with a brisk flutter on a branch before my face is not bent upon the pursuit of pleasure. Birds, I believe, have much

less time to give to this canonized vocation than human beings. The one before me has a penny whistle which he blows occasionally with a sweet, wistful sharpness, but its note escapes almost unconsciously, and is but a contraction of his small frame suddenly released, and its music a part of the economy of spring and of migration by which his vernal impulse toward a mate sitting on an ingenious basket of eggs is fulfilled. His bright and intent little eye, casually discerned, seems to shine with comradely good nature, as if he acknowledged in the sunlight a cosmic cheerfulness which we shared together. But this is an effusion of my own sensibility, which, if I were as practically employed as he, might be as commendably oblivious of poetic untruths. As I look more closely at that penetrating eye, it plainly does not envisage my existence at all—my existence, at least, as it appears to me, in its autonomy and power so much greater than his own. I scarcely seem to be distinguished from the foliage, trunks, and other conformations of the thicket where we both happen to be present. If I moved, the bright eye would report a sudden and menacing upheaval of surroundings expected to be stationary and secure. Wings quicker than thought would whisk my visitor away. But as long as I sit still, that tiny, humorless orb will continue to devote itself to entomological studies, which it takes as earnestly as any researcher in his laboratory.

Once, as I lay on my back in a sensuous doze beside a stream, I heard a series of slight, irregular footfalls crisply approaching over dry leaves and dead twigs. I sat up to learn what small identity might be drawing near. He twinkled into view, a chipmunk, obviously a fellow of business with a mind single to his task. His erratic progress came to a stop near my pleasant station,

and he rose on his haunches, his paws beneath his beard. The attitude was an engaging one, and I should have smiled at it in any case. But my delight knew no bounds when, one by one, half a dozen of the brightest, reddest, and roundest berries were expelled from his distended jowls by vigorous agitation of either cheek, and dropped in a little cluster on the moss where he squatted. There they lay, apples to tempt some diminutive Eve to some Lilliputian and delectable sin!

Preternaturally shining and red, that trove of bright berries made instant way to my affections. What the chipmunk meant to accomplish by them it is beyond my thought to conjecture. But whatever his intention, I am sure it was anything but comic. Some earnest preoccupation those minikin fruits must have been meant to serve, some purpose in the economy of their small possessor. But I should defend to the last my laughter at the little work of perfection which had been wrought before my eyes, although I should defend as well the just resentment with which my coarse misunderstanding was received. Uttering indignation and alarm in cries of wonderful sharpness, the chipmunk made a hurried exit from the stage where he had inadvertently donned the comic mask for my amusement. He had been serious about it all.

Whoever has nosed in a canoe about the shores of a woodland lake must frequently have come upon a small domestic flotilla, a duck and her brood of perhaps a dozen urchins, watchfully oaring about the reedy shallows of a cove. Curiosity has led him, no doubt, to thrust the bow of his canoe toward the buoyant little fleet. What will they do? Is that anxiety that shines in the mother's eye? No disturbance or panic is evident as the craft slides nearer. It is not even clear that the approach of the canoe has been noticed at all. But a

quiet webbing is taking place, a gathering to the post for a sudden and surprising dash for liberty. Now they are cornered by the impending bows. No, not quite cornered, for the mother has studied the textbooks on just this point of tactics. She knows the manœuvre which by assured precedent should free her brood from imminent annihilation. And it does. The canoe is driven by a fellow of coarse and untutored perceptions, who does not see that as he draws nearer an avenue is opened around his flanks to the broad lake behind him. The little troop waits until his very nearness prevents his moving athwart this exit. Then the signal is given. With one accord the well-marshaled brood, too young to fly, rise upon their webs, and led by the old lady, scamper over the surface of the water, churning a grotesquely tiny and furious disturbance which all but obscures the threshing paddles and frantically straining bodies from view. A dozen protective yards the desperate sprint carries them. Then they sink into an abrupt halt until strength returns for a second scamper, and if the dull fellow in the canoe persists in threatening from the rear, still further dashes. Always in the brood is one weakling, the last of the slender line, who falls a little behind in the frenzy of effort. The tempest churned by his webs is smaller, and continues longer than the others. He beats an anxious tattoo on the water when the rest of the column has subsided. And if there is a second hurly-burly he is slower to start than his unfeeling superior family. He may even make a solitary and abandoned sprint when the ripples of their progress have vanished on the limpid emptiness of the lake.

To the observer this instructive episode is a comedy which he will be tempted to repeat. But to the frightened squadron that has eluded him it

is anything but gay. Not even their triumphant escape from his obviously mortal designs evokes in them, we may be sure, that vulgar ridicule which a victorious human being might vent on his adversary in a like instance.

It would not be hard to multiply examples of natural pathos which to the mortal onlooker are inexpressibly funny. During an evening walk in England it was once my fortune to see a half-grown bird which had been spilled from its nest and was being fed by one of the parents, who hovered near, its eye bright with solicitude and apprehension. The unlucky nestling stood at the foot of a hedge in the grass by the roadside. It was black with a scrawny covering of down, through which a few livid quills of stouter fibre protruded. At the moment it caught my eye, its whole being was distended into the shape of a sack, prodigiously open at the throat. Features it had none, all its elements uniting to form an expectant cavity. Its beak was no more than a horny lining at the mouth of this cavern. It stood upon feet, but these might as well have been attached as a frank absurdity to some object without organic pretensions. Into this sack, the personification of appetite excluding all other uses or concepts, a worm of considerable proportions was about to be dropped from the beak of the adult bird. But sad fate! At that instant the disturbed parent became aware of me. Even as the succulence of that rich, that inimitable carcass touched the organs divinely appointed to receive and give thanks for it, the delicious length was cruelly withdrawn. With a squawk of terror the parent hastily disappeared over the hedge. The disappointed sack relapsed into a fledgling with features, ungainly, to be sure, but unmistakably an eye, a paunch, and feet at last purposeful and appropriate. Timorous,

but faithful, its elder returned to guide it ingeniously along the hedge to a gate which offered a refuge from my attention. I hoped that in the deepening shadows beyond this protective barrier the worm might meet the destiny I had interrupted, or that another as palatable and as substantial might take its place.

Dogs, if they have not a claim to the purely mortal prerogative of humor, the accidental discovery of which would at once plunge any animal into fantastic insanity, are at least responsive to the impulse of play. And the young of many animals are said to romp together like children. But children, who live in an animal world of sensuous color and impulse before they submit to the dull, inert categories of maturity, are intensely earnest in their play, and their imaginations are of utmost solemnity and importance. Much of their laughter is in imitation of grown-ups, a response to obvious adult expectations. Left to themselves, they enjoy serious pursuits. They laugh when they are tickled—a physical response to sensuous titillation; but of humor, according to the mature conception, they have little.

The colt that tries his legs in a spring pasture, though the eyes of an observer hanging over the gate may grow humid with joy, is anything but a comedy to himself. A foal of small experience in this complex world I watched once from a country road bordering the meadow where his dam peacefully cropped the grass. His dappled sides were first stretched upon the turf, warmed by the sun in its early gentleness and vigor. At length he rose, a small, round body uncertainly supported on legs that, had they acted in concert, would have served the stoutest dobbin. His long nose surveyed the ground as if from a venturesome height, as indeed it was when his security

depended upon members so disproportionate and so obviously prepared to lapse uncontrollably from their proper alignment. With an unpremeditated impulse his body suddenly launched into the air, to come down with an audible shock upon all four hooves at once, erect and stiff. It was anything but an intentional gambol, and the little gallop that followed it, with its uncertain and experimental motions, was no more deliberate. The initiative came from no playfulness of brain, but from some complex of energy in the undeveloped body, and the result was a surprise to be earnestly considered and assimilated, as the plain bewilderment of that long nose testified.

The placid figure of his dam invited him with the shadow of her mature and benignant strength, and he trotted to her flank, regarding me inquisitively from her farther side, his long nose and innocent eye appearing beneath the smooth curve of her belly. This was the station from which instinct provided that he should view objects which solicited interest but which might portend danger. Running thus in the protection of the mare's tranquil bulk, and peering out beneath it, he was a sight of exquisite pleasure; but nature had appointed him a position there in seriousness and sober foresight.

No, the endless, the imperishable humor which our fauna afford us is not their property but ours. Even the crows, whose guttural discourse

over the cornfield is instinct with irony, are not mocking the world in which humanity labors and is vain. They are not even aware of it, and their sardonic croaking is the most practical and serious of speech. In the dramas of animal existence which accident brings within our scrutiny, perhaps we see small parodies of our own passions and surprises. But there is something profounder and more buoyant than any cumbersome philosophy can explicate in the humor which we derive from watching animals. It brings us near to sources of unconscious grace and health from which cities are alienating the world, to its cost. Some city dwellers snuffle cinders by preference and yearn for no green and secret places of nature. But it will be long before the gayest of the saints is forgotten, who was the same that preached to the birds. In that immortal act was the sense of community with our fellows of the woods without which the laughter they provoke in us would be impossible. This community, heaven knows, is an illusion and a deceit. The brothers of the bough whom Saint Francis exhorted had no portion in his joy or his salvation, nor could they have understood why he needed to be saved. But who does not know that it was a flowering of sweetness in himself thus to harangue them in his exuberance and his simplicity? And who does not acknowledge the justice of his act?

THE CHURCH AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

THERE seems to be a belief commonly current that the college student is both religiously and morally in a parlous state, and a feeling that the Christian Church ought to be doing something about it. After ten years of careful and dispassionate observation of undergraduates the present writer has come to the conclusion that the current indifference to religion, which indubitably exists on most of our many campuses, is largely caused by the fact that the students are entirely too moral. This statement is not intended as a paradox, but rather as a sober statement of fact. The terms of this thesis need only to be defined in order to make the contention seem reasonable. Much of the confusion which is all about us in regard to campus problems is due to hazy understanding of what is really involved. There are three elements which need to be considered. First of all, what sort of person is the usual undergraduate? Second, what are morals? Third, what is the Church, and what is the legitimate basis of its ethical message?

Exactly how many students are at present studying in our colleges is not easy to determine. A good deal depends upon one's definition of a college. Including all professional schools and the junior colleges, the number seems to be approximately 500,000. Any casual thinker ought to be able to understand at once that these half million young people must for the

most part be medium-grade persons, by no means young men and women of genius or extraordinary insight. They are probably, on the whole, slightly more intelligent than the vast majority of their noncollegiate compatriots. Collegians are usually quite ordinary human beings, normally between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, for the most part living away from home, more or less earnestly studying about themselves and their world. The first thing to be noted about them is not the difference between them and others, but their extraordinary likeness to others. Probably seven eighths of all undergraduates are children of their time, accepting without question current opinions, prejudices, standards. All youths are conservative, collegiate youths not excepted. They are shy, self-conscious, overmodest, fearful of being considered eccentric. There are, to be sure, the relatively few exceptions, those who have really questioning minds. They are so rare that the discovery of one of them is an event in a college professor's year. They represent the kind of men who in the old days, before the flood of democracy inundated our institutions of higher learning, predominated in the American colleges. At present, chiefly owing to the huge numbers and impersonal organization of our contemporary mills of knowledge, such students, although they struggle to be vocal, have a decreasing influence. The deadening

mass of those who are incapable of much intellectual effort beyond the accumulation of facts numbs and discourages this small group of active-minded students, separates them from contact with one another, and diffuses all insurgency. The majority considers such persons with good-humored patience. It has coined for them a phrase of benevolent contempt. It says that they are 'all wet.'

The average undergraduate is, then, a creature of the general public opinion of his time. Wise is the campus manipulator who recognizes this fact. Unhappy are those many teachers who have never yet learned its truth. No matter how wisely faculties may labor, most of us who deal with collegians have come to know that if we are striving for any end not widely approved by the great mass of more or less ignorant citizens in the world outside our walls, if we are trying in the least to resist the *mores*, our results must of necessity be exceptional and usually temporary. Most professors feel kinship to that colleague in an Eastern college who looked down from a library window upon an alumni procession on commencement day and sighed, 'See what the world has done to our brave young men!'

All of this means, really, that the college student is an intensely conformist person, a moral young man. For what are morals? Morality means conformity to whatever is considered socially useful in the group to which an individual happens to belong. In other words, what is respectable is moral, and vice versa. If one is inclined to think this definition somewhat shocking, that one is respectfully referred to a good dictionary. Morality is conforming to custom, the custom of one's group and time. This does not mean that there are no standards of right and wrong eternal in the heavens.

Being right from a considered, reasoning, personally matured point of view, being right according to the best apprehension one may gain of that ultimate truth, beauty, goodness which men call God, is a very different thing from being moral. To be moral is to do what one's social group considers necessary for common welfare. It is always a thing of the mob. It differs with the character of the mob. To an unreconstructed Igorot it is moral to cut off the head of anyone who does not happen to live in one's own village. It would be immoral for a citizen of Boston to do that to a citizen of New York, great though the provocation undoubtedly is. It is moral for a Turk to have three wives at once; moral for a citizen of Nevada to have three wives *seriatim*; immoral for a Christian to have more than one wife living at one time; immoral for a monk to have any wives at all. It all depends upon the group to which one by birth or by choice belongs.

Public opinion all about us presses in upon the colleges with a force which most of the students never think of resisting and which even the few find it difficult to withstand. Does the collegian disregard the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act? He does it, not because he is in revolt, but because he wishes to conform to current middle-class custom. His ideas in regard to purity he derives from the conversation, the books, the magazines, the plays, the motion pictures which are prepared, not for him, but for the world of which he is a part. Is he complacent, conceited, self-centred? Of course he is, but no more than the people who are all around him. Does he cheat in examinations and defend the practice? He does, and he learned to do it from the worship of success at any price which characterizes our entire age. In short, for better or worse, he is a moral young man. It is this very

morality which interferes in his case, as in that of most other people, with apprehension of what the Christian religion is all about or of what the functions of the Christian Church may possibly be.

What is the Christian Church? The usual undergraduate has only the vaguest idea, and that mostly an erroneous idea. This lack of comprehension is partly due to the timidity of the Church itself, but chiefly it is due to the unwillingness of our whole civilization at the moment to listen to any kind of religious message which may interfere with its own comfortable complacency. What does the undergraduate think about the Church? He thinks what almost everybody else thinks. To some students the Church means a collection of long-faced persons who anæmically admire one another. To others the Church is such a thing as may indeed function through the Antisaloon League. To still a third group it seems to be a loose society of those who are interested in listening, semioccasionally, in an atmosphere of intense respectability, to discussions of the good, the true, the beautiful, phrased with sufficient vagueness to disturb nobody. But to an even larger group the Church is supposed to be a collection of puritanical joy killers who have, for some unexplained reason, retained into this age of enlightenment a considerable group of antiquated and outworn personal inhibitions. In the light of history, none of these ought to be considered seriously as a definition of the Christian Church. The chief task for anyone who wishes religiously to get at the contemporary undergraduate is to crack through this crust of conventional morality and conventional misconception of the Christian religion.

If the forces of Christendom, instead of worrying about minutiae in student

conduct, would make one concerted demand that undergraduates, despite current ways of thinking, actually examine into the functions of religion and the Church, something might be accomplished. They might persuade their hearers of the wisdom of substituting, in the place of the current American middle-class misconceptions, that view of the Church held by the vast majority of Christians during the centuries since Christianity first began. The Church, in the estimate of its members, has been a society of those who, having accepted Christ Jesus as Lord and God in human terms, have been organically united to Him, in order that, by virtue of the supernatural strength which He imparts within sacraments and in prayer, they may struggle closer to that personal reality which is God. The thing that primarily matters about historic Christianity is not the dogmatic faith, which is only an intellectual reflection upon the life lived with Christ within His Body; nor is it the Christian order, with episcopacy and priesthood and the like, for these are merely the mechanical contrivances normally necessary for the preservation of life with Christ within His Body. The thing that has mattered has been the life itself, a life within a supernatural organism composed of those called to be Christ's, a mystical society within this world and yet not of it.

II

These, then, are the three elements involved in the character development of undergraduates: the nature of the student, the nature of morals, the nature of the Church. How are they usually fitted together in the campus mind? How ought they to be fitted together?

Ordinarily the collegian, this very

moral young person, conforming to the standards of society about him without much question, cannot help observing that those standards are no longer the standards of the Church. Usually he jumps to the easy conclusion that the difference between the Church's ethics and the ethics of the world at the moment lies merely in this, that the Church's ethics are outworn and outmoded. Ergo, the teachings of the Church as to conduct seem to him, at the best, negligible; at the worst, a positive hindrance to reasonable progress.

Because he does not understand that the Christian Church involves a life lived for supernatural ends, admittedly different from those of the world at large, he almost always fails to understand the real basis for Christian morals. It would seem that he might be helped to understand that the moral standards of his secular group are one thing and the moral standards of Christ's Church quite another thing, and that they differ from one another, not in relative contemporaneity, but because the aim in life presupposed in each is different. He ought to be helped to see that it is quite all right to conform to the world's standards, provided the good which is offered to those who thus conform seems a sufficient good; but that, if one deems the good offered by Christ's Church to be better and more satisfying than that which is offered by the world, one must in reason adopt, since one has accepted a new purpose and affiliated himself with others pursuing that purpose, the quite different moral standards of this quite different society. The good offered by the world of our day is a good limited essentially to a life soon to end in death. It consists chiefly of food, shelter, opportunity for procreation, distraction from too probing thought, comfort, security, admiration from one's fellows. If these

seem adequate ends, the game may well be played according to the rules laid down by the world. He may possibly also come to understand that there have been and still are those who are persuaded that these goods are relatively unimportant and inadequate; that what the wise man seeks is nothing less than such personal unity with reality as makes the possession of all things else of second-rate importance; that man is really thirsty for God, lonely for God. If Christianity is based, as historically it has always been based, upon such convictions as these, then it is not unreasonable that the mystical Body of Christ should claim, as the price of the bread of life, a moral living quite its own, a unique ethics. If the undergraduate can only get it through his head that Christian morals and natural morals are two quite different things, get it out of his head that the former is merely old-fashioned while the latter is up-to-date, get it into his head that they differ in aim and in purpose, a vast confusion may be resolved.

Whenever morality is discussed nowadays, the argument almost always resolves itself into talk about matters connected with the Seventh Commandment. While we may deplore this tendency to limit good or bad living to the relationship of the sexes and to regard fornication as vastly worse than pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, — a thoroughly vicious seeing things out of focus, — yet we may take sex for an example. It well illustrates the point being made. Here, as it happens, anyone with half an eye can see that natural morality differs from Christ's morality and that the difference is due to a differing definition of man and his highest good. When people believe as a matter of course that a man is an immortal soul, lodged within a body, they also believe that in matters of sex the

interest of souls is more worth conserving than the interest of bodies.

There was a time when most people in America thought that way and when current natural ethics maintained just that. Such was not the case in the world to which Christ came and to which Paul preached. It is not the case in the world at the present moment. Nowadays most people do not believe any such thing about man and his highest destiny, and prevailing natural ethics has changed accordingly. The usual man of the moment may admit that there is a soul, but only in the sense of a higher function of the body. Man may be a superbeast, but he is essentially a beast. So people think. And because they think it the impulse toward chastity and monogamy loses force. This is to be expected, for the simple reason that chastity is not an animal virtue and never was, while monogamy is not a natural arrangement for the handling of the family and never has prevailed among the beasts. The only natural argument that ever has been advanced for monogamy is that in order to rear children through the long helplessness of early years parents must be made to stay together that we may avoid social disaster to the upcoming generation. That is a good argument as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. Suppose there are no children. Suppose the children are grown up. Suppose the children are endowed. What then? If man is only a socialized beast, if his highest goods are animal goods, there is not the slightest reason why companionate marriage, so called, or some other form of thinly disguised promiscuity should not prevail. As a matter of fact, it is to some such thing that increasingly our contemporary natural standard, embodied in the changing laws governing matrimony, is approaching.

What is the Christian to do about it? Nothing can be done about it as long as people believe that man is a higher animal and nothing more. When the Church or her ecclesiastics thunder against divorce and its attendant evils and demand monogamy and fidelity within marriage, and continence outside of marriage, unless they make it plain that they are speaking of wisdom for those who as Christians are seeking God, and not for people who care nothing much about Christ or His definition of man, she and her officers, in the eyes of the world at large, which means incidentally in the eyes of undergraduates, seem to be advocating merely something which was and now is not, simply on the ground that the old is better, a very dubious contention. There was a laughable example not long ago in New York when a prominent ecclesiastic told a large audience at an urban university that marriage was indissoluble for everybody. His audience consisted very largely of Jews, who were living, it is to be assumed, faithfully under the Mosaic religion, which permits divorce almost at will. It is this kind of confused talk which does as much as anything else to undermine undergraduate respect for Christian morals as such.

In matters of sex and in all other matters of conduct, the prime necessity is that we shall make plain that Christian ethics claims a more than natural sanction and applies only to those who have acknowledged the validity of that sanction. We may as well abandon the attempt to make people live like Christians when they are not Christians, to preserve a Christian civilization without belief in that God-search which alone justifies a Christian civilization. One's God implies one's good. To ask people who worship Mammon to live lives of sacrifice, to expect devotees of Venus to be chaste, to hope

that people whose real God is comfort at any price will suffer gladly for the truth, is grotesque.

III

Willy-nilly, each man is a citizen of his social group or groups. Let him conform to the customs of the nation, unless he also becomes and remains a citizen of that higher nation which is the Church. When he does that, and only when he does that, the whole new series of Christian ethical judgments comes into play in his life. We live in a pagan world, as did the Hebrew prophets, as did the Christ, as did His early disciples. Christians are now — they probably always have been and always will be — a chosen people, set apart. What is right or wrong for others may not be right or wrong for them. They have been bought by Christ's love, at the price of His blood. But they who are Christians have equally no right to judge others.

It would help the undergraduate a good deal if the Church would plainly say: 'If you wish Christ's grace, if you believe that He is the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Sustainer of souls, then you must try to live according to that morality which is of Him. If you do not desire Christ, if you are satisfied with lesser aims, then conform to the standards of conduct prevalent about you. If you do, the Church will be very sorry, but she cannot then be held responsible for your eventual, or present, happiness or unhappiness.' There are some who listen if we talk bravely of an ascetic morality, practised in order that men may see God; but most students rightly ignore the hesitant, conformist type of Christian ethics which wails because worldly people have worldly morals — the sort which says, 'You are animals, of course. That is a scientific fact. But do not act like animals.' For that sort of thing the student with brains has a healthy contempt.

SONS OF TUBAL-CAIN

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

I

CHESS players, mathematicians, and organists are clannish, as are all workers in mysteries. They may not think much of one another, but are forced nevertheless more or less to flock together, however solitary their natures. There is, for them, no hope of sympathy or understanding from the common herd.

So you will often see, if you watch

the back doors of churches, especially after service or during sessions of choir practice, furtive-looking figures, generally tall and thin and dressed more or less decently in black, hanging about, drifting in when others begin to leave, like men intent on stealing the altar plate. But they are only hoping to catch the organist alone and in a fraternal mood, and to be invited to

'try' the instrument for a few precious moments before light and water are turned off or the bellows boy goes home.

A gambler may carry his cards or his dice in his pocket. A violinist tucks his instrument under his arm. Even the pianist sometimes owns a fairly decent piano, or can find one at the house of a friend. But the organist, alone of addicts to strange joys, is at the mercy of institutions, churches, or, more rarely, town halls, for the means of gratifying his habit. Only millionaires, not knowing one note from another unless they be bank notes, are the personal possessors of pipe organs.

Do you think that organists therefore envy rich men? As well imagine them envying vocalists, who — unless they have laryngitis — need only air and police protection in order to practise their art. An organist envies nobody, except it be another organist — one with a job.

I made the acquaintance of the king of instruments in the only right and proper way — from the bellows end. Though the uninitiated may never guess it, the bellows is not only the lungs but the soul of the organ, the thing which distinguishes it from a whistle or a set of Pan's pipes, and the thing, withal, which was by far the most difficult to invent. Without wind, even Bach himself had been a mute, inglorious son of Tubal-Cain.

My appointment was a glaring instance of nepotism, for my father was leader of the choir, and, I am afraid, rather looked for some sin of omission on the part of my predecessor (who was a son of the parish undertaker) to justify the change. Sins of omission are the only sort of which organ blowers are capable, the carving of initials upon the great wooden pipes of the double open pedal diapason being considered a perquisite and prerogative of the calling, not a crime.

If human nature were perfect, anybody could blow an organ. As matters stand, the perfect blower has been well-nigh superseded by mechanical contrivances, ranging all the way from gas and water motors to electric fans, while waiting yet to be born. A long stick, or lever, projects into a small hell-hole behind the choir loft, or is otherwise hidden, and its resistance to upward or downward motion is not difficult to overcome — for a while. And as long as it is overcome with sufficient regularity and in proportion to the organist's demands, the stub end of a wire showing horizontally through a perpendicular slot in the boarding remains between the two notches which mark the spots where the bellows begins to shake with excess on the one hand and to gasp from scarcity on the other. Eternal vigilance is the price of holding the job. And eternal vigilance is impossible. There comes a day —

But then, I have known even water motors to break down, and fans to cease fanning — right in the midst of the anthem. So why fire the blower for being no more than human? It is worse, of course, if he fails because of a trip to the Sunday-school room or the back steps where, in the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine, he has overestimated the probable length of the sermon. Nevertheless, I claim that the machine age, abolishing, as it has, the bellows boy, will find itself lacking competent performers at the keyboard, so that in the end we may have to resort to mechanics throughout, and listen to organs played from punctured reels of paper accompanying a choir of voices canned in a phonograph. Who is going to master the instrument, now that there is no way left to learn it from the wind up? And who is going to sing in choirs which have no organists to be met and subdued?

The monetary loss to youth, though

serious, perhaps matters less. I received thirty dollars a year for my services at the bellows, and have since learned that I was probably the highest-priced raiser of wind in the United States, which is to say in the world. No wonder I was encouraged to go on and tackle the keyboard. I knew the organist received even more, and did not have to exercise half the strength.

When it was too late, I realized that I had given my heart to a mistress who could never come and live with me, who had many suitors and was permanently attached to none. I say too late as we say too late in any case where a mortal has contracted an incurable passion — call it a complaint, if you will. He may not die for many years, and then may die of something else; but he will die with the malady still about him.

The trouble, of course, was in finding an instrument to practise upon, and finding somebody to blow it. Churches are jealous of their cash balances, and, if they have motors, do not care to see the gas or water bill suddenly jump three hundred per cent even to furnish wind used by their own organists. The incumbent should have learned his art before accepting a position, church trustees seem to argue, and be in no need of further practice. If it be his pupils who use the motor, so much the worse. Thus penury curtails his income as a teacher, but tends to give him a monopoly.

I settled the question of practice, as I thought, by going to a music conservatory up along the Hudson, where there was a students' organ — which means a one-manual affair with only a single octave of pedals. But, as there was no motor, I fancied that it would be easy to hire some fellow student to keep the lever moving. It was. An impecunious violinist named Jones applied for and obtained the situation, and I became an employer of labor.

Unfortunately, Jones was interested in literature and philosophy, and discovered that if he could only get me into an argument the practice period would pass with little exertion on his part. He was better at keeping up his end of a dispute than at keeping the wind gauge at full. So I never caused Guilmant to look to his laurels, or Samuel P. Warren, the greatest American organist of my student days, to weep with chagrin. After years, I even suffered myself to be lured away after strange gods. But can I now pass an open church door without pausing to listen? And if I hear the far-carrying soft thunder of a thirty-two-foot stop, can I go my way? I cannot.

II

Some say that Æolus, King of the Winds, made the first organ by sighing sadly over a field of frostbitten Bam-busa one evening late in the fall. Others claim the invention for a musical goat, name of Pan, who took five hollow stalks, tied them together in a row, and tooted a tune by blowing across the open ends. This was the syrinx, or Pan's pipes. But long acquaintance with the peculiarities of the organ convinces me that it has Chinese blood in its veins.

The Chinese call their syrinx the *sung*, which is the reason, no doubt, why Occidental writers always spell it *sang*, or *sheng*, or *cheng*. It is an organ of a sort, since it boasts one pipe for each note and has a wind chest in the form of a gourd fitted with a mouth-piece. The Chinese are the people who had the genius to invent gunpowder, and the sense never to use it for anything but fireworks. So naturally they left the *sung* where it was, with no bellows other than the human lungs.

The real harm was done by Ctesibius, a white living in the city of

Alexandria three hundred years before Christ, who unscrupulously attached his pipes to a half-submerged diving bell, or inverted kettle, into which a number of contemporary Africanders were hired, or otherwise persuaded, to pump air by alternately dilating and squeezing leather bags between hinged boards. It was a right jocund arrangement. And when the water about the kettle (a heavy kettle, so as to keep the air under pressure) began to boil with escaping bubbles, the music was ready to be served.

It was good music, too, or at least good enough to win praises from Cicero. Anyway, it was fourteen hundred years before the hydraulic pot was equalled, let alone surpassed. And this notwithstanding the fact that in northern Europe the water could be kept from freezing only during summer, making organ playing a strictly seasonable sport.

One would think it would be easy enough to furnish a steady draft of air for an organ, but the mediæval men of science did not find it so. They tried a big square storage bellows into which little feeders delivered their respective puffs, but the result was a bad case of hiccoughs. For the organ does not present a steady market for air. The treble pipes are poor consumers; the bass pipes are gluttons. If all goes well while the organist performs upon the upper registers, there is disaster the instant he touches the pedals. If arrangements are made to suit the pedals, the bellows is likely to burst when the music turns shrill. Here are the well-known phenomena of alternate booms and panics, business cycles of uncertain duration, troublesome then as now. And strange as it may seem, it was hundreds of years before anybody thought of equalizing the pressure by weighting the storage bellows with stones; and many hundreds more before the bright light of human intellect hit upon springs.

The golden days of the organ player's art were in this stone age, when it finally came. Blind Francesco Landino, of fourteenth-century Florence; then Squarcialupi, his successor, in the fifteenth; Konrad Paumann, of Germany; Claudio Merulo, who died in 1604; Girolamo Frescobaldi, 1583 to 1644; Johann Jacob Froberger, who died in 1667; Dietrich Buxtehude, who died in 1707; Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685 to 1750 — do these names mean anything to you? If not, you have missed one of the thrills of life.

Bach (descendant of a famous zither player and baker of Thuringia) once walked one hundred and fifty miles, from Arnstadt to Lübeck, just to hear Buxtehude. And before that he had walked almost as far to hear Reinken, who, when he had listened to the youngster improvise upon the choral, 'By the waters of Babylon,' exclaimed, 'I feared this art was to die with me, but you will carry it on!' No wonder that Bach became proficient on the pedals. Is there any such devotion nowadays? I have yet to hear of it. Even at the age of eighteen Bach could provoke the church authorities at Arnstadt into officially complaining, 'He hath heretofore made sundry and perplexing variations and imported various strange harmonies, in such wise that the congregation was thereby confounded.' Our organists hardly excel Mendelssohn, save for the fact that most of them can play congregations — all unconfounded — out of church, while Mendelssohn never could. Why this falling off?

The secret probably lies in the history of the organ itself — a history which still awaits a competent hand to write it. The instrument, as Europe first knew it, was incredibly clumsy — a mere crutch for singers to lean upon — and played nothing but the melody, there being in those days nothing but

the melody to play. Nevertheless, it was the soul of dignity, and had a quality all its own.

Its proportions were very humble, so that it could be carried about from one part of the church edifice to another. It had but one manual, and nothing at all resembling our modern keys, or digitals. A key — I am speaking, of course, of times preceding the golden age — was the projecting end of a horizontal slider, a slider which, instead of being arranged so as to connect or disconnect a family of pipes of the same quality, was in control of a number of pipes of the same pitch. The only way you could stop a stop was to turn a stopcock in the end of a wind chest. So mostly you did n't, but contented yourself with pulling out and pushing in the ends of the sliders, thus unlocking the tones you wished to hear — hence the term 'keys,' which has come down as the popular name of the later-invented digitals. 'Working your alphabet,' it was called, the slider-ends being lettered for identification purposes.

When keys in the form of levers were first introduced, they were manly affairs three inches wide that had to be struck with a fist protected by the fore-runner of the boxing glove. Strenuous, but simple and precluding all frivolity. The lever was reduced in size and resistance in the interests of labor-saving. One player could now reach several keys at the same time, with the result that a number of organs were combined; the keyboards ranked in terraces one above the other. But to this day these banks reveal their separate origins in the names 'great, swell, choir, solo, and echo organ manual' still applied to them.

Composers were quick to take advantage of the new situation, and in the ninth century began writing music in parts, several melodies to be played at the same time. No wonder the organ

became the king of instruments. It had created harmony, descant, counterpoint, polyphony — call it what you like — quite a new musical world. And, as nobody but the organist could at first cope with these passages, they were marked in Latin, '*Organum*,' from the Greek *organon*, or 'instrument,' derived appropriately enough from *ergon*, meaning 'work.'

In the first half of the twelfth century, this development produced the wonderful organs of Albert Van Os, and the golden days began. An organ then was considered a fitting gift from an emperor to a Pope. The great Silbermann family of organ builders, flourishing from 1359 to 1780, maintained the wave at its height — even added to it. This was the period of the master players already mentioned. Never, I fancy, shall be heard their like again.

III

The organ still resembled no other instrument under heaven, and still had a tone all its own — the diapason, a word which originally meant merely that a certain family of pipes was carried through the entire range of the keyboard. This tone came from straight, honest pipes of wood or metal, flue pipes, the most prized metal being tin. And as tin was even then expensive, it was usually to be found in combination with baser zinc and lead. Yet, if the mixture were rich enough to cause the tin to form in silvery crystal flakes upon the surface, it did well enough. The poet who wrote, 'While the majestic organ rolled contrition from its mouths of gold,' was either ignorant of his subject, rhyme-bound, or thinking of the money involved. Golden tones are rolled only from pipes of 'spotted metal.' Then the French invented the reed pipe, and the long decline of the organ began.

It had already been discovered that by driving a plug, or tampion, into the end of a pipe, not only was the pitch lowered an octave, but the quality was altered so that it resembled more or less the tone of a flute. With reeds, three qualities of tone were attained — diapason, flute, and reed. Pipes were then slit down their sides, making them sound stringy — and what remained to prevent the imitation of a full orchestra? Unfortunately, nothing. An imitation orchestra the organ became; an imitation orchestra it has continued.

But so long as the old tracker action was retained, little harm was done. For the tracker action was not to be trifled with. Its mechanical principle was very simple. When a digital was pressed down, its farther end naturally flew up. This pushed upon a stiff strip of wood, called a sticker, which pushed upon one end of an angle iron — a small bit of metal resembling a carpenter's square. And when one arm of an angle iron went up, the other arm moved horizontally. The horizontal motion was continued by another sticker, which pushed, or by a tracker, which pulled. This might be a flexible wooden strip, a wire, or even a shoe-string. Other stickers, trackers, angle irons, roller boards, backfalls, dead-falls, and similar contrivances conveyed the movement backward or forward, to right or to left, from one level to another, or around corners, until finally a valve was opened beneath a pipe. If all went well, wind was thus introduced, and a note sounded.

But the same pipe could not be called upon to speak too frequently, or the tracker action tangled itself up. So C. S. Barker, an Englishman (1806 to 1879), invented the pneumatic action in the interests of repeated notes and to enable weaklings to preside at the keyboard. The trackers and their fearful companions were now set in motion by

a tiny bellows, one at the end of each digital, and all the organist's fingers had to do was to admit compressed air into these little helpers, and let it out again.

Barker's conservative countrymen would have nothing to do with such a contrivance. The French, less canny, allowed it to be built into the organ of the church of Saint-Denis, Paris, by Cavaillé-Coll, and the great battle for mechanical rather than musical perfection was on. Lead pipes, conveying the air pressure to where it was needed, did away with stickers and trackers altogether. The English could no longer resist. To them had been given that Edison of the organ, Robert Hope-Jones, of London, who was born in 1859 and died in 1914. He began by inventing the electric action, now almost universal. At first it sparked, causing contacts to rust, and kept the organist in continual danger of electrocution — trifles which did not halt the march of progress for a moment.

The organs in Grace Church, New York, have all of these actions — or did have in the happy days when Dr. Warren was trying to initiate the most unworthy of his pupils into their multitudinous mysteries. The result was that response from some of the manuals was more prompt than from some of the others. If you were seated at the four-manual console in the chancel just at the right of the altar, and wanted to play on the great accompanied by the swell, you had to keep one hand about half a beat ahead of the other in order to allow the slow-speaking action to catch up. From the same position you could also play the four-manual organ situated in the ventral gallery in the front of the church; or you could go up into the gallery and from there play upon the organ in the chancel. But now you were confronted by the law of acoustics which says that sound may

travel only so many feet per second. You would be playing the second bar before you could hear your own playing of the first. And if you still remained hungry for punishment, you could then hitch on to an echo organ located somewhere up above the ceiling.

Warren himself was never disturbed by these details. He was a master who had not only begun as a bellows boy, but had been born, so to speak, in an organ factory in Canada. He knew the instrument from its initial state in forests and mines until its ultimate avatar in one of his own perfect recitals. But the Grace Church organs were no playthings for lesser men.

That, however, did not stay the hand of Hope-Jones in London. He kept on contriving other arrangements — such as the one which allows the opening and closing of the swell blinds to be controlled by varying the pressure on the keys, making it impossible any longer to cling to the keyboard for support. He invented the double-touch and the pizzicato-touch mechanisms. He invented the diaphone, or pressure equalizer, and other things too numerous to mention and too complicated for description, leaving only the kinetic blower, or fan bellows, to be invented by Cousans. There is now no longer any romance in relation to wind.

IV

Lovers of the picturesque should therefore investigate old organs which have not been brought up to date. In the cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, for example, anyone who will look for a hinged panel which during service usually stands ajar (it is in the woodwork to the left of the chancel) will see a strong man sweating and groaning in a heated cubbyhole as he steps from one huge treadle to another in a fruitless attempt to keep them both down. He is one of

the last great organ blowers in existence, a brother to Sisyphus.

But — from a blowing standpoint — what is the organ in Notre Dame compared with the one which was put into the cathedral at Winchester, England, in the year 951? The Winchester monster had but four hundred pipes. But there were twenty-six pairs of bellows, and seventy men were required to raise the wind. Three organists were also needed, each one operating his own alphabet. For the rest, there were ten pipes to each key, and no stops to shut any of them off. It was probably the first attempt to prove the theory, afterward laid down by Shakespeare, that 'murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.' Here was at least a prophecy of *The Tempest*, when 'the thunder, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd the name of Prosper.' Yet it did not justify Milton in declaring, 'In an organ, from one blast of wind, to many a row of pipes the sound board breathes.'

No organ ever had a sound board. The poet should have said 'wind chest.' Yet now, after the respite of the golden days when noise was abandoned for soft and shining music, it has nearly everything else. Edwin Welte has even given us the philharmonic organ, which photographs the performance for future reproduction — and this says nothing of the unit organ of William Hill and Sons, with its *voix céleste* with three ranks of pipes, some of them a trifle sharp for a sobbing effect. And what is the result?

The modern organist sits upon the edge of a smooth board tipped forward from the horizontal — so far forward that only long practice keeps him from plunging headfirst into the music rack. He cannot support himself with his hands, even if he can with his salary, for everything he touches produces

some 'effect,' seldom one conducive to repose. As for his feet, they are engaged — both as to toe and to heel — in playing in the dark upon a keyboard of their own, two and one fifth octaves in compass, with the additional duty of keeping a swell pedal, a crescendo pedal, and a sforzando pedal — things shaped as to their visible parts like the inverted soles of so many boots — in a proper state of subordination. There are also sundry levers for throwing on and off the stops — levers which must be jabbed with desperate precision and in the nick of time, like so many emergency brakes on an automobile approaching an accident. In the Willis organ in the cathedral of Liverpool, which, until the war taught us new standards of frightfulness, was the largest organ in the world, there are twenty-three of these 'combination pedals' and 'couplers,' as they are lightly called, capable of directing or misdirecting the thunderbolts from fourteen thousand pipes.

Some of these mechanisms stop or unstop stops not singly but in flocks, herds, platoons, armies, fleets, and political parties. In many organs (the one in the Church of Saint Thomas, New York, for example) there are also devices which in their ensemble resemble a small-scale piano keyboard broken into sections and jammed in wherever space is available. These enable you to attach what stops you like to any given 'combination' while you continue to 'play.' The couplers permit you to play on one manual and at the same time in effect upon any other manual, or all of them, either at the same pitch, or an octave higher or lower, or both, or all three, or to do the like from the pedals. With the further aid of stops whose longest pipes are thirty-two feet from keel to masthead, and others but four or but two, rather than the normal 'foundation' eight, the compass of the

instrument, instead of being but five octaves as the keyboard seems to indicate, is extended to nine and one half.

Furthermore, the unfortunate musician faces, not the one manual which so often floors the mere pianist, but four, sometimes five, each fifty times as efficient for damage as the keyboard of the mightiest concert grand ever built. In fact, each 'stop' is a complete instrument in itself — a set of pipes, sixty-one in number, having the same voicing or quality, but tuned so as to make a chromatic scale.

Stops are not only operated indirectly by combinations, but directly, by knobs. Formerly, these were real knobs, attached to wooden pistons subject to swellings in damp weather, so that frequently it took a Hercules to pull one out or to shove it back. Often enough the knob came off when the stop was half drawn; and when a stop is half drawn the pipes belonging to it give out that which is neither silence nor music, but resembles the cry which must have been emitted by the dying gladiator at the most painful moment of his career. Combination contraptions have not abolished them, but nowadays they are transformed into tilt-ups, ivory levers similar to dominoes, which may be flipped one way or another by the finger tips. I have seen organs with as many as one hundred and sixty-seven of these, and some very modern mammoths can show even more.

To make matters worse, the name upon a tilt-up, while revealing to a mind versed in such genealogies the family to which the stop belongs, says very little about individual character. So if you are a visiting organist and about to perform publicly upon an instrument you have had no opportunity to examine, you are like a man suddenly dropped into the midst of a

tropical jungle who does not know a lion from a lemur.

No dependable landmarks are in sight. The pedal keyboard may be flat or concave, semicircular or straight. The manuals may rise above one another in the order to which you are accustomed, or in some other order. Standardization has long been attempted, but practically there is no regular place for anything.

No other instrumentalist would risk such a situation for an instant. Even violinists and pianists, playing instruments that vary less than peas, always strive to carry their own wherever they go. But an organist, being an organist, is made of sterner stuff. He will not only play — he will read at sight, and even try to transpose.

You must, some time or other, have dreamed of yourself as an organist, sitting in the deserted choir loft of a dim and empty church, with your fingers idly straying 'over the noisy keys.' But let us suppose that a service is on and you are accompanying the soprano soloist, who is singing 'Softly Now the Light of Day,' while a collection is being taken up for foreign missions. You are playing upon the swell, the swell blinds shut to muffle the sound and no stops drawn but a tender dulciana and a stopped diapason. You want no noisy keys, but think it would be a good thing to add a little pianissimo reed tone from the solo manual — and you have forgotten that it is all set to let loose a deafening barrage from a tuba mirabilis standing on fifty inches of wind and comparable only to the ram's-horn trumpets of Joshua at the

sound of which the walls of Jericho crumbled into dust!

Forgetfulness of some other little 'convenience' may get you into trouble by being off when you think it is on, letting an intended climax extinguish itself suddenly in total silence while an untrustworthy choir is left high and dry upon the fortissimo heights of the Hallelujah Chorus. The fashion of wearing long hair, so prevalent for a time among the world's Paderewskis, never found favor with organists. Genuine organists are inclined to baldness.

No, the organ is not what it used to be; and having the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music continually within reach is an embarrassment of riches.

Yet one may still occasionally hear it in all its pristine beauty, and be reminded that in 'The Nun's Priest's Tale' it was considered the height of gay comparison to say, 'His vois was merier than the mery organ.' Not all organists make the stained-glass windows grit their teeth, nor use continually every appliance which a machine age offers them. Some continue to give us the pure polyphony of the ancient organum, a polyphony in which the individual voices are as distinct as those pipes of Pan heard by Thomas Hood in that land of fancy where 'an organ breathes in every grove.' We then cease from saying with Emerson that 'the silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.' Otherwise —

Go to! If you want to hear an orchestra, hear a real one — at a symphony concert

A CLOISTERED RETREAT

BY CHAUNCEY LYMAN PARSONS

I

OCCASIONALLY, as events unroll about us, some random current sways aside the curtain before a soul and gives us a startled glimpse of hidden secrets within. Then, before we have had time to reassure our incredulous eyes by a second glance, the curtain drops back into place, and leaves us wondering whether we caught a deceptive illusion or a substantial fact. Of course, if we could be forewarned, we might be ready for the lightning instant of revelation; but certainly, as I rang the bell at the monastery gate, no such premonition crossed my mind.

Learning that visitors were permitted to inspect the tranquil little domain, I next essayed to inquire, by means of my two or three Italian words and many gestures, if an English-speaking Brother might be my guide. The monk who had answered the bell hesitated doubtfully, and then indicated that he would consult another white-robed figure that appeared at this moment. The Prior — as I afterward learned he was — paused in his meditative progress across the lawn, sent a questioning look in my direction, murmured a few words, and continued on his way with bent head. Returning to me, the Brother bade me wait on the terrace before the little church.

When I had mounted the ancient stone steps to the wistaria-hung balustrade, the lawn below was empty except for three doves undisturbedly foraging on the fresh green expanse.

The sunlit air was drowsy with the scent of wistaria and peonies. Brown earth beneath vines and bushes was flecked with violet and pink petals. Yellowing white plaster walls enclosed a tiny quadrangle where contented peace unfolded its wings almost visibly — the sort of peace that induces somnolent vacuity of mind rather than profound meditation.

A step on the uneven paving roused me. A third monk was approaching across the terrace, approaching with slow and feeble steps, shoulders drooping wearily, thin face haggard beneath a fringe of brown hair. His deep-set eyes were fastened upon me almost feverishly.

‘Father,’ I exclaimed, ‘you are not well!’

‘It is nothing.’ His voice, though low, vibrated as if with excitement. ‘I will be your guide.’

‘Had I known,’ I continued, ‘I should never have troubled you.’

‘Please!’ His thin hand lifted remonstratingly. ‘I wanted to come.’ The tone was tremulously eager. ‘The Prior said I might. It is long since I have heard an English voice — it is long.’ His own voice caught — or was it my fancy? I gazed at him in surprise, but read no sign of emotion in his lined face as he held open a door for me to precede him into the church.

A bare little whitewashed house of devotion it was, stark and clean, with no frescoes, no inlaid marble, no wood-

carving mellowed by age, no brilliant windows — none of the embellishments so frequently found in old monasteries. As my companion made his genuflection before the altar he tottered, so I put my hand under his elbow.

‘Thank you,’ he murmured.

‘Really, you must not go farther,’ I said.

‘No!’ His voice suddenly rang out sharply, as he pulled himself erect. ‘I wanted to come,’ he repeated, and this time — were my ears playing me a trick? — this time with a thrill of defiance. He was looking, not at me, but straight at the crucifix above the altar. ‘And the Prior said —’ He paused, then turned gently to me. ‘You would, perhaps, be interested to see the burial vault.’

There was no mistaking his sincerity: he had wanted to conduct me about the monastery — had wanted it passionately. But why this insistence upon the Prior’s permission, as if that were the all-important item, as if it were more than a mere permission, as if it were a justification? Why should his desire — natural enough, one might think, this desire to hear his native tongue once again — why should his desire need any justification?

So far I had advanced in thought before he spoke again. ‘English is a beautiful language. Latin is stately and majestic; Italian is soft and sweet; but English — English is strong and manly.’ He gazed at me expectantly. Did he wish me to corroborate his words, or did he wish simply to hear my voice — to hear any words as long as they were English?

‘Orators have found English as stately as Latin,’ I ventured. ‘And, perhaps, poets have found it as melodious as Italian.’

‘Perhaps — perhaps,’ he sighed.

We had left the church to follow a dirt path that passed through a hedge

and along a terrace under a double row of ancient olive trees.

‘You have traveled much?’ he asked.

‘In Europe,’ I answered, ‘and around the Mediterranean.’

‘You have heard the water tinkling in the fountains of the Alhambra?’ I nodded. ‘You have looked down the long corridor of the Louvre at the Venus of Melos?’

‘The first Greek statue I ever saw,’ I said. ‘You can imagine what it did to me.’

‘Ah, yes. That and the Hermes at Olympia — the one perfect youth, so strong, so graceful, so unconscious of his incomparable beauty! And the Desert of Sahara?’

‘Only at Biskra.’

‘Biskra, yes; but you must go farther than that to see the Desert. There at night, the full silver moon flooding the whole vast dome of sky that dips down to the dark sand on every side — the utter silence — the loneliness — only you and your tent and your camel and your dragoman. But even then you do not know the magic of the moon until you have seen it shining upon the Taj Mahal amid its pools and cypresses. The world is full of incredibly lovely things.’ He gazed absently across the green campagna to the silvery-blue mountains rimming its far edge.

‘Some of them you have here about you,’ I suggested.

‘Yes, these hills and plains are picturesque,’ he agreed. ‘But if you want grandeur, there are the Rockies at home — and the barren peak of the Matterhorn, and the snowy top of Ætna with its plume of tan smoke — and Fujiyama — I was almost forgetting Fujiyama.’

I stared at him, amazed. Was it possible that he had seen all these things? As if he knew the question in my mind, he added with a faint smile, ‘And all of that I have left — for this.’

He pointed to a low doorway in the white wall at our side, and followed me into a dim, square room. Around three sides were tiers of shelves from earthen floor to ceiling, many of them occupied by plain coffins that just fitted their allotted space.

'Here we are all laid at last — each one in the robe he has worn, on his right side, his hand with palms together under his face — so.' He imitated the position. 'Here we find our rest,

'... And faith, we shall need it — lie down for an æon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!'

At my expression, he exclaimed, 'You recognize the lines? It is — ' he hesitated — 'it is a satisfaction to talk to one who understands.'

Was this, I asked myself, merely a polite phrase, or did it imply some unexpressed idea behind? Had he found a lack of understanding in this cloistered retreat? The Prior, for instance? Yet, nothing in his manner suggested that his words had other than their face value.

'I shall finally join my brothers here. Possibly in this very spot.' He pointed to the next vacant shelf. 'Soon, perhaps. Last week I thought it might be sooner than this; I was very ill. But I had not finished my allotted tasks; I still had to conduct you about the monastery.' He smiled wanly, pathetically. Then his lips drooped sadly as he added, 'And that, I fear, is now done. This is not a great and spectacular monastery, as you see. We devote ourselves to a contemplative life, and haven't much to show to visitors.' Hesitatingly, he turned to the door; but on the terrace he suddenly paused to place a tremulous hand on my arm. 'Or, would you — would you care to see my own cell?' His eyes lighted eagerly.

'Very much,' I replied emphatically, 'if it is not an intrusion.'

'Not at all.' His low voice thrilled happily. 'I was almost afraid to ask you, for fear you might find it a bore.'

'Everything here interests me,' I said. 'Otherwise, I should not have come at all.'

With startling abruptness he halted, and his wide blue eyes peered at me intently, almost with an expression of fright. 'You — you are thinking of coming to join us here?' The tone of his voice forbade my mistaking the importance that he attached to the question; he did not ask from idle curiosity, he felt deeply concerned. But whether he hoped to hear me say 'Yes' or 'No' I could not for the life of me decide. Was he eager for the company of a compatriot, or was he horrified at the idea of my committing what he had found to be a tragic error? The question almost rose involuntarily to my lips as I gazed at his eager face.

'No,' I said gently. 'No. I have my work elsewhere.'

His figure relaxed. Its frail tautness vanished into its customary frail weariness. 'No.' The word was hardly more than a sigh, but whether of relief or of disappointment I could not possibly tell. I hoped he would say something further, — enough to give me some clue to the tantalizing mystery, — but he expressed neither regret nor satisfaction. Whatever his inward emotions, — and they had been strong, I knew from the manner of his question, — he did not attempt the rôle of missionary to convert me, nor did he by slightest implication condemn his monastery. That, no doubt, he would have considered traitorous, even blasphemous.

II

Then, as we returned through the hedge to the little green lawn where

I had entered the monastery, we met the Prior, still moving slowly with bent head. His well-rounded figure displayed a marked contrast to my guide; such fasting as he had done had not diminished his energy and firmness. My companion paused to address a few words to the Prior, apparently explaining that I wished to see the cell. Silently, gravely, the Prior listened. As there was no answer, the Brother suddenly added a more eager phrase or two, almost as if he were justifying what might be considered a dubious action, almost like a child making a half-timid excuse. Thereupon the Prior looked at me gravely, appraisingly, and I thought I caught a gleam of calculating interest in his still, dark eyes. But he merely nodded at my guide, who seemed to hurry as we continued our walk.

What, I wondered, was the exact relationship between these two? It was easy enough to see that the Prior ruled his diminutive realm with no wavering power, that he expected unquestioning obedience from his flock. But did he wield his power benevolently or oppressively? The Brother at my side, for example — was he deferential from a sense of duty, or from a sense of genuine and grateful loyalty? The scene that I had witnessed — had it simply displayed the benevolent and gladly accepted discipline of the monastery, or had I really felt the faint heat of a friction engendered by the too close contact of incompatible characters? The episode had been too brief to suggest any sure answer to the question; it left me still on the rim of an interesting situation, into which I was quite incapable of piercing without aid.

Presently my companion reverted to his earlier words. 'You have your work elsewhere. Perhaps this life seems to you circumscribed — selfish.'

'No,' I replied. 'Different work for different people. For some natures

this tranquillity and orderliness are necessary.'

'Yes, they are necessary.' He repeated the phrase as if to emphasize it properly. 'Some of us need what we find here — and only that. It may not seem much, but it is enough — quite enough.' Was he reassuring himself or me? Was I making the mistake of interpreting his calm words from my own point of view rather than from his? Could I, an outsider, possibly unsympathetic, ever arrive at a true understanding of this situation?

He feebly pushed open a wooden gate, admitting to a long narrow rectangle of immaculately neat garden. The one-story buildings extending along the sides of the space were obviously the dormitories, each apartment with its own door opening upon the garden. At the far end, a low stone wall connected the two buildings. Beyond it the hill fell steeply, so that one looked across the tops of almond trees upon the valley below.

'How pretty it is,' I said; 'so quiet, and so removed from the turbulence and the worry and the irritation that meet one so generously out there.'

Possibly he felt that my admiration was not very profound, since I had not exchanged that life for this tranquillity. At any rate he murmured an assent, but without enthusiasm. It was as if some insincerity on my part had been felt, and had suddenly blurred the clear understanding and sympathy between us.

'These are my flowers,' he said in a tone of pride, pointing to a bed of red and gold and purple and white blossoms, 'and this is my door.'

The microscopic square entry into which we stepped had space for one door in each wall, and a tiny shelf in one corner. 'My food and wine are left on this shelf; we eat alone. Here, to the left, is my study.' The room, hardly

larger than the entry, contained a table, a chair, and shelves above, filled with theological books in Latin, Greek, Italian. On the table lay a neat pile of manuscript, penned in a hand as clear and minute as those monkish notes of mediæval days.

'Did my visit interrupt your work?'

'Oh, no,' he replied. 'I was resting—in here.' We entered a slightly larger room, his bedroom. A white, glazed stove in one corner, and a wooden bedstead with mattress, pillow, and blanket in the other—nothing more. From the bedpost was hanging a braided leather whip. He saw my gaze upon it. 'You see,' he continued, 'I have everything my soul desires.'

'One really needs very little, if he did but know it,' I agreed. 'Books and flowers and peace—they should go far to content one.'

'So I have found it.' His voice was hardly audible. He repeated more firmly, 'So I have found it.'

'And yet—' I paused.

'And yet?' He turned eagerly. 'You need not hesitate to say it. You would find it difficult?'

'Or impossible.'

'No.' His voice was emphatic. 'No, not impossible.'

'Do you suppose,' I ventured, 'that none of the Brothers ever regret?'

He gazed squarely at me. 'That I cannot say. We never speak to each other except on urgent matters. No, I think not. We most of us join the Order in our youth. I have been here fifteen years.' His tone was self-possessed, even matter-of-fact, but in the depths of his eyes burned an odd flame, and one hand moved restlessly. If his inner soul had ever revolted from this life, obviously I was not to be permitted to intrude upon the secret. Even then I could not decide whether any such secret really existed, or whether I was reading into the situa-

tion a meaning entirely unwarranted by the context.

'This last room is my oratory for private devotion.'

It corresponded to the tiny study. Before the door, but pushed against a wall to the side, was a *prie-dieu*, facing an altar that was raised well above the floor. On each end of the altar stood a little bunch of pale blue blossoms like forget-me-nots—Santa Maria, the Italians call them, from their color, I suppose. Above the altar, in a dull-gold Renaissance frame, a picture of the Madonna looked down upon us. At first glance I thought that it came from some early Renaissance brush, because of the stiff formality of its style and the general simplicity of its colors; but a second glance showed me my error—the face was distinctly not Italian. It was sweet and pretty and refined, but somehow lacked the fragility and spirituality that one always expects from Renaissance artists. On continued inspection, too, its refinement seemed more a matter of aristocracy. In my interest, I had momentarily forgotten my host. By way of apology, I said, 'I like your altarpiece very much.'

The tired face at my side lighted eagerly. 'I am so glad,' he said. Then, hesitatingly, 'I painted it.'

'Really!' I exclaimed. 'I had no idea that you were an artist.'

'I'm not. It is almost the only thing I ever tried. At first the Prior did not think I ought to waste time on it, but finally he gave me permission. Perhaps he thought it would occupy my mind. I was very happy. I had to try it many times before I got it right. Even now it does not satisfy me. But the Prior decided I had spent time enough—so, there it is.' He spoke rapidly, impulsively, without a thought of his implication, as if an unconscious check had been removed suddenly, letting the

words come in an unhindered torrent. His eyes were shining. 'You are the first to praise it. You can't imagine how pleased I am.'

'I admire it tremendously,' I said. 'At first I thought it was a Renaissance work, but the face is n't Renaissance at all. It looks like somebody I know, but I can't remember whom.'

'Oh, no!' A sudden alarm quivered in his voice. 'It is not a portrait — only an ideal of beauty.'

'An American ideal,' I said; 'not an Italian.'

'Universal,' he rejoined. 'An ideal of universal beauty.'

It was not for me to press the matter, and he seemed indisposed to say anything further, perhaps already regretting his comments about the Prior. Certainly they had illuminated the relationship between the two men — or I thought they had. I pictured the young convert, not over thirty at the time, assailed by unexpressed doubts of the course he had adopted for some powerful reason — the Prior astutely aware of his restlessness, rigidly upholding the monastic discipline, finally permitting this diversion, declining perhaps any permission to speak or to hear the English tongue, fearing that it might further unsettle the young man. I had no opportunity at that moment to set in order this flood of ideas, for the time had obviously come for my departure.

'Your visit has given me most genuine pleasure.' He took my hand.

'Might I, perhaps — might I call upon you again?' I asked.

'Oh, no.' His voice was agitated. He dropped my hand. Then, with an effort, he recovered himself. 'Please do not think me inhospitable. But the Prior — we are not expected to receive personal callers — we are busy with our work. You understand?' he ended pathetically.

'Quite,' I said. 'You are right. It would be an intrusion that one should not have asked.'

So we walked slowly, almost silently, back to the gate, where I gave him my cordial thanks for his hospitality. 'I do not know your name,' I suggested.

He hesitated before answering, 'I am called Fra Filippo.'

'Good-bye, Fra Filippo. I shall remember this visit with keenest pleasure.'

'And I,' said he, gazing kindly into my face. 'Good-bye.'

His tired shoulder drooped against the heavy wooden door; his deep blue eyes looked wistfully at me above his sunken cheeks. I could not turn away. I believe I half held out my hand toward him. The door slowly closed, and a bar within dropped dully into place. The faintest of shuffling steps whispered away into silence.

III

All the way down the hill to my *albergo* in the village I pondered. Was I a sentimental fool, misinterpreting the whole episode, or had I left a desperately lonely soul at the end of his endurance? Upon what did I base my fantastic conception? Fleeting lights in his eyes, fancied tones in his voice, momentary expressions of his face — any or all of which might very naturally be expected of an ill man stirred by the excitement of an unforeseen contact with his distant life. No spoken word of his justified my inferences. Yet, sensible as I tried to be, Fra Filippo's wan face and meagre figure haunted my thoughts that day and my dreams that night.

The next morning, as I looked from my window across the sun-swept green hillside, the sound of a distant bell floated down the fresh air, ringing in slow and measured strokes. Instantly

I knew what it meant. At lunch my waiter replied, to my question, that one of the Brothers at the monastery had died. So, not quite knowing what excuse I might make for presenting myself again at the gate, I toiled up the road once more, rehearsing a few sentences in Italian as I went.

The Brother who answered my ring, obviously surprised at my inquiry, eyed me keenly as he thanked me. He was sorry to inform me that Fra Filippo had died. They had found him that morning in his oratory, kneeling on his prie-dieu, his clasped hands extended toward the altar, his head fallen forward upon his arms, his body supported by the prie-dieu and the wall at his side. All this was made clear by a dramatic imitation. It was perhaps sad, but the Brothers were rejoiced to know that Fra Filippo's soul had ascended with his last prayers straight to the effulgent glory and the ineffable joy that surround the throne of God. No, there was nothing I could do.

About to turn away, I suddenly thought me of one thing more. With considerable difficulty I made myself understood. Would the monastery sell me the picture of the Madonna above Fra Filippo's altar? The Brother was clearly nonplused at this suggestion. Finally he replied that he would consult the Prior.

I waited in the silent courtyard, with its little green lawn, its wistaria-hung balustrade, its yellowing white walls. In imagination I saw Fra Filippo lying in the dim burial vault, exactly as he had described it the preceding day.

Before I expected him the Brother returned. There was a subtle change in his manner; the gentle kindness and interest seemed to be replaced by a no less gentle abruptness and finality. The monastery could not part with any of its works of art. He held open the gate, bowed me out, and softly closed it behind me, leaving me still wondering, my riddle still unanswered.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

I CAME to the bar almost twenty years ago in the small American city near which I was born and in which I was brought up and educated. It had then a population of less than fifty thousand, but it was the centre of a rich agricultural county so bounded by hills and by a great river as to form a naturally distinct geographical and political unit. The county had been settled half a

century before the Revolution, and had existed as a separate judicial district for almost a century. In its courts James Buchanan, Thaddeus Stevens, and a score of other great lawyers had practised, and at the time of my admission to practice there were members of its bar who not only remembered the giants of other days but who had shared in and were able

to transmit a legal tradition which stretched unbroken to 1729. In this community I have passed the whole of my professional life, and in the course of it I have perforce written deeds and wills, organized corporations and issued bonds, settled estates and searched titles, and tried every sort of civil action from replevin to divorce and every sort of criminal case from assault and battery to murder. I have, in short, for better or worse, lived the life of what the profession knows as a country lawyer.

Now the true test of the country lawyer is not the size or importance of the community in which he does his work, but rather the sort of work which he does and the sort of people for whom he does it. Some years ago I met a member of the bar of New York who was employed by a society engaged solely in the apprehension and prosecution of men who had married and deserted Jewish women. From year's end to year's end he traveled from place to place trying desertion cases, and I venture to say that he knew more at first hand about the comparative law of desertion throughout the United States than any authority living. Such a man is obviously not a country lawyer, no matter where he may practise. On the other hand I remember with pleasure a conversation which I had not long ago with an old man who had practised for almost half a century in a remote county, whose largest town has less than three thousand inhabitants. In the course of our conversation he referred to himself as a country lawyer, and a moment afterward, in making some reference to me, made it clear that he regarded me as exactly the opposite. I think, however, that he was mistaken. If a lawyer performs every sort of legal service for every sort of client,—the poor and the

lowly as well as the rich and the well born,—he is, within my definition at least, a country lawyer, and no mere arbitrary distinction, based on density of population or the like, can make him anything else.

II

Every sort of legal service for every sort of client — the very phrase brings to my mind a succession of pictures, some of them amusing, some of them tinged with sadness and tragedy, and some of them altogether gracious and lovely. There are memories, such as must come to every lawyer, of the routine of consultations and settlements, of trials by jury and hearings before magistrates, of wills made *in extremis*, and secret sorrows and disgraces unknown to the world at large. There are likewise memories — no less clear, but less directly connected with the law — of long drives to sales, a legal brother beside me in a buggy hired at a livery stable, and of unhurried talk about men and books as our horse jogged through the quiet countryside; of the sales themselves, with half a township as witnesses if not as bidders, the voice of the auctioneer rising and falling and his chosen clerk keeping a record of purchases and making change with miraculous efficiency;¹ of road views, where a keg of beer was as essential a part of the proceedings as the presence of the viewers themselves; and of a score of other aspects and incidents of rural civilization, some of which have passed away, never to return, during the term of my own practice.

¹ At a sale of personal property in the country, the clerk will sometimes, between noon and sundown, record the sale of 800 items, posting his entries as he goes, and will collect the total of the successful bids in cash without a discrepancy of so much as a penny. This is, however, an exceptionally hard afternoon's work. — AUTHOR

Of these recollections there is none which gives me greater pleasure than that of the country surveyor at work. Ordinarily there is no reason why a lawyer should be present at the making of a survey, but on one or two occasions some real or anticipated dispute about the meaning or effect of a deed has made it desirable that I should actually see the lines run on the ground. Now all our land titles are founded upon grants from the original proprietor, and just as, in Eastern mythology, the world rests upon the back of an elephant, which, in turn, stands upon a turtle, so the proprietor obtained his title from King Charles II, and it is as much a piece of impertinence to ask the source of the King's title as to inquire what the turtle stands on. Of course not every piece of land may actually be traced to the original proprietor, on account of lost deeds or the like, but many of them may, and I know of one tract, oddly enough a small one, whose present description is precisely the same as that contained in the first grant.

The running of boundary lines necessarily depends upon the location of landmarks, and the true worth of a country surveyor depends much less upon his skill with a transit than upon the accuracy of his information — necessarily acquired either by personal experience or by tradition — as to where these landmarks are to be found. The deeds refer to them only in general terms — 'beginning at a white oak, a corner of lands of John Doe,' thence by a certain course so many perches to 'a stone,' thence to 'an iron pin,' or to 'a black oak,' and so on. With such a description, a city-bred surveyor, however expert he may be, is as helpless in the setting of a disputed fence as a lawyer. I have stood on a wooded hillside looking for a stone, — such a stone as might seem to serve as a

monument, — but seeing only white oaks (disturbingly numerous) and feeling only a sense of the futility of learning. Confronted by such a problem, the country surveyor lays aside for a moment the calling in which he is perhaps compelled to earn the greater part of his livelihood, and, not without a proper consciousness of the burden of responsibility resting upon him, comes grandly into his own. The question involved is rather of fact than of law, and its solution depends upon knowledge possessed by him alone. Surely there is nothing finer than the air with which, ignoring suggestions, he strides — it would be a slander to say jumps — into a bramble bush and scratches out, not his eyes, but the very stone which was pointed out to him by his grandfather, also a surveyor, half a century before.

On the witness stand in a courtroom he is a far less satisfying figure than on his native hills, because, all things being equal, erudition is always less satisfying than knowledge. In the country his worth and skill are self-demonstrating — the event itself speaks. But before a judge and jury he must justify himself and his profession in words, and he feels that, in order to do so, he must be given an opportunity by the lawyer who calls him as a witness to explain the variations in the magnetic compass. This is a mysterious subject, whose relation to the actual practice of surveying may, for all I know, be slight or none, but every country surveyor expects to have his qualifications as an expert tested in court by being interrogated about it. The question is no sooner on the lips of counsel than the answer is ready. In the year 1700 the magnetic compass pointed five degrees to the west of the true geographical north. Between 1700 and 1800 it moved four degrees to the eastward and so on. I doubt whether any respectable number of jurors have been much

enlightened by the recital, but a disappointed witness sometimes means, in the end, a disappointed client, and five minutes devoted to the eccentricities of the compass are not too big a price to pay in order to put a witness at his ease.

III

It has been said that the trial of cases is the culmination of the lawyer's art, and, in the matter of dramatic intensity and interest, murder cases, as much in the country as elsewhere, are in a class by themselves. It is true that before country judges the point at issue is, as a rule; — whether wisely or not, — tried much more strictly than in the big cities, and that witnesses are more rarely permitted to unfold in their testimony the entire stories of their lives. In my own county I am satisfied that the trial of Thaw, for example, would not have lasted, at the most, more than three days. It is likewise true that juries in murder cases are secured much more rapidly in the country than in cities. The original theory of trial by jury was that an accused person ought to be tried by a jury selected from his vicinage or neighborhood, because the jurors, being his neighbors, would be likely on that account to know something about him at first hand, and some tradition of this theory has persisted in the country, so that an intimate and detailed examination of prospective jurors with a view to uncovering some possible bias is not ordinarily permitted. Indeed — and apart from any theory — it would be impossible in many rural jurisdictions to secure twelve citizens who, if the defendant was a native of their county, did not know him, or at least know something about him.

But, making due allowance for the incidental differences in practice which tend to make a murder trial in the

country less sensational than elsewhere, the essentials of legal solemnity and human interest necessarily remain. In my state the formal arraignment of the accused has been abolished in all cases except trials for murder, and there is a strangeness, as of another age, in hearing the clerk ask the prisoner how he will be tried and in hearing the prisoner, usually prompted by his counsel, reply, 'By God and my country.' Then, too, the selection of a jury, though never a question be asked by the attorneys on either side, presents to the prisoner and his counsel a series of decisions on which life and death literally depend, and each of which seems more momentous than the last until only the twelfth juror remains to be chosen. The prospective jurymen, on his name being called, presents himself at the entrance to the jury box, and the clerk, standing facing him, asks the three time-honored questions — whether he has such conscientious scruples as would prevent him from rendering a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, the penalty being death, if the evidence should warrant the same;² whether he has formed such an opinion as would prevent him from rendering a verdict in accordance with the evidence; and whether he can be perfectly impartial between the Commonwealth and the prisoner. If the answers of the juror do not disqualify him, the clerk then says, 'Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror. How say you, challenged or not challenged?' If the prisoner's attorney knows his business and has had reasonably good luck, a few, though perhaps a very few, of his original

² As the result of a recent statute, the jury, if it finds the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, must determine whether the penalty shall be death or imprisonment for life, and the clerk now says, 'the penalty for which may be death,' instead of 'the penalty being death.' — AUTHOR

twenty peremptory challenges remain, and there is a tense moment during which he consults his jury list or engages in a whispered colloquy with his client. If the juror comes from the regular panel, counsel for the defense probably knows something about him, but if there has been a special venire, as usually happens before the twelfth juror has been selected in a murder case, there is nothing to do except to judge by appearances and be governed accordingly. Old practitioners will tell you that in such cases butchers, carpenters, and all those who habitually handle edged tools are to be avoided. However kindly they may be personally, they will bring in verdicts of murder in the first degree more readily than other men. The juror looks about him, uncertain whether to walk into the jury box or to return to his seat. Though the other eleven jurors would vote to acquit, this man may persuade them to find a verdict of guilty. On the other hand, his voice alone may save the defendant. Everything seems to depend upon him. 'Pass the juror,' says counsel for the accused. The judge looks up quickly and clears his throat. There is a long sigh from the spectators. The trial is ready to begin.

IV

If the trial of cases is, for those who participate in it, a universal experience wherever the jury system is in force, there are other activities of the country lawyer which have no parallel in the practice of his brothers in the large cities. There is, for instance, the work of conveyancing — an art which is inextricably connected in my mind with a local custom known as 'the first of April rush.' It is said that the date was determined in the first place by the fact that tobacco — which, for time out of mind, has been one of our

principal crops — was invariably paid for in the spring; but, be that as it may, the custom itself resulted from the existence of a state of society sufficiently simple to permit a farmer to transact the whole of his annual worldly business, other than farming, between the morning and evening of a single day. From one April to another he lived entirely upon credit, paying no bills, and expecting none to be paid. On the first of every April, rain or shine, he went to the county seat, and, having established himself at a hotel, called upon his banker and withdrew enough money to meet his needs. Sometimes, indeed, he withdrew his entire balance in order to assure himself that it had been safely kept, and, because of the crowd within, counted it sitting on the curb in front of the bank. When his financial arrangements had been completed, he set about meeting his debtors and creditors, seeking them at the offices of their lawyers and being sought by them at his lawyer's office, paying only in cash and receiving payment in like manner. When evening fell he was in the enviable condition of the Miller of the Dee — all his accounts were closed. He returned his funds to the bank, which had obligingly remained open to receive them, and went home for one year.

This is 'the first of April rush,' as it was when I came to the bar and as it had been for upward of a century before. It is not exactly so now — the use of checks is much greater than formerly and the crowds on the streets are smaller. Village banks and stores have taken over a considerable part of the business. There are fewer entire families in attendance and fewer hangers-on. To a large extent, however, the principle of an annual settlement day remains. It began with the farmer, but it did not end there. In a city of sixty

thousand inhabitants, nine leases out of every ten run from April to April. All mortgages, except by special agreement, are made payable on April first. Not only are the conveyances of all farms fixed for that day, but of a large proportion of properties in the city as well.

The result is bedlam indescribable. There are titles to search, leases, deeds, and mortgages to prepare and have executed, liens to be satisfied, and settlements to attend. Let no sophisticated metropolitan practitioner talk to me in this connection about the obligations of efficiency. Nothing is harder to change than a custom, and against this particular custom the veriest efficiency expert would break himself in vain. Of course, the requisite legal papers may be prepared in advance, but there is no way to compel a seller to sign and deliver a deed until the buyer is ready to pay over the purchase price and no way to compel a buyer to pay the stipulated price until he is in funds and the seller is able to deliver possession. I have never been able to complete more than six or, at the most, eight settlements in a day, and yet on a certain twenty-fifth of March a number of years ago I was confronted with one hundred and eight settlements supposedly to be made on the first of April by myself and a single assistant. In such a situation there is nothing to do except to get to the office as early as one can in the morning, stay there as long as one can stay awake, and hope for the best. The great day will pass, what remains undone will be finished somehow in the days that follow, and peace will come with the spring.

And yet, when the tumult and the shouting have died and the buyers and sellers have departed, not all the incidents of the April season are vexing or unpleasant ones. I remember in particular an old man, a farmer, who for many years made me his annual

visit on the first of April. He had a small amount of money invested in mortgages, and invariably there was some change in his investments about which he wished to consult me, or at least the necessity for a trip to the courthouse in order to enter a receipt for principal paid on account. On a certain first of April I saw him early in the morning, sitting as usual in the reception room of my office, but I knew of no business of his requiring my attention that year and I was too busy to speak to him at length. He waited patiently for me all morning, and, though I have no doubt that he went for dinner during the noon hour, he must have returned to his place immediately afterward, because I noticed him there from time to time during the course of the afternoon. Evening had fallen and the crowds had melted away before I had an opportunity to invite him into my private office for an interview. When we had shaken hands and seated ourselves, I asked him to tell me what business had brought him to the city. I shall never know whether he had come to value our annual conferences for their own sake and was unwilling to admit, even to himself, that a time had come when there was a less valid reason for them than formerly, or whether, in the simplicity of his heart, he credited me with a greater store of wisdom than I possess, but he answered only that he was considering buying a new plough, and that he wanted to know what I thought about it.

Now I am unfortunately blessed with no knowledge whatever about farming, but we had, nevertheless, an unhurried talk for perhaps ten minutes about farming in general and ploughs in particular, and in the end we decided to buy the plough. I went to the outer door with my friend and said good-bye to him there, intending to

return to my desk. The stenographers had left for the day and the office was empty. Suddenly I realized that I was very tired and that it was time to stop work. I got my hat, locked the door, and walked out into the April twilight with wet eyes.

Two ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
White clouds on the wing,
Blue sky of spring,
Such a little thing
To remember for years,
To remember with tears.

V

I will not say that one who is not touched and humbled by such an incident as this is a bad man, but I think that he will never be entirely happy or successful as a country lawyer. A measure of compensation for small fees and for the lack of great causes is to be found in that sense of legal totality which comes from a general practice. There is a picture — surely familiar to every lawyer who studied for his profession in the office of a preceptor — which shows the law as a gigantic tree, its roots buried in the common earth and its top reaching to the heavens. From its trunk grow the alternating branches of property and persons, of contracts and torts, of crimes, remedies, and government. The subject of equity is reduced to a small limb and bankruptcy to an even smaller one, while injunctions appear as a twig no thicker than the stem of a leaf. I like to think that, at one time or another, I have perched on almost every limb of that tree.

But the chief compensation of the country lawyer is the richness of his share in the heritage which belongs of right to all the members of the three learned professions. Doubtless in the old sense there are no longer any learned professions. The architect, the engineer, the journalist, the scientist, and a hundred others have, indeed, fed as well upon learning as the physician, the lawyer, and the divine, but the old magic authority of learning — the old faith that education necessarily, or at least presumably, brings wisdom and goodness to its possessor — is as dead as that benefit of clergy which once served, with whatever injustice, to express it. And yet, because the great experiences of men are still births and deaths, their great concerns health, liberty, and happiness, and their great aim salvation, the three learned professions remain, as obviously as ever, in a place apart. After all, learning was never more than one of their incidental distinctions. Now, as always, their true distinction lies less in their achievements than in their purposes and in the resulting intimacy and beauty of those human relationships which occur so frequently in the life of the country lawyer. Whether or not his training has made him learned, his experience ought to make him wise and good.

It is not true that only God can make a tree. The Devil could make a tree if he tried, but only God can make men and women. With all of them we stand in jeopardy, and by some of them, it seems to me, He saves us every hour.

RESURRECTION

BY MARY AUSTIN

Now, I said, that I am done
Even with sorrow —
Never any more yesterday nor to-day,
Never to-morrow;
Now that the worm, resentment,
Hath eaten my heart out wholly,
I will stretch out in its empty husk,
I solely,
Uncompanied by grief or hope or wonder,
Knowing life only as the word
Death pronounces,
Crushing its dry husk under.

Here in my eyeless void,
Emptied even of my pulse's stirring,
Darkling I heard
Earth's timeless axles whirring,
From seas unreckoned
The foam-slavered sea pack
Yelp on the moon's cold traces;
Low in their places,
I that was done with wonder
Heard the unhurrying grasses
Lisping their leaves asunder.

AIRPLANES AND GUNS

BY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRUCE G. LEIGHTON

I

PRACTICAL aviation is comparatively new; and, as with all new things, it is natural that we should seek for new or revolutionary uses for it. Startling stunts undertaken with the idea of 'selling' its importance to the world at large are, up to a certain point, justified; but if continued too long there is danger in such a course, because it tends to foster development along unsound lines, to stifle development along sound lines, and finally, in considerable measure, to discredit all development. While we waste years in attempting to develop the airplane as a future substitute for established activities, we largely neglect the truly enormous potentialities, and the much more rapid progress, which lie along the less spectacular path of adaptation to established activities. Who can deny, for example, that the money and effort spent in preparation for the Dole flight from San Francisco to Honolulu, and in its tragic aftermath, would have brought far more lasting benefit to the Hawaiian Islands, and incidentally to the development of aviation itself, if directed to the establishment of fast air mail and passenger transportation over the comparatively short and entirely practical distances between the various islands of the group?

The airplane's real importance, both in peaceful and in warlike pursuits, lies in less spectacular, but far more productive, uses than those which many of its advertising agents advocate.

We need have no fear of bombing raids coming by air from across the sea to our shores; we need not expect to be able to punish a possible enemy by attacking him in that manner. The uncompromising physical laws of mechanical flight, by virtue of which the airplane is able to fly, decree that transoceanic flight as a practicable military venture is out of the question to-day, and will remain so for many years to come. Whatever else the exploits of Lindbergh and of those who have preceded him and followed him in flights across the seas have proved, they have offered compelling evidence that this decree must be accepted.¹

It has taken the concentrated effort of the engineering talent of the world a quarter century to develop airplanes which can make transoceanic air passage one way under selected conditions, carrying no load worth mentioning other than flying crew and necessary fuel for the journey. If an enemy would attack us by air from across the sea, he must not only make the flight across. He must go back; for it is entirely unlikely that we shall receive him as a welcome guest and supply him with fuel and service for the return journey. He must double

¹ In a previous article, in the November 1927 *Atlantic Monthly*, the author has discussed the inherent physical limitations of the airplane in its application to commercial aviation, and has set forth in more detail the reasons why such transoceanic flight is impracticable. The reader is referred to that article. — EDITOR

the performance of Lindbergh — and more; for he must carry bombs in addition, and machine guns and ammunition with which to protect himself. Remembering that the weight of fuel necessary to propel Lindbergh to Paris constituted more than half the gross weight of his loaded airplane, and remembering that when we add useful weight to an airplane we must take out an equal weight from the structure or the engine, where shall we turn for means to provide a reduction in structural or engine weight greater than all the labor and study of the past quarter century has been able to produce? A saving in Lindbergh's plane, for example, greater than the combined weight of his engine, wings, landing gear, compasses, food, and water — and Lindbergh himself. Bigger planes will not do it; Byrd's plane was three times as large as Lindbergh's, but he was not measurably nearer the mark than Lindbergh. Radio transmission of power has been suggested by enthusiasts, but expert radio engineers hold out no tangible promise in this direction. Some revolutionary invention in power plants or structures may come in the future — who knows? But nearly a century of intensive engineering development has not produced any such invention, and none is even remotely in sight. Prophecies as to what may develop in the future in the way of new or revolutionary inventions are futile. What we are concerned with now is what shall be the sane course of action for the present and proximate future. To base our actions of to-day, to spend our money, and to pin our hopes on the assumption that revolutionary changes are just around the corner is sheer folly. Because of the great proportion of the total carrying capacity required for fuel in long flights, the airplane is to-day, and must remain, inherently a short-range

vehicle, in comparison with ocean distances. If air attacks come to our shore from overseas, they must come the greater part of the distance on floating bases — surface ships — aircraft carriers.

II

The airplane can perform no function in war that has not been performed in some manner or other since war first began. It can hurl destructive agencies at the enemy, it can reconnoitre, it can carry messages, or troops or supplies in limited quantities. These things have always been done. As new weapons and vehicles have developed, man has adapted them to his use. The detailed tactics have changed; the principles have never changed.

Victory in any theatre of operations goes to him who can control the area in dispute. To control any area, be it on land or at sea, one must occupy it — or at the least be fully capable of occupying it, even in the face of determined opposition. No airplane can of itself occupy any area; especially is this true of sea areas. It takes men to occupy; and they must have food and clothing, ammunition, and all manner of miscellaneous supplies. Airplanes must have prepared landing spaces, fuel, ammunition, repair and maintenance personnel, and equipment on the ground. Life can be sustained in the vast areas of the sea only on ships. Sea areas can be occupied only if ships are there to sustain life. The outcome of the Dole flight, that of Nungesser's transatlantic venture and numerous other similar ventures, are compelling object lessons which cannot be ignored.

The airplane is not, and cannot be, a self-supporting and independent agency in the national defense, either ashore or afloat; to attempt to make it so is to chase rainbows. It is an auxiliary — as are all other weapons and vehicles

auxiliaries — to the man power which is essential to occupancy of, and victory in, the territory in dispute. This is fundamental; it always has been, it probably always will be. Armies and navies are not battleships or tanks, airplanes or submarines, guns, bombs, or torpedoes. They are men — using the best weapons and vehicles available to gain and maintain physical occupancy of disputed territory for themselves, to deny it to the enemy. To that end the airplane is of great importance as a high observation post, as a scout, as a fast dispatch bearer — perhaps on occasion as a fast transport for small detachments. But its greatest potential value lies in its inherent swiftness and freedom of movement in delivering destructive blows on enemy positions. It is in effect a powerful long-range gun, of longer range by far than any gun heretofore known. If we will accept this point of view — if we will consider the airplane as a long-range gun and admit the logical conclusions which must follow such a premise — we shall have gone a long way toward arriving at an accurate conception of the true rôle of the airplane in the scheme of national defense, and of its proper relation to other warlike agencies.

We are told that a twenty-thousand-dollar airplane can sink a twenty-million-dollar battleship. That is in a certain sense true; but in the same sense it is also true that a twenty-thousand-dollar major-calibre rifle can just as certainly and just as effectively sink the same battleship. The cost of the bare weapons is no criterion of their relative value in national defense; neither the airplane nor the rifle is of any value in war until it is placed in a position to strike. We must consider not only the cost of the weapons themselves, but also the cost of getting them to the attacking position, and of keeping them there. If we would have air-

planes in position, and in fit condition, to attack in distant sea areas, we must carry them there on ships, because they cannot fly there themselves, or, once there, maintain themselves in effective condition. So with guns. Whether our striking weapons be guns or airplanes, we must, at sea, have ships to take them to the scene of action, men to repair and service them, and men to run the ships. There is no plausible reason to believe that fewer men will be required in the engine room of a ship because airplanes instead of guns are on deck, or to believe that there will be required, either ashore or afloat, any fewer men to load a twenty-four-hundred-pound bomb on an airplane than are required to load a twenty-four-hundred-pound projectile into a sixteen-inch gun. As a general rule, a bomb dropped from an airplane can do no greater damage than can a projectile of equal weight shot from a gun. One must accept that the number of guns or airplanes or ships or tanks which we have in battle is of little moment in itself, except in so far as it affects the number of actual hits pressed home on the target. It is fundamental that, in any given set of conditions, that weapon is most effective in sinking ships or in reducing fortified positions which can put the greatest weight of metal and explosive on the target in a given length of time. To quote Theodore Roosevelt, 'The shots that hit are the shots that count.'

The comparative rapidity of hitting is, as a rule, of no less importance than the number of hits. Time is an all-important factor in battle. A modern breech-loading rifle of the heaviest calibre can be reloaded and fired at intervals of seconds; a bombing flight requires at least as many minutes as the great gun requires seconds. Therefore, at distances within the effective hitting range of the rifle, we must in common

sense accept the rifle as a superior weapon. But as the range increases, the hitting accuracy of the rifle necessarily decreases; whereas with the airplane the distance that it flies from its base before releasing its bomb has no measurable effect on its hitting accuracy. Therefore, as the range increases, the relative superiority of the rifle becomes less pronounced, until the advantage finally goes to the airplane. It is futile to argue, as many have done, that the accuracy of bombing has been exaggerated. Even if it has been exaggerated, that in no way alters the fact that the airplane can make at least a few hits up to its full radius of operation — at present in the order of two hundred miles; or the fact that in the area beyond extreme gun range — about twenty miles at present — the gun can make precisely no hits. Something divided by nothing is infinity. The airplane in the area beyond gun range, and within the radius of action of the airplane, is literally infinitely superior to the gun in hitting power.

If we had assurance that all battles will be fought at very long range, we might be justified in adopting airplanes as destructive weapons to the exclusion of all others. But we have no such assurance. It is probable that we shall have to fight sometimes at short range, sometimes at intermediate range, sometimes at very long range — or, quite possibly on occasion, at all ranges at once. The airplane and the breech-loading rifle each has its field of superiority. There is need for both — on land and at sea.

III

It is perhaps a paradox that the airplane seems destined to exert its most profound influence on the relative armed strength of nations in that area where it is most difficult to operate — on the high seas.

Ships as a class offer far better targets, both to bombing and to gunfire, than do objects on land. It has long since been firmly established that a gun mounted on a ship is no match for a similar gun mounted on shore, because to silence the shore gun the gun itself must be hit, whereas the gun on the ship may be silenced by hits on the supporting hull which may not come within a hundred yards of the gun itself. All the hits in the world will not sink the shore; one hit may sink a ship, with all hands on board. For this reason the use of war vessels in making direct attack on well-defended shore positions has in the past brought disaster to the ships. The result has been that, as the range of guns has increased, the ship has been pushed farther and farther from shore, beyond the effective range of shore batteries. The advent of the airplane — a longer-range gun than any heretofore known — has served merely to push the ship yet farther offshore than before. Ship-borne bombing airplanes can bomb coastal territory, to be sure, but so can ship-borne great guns shell coastal territory. We need shore-based bombing aircraft at important population centres along our coast line, certainly, just as we have in the past needed shore-based great guns; but, having them, we may be assured that direct assault by raiding ships on our home territory, either with guns or with bombing aircraft, is a very remote possibility indeed. The advent of the airplane has in no way changed the fundamentals of coastal defense.

But even if our coastal defenses be utterly impregnable, our national security and prosperity are by no means assured thereby. These can be assured only so long as we are free to send our merchantmen at will over the sea to the four corners of the earth. Our great automobile and electric industries, our

telephone, telegraph, and electric light and power systems, all require a continuing supply of rubber for automobile tires and for electric-wire insulation. Every ounce of rubber that is used in these industries comes to us in ships from over the sea. So do tin, nitrates for explosives, and essential elements that go into the manufacture of a host of articles that we use in our everyday life. Cessation of the anthracite mining industry was a national calamity. What would be the effect of cessation of our automobile and electric industries? How can these and related activities persist, how can our present prosperity continue, without freedom of the seas?

National defense does not mean coastal defense alone. It means defense of our shipping in its journeys to the markets of the world across the seas. A cargo of freight destined for our shores is just as great a loss if it is sunk in the Indian Ocean as it is if sunk at the entrance to New York Harbor. Who will soon forget the terror to British shipping wrought by German commerce raiders which ranged the seas, and which occupied the attention of a considerable portion of the British fleet before they were run to earth? The Falkland Islands are thousands of miles from England, yet there was fought one of the greatest sea battles of the war with Germany. What schoolboy has not thrilled to the story of Stephen Decatur in Tripoli Harbor in 1804? One of the most glorious pages of United States history is the Battle of Manila Bay, six thousand miles from our shores. What have these things to do with coastal defense?

Thousands of years of human history have demonstrated in all walks of life — be it business, politics, the sport of schoolboys, or nations at war — that a vigorous and effective attack is by all odds the best protection; and further,

that the most effective point of attack is the opponent's most vulnerable point. If we would have efficient national defense, therefore, let us look first to our potentialities for attack, to our most vulnerable point, and to those of other nations. The most vulnerable point of every influential nation is its ocean-going shipping. Destroy the overseas commerce of any nation, and you strike at the heart of its industrial and social organization. If we are forced to war, we may expect first a vigorous offensive against our ocean-going shipping; and to protect our shipping we must seek out and destroy the enemy attacking forces, we must strive offensively for control of the sea. Direct attack against enemy home territory, without first controlling the sea, is a futile and indefensible waste of energy. The controlling factor in sea operations is necessarily the striking power of the ship. The navy is truly the first line of defense. Sea power must be our first concern in any sound scheme of national defense.

IV

Generally speaking, a ship outranged is a ship defeated, because, being outranged, she can be hit repeatedly without being able to hit back. Ability to hit an enemy ship at distances whence she cannot hit back is far better protection than all the armor in the world. It has, therefore, come to be accepted as axiomatic that victory at sea goes to the ship or fleet which can strike effectively at the longest range. In striving for the advantage which goes with long range, gun ranges of ships have rapidly increased until they have now reached nearly twenty miles. Yardarm-to-yardarm combat is a thing of the past; fire is now opened between opposing battle lines while they are still hull down over the

horizon. It is true that at these ranges the percentage of actual hits made is small, but the advantage — both material and moral — which goes to him who strikes the first blow is so great that the expenditure of considerable quantities of ammunition in attempting to make the first hits, even though they be few, is fully justified. As gun ranges have increased, the difficulty of observing the fall of shot and thence correcting the aim has increased correspondingly, so much so, in fact, that until the advent of aircraft it was coming to be accepted that further increase of range was useless. But with the advent of aircraft, and their use as high observation posts near to the enemy, the accuracy of hitting at long range has greatly increased. The use of aircraft in gunnery observation has served to increase the number of hits on the target just as surely as the addition of more guns or more battleships to the battle line would have increased the number of hits.

To this extent, then, the observation planes now at sea with the battle fleet are, in a manner of speaking, serving in the place of additional guns or additional battleships. Limitation by treaty of tonnage of battleships, of size of guns, has in no wise stopped competition to gain superiority in striking power. Nor can it be stopped by treaty. So long as competition in trade continues, competition in the elements necessary to protect it will also continue. Already it has come to be accepted that as between two otherwise equal fleets, one with airplane gunnery observation, the other without, victory must surely go in battle to that fleet which has airplane observation. That is one reason why Great Britain has six aircraft carriers in commission in its fleet; that is why every battleship and every light cruiser in the United States fleet to-day is

fitted with catapults, and carries its observation planes and protecting fighters as a matter of course. But the catapult on the gun ship is after all something of a makeshift. Once the plane is launched, it can be recovered and refueled only by landing on the surface of the sea, thence to be hoisted on board. This necessitates stopping the ship, and interrupting the fire of the guns. In the midst of a hotly contested engagement such a procedure is suicidal. If we would realize the full potentialities of the airplane in this rôle, we must provide means whereby when the fuel is exhausted the plane may return directly on board a ship moving with the battle line. Such means can be provided only in a ship of special design — an aircraft carrier. Even if we accept that the principal rôle of the airplane at sea is gunnery observation, a truly efficient fleet must have carriers for its observation planes.

But in common sense we cannot accept that observation is the principal rôle of the airplane at sea. Bearing in mind that the fundamental compelling force behind the development of practically all naval ordnance, including airplanes, has been the effort to increase the effective striking range — or in some other way to derive the benefits of ability to hit without being hit — and bearing in mind that the bombing airplane in its rôle as a long-range gun can hit effectively beyond the maximum range that any other known form of gun can conceivably hit, it would seem inevitable in common sense that the bombing airplane must take a place of major importance in the field of ship-borne armament. (It is even conceivable that the bombing airplane might eventually assume a rôle of even greater importance than the major-calibre rifle. This is a radical view, to be sure, a view which involves so many controversial elements that it would be

futile to attempt at this time to argue its probabilities. The eventual possibility is mentioned, however, to emphasize the necessity for careful consideration of the bombing airplane in connection with future developments in the national defense at sea, but more particularly to emphasize the importance of the carrier-based airplane in the scheme of national defense of the present.)

The controlling factor in all ship design is the type of ordnance which it is intended to carry. If it is to be heavy guns, the ship takes the form best suited to heavy guns; if torpedoes, the form best suited to torpedoes; if airplanes, the form best suited to airplanes. Battleship, torpedo boat, submarine, aircraft carrier, all are the same thing in different form — war vessels designed to protect friendly shipping, to destroy enemy shipping.

Consider now the specific case of the aircraft carrier versus the battleship. It is not a case of the airplane versus the battleship — it is a case of the airplane versus the ordinary gun as the principal armament of ships designed to control the sea. To argue the question from the point of view of the air force versus the sea force (the navy) or versus the land force (the army) is equivalent to arguing the question of guns versus the army or the navy. Whatever its use, the airplane is as inseparable from the army or the navy as is the gun, or as is any other weapon or vehicle that serves their ends.

In the first place, the bombing aircraft of the carrier can strike the battleship at far greater distance than the guns of the battleship can strike the carrier. To that extent the carrier is undoubtedly superior. We are told that the carrier is far more vulnerable than is the heavily armored battleship. One might infer therefrom that there is some peculiarity in aircraft that makes

it impossible to put heavy armor on ships which carry them. There is no good reason why heavy armor cannot be provided for the aircraft carrier if that is necessary. But *vis-à-vis* a battleship there appears to be no necessity for heavy armor on the carrier, because if the armor is eliminated it immediately becomes possible to give the carrier a superiority in speed which will enable her always to choose her own range and time of attack, and to deliver her blows from beyond the extreme gun range of the battleship. Superiority in effective hitting range is far better protection than armor.

It must be remembered that a navy is not all battleships, nor is the business of a navy merely to keep its fighting ships from being sunk. That is essential only in so far as it aids the real business in hand — to keep its merchant shipping from being sunk.

We might consider the matter from this point of view. Assume all of our foreign-trade shipping to be concentrated in one huge convoy escorted by a navy having no bombing aircraft and threatened by an enemy. Our mission is to protect, the enemy's to destroy, the convoy. If the attack comes by surface craft alone, the problem is comparatively simple. We shall put the convoy behind the escort, where it will be safe so long as the escort is undefeated, because before the enemy can come within gun range of the convoy he must first clear the space occupied by the escort. In such circumstances the fate of the convoy hinges solely upon the outcome of the fleet engagement. Destruction of the convoy follows as a matter of course upon the defeat of the escort. To defeat the escort the enemy must concentrate his forces, else he must himself suffer defeat in detail. Thus we build up a doctrine of concentration — a doctrine which says virtually that control of the

sea is decided by major fleet engagements. But suppose that the enemy chooses to evade the defending surface ships, after the manner of the German submarines in the last war. What then becomes of the doctrine of control by massed fleet actions? We have learned in the hard school of war — or should have learned — that massed fleet actions, important though they may be, are not of themselves decisive; that there are ways of circumventing the power of the big guns of the massed battle line. Suppose that the enemy chooses to attack with bombing aircraft operating from ships whose speed is enough greater than that of our heavy battleships (slow because they are fitted with armor) to permit them to avoid the gunfire of the battleships; and suppose that he chooses to make his attack not on the battleships, but directly on the ships of the convoy, which is, after all, the real objective. Even were the battleships themselves totally bombproof, that would be small comfort to the ships of the convoy. These are not, and cannot be, bombproof. How, if we have no bombing airplanes in our fleet, shall we meet such an attack? With fighting airplanes? If we have no carriers from which to operate them, how shall we get them into the air? With anti-aircraft guns? Doubtless anti-aircraft guns can account for a few of the attacking planes, but it must be remembered that anti-aircraft guns to be effective must be at or very near indeed to the point of attack, and if we mingle our escorting ships with the convoy to provide close anti-aircraft gun protection we immediately restrict their freedom of movement and almost completely destroy their effectiveness for protection against a concentrated attack by gunfire from possible enemy battleships.

It has always been true in war that

when an enemy threatens with longer-range guns one must reply with guns of at least equal range. The airplane is a longer-range gun than any heretofore known. The only effective way to stop the attack of bombing airplanes is to seek out and destroy the ships on which they are based, and without which they cannot operate at sea. And that can be done effectively only if we have bombing airplanes in our own fleet, and carriers from which they may operate. The only satisfactory answer to the bombing airplanes of an aircraft carrier is bombing airplanes on an aircraft carrier.

V

The airplane is to-day one of the most formidable weapons in sea warfare, the aircraft carrier of no less importance than the battleship, the cruiser, the submarine, the destroyer. A modern navy can no more afford to be without aircraft than it can afford to be without guns or torpedoes. Neither is a replacement for the other; each has its own work to perform, but neither is complete without the other. All are vital to national security.

In the Washington Treaty of 1921, the United States and Great Britain were each allotted 135,000 tons of aircraft carriers—Japan was allotted 81,000 tons. In the Lexington and the Saratoga, commissioned in 1927, we have two carriers totaling 66,000 tons, less than half the tonnage which the leading statesmen and technical experts of the world agreed in solemn conference was necessary to provide adequate naval strength. (Certainly if they had not deemed it necessary they would hardly have stipulated it in one of the most important international treaties of modern times.) There still remain to be built 69,000 tons of carriers within the provisions of that treaty. That

tonnage, if we had it, could carry and operate at least two hundred fully manned bombing planes in readiness for instant action with the fleet in any part of the world. Four years is necessary to design and build a modern aircraft carrier, after Congress has authorized, and appropriated funds for, its construction. There is not yet (February 1928) any Congressional authorization to begin making up the shortage, nor money appropriated even for their design.

There was need for those carriers in 1921 — the statesmen of the world virtually said so when they signed the Washington Treaty. Have recent events served to indicate that the airplane is of any less importance in the world of affairs to-day than it was six years ago? Or that it will become of any less importance in the immediate or distant future?

Fast merchant vessels are readily convertible into aircraft carriers in time of war, and although they are, of course, less effective than ships designed specifically for the purpose, they become, nevertheless, when so converted, formidable war vessels, with which even a heavily armored battleship must reckon. Many commercial airplanes are potential bombers or observation planes.

More and more do commercial transport vehicles tend toward the characteristics required for effective war service. When we foster commercial aviation, we inevitably promote the national defense. When we add to our merchant marine, we add to our potential reserve of effective war vessels at sea when war comes. If we stand low in registered tonnage of fast ocean-going merchantmen — which we do — our comparative effectiveness in sea power, and hence our national security, are far less than a comparison of actual tonnage of regularly commissioned war

vessels would indicate, and there is all the more danger in a course which fails to provide for the full commissioned tonnage that international treaty allows — almost obligates — us to build.

The more we limit the tonnage and armament of regularly commissioned naval vessels, the more important becomes the rôle of the airplane — commercial as well as military; the more important becomes the merchant vessel — seemingly impotent, but in reality a potential war vessel of formidable strength. As between two nations of comparable gun-ship sea strength, and a disparity in merchant shipping, that nation which is superior in fast merchant tonnage will almost certainly in a 'next war' control the sea. And, as always in the past, victory in war goes to that nation which controls the sea.

It may be a source of pride to us to point to fine, well-trained, and efficient air squadrons lining our shores, but as things stand to-day they can exert little influence on the outcome of a war at sea, for they must sit on our front doorstep, waiting impatiently for the enemy to come within range. It is doubtful if an enemy will be obliging enough to send his sea and air forces into the almost certain destruction that awaits him there. Wars are not fought in that manner. The only way to win a war is to go out and fight. We shall have to fight at sea in a next war. And to fight successfully at sea we must have air power at sea. It cannot fly there by itself; it must be carried there — on ships.

There can be no assurance of national security without adequate sea power; no adequate sea power without a strong air force at sea with the fleet in instant readiness for action; no strong air force at sea without aircraft carriers.

Airplanes can be built in large numbers in a few weeks; ships require

months or years to build; war has a way of coming overnight.

We have our stipulated tonnage in battleships. We have not the tonnage in aircraft carriers that is necessary to support the aircraft without which our battleships will be ineffective in future war. If we fail now to provide for necessary aircraft carriers, we fail to

provide for essential air power at sea when war comes. We fail to provide for adequate sea power, for national security.

We — the United States of America — gave the airplane to the world. If we fail to recognize its potentialities, and its limitations, and to act accordingly, it may prove to be our undoing.

THE INCUBUS OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

AMONG the vast mass of letters occasioned by this series of articles in the *Atlantic* I have read a number whose severe criticism is clearly based upon misunderstanding. Many, perhaps all, of these are utterly sincere, but they confuse issues which I have from the outset striven to make absolutely distinct. For any pain I have caused an honest soul I am deeply sorry. Nothing is further from my mind and heart than to publish anything injurious against the dear and ancient Mother at whose feet I have grown up.

We all understand the distinction between the divine and the human in the Church. The Church is, we believe, divine in her conception, her doctrine, and her means of grace. On the other hand, in her members, clerical and lay, in her polity, and in many of her practices she is human. In this latter regard alone is criticism permissible.

If it be not right to criticize the human genius of the Church, then are we deprived of a great and necessary instrument for progress. We are left

without hope of adapting her teachings to the needs of the modern world.

I

‘Viva il papa-rè!’ is still heard at public audiences in the Vatican when the pope is borne through the crowd on his carrying chair. ‘Long live the pope-king!’ is the cry. It comes loudest usually from the bands of seminarians. Among them may be recognized American students for the priesthood in their black cassocks with the blue trimming. This enthusiastic outburst is not without its logic. It suggests the lack of harmony between the Catholic Church and democracy. The Church is an absolute monarchy, the chief ruler of which possesses doctrinal and administrative power from which there is no appeal. In his own right, independent of all subsidiary officials or groups, the pope may proclaim new doctrines and promulgate new disciplinary laws. The only democratic principle inherent in the system consists in this, that all classes are eligible to official position. However, this

principle does not apply to the method of elections.

At the present time the pope is elected by the college of cardinals. The pope is head of the Church because he is bishop of Rome, and not the reverse. It is a doctrine of faith that the Roman bishop is head of the Church. 'If any one shall say that it is not by the institution of Christ our Lord Himself or by divinely established right . . . that the Roman Pontiff is not the successor of blessed Peter in the same primacy; — let him be anathema.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, p. 265) The cardinals, who are the chief clergy of Rome, no matter in which country they live, elect their own bishop. He automatically becomes pope.

In short, according to Catholic doctrine, the supreme pontificate is divinely attached to an Italian diocese. It is not strange, then, that nearly all the modern popes have been Italians. It is known to be the concern of each pope to leave a sufficient number of Italians among the cardinals to enable them to elect a pope of their own nationality. Under the present system the election of a pope from any other than Italian nationality is practically impossible.

The pope has many titles and insignia. He has taken over both the title of high priest (*Summus Pontifex*) from the Jews and that of *Pontifex Maximus* from pagan Rome. He wears the triple crown, known as the tiara. 'The kissing of the pope's foot — the characteristic act by which all the faithful do honor to him as the Vicar of Christ (*sic*) — is found as early as the eighth century. . . . The pope ranks as the first of Christian princes, and in Catholic countries his ambassadors have precedence over other members of the diplomatic body.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XII, p. 270) For

more than a thousand years (A.D. 754–1870) the pope was king over a portion of Italy known as the States of the Church. In the beginning this was a section of territory extending from Rome to the Adriatic. By the military exploits of Popes Alexander VI, Julius II, and other popes this territory was extended so as to embrace the greater portion of Italy. The history of papal temporal power forms a story the mention of which might well bring the blush of shame to the enlightened Catholic mind. The diluted narrative given in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* does not hide the political intrigue, the tyrannous oppression, and the militaristic greed practised by this long line of men who claimed to represent the teachings and the spirit of Him who was styled the Prince of Peace.

It is the paradox of the ages. Christ wore a crown of thorns — His vicar wears a golden crown of political power. Our meek Redeemer knelt to wash the feet of His disciples, while His chief earthly representative extends his foot to be kissed. Our divine Saviour was unjustly accused of proclaiming Himself king of the Jews, and His vicegerents for ten centuries maintained an army to keep them secure in their Italian kingdom. The Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head, but His chief minister dwells in a palace surrounded by Oriental splendor. The Redeemer of the world, with bleeding feet, bore the heavy cross up Calvary, but His pope, arrayed in the splendor of Solomon, is borne upon the shoulders of his servants.

The world is aware of this contrast, though many are captivated by the pomp and brilliancy of the Vatican. Perhaps the world would accept this display of magnificence in the harmless sense in which it is intended, were it not for the spirit of arrogance behind it. The world of thoughtful men might

even be inclined to accept the pope and his resplendent court, did he lay claim to spiritual supremacy alone. But the modern mind cannot harmonize the ideas of pope and king in the same person. Indeed, it must be known, the pope has not abandoned the idea of earthly kingship. Pope Pius XI still lays claim to the rights of a sovereign. This is the case that has been pending between the papacy and the Italian government. It is known as the Roman Question. When the Italians took Rome in 1870, they left the pope the Vatican and Castel Gandolfo, the pope's old summer residence in the Roman Campagna, as his sole domain. Since that time the pope has remained a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican. He is awaiting a settlement, the nature of which is not publicly known. Pope Benedict XV sent Archbishop (now Cardinal) Ceretti to the Peace Conference, presumably to seek aid in the settlement of the Roman Question. His mission was evidently a failure. Within the past year press dispatches announced that Mussolini was attempting to settle the Question.

In the meantime the Pope continues to act as a sovereign with any nation that is willing to accept his ambassador or send a representative to the Vatican. During the later period of the war England maintained a minister to the Holy See in the person of Count De Sales. After the Peace Conference France resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican; Japan did likewise. All the Catholic countries, particularly Spain and the South American countries, have their representatives at the Vatican. Thus the political power of the popes still lingers.

This power was great in the Middle Ages. For several centuries the pope constituted himself a sort of overlord, a supermonarch who exercised a kind of political suzerainty over the rulers

of Europe. If a prince were agreeable to his cause, the pope blessed him or perhaps consecrated him with sacred oil. When the pope appealed for help to the Frankish king in 754, 'he — Pope Stephen — anointed king Pepin, his wife, and sons, and bound the Franks under threat of excommunication never thereafter to choose a king from any other family than the Carolingians.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XIV, p. 259) On the other hand, the pope deposed, when he found it possible, monarchs who were refractory to his will. Pope Gregory VII excommunicated Henry IV, German king and Roman emperor, 'and a resolution was passed that if Henry were not freed from Excommunication within the year he should forfeit the Empire.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VII, p. 231)

The activities of the popes in mediæval politics are well known. It was believed that the Church should provide suitable rulers for Catholic countries. But the Church often had to pay dearly for her prestige through the interference of princes in ecclesiastical affairs. For a long time no pope could be elected without the sanction of the German king. Of Henry II it is related: 'The Church, as the constitutional Church of Germany . . . raised Henry to the throne. . . . Henry disposed of bishoprics autocratically. Under his rule, the bishops, from whom he demanded unqualified obedience, seemed to be nothing but officials of the Empire. He demanded the same obedience from the Abbots.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VII, pp. 227-8)

This confusion of politics with religion in the Middle Ages is thought by many Catholic scholars to have been necessary. The Church sought to promote the spiritual welfare of the people, they say, through the aid of the

secular arm. If so, it is a confession of weakness on the part of the Church. During all those centuries in which the Church was embroiled in politics there appears to have been no real progress in religion. The people seem to have been controlled in faith and worship by law rather than by force of Christian love.

II

How glorious might the Church have been had her popes and bishops resisted lust for power and wealth! Never was the Church so magnificent as in the first three centuries of existence. Then her members were held together, not by the fear of papal authority, but by the sacred bond of brotherly love. In that long period the bishop of Rome and his fellow bishops were Christlike in the simplicity of their lives. Money to them meant little else than means to help the poor. Bishops, in those days, were good shepherds of their flock. They were, it seems, gentle, unassuming men who strove only to imitate the meek Redeemer. But with power came arrogance and with arrogance came dogmatism. Thus the system grew.

Modern popes, who have been great and good men, are the victims of this system. They have been, for the most part, men of God, filled with zeal for the cause of Christ. It would not be easy for one of them to introduce any great change in the policy of the Church. For this a modern Hildebrand would be required, a man with a world vision of love and brotherhood, a man who could cast off the shackles of traditionalism and cry out, 'Back to the simplicity of the Gospel!' Then Christlike life would be the concern of the Church, human life, the more abundant life. To achieve this the Church must needs adopt the words of Christ for her motto: 'The truth shall

make you free.' She must liberate the minds of men, emancipate their spirits from the domination of intellectualistic theology. She must cast her weight with all the earnest men of earth who are striving to solve the problem of human existence. She must begin to believe in the sovereignty and the nobility of humanity.

In this great movement, the whole organization of the Church must change in spirit. The old idea of obedience must pass, together with the old idea of authority. Obedience must come to mean love and reverence, not fear, for superiors. Authority, on the other hand, must come to mean the benign influence of love and service, such as Christ possessed in His earthly mission. Popes, bishops, and priests, if they are ever to represent Christ faithfully, must study His mind. Christ warned His Apostles against the spirit of domination: 'And he said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles lord it over them; and they that have power over them, are called beneficent. *But you not so:* but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is the leader, as he that serveth. For which is greater, he that sitteth at table, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at table? But I am in the midst of you, as he that serveth.'

This is the spirit which animated the Apostles, the first bishops of the Church. How different is the spirit of later-day bishops, especially those of America! In no other country of the world, perhaps, has the hierarchy preserved the spirit and the methods of feudalism as have the bishops of the United States. It was a dark day for the Church when her bishops became feudal lords. Throughout the Middle Ages it was the custom of ecclesiastics to hold political principalities. 'The Church too had her place in the feudal

system . . . kings and emperors endowed her with property; and ecclesiastical property has not infrequently brought evils in its train. The result was disputed elections; younger sons of nobles were introduced into bishoprics, at times even into the papacy. The cause of this was feudalism, for a system that had its basis on land-tenure was bound at last to enslave a Church that possessed great landed possessions. In Germany, for example, three out of the seven electors were churchmen. There were, besides, several prince-bishops within the Empire, and mitred abbots, whose rule was more extended and more powerful than that of many a secular baron. As it was in Germany, so it was in France, England, Scotland, Spain, etc. . . . the numerous claimants for the livings were only too ready to admit every demand of their (feudal) lord, if only he would permit them to possess the bishopric, abbacy, or whatever else it might be. In short, the Church was in danger of becoming the annex of the state; the pope, of becoming the chaplain of the emperor.' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VI, pp. 62-3)

Feudalism was an unpopular and a degrading system of government. It contained none of the political elements that tend to develop the individual. It was a system in which the masses of the people were bound to the will of one man in a serfdom which was but a step removed from slavery. 'No system,' writes Guizot, 'has ever, in France, remained so odious to the public instincts. . . . You will find the feudal system considered, by the mass of the population, a foe to be fought and fought down at any cost.' (*History of France*, vol. I, pp. 230-1)

The Catholic bishop is still given his feudal title, Your Lordship. At ordination the newly made priest kneels, as the serf once knelt before his feudal

lord, his two hands held between the hands of the bishop. Then the bishop says: 'Dost thou promise me and my successors reverence and obedience?' The answer follows: 'I promise.' In these later days the oath against modernism is generally demanded after ordination just as it is required of seminary and university professors at the beginning of each academic year.

The newly ordained priest has now bound himself to reverence and obey his bishop. Little does he dream of the future humiliations this step may entail. 'Of all the tyrannies the worst is that which can thus (as in feudalism) keep account of its subjects, and which sees, from its seat, the limits of its empire. The caprices of the human will then show themselves in all their intolerable extravagance and, moreover, with irresistible promptness.' (*History of France*, vol. I, p. 232) The bishop feels that he is responsible to God for the lives of the priests who have promised to reverence and obey him. Not satisfied with the reverence and obedience shown by devoted children to their parents, he demands those external signs of fealty and honor which the feudal lord required of his serfs.

When the priest, or any of the faithful, greets His Lordship, he must kneel before him and kiss the episcopal ring upon his hand. For this act of submission he is granted, each time, an indulgence of fifty days. A certain American bishop of the Middle West is very insistent upon this point of ecclesiastical etiquette. One day a young priest came suddenly upon the bishop, and in his excitement forgot his manners and simply said: 'Good morning, Bishop.' His Lordship flew into a pious rage and shouted: 'Is that the way to greet your bishop? Get down on your knees and kiss your bishop's hand and learn to show due reverence for your superior!' It must not be supposed,

however, that this bishop, who is so zealous for his own honor, is necessarily oblivious of his duty toward God. It is entirely possible that he went to his chapel afterward and thanked God for having permitted him to teach this obstinate priest a sound lesson. Mayhap he prayed for the soul of the erring one. For, indeed, the bishop feels that he must at least help to bear the burden of all the priestly consciences in his diocese.

It is a custom for the bishop to arrange, at stated times, a spiritual retreat for his priests. On such occasions the priests repair to a religious house, or other place, for several days and there listen to conferences delivered by a retreat master. They usually spend the time in silence and meditation. They are also supposed to make a good confession during the retreat. It is a matter of the priest's own conscience, yet the bishop orders it and fixes the date on which it is to take place.

On occasion, too, the bishop helps the priest to keep his conscience. When the episcopal visitation takes place, the priest is given a blank form to fill out. Here he must state whether he has said his daily prayers, made his meditation, gone to confession regularly, and the like. He is required to answer many other questions which touch the intimacy of his own private life. If he thus confesses, in writing, he is liable to ecclesiastical censure. It must be said, in justice, that many bishops do not observe this ordinance.

III

The bishop is practically a tsar in his diocese. His power is limited only by the regulations of general ecclesiastical law. He can make or remake diocesan laws at will. He is free to promote his favorites as suits his fancy. He is bound to no rule of merit or sin-

cerity in dealing out preferments. If he is a mediocre man, or a man whose youth and childhood were passed in unfavorable circumstances, he is liable to suffer from the superiority complex. In such case he is an easy victim for the flatterer. He is secure in his position — as secure, at least, as were some of his predecessors in their feudal castles. No one dare criticize him, at least not openly or in the hearing of an episcopal favorite. He is bound to give no reckoning, save to the pope, self-imprisoned in the far-away Vatican. He is not a servant of the people, as was the meek Redeemer. He is their lord, who loves to be addressed 'Your Lordship.' He therefore need render to priests and people no account of his stewardship. Like the feudal lords of old, he taxes without representation, and he spends the funds of his diocese without ever making a financial statement for the enlightenment of his subjects.

In America no one is supposed to know what the bishop's personal income happens to be. There is an episcopal system of taxation for the bishop's personal benefit, called the 'cathedraticum.' This is usually five per cent of the ordinary income in all the parishes of the diocese. Thus the personal income of a bishop in a small diocese might be an annual pittance of twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars, while that of a bishop of a large metropolis should run from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Of course, it is assumed that many bishops give freely to charitable and educational causes. However, a bishop is supposed to live up to the high dignity which he holds. One famous and able prelate has two palatial homes, one in the heart of the city, the other in the suburbs. On the walls of his hallway he displays tapestries which, he says, cost twenty thou-

sand dollars each. This demonstrates the generosity of the poor American working people toward their ecclesiastical superiors.

In the last few years the American bishops have found another effective means of raising funds on short notice. It is the assessment plan. The prelate decides how much he needs for a given purpose. He then assigns to each parish its portion of the total sum. Some years ago a certain American bishop was called to Rome to receive a high dignity. He thought it becoming, therefore, to take a worthy gift to the pope. This is reputed to have been a half million dollars. In a businesslike manner he assessed each parish wisely so as to raise the amount. One poor country pastor was assessed eighteen hundred dollars. His church was in debt and he was unable to collect the mite called his salary. Nevertheless, by begging and borrowing, he finally succeeded in gathering one thousand dollars. With a certain self-satisfaction at having done the impossible, he took the money to his ecclesiastical lord. When the awful truth dawned upon the prelate, he angrily asked: 'Where are the other eight hundred?' Then, deaf to the pleas of the terror-stricken priest, he said: 'I don't care for your reasons. Go back and get the rest of the money and have it here within ten days, or somebody else will.' The good pope no doubt praised the generosity of the American people when he received their munificent gift.

Another great prelate, whose name is a household word in the press of his great Western city, not long since returned from Rome. The headlines of the neighborly dailies carried some such caption as this: 'Million dollars given to the prelate by the people as a testimony of their love and reverence.' But there is a little story which may throw some light upon the inner pur-

port of those headlines. First of all, be it known that the million dollars were raised by the efficient mode of assessment. The said prelate had left a substitute in charge of affairs during his absence. In his zeal this substitute ordered the assessment according to the general rule. It is related that a city pastor who had been assessed thirty thousand dollars came to complain. He pleaded that his church, long in use, but not yet consecrated, was burdened with a debt of two hundred thousand dollars; his people were not able to pay the interest; he could not raise the money. But the *chargé d'affaires* replied: 'I do not care to listen to your parish difficulties. Go, get the money, and have it here within two weeks, or I'll put someone else in the place who will.' It is to be remarked, by way of commentary, that no substitute could have asserted so much authority of himself. The assumption is, therefore, that he had been duly authorized for the exigency by his absent superior.

It must be admitted, however, that not all assessments are carried out in this high-handed manner. Sometimes the priests are called together and asked to pass upon the project. Those who are prudently wise are apt to express approval. Then again bishops sometimes hire an expert who conducts a drive to obtain funds. One bishop of a well-known manufacturing city in this manner achieved the magnificent sum of eight million dollars. Indeed, the Church has become a great financial institution. Bishops and priests are often judged by their ability to get money. In a certain sense, it is a great honor to have your name carved on the corner stone of a million-dollar cathedral. We are often told that 'the American Church is still in the brick and mortar age.'

There has been much speculation

among the clergy in later years as to whether bishops are really chosen for their financial ability. In fact, the election of bishops in the United States is an interesting topic. Formerly there was a semblance of home rule in the selection of bishops. Under the old régime the priests of the diocese submitted three names, from which one was usually chosen to fill the vacant bishopric. But about ten years ago this system was abolished. It was said that too much politics and corruption had entered into the elections.

In any case, Rome saw fit to exercise the right of selecting whomsoever she would to fill the bishoprics in this great land of wealth and opportunity. The bishops, indeed, at given intervals submit the names of those whom they adjudge worthy of this great dignity. Yet Rome does not in any manner bind herself to choose her bishops from these lists. It may be readily surmised that this arbitrary system offers a serious temptation to those whose ambitions might prompt them to curry favor with Vatican officials. Not long ago a high Roman official received a five-thousand-dollar automobile as a token of esteem from a devoted American prelate. The good prelate, then, fearing that he had perhaps put an unbearable burden upon his dear Roman friend, paid a chauffeur's salary for a year and contributed a thousand dollars for gasoline and oil.

For an American to obtain a bishopric to-day it is practically necessary either to have a friend in the Vatican or at least to be an alumnus of a Roman theological school. This latter is supposed to have best assimilated the spirit of the Church. Many methods are used in courting the favor of those who are powerful with the Holy See. One good American, who for many years had felt the episcopal urge, used to send a barrel of fish each year to

a certain papal representative. After weary waiting he was eventually rewarded with an insignificant little diocese in the southern part of the United States.

IV

It is the old story of ecclesiastical ambition. Religion does not seem to quench the thirst for power in its votaries. The first case recorded in the annals of Christianity is the Gospel narrative in which the Boanerges sought the first places in Christ's kingdom. Christ's rebuke to them should have been carved above the portals of every Christian temple.

In truth, Christ seems to have had no thought of creating dignities in His Church. He commissioned His Apostles simply to feed His flock. How amazed would have been those gentle Apostles, the first bishops, had they seen, in prophetic vision, the paradoxical spectacle of Christian bishops parading in the royal purple of power. Sad, indeed, it had been for them had they foreseen that these later apostles would be bedecked with the feudal war helmet in the form of a mitre and glittering with precious gems in their ring and their pectoral cross. Their Saviour, too, must weep, who for them wore the crown of thorns, and was clothed in the garb of a carpenter's son. His only gems were the crimson drops of blood which He shed out of love for mankind.

He who knelt beside the adulterous woman and uttered those words of mercy and generosity, 'He who is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her'; He who said, 'Come to me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you'; He who forgave the Magdalen; He who hid Himself when they sought to clothe Him with the royal purple; He who said, 'Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart'—He must sit in

His heaven and hear one of His representatives shout, 'Down on your knees and kiss your bishop's ring!'

But it was not always thus. In the early Church, before the monarchical episcopate came into being, Christ's ministers still retained His meek and humble spirit. Like their divine Master, they considered themselves servants of the people. 'He that is the leader, [let him become] as he that serveth. . . . I am in the midst of you, as he that serveth.'

Christ had no episcopal throne, canopied with rich velvet and royal purple. He sat on the mountain side and taught the great lesson: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.' How far from His mind on that occasion was the idea of those presumptuous titles: Your Holiness the Pope, Your Eminence the Cardinal, Your Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, Your Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop. Yet we should not be too severe in judging the poor mortals who are carried away by lust for ecclesiastical honors. Human nature does not seem able to resist the temptation to dominate when the opportunity presents itself. This is a noble trait of the human soul gone astray. The evil of ecclesiastical ambition belongs rather to the system than to those who are the system's victims.

Alack the day when the Church began to construct her constitution after the pattern of the old Roman Empire. The change began about the opening of the fourth century. Soon the Church became more Roman than the Empire itself. It has remained so ever since.

The conquests of the Church in these fifteen centuries ago resemble, in most instances, those which made the Roman Empire mistress of the world. Few peoples were converted to Christianity by the power of the Gospel in these long ages. The masses were

herded like sheep to baptism after their chieftains had accepted Christianity. In some cases this form of conversion was a policy rather than a new life. When peoples were converted, they were at once exploited by the minions of the Church. The idea of benefices, livings, prevailed. Ecclesiastical positions, high dignities, profitable offices, were established. Then there was a rush of the ambitious, the sycophants of popes and princes, to obtain them. The same practices, under covert forms, prevail to-day. It is, of course, impossible in these modern times to corral people and thrust upon them the religion of their rulers. Fortunately those absolute monarchs, other than ecclesiastical, have almost disappeared from the face of the earth.

Christians made by law or authority have never brought much honor to the name of Christ. It is notable, too, that the Church's power passes, largely, with the passing of those tyrannous rulers who lent their powerful arm to the propagation of her dogmas. Wherever democracy has prevailed there has ever been a marked weakening of Catholic ecclesiastical power. With liberty and enlightenment heresy and unbelief run apace. This is not unnatural, since the Church has so often been identified with the absolutism which oppressed the human race for centuries. Besides, it is this absolutism which is still practised in the Catholic hierarchy. In its religious code there is no more freedom of thought, no more personal liberty, than there was in feudalism. There is no more kinship of spirit between an ecclesiastical potentate to-day and his followers than there was between a feudal lord and his serfs. Fear, physical fear, bound the serf to his lord. Fear, moral and religious fear, prompts the Catholic to kiss the foot or the hand of his ecclesiastical ruler.

V

If Christ had intended to establish a Church fashioned after the kingdom of the Cæsars, He would certainly have called Herod or Pilate, not the poor fisherman Peter, to be its first head. If He had intended to found a school of theological science, He would have called some of the Greek or Roman philosophers, whose teachings have since been adopted, to watch over its early destinies. But Christ said: 'Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such.' His only thought was to unite humanity in one great brotherhood of love. He wished only to destroy the spirit of arrogance and despotism which prevailed and to lead men to love one another.

He Himself drove the ancient money changers from the temple. He condemned the scribes and Pharisees because of their zeal for the law and the high places. He upbraided them for assuming the title of Master and seeking salutations in the market place. He was indeed a lover of the people. Little did He dream, humanly speaking, that His own bishops would later espouse the spirit of the world, the spirit of pomp and power, which then oppressed the peoples of earth.

It is striking how well the teachings of Christ harmonize with the principles of democracy and liberty. He came to liberate the spirit of mankind, to impress upon the race its dignity and its worth. His great plea was for unity, of heart and mind. He knew that love begets mutual help among men, and this mutuality begets knowledge and progress. It was farthest from His mind to formulate a system of doctrine which would enslave the human spirit. With Him each human soul had an eternal value. He it was who taught each little sovereign soul to call God 'Our Father.'

If the Church is to fulfill her mission she must return to that gentle spirit of the Nazarene. Her dignitaries must descend from their gilded thrones and meet the children of earth on a basis of equality and brotherhood. 'He that is called in the Lord, being a bondman, is the freeman of the Lord,' says Saint Paul. And again: 'You, brethren, have been called unto liberty.' The Apostle, Saint Paul, has fully grasped the idea of human dignity and human liberty. With Christ greatness did not consist in pompous dignities, but in humility. Wishing to impress this great principle upon His disciples, He placed a child before them and said: 'Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven.' On another occasion He said: 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.' In opposition to the spirit of those who parade their dignities with royal insignia, He said: 'I receive not glory from men.' It is the spirit of Christ that is most needed in His Church to-day.

With this spirit restored, the Church may hope to find her place in modern life. People are religious to-day, more religious perhaps than they have ever been before. But the vast majority of men are unwilling to be affiliated with an ecclesiastical organization which is arrogant and contentious in spirit. This seems to be the characteristic of all Christian organizations, but particularly of the Catholic Church. It is strange that a religion with Christ for its founder could be so overbearing. It would almost appear to engender envies and jealousies in those who profess it. Religious leaders often create the impression that they are striving to manifest their superiority over the rest of the world. There is a kind of smugness among them. They are God's elect. The other members of the race

are poor benighted beings who deserve only to be pitied. They are the oracles of virtue and orthodoxy. Let others not dare speak on these subjects.

Yet even these great churchmen must come to learn that virtue is not communicated by edict. It must be engendered in human hearts. They must finally realize that the highest and most infallible rule for human conduct is the individual conscience, and that this rule is from God. Catholic theologians teach that conscience is above the law. It would be well did the Church insist upon this truth for the guidance of her dignitaries. Then there would follow the necessity of developing the religious personality among the faithful. Less store would be set by the principle of blind obedience in faith and practice.

The Church fears individuality and personality in her members. There is always the danger of heresy, the danger of insubordination. But there is nothing to fear from the human soul, patterned after its God as it is. Therein lies the hope of our race. Human theologies and ecclesiastical dignities have not contributed one whit to the progress of humanity. In those closed systems there has been no place for the development of human souls. These have been huddled together in the Procrustean bed of theological orthodoxy. Ecclesiastical dignities have so magnified the self-importance of their holders that

these latter have come to substitute their will for that of the people.

Yet God intended that each human soul should be a temple to Him. By delving into the unfathomed depths of that godlike soul we may hope for a better and a greater outlook on life. So long, indeed, have human souls been enthralled that many abuse their new-found liberty. Many, in their eagerness, blunder in the quest of the vital truth for which they have hungered.

The truth that is to make men free, according to the dictum of Christ, will not be found in the theological systems of religion. Those who are to be leaders in the quest of life-giving truth must, like Solomon, beseech God for the understanding heart. They must not only have sympathy with human aspirations, but they must also have faith in humanity. To accomplish this they must lay aside their royal purple, and come shoulder to shoulder with those who do the world's drudgery. They must lay aside their absolutism of mind and rule and become seekers for traces of divinity in the souls of men. Thus will a new day dawn for the world.

We may then hope to have ecclesiastical dignitaries whose minds are free from the restrictions of bigotry. They will be men of humility, and, therefore, Christlike. Then, being Christlike, they will be meek, gentle, considerate, patient with other intellects, and trustful of human nature.

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THE Samaritans are the smallest and the oldest sect in the world. They are little known because of their present insignificance; they penetrate little farther than their rather inaccessible home town of Nablus; and few, be they of Palestine or visitors in the Holy Land, can have an occasion to establish contact with their age-old ritual, so shyly is it practised, so unadvertised is its existence, and so rarely can it be viewed from the outside world. But last year there was such an occasion — an occasion which occurs only once in every twenty years, when the great Samaritan ceremony of the year, the Passover, is performed in daylight instead of after nightfall.

The Samaritans adhere exclusively to Mosaic Law, admitting of no later interpretations and rejecting all books of the Old Testament save the Pentateuch. The date of their Passover is immutably fixed according to the Lord's injunction to Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt: 'in the fourteenth day of this month' (the Jewish month of Nisan) — a date which does not ordinarily clash with the rigid routine of the preparation for the Sabbath. But in 1927, the first time for twenty years, the fourteenth day fell on a Friday, April 15, and as the weekly Sabbatical preparation begins at six o'clock every Friday evening, the past year's ceremony, instead of taking place at the setting of the sun, had to be completed by that hour. Thus we

of the outside world had the unique opportunity of witnessing in the clear light of day the stages of a ritual which for strangeness is unparalleled in non-pagan countries — for it is the only surviving blood sacrifice to God.

The fact of a blood sacrifice as the supreme yearly festival of a sect which to-day outwardly merges into normal Palestinian life is an anachronism. But the Samaritans themselves are an anachronism. They base their routine of life on the rule of the Patriarchs; their religion to-day is as it was in the Patriarchal ages; and, regardless of modern evolution, they lead an existence of their own, immersed in a long-dead past which they have kept alive since the days of Abraham. They number only one hundred and forty-two souls; and in Nablus — the Shechem of the Bible — this tiny community ekes out a poverty-stricken existence in the poorest and remotest quarter of the town. There, in some thirty-odd houses, they still survive, huddled round their unornate little synagogue, which holds their greatest treasure, the Scroll of the Law, said to have been written by the hand of Abishua, who was the son of Phinehas, who was the son of Eleazar, who was the son of Aaron.

But the Samaritans have not always been thus. They were once lords of Shechem, the Canaanites and the Perizzites of pre-Patriarchal ages, with a population that numbered tens of

thousands. At Shechem the wanderer Abraham built his altar. A few miles south of the town can still be seen Joseph's tomb, 'in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for an hundred pieces of silver.' This degree of intercourse led to other and more intimate relationships, and when Joshua and the tribes fearfully crossed the Jordan at the end of their long sojourning in the desert it was toward Shechem that they wended their way — a land where a link of tradition existed between them and the dwellers in the country. And there Joshua convened the congregation of Israel and propounded to them 'all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings,' making the northern mountain of Ebal the mountain of cursings and the southern, Gerizim, the mountain of blessings. Propinquity brought fusion and, be it remembered, strife; but in the result a community of interest arose which led to a community of religion, and since the days of Joshua the Samaritans have turned in reverence toward Mount Gerizim when they make their prayers to Jehovah.

Shechem's next historical episode led to the disastrous cleavage in Israel. It was there that Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, forfeited the allegiance of the ten tribes by his foolish conceit. 'My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.' So Shechem became the capital of Israel, as Jerusalem was that of Judah, the town was fortified by Jeroboam, 'and there was war between Rehoboam and Jeroboam all their days.'

In the eighth century before Christ disaster overtook the Israelites at the hands of Sargon, the King of Assyria. Twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and ninety of them were transported, some to Gozan, some to Media; and in their place Assyrian colonists, 'men

from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim,' a mixed horde of Syrian and Babylonian prisoners, were settled in what is now Northern Palestine. And out of this Assyrian plantation scheme, which is reminiscent of English colonization in Northern Ireland, emerged the Samaritan nation — an admixture of the new blood from the East and the remnant of Israel which had escaped transportation. And, as ever, the new wine in the old bottles failed to mature. The Hebrew writer of the second book of Kings tells how 'the Lord sent lions among them [the colonists], which slew some of them'; and in their quandary they appealed to Nineveh to send them an Israelite priest to assuage the wrath of the local deity. The altar of Bethel was rebuilt, and, side by side with the paganism of the newcomers, the old Law of Moses was reestablished in the land. It was in form a compromise, but in fact a triumph for Israel; for paganism could take no root in a soil where it was out of place, and in time it faded and disappeared. Thus the new Samaritan nation, the product of this strange blend, accepted the deity of Yahweh (Jehovah); and the liturgy, which survives till to-day, once more came into its own.

Meanwhile Judah, relieved from the competition of the North, was left supreme; and in its supremacy elected for a religious isolation which persisted even after the return from its Persian exile. Cyrus had sanctioned the rebuilding of the Temple, and the Samaritans offered their collaboration in the work. But Judah had not learned during the exile the value of local alliances. Zerubbabel rejected the overture: 'Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God.' The schism was complete, and since that day the Samaritans regard Jerusalem as a heresy, their Mount Moreh

as the authentic Mount Moriah, and proscribe all intercourse, such as marriage, with the Jews.

For another twelve centuries they throve, a nation of fluctuating power and importance, a people of independence of thought and action. In the first century of our era the Romans had to subjugate them. Later, under the Byzantine Empire, they attacked and massacred the Christians settled in their land, and as a punishment were debarred from use of Mount Gerizim for their religious ceremonies. Finally in the sixth century a similar anti-christian outrage brought destruction upon them. At the head of a large army, Justinian invaded their strongholds and drove them across the Jordan, where they capitulated. Their synagogues were closed and twenty thousand of the nation were dispersed into exile never to return, some to Persia, others to India, while many accepted Christianity.

From such a disaster they never recovered. Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, traveling in the Holy Land during the twelfth century, found only a thousand of the sect scattered throughout Palestine and Syria; and to-day all that is left of these, the meagre community of one hundred and forty-two persons, is confined within the limits of their miserable quarter in Nablus. Their future is not hopeful. They may not marry outside their community, and though bigamy is allowed if a first wife proves childless, and tradition prescribes that widows must marry their dead husband's nearest relative other than his brother, their numbers do not and are not likely to increase. The results of this limitation are not, however, what might be expected. The members of the sect betray in their appearance none of the weaknesses of inbreeding. The men are lusty, their features and bearing noble and acutely

remindful of the Old Testament types. The women are sturdy and well favored, and much more healthy-looking than their Arab sisters; and the standard of longevity of the whole sect is notably high. But the restriction on marriage will in the end take its toll of the already dwindling stock, and a time will come when the ritual of the Samaritan Passover will be but a memory.

II

On those who availed themselves of the special conditions of last year's ceremony it made an indelible impression. The visitor left a Jerusalem seething with the annual excitement of the Paschal month. For Islam has its Nebi Musa pilgrimage, Christianity its Eastertide, and Jewry its Passover, all within the same fortnight and all clashing within the fastnesses of the narrow streets and the blind alleys of the Old City, where anything might happen and where in the past terrible things have happened. The student of history has only to turn over a few pages of comparatively recent history and he will read a real sigh of relief in the wording of a much harassed Turkish governor's telegram to Constantinople, announcing the conclusion of the clashing festivals of the three creeds: 'Passed in peace.'

The road to Nablus sweeps northward over the Mount of Olives, round hairpin corners, up stony hillsides, and down again into valley bottoms, green as Ireland with the spring sowings. Every mile or two the traveler will be reminded of the Jerusalem he has left behind. Round a corner of the road will appear a Moslem procession bound for the Haram el Sherif in the Old City on its way to Nebi Musa. Fluttering banners, green and gold, precede the party, which chants and claps hands through the choking dust. A row of

men are dancing curious Arab steps to the swing of heavy broad staffs held high above their heads. And the chanting and the clapping and the dancing all follow the throbbing time of a line of lustily smitten tom-toms which bring up the rear. The rock-bound mountains rise sharply on both sides of the road, heavily terraced for vine and olive culture, and overhead a relentless sun blazes out of a cloudless eastern sky.

An hour and a half will bring the traveler to Nablus. His car will draw up between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim; and he will recognize the mountain of blessings, whither he is bound, by the antlike procession of worshipers and visitors which is already climbing up the steep rocky path to the hilltop plateau where the Passover ritual will be enacted. The Samaritans have been there since the evening before. For them it is a week-long festival. 'In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even . . . until the one and twentieth day of the month at even.' They are in tents on a gently rising slope, and the camp has been so aligned as to face directly on the crest of Gerizim to the southeast, where legend has it that Joshua 'took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.'

It is ten o'clock. The ceremony is due to begin at noon and already the atmosphere is tense with expectation. The Samaritan priesthood, conspicuous in their all-enveloping, white, sleeved cloaks, move here and there. One elder is inspecting the pitlike stone-lined oven into which burning furze and brushwood are being thrown to make it hot against the roasting of the sacrificial lambs, which are browsing tranquilly in the middle of the camp. Another is inspecting the primitive altar within the sacrificial area, a rectangular clearing directly below Gerizim, surrounded

by loosely built stone walls and no larger than an average golf green. The altar itself is a deep stone-lined trench, widening out at the end into a circular cavity over which logs have been laid. Across its narrow opening are already balanced two enormous copper cauldrons under which an elder is feeding burning brushwood; for the successful accomplishment of the ritual depends entirely on the oven being red-hot and the water boiling at the appointed moment.

Time is passing and the crowd, which is by now considerable, is gathered outside the walls of the sacrificial area, which is reserved for the Samaritan womenfolk and for special guests. And gradually those who will play a part in the coming ritual begin to arrive. The first-comers are the youth of the community, red-cheeked and brown-eyed children, wearing gala dresses of vivid pinks and reds, and on their heads gaudy handkerchiefs, or, in the case of the boys, scarlet fezzes patterned with sparkling sequins. They are full of the holiday spirit, laughing and playing, running hither and thither in the way of their elders, who, with the sense of their responsibility upon them for the successful issue of the rite, wear a grave and preoccupied mien.

At the farther end of the sacrificial area, away from the altar, a tent has been erected where the preliminary devotions are to take place out of the heat of the noonday sun; and the next arrival, the High Priest, a virile old gentleman of seventy years who has been eight times to Europe and boasts the honor of a presentation to King George, makes his way slowly through the throng into the tent. Once in the shade, but otherwise in sight of all the congregation, he spreads his quilted praying mat toward Gerizim and abandons himself to a form of adoration

closely resembling the Moslem's devotions toward Mecca. Others of the priesthood and the elders of the community follow in his wake, and the floor of the tent is quickly covered with praying mats on which they prostrate themselves in preparation for the coming ceremony. Their devotions are suddenly and almost unceremoniously interrupted by the arrival of the lambs. There are seven of them, each 'without blemish, a male of the first year,' well fattened and fleeced and pitifully unconscious of its imminent doom. Place has to be found for them in the tent, for the service is in essence a sanctification of their bodies, and all devotions are suspended while they are being pushed and pulled through the ranks of the worshipers into a corner facing the High Priest.

And now all is ready for the service to begin. The High Priest turns toward the congregation and in a quavering bass slowly chants the prescribed passage from the twelfth chapter of Exodus, verse by verse, pausing after each, to the accompaniment of gusts of hand-clapping and fervent incantation from the congregation around him. The effect is a sustained fortissimo of strong men's voices, noisy, maybe, but crudely impressive with its haunting lilt and minor pathos.

At length the High Priest makes a longer pause in his chant. It is the sign that the moment of sacrifice is approaching. Seven stalwart youths, dressed in clean white trousers, each with a businesslike knife slung round his waist on an orange-colored girdle, rush — the word is no exaggeration — into the tent, seize the seven lambs, and drag them out into the open toward the altar, round which fresh green herbage has been profusely strewn. The seven group themselves and their victims round the trench on which the cauldrons are now bubbling and steaming;

the onlookers break all bounds, and in a state bordering on frenzy push and jostle for a sight; the free place round the altar is in a moment reduced to about the dimensions of a full-sized billiard table. And an eerie hush descends upon the crowd. The Samaritans mumble prayers into their beards; the executioners draw their knives and, with straining ears, stand poised for action; the smoke from the cauldrons swirls chokingly among the waiting onlookers; and from the tent, rising above the subdued murmur of this great excitement, can be heard the singsong monotones of the old High Priest: 'And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month; and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.' The words break a spell, and a scene ensues which defies description. Willing helpers seize the lambs by the legs, turn them over on their backs, and in a trice their throats have been slit. Bursts of applause and wildest acclamation greet the event. Palms are raised to heaven in adoration and gratitude; the air is tense with sounds which are almost animal; hands are plunged in the blood and frenzied parents smear it on their children's faces. And all in a space so constricted that the onlooker can only perspire and shout, for any form of movement is a physical impossibility.

The first rite has been successfully accomplished, and now the purpose of the cauldrons becomes plain. The lambs are to be roasted, and therefore their skins must not be broken. Two elders of the community, each armed with a tin pannikin, bestride the altar trench, dip into the seething cauldrons, and pour the boiling water over the fleeces of the dead animals. Willing hands, apparently insensible to scalds, pat the water down into the roots of the wool, and there starts the odd operation

of plucking a lamb, — for plucking it is, — so that the skin be not broken against the roasting. Soon patches, white and smooth as billiard balls, appear on the flanks of the carcasses. The pluckers, in a fury of haste, call for more water and ever more water, and, with an expedition which can only be described as dizzy, first one and then another carcass emerges above the crowd, bare and white, hoisted on a long pole on which it is borne in triumph into the tent for the ritual of inspection. ‘A male of the first year, without blemish.’ The function of inspection is the prerogative of the High Priest, who, having pronounced each lamb flawless, proceeds to cut from the flesh that sinew which corresponds with the sinew in the hollow of Jacob’s thigh which was damaged in his wrestling with God at the ford of Jabbok. ‘Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh.’

Now is the moment for the actual sacrifice to Jehovah. One by one the carcasses are disemboweled, and the viscera carefully collected and carried from the tent to the altar. There they are thoroughly washed in the cauldrons, profusely salted, and laid on the logs that cover the circular end of the sacrificial trench. ‘He shall wash the inwards and the legs with water: and the priest shall bring it all, and burn it upon the altar: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord.’ Meanwhile the blood of the victims has been collected in a basin, and while the carcasses are being prepared and spitted for roasting

on stout poles, a young elder, carrying a bunch of wild thyme (hyssop), makes a tour of all the tents of the community, striking each with blood. And all the while the chanting of the congregation proceeds unabated. ‘There is no God but God: *La illaha illa 'lla.*’ It is the opening of the great incantation of Islam; for here, as in several other respects, the outward practices of the Samaritans and of the Mohammedans are closely similar.

The carcasses have been spitted ready for roasting, and in a rough procession, headed by the High Priest, they are borne out of the tent to the accompaniment of more ritual and chanting, and one by one are lowered into the red-hot depths of the pit-oven. A covering of mud-daubed wattle is placed over the mouth, and the community, by now thoroughly exhausted, composes itself, in an atmosphere of savory mutton, for the two hours’ wait until the meat is ready for eating. At last the covering is removed, and with a decorum and order that do credit to Samaritan restraint the sizzling flesh is divided among the families, and the ritual of the Passover is at an end.

The traveler turns his back on the glimpse of the Mediterranean, seen distantly through a cleft in the rocky hills, and drops down into the now shadowed valley. Facing him, Ebal, the mountain of cursings, glows red in the rays of the setting sun. Behind him, on Gerizim, the mountain of blessings, all is silent. ‘And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.’

DEMOCRACY — A REALIST VIEW

BY CLAUD MULLINS

I

It is no part of my purpose to decry democracy as a political ideal. My object here is mainly to examine its practical working. I share to the full the prejudice of the Anglo-Saxon against Napoleons, Kaisers, and even Mussolinis, and I accept wholeheartedly the immortal phrase of Abraham Lincoln — as a political ideal. Grumble as we may at the working of the machinery of democracy, — and I am going to grumble a good deal about it here, — practical people have no reason to believe that there is anything wrong with democracy as an ideal. In principle democracy is undoubtedly the best system of government. Until human nature is so perfected that no government is necessary, democracy holds the field as the ideal form of government. Anarchy is, I submit, the ultimate ideal, but it will be centuries before that is possible. Meanwhile democracy is the best that we can hope for.

The best definition is that contained in the *New English Dictionary*, where democracy is defined as 'that form of government in which the sovereign power resides in the people as a whole.' 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people,' is almost as good a definition, but most of the definitions that have been given omit one or other of the essential ingredients of democracy. Thus Mazzini's 'Progress of all through all under the leadership of the best and wisest' is perfectly

compatible with a benevolent autocracy or with government by samurai. The essence of democracy lies in the possession of sovereignty by all the people in a community, and if the word 'all' were in Lincoln's phrase, as it possibly was in his mind, — though this is doubtful, as Lincoln probably never advocated the enfranchisement of women, — his definition could be accepted without reservation.

It is quite obvious that, accepting this strict definition of democracy, we cannot look in history for many examples of a complete democracy. Communities in which certain social classes, religious sects, subject races of either sex, did not share equally with their fellows the sovereign power may have delighted to call themselves democracies, and no doubt many of them have presented various features of the democratic system, but true democracies they were not. Immense instruction can be derived from the study of such communities, but it is always necessary to remember that they were not more than pseudo-democracies. The field for the study of true democracy in its practical working is extremely limited, and in but a very few cases have we anything but very modern material for our research. The term 'democracy' is so loosely employed that the essential limitation in its definition — 'resides in the people as a whole' — is usually ignored. The danger of this is that those who think about

democracy study the pseudo-democracies of history without realizing that such studies are apt to be misleading. The bed-rock facts are that democracy in its proper meaning is an essentially modern conception and that there are even now comparatively few examples of it.

To take an extreme instance: people often talk and write of the city-states of ancient Greece as democracies. Those states indeed possessed a splendid sense of citizenship and showed many democratic features, but underneath was the fundamentally undemocratic basis of slavery. In its prime Athens was an important slave market, and the State derived a considerable revenue from a tax on the sales. No community in which slavery existed can reasonably be termed a democracy, and comparatively little help in the examination of the workings of a democracy can be derived from studying such communities. This rules out, for instance, the United States before the Thirteenth Amendment of 1865. Similarly, countries which excluded Roman Catholics or Jews from the franchise are beyond our pale of inquiry. Also any country which has a franchise based on a high property-owning or educational qualification and any country in which there are not equal political rights for men and women are strictly outside. In varying degrees, as their conditions approach government by the 'people as a whole,' such communities afford useful experience of the tendencies that democracies show, but they are not very helpful when we want to get experience of how true democracies work.

I am not merely making a debating point. This consideration is vital. A fervor for democracy is spreading so rapidly over the whole globe that practically nobody in power pauses to realize that the world is plunging into

a Great Unknown. Here in England, the home of parliamentary government, people talk as if decades and even centuries of experience lay behind the assertion that 'government by all the people' is the best possible method. The truth is that our franchise reforms of 1832, 1867, and 1884, drastic though they seemed at the time, left us with a system in which the great masses of the people had very little part in the government of the country. Only in 1918, in the height of the wave of post-war sentimentalism which gave the United States prohibition and England democracy, did England really begin to merit the name 'democracy,' and not till the end of 1928 can England strictly claim the title, for only by that time will men and women be on an equal political footing. Sir Henry Maine, the great legal historian, gives us reason to be thankful that, up to 1918, democracy came to us slowly. 'It seems to me quite certain,' he has written, 'that, if for four centuries there had been a very widely extended franchise and a very large electoral body in this country, there would have been no reformation of religion, no change of dynasty, no toleration of dissent, not even an accurate calendar.' We can learn a great deal from our past experiences, but I feel confident that the rash rush to democracy that the British Parliament took in 1918 would never have been made if our legislators had realized that there was so little experience to guide them. We should have progressed toward democracy more slowly and should not now be engaged in completing the edifice without anybody in power querying the wisdom of what we are doing.

Similarly in the United States. Certain states have, probably, been true democracies for some time, but I unhesitatingly assert that the American

nation as a whole cannot yet be regarded as a true democracy. Were it not that Theodore Roosevelt—who, with Alexander Hamilton, has always been my hero of American history—did not hesitate to say that the Declaration of Independence was a document for which he had very little reverence, as it made certain untruths immortal, I should not dare in an American journal to be frankly critical of such a national charter. But how can any realist be otherwise than critical of a document which declared that 'we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. . . . That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,' when in fact nearly ninety years later a constitutional amendment that 'neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States' failed to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority? We know that Jefferson, like Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and even Patrick Henry, personally realized at moments that such utterances were in marked contrast with a reality that they would have altered if they could. But even the obvious lesson that political highfalutin is dangerous has not been learned, save by a realist like Roosevelt. Five years after the Thirteenth Amendment was at last accepted came the Fifteenth, declaring that 'the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' Seldom have democratic principles been so drastically enacted into law. But what of reality? The study of the state electoral laws in the Southern States is

of great interest to a realist student of democracy.

Lest it be thought that I am criticizing American political policy, which would be an impertinence in an Englishman, I would say frankly that, were I an American, I should enthusiastically defend what has been done—though I should have opposed the Fifteenth Amendment had I been then alive and had the chance. I cite these facts merely to show the necessity for distinguishing between theory and practice when studying democracy.

II

The history of all countries teems with misunderstandings about democracy. In most countries to-day, certainly in both England and America, we hear politicians, and even statesmen, talking platitudes about democracy, without either realizing how very limited is our experience of it or considering whether its full adoption is not likely to upset their fondest beliefs. So it has always been. Could anything show the fervor of democratic belief better than the words of John Adams when defending John Hancock against the charge of smuggling? The Boston merchant, he argued, had never consented to the law which made his act a crime. 'He never voted for it himself and he never voted for any man to make such a law for him.' No doubt Hampden used similar words in his day. But the great men of history who led the battles of political liberty had merely relative ideas of the kind of liberty that they sought. Each wanted one or two steps farther. None even dreamed of a political system in which power rested with the people as a whole. Even to-day such statements are being made wholesale; for instance, by English politicians who have

opposed the enfranchisement of women, by Indian politicians who would fight rather than let any step be taken to emancipate the fifty million 'untouchables' of India, by Sunni Arabs in Irak who never dream of even encouraging the Shiah tribesmen to qualify for the vote, by Americans who would never allow the Fifteenth Amendment to be thoroughly carried out, and by South Africans who support laws for the physical segregation of negroes.

Unfortunately there are so few historians who can be trusted to scrutinize the democratic leaders of the past in the light of true democratic principles. In the most recent, and in many respects the best, history of England, by Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, I read, for instance, that 'English society was then (1773) still aristocratic, while American society was already democratic.' While the author admits that 'the Revolutionists . . . were not "Liberals," for they did not wish to allow liberty of speech or opinion to their opponents, whom they eventually expelled from the country,' yet he asserts that 'they were Democrats, with less than no reverence for any authority not derived directly from the people: they sought . . . to make the poor man count as much as the rich man in politics.' These are dangerous half-truths. Did Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, did even Jefferson ever dream of a system in which all people, regardless of color, sex, education, and so forth, equally shared political power? And, as to the last quotation from Dr. Trevelyan, how many of the leaders of 1776 wanted true political equality even between rich man and poor man? Surely the following words from a distinguished American professor are nearer the truth: 'In 1774 came the climax in the struggle between rich and poor,

East and West, those with a vote and those who were voteless, between privilege and the welfare of the common man. The two classes might work in harmony or might clash on the question of resistance to Great Britain, but they were pretty sure to be in opposition on the issue of individual rights.' (*Causes of the War of Independence*, by C. H. Van Tyne)

I hope that I have established the point that, except in rare and minor instances, true democracies are very modern and very few. I hope I have proved that very few of those in history who have had the name of democrat thrust upon them really deserve it, and that comparatively few of those to-day who talk democracy really mean that they want true democracy here and now. Before passing to an examination of how true democracy works, I would enter one more caveat. The assumption is widespread, especially in England and America, that democracy is spreading gradually over the whole globe. It may be, but even more remarkable is the reaction against it. Russia never was a democracy, and therefore the tyranny of Bolshevism is out of our picture. But in Italy and Spain, though full democracy was never realized, sufficient advance in the democratic direction had been made to make the régimes of Mussolini and of General Primo de Rivera a very marked contrast. Here we have two great nations, one certainly an enlightened first-rank Power, deliberately stopping the progress toward democracy and establishing new forms of government which conflict with most of the generally accepted conceptions of democracy. There is a good deal to be said for the view that Fascism is in reality far more democratic than the system which it superseded, since in its own peculiar way it does result in

government according to the popular will. Fascism may be an undemocratic way of realizing the essentials of democracy. But, however this may be, the fact is that in both Italy and Spain the conventional progress toward democracy was deliberately stopped.

Many movements are afoot in many parts of the world, especially in Egypt and India and, perhaps, in China, which may be interpreted as a growing demand for democracy, — though personally I am very suspicious of the genuineness of the democracy that is being demanded, — but there is no ground for maintaining that progress toward democracy is general. It is certainly within the bounds of possibility that we now living may see, first perhaps the completion of democracy, but then a huge reaction against it. A decade of complete democracy in England, which will, as I have said, only begin in 1929, may produce surprising reactions. And if ever an equal and effective franchise, regardless of color or sex, exists in the United States, the results in the hands of such a practical people as the Americans may be startling.

III

In looking for experience of the practical working of democracy, let us first of all glance briefly at the countries which were slower to adopt even the measure of democracy to which they attained. In Italy and Spain the adoption of parliamentary government with a semidemocratic franchise resulted in stagnation and corruption to such an extent that revolutions were caused in which most of the generally established beliefs of democrats were ignored. Blind believers in democracy would no doubt say that, if only the franchise had been more fully democratic in Italy and

Spain, all would have been well; like a doctor who, if his medicines disagree with the patients, promptly doubles the dose. With such it is hopeless to reason. I am content with the fact that fairly strong doses of democracy proved utterly unsuitable to the peoples of Italy and Spain.

Germany is as good an example of the practical blessings and drawbacks of democracy as any country can give. The Weimar Constitution of 1919 has been described by that distinguished historian, Dr. G. P. Gooch, as 'a consistent democracy' and he adds that 'the commentators who describe it as the most democratic constitution in the world are not exaggerating its character.' Germany now has universal suffrage for men and women over twenty; in fact, over half the population possesses the vote, and there are neither legal nor practical impediments in the way of the vote being used. Such democratic quackeries as proportional representation, the referendum, and the initiative have all been adopted. It would take more than one generation to enable any people to settle down with so democratic a constitution, and yet it is less than sixty years since the Germans became a united people, and up to 1919 they lived under a constitution that lacked every essential of democracy. There is no tradition of democracy, and without that an ultrademocratic constitution is a rash experiment.

In some respects experience since 1919 has been favorable. The country has surmounted unprecedented internal crises and pursued a peaceful policy under most trying circumstances toward her neighbors, but for the latter thanks are largely due to the disarmament clauses in the Treaty of Versailles. It is too early yet to answer the question whether the Germans can make a success of democracy. The

country is not politically happy and yearns for a leader, as was amply illustrated by the pathetic election of the elderly Hindenburg as President. The type of statesman thrown up by Germany's ultrademocratic system is not one that satisfies the German people, always prone to follow a big man. Up to the present, those who would be Napoleons have been kept quiet for fear of those who would be Lenins, and between the two democracy has had a fairly even course. But, as one who knows Germany and the Germans fairly well, I believe that Germany will have to pay for her sudden dash to democracy in 1919. The craving of the people for leadership will not indefinitely be suppressed, and the mediocrities which the democratic system exalts will not long be tolerated when the control of Germany's late enemies finally ceases. The election of Hindenburg was a portent not to be ignored. One can only hope that a compromise will be possible, but I feel sure that in that compromise, if it comes, there will be many departures from the pure democracy of 1919.

In his *Fallodon Papers*, Viscount Grey (Sir Edward Grey) wrote, recalling events when he was first elected to Parliament in 1884, that 'at that time no one questioned that democratic representative government was the best form of government and that, as far as any government could do it, it would satisfy the needs of the community.' Even Viscount Grey, with all his ardent Liberalism and belief in democracy, does not claim that this is so now. The oncoming of democracy has resulted in a serious lowering of the respect in which our institutions of government are held in the country. In order to give the opinion of one who has at least no bias against democracy, let me quote Sir Henry Slessor, K.C., M.P., the Solicitor-General in the last

Labor ministry, and probably the Attorney-General in the next. In a letter to the *Times* (May 6, 1927) he wrote: 'I believe the English Judiciary to be the only portion of our government which has survived the vulgarity and decadence of modern times. While the Executive and Legislature, both in personnel and achievement, display every sign of deterioration, the Judiciary alone remains worthy of its highest traditions.' It is noteworthy that under our constitution the people have no control whatever over the judiciary. The moral scarcely needs pointing.

I believe that candid Americans would tell the same tale of their country. In a book by a great American historian I read: 'We (in America) have applied universal suffrage to the whole administration of our city corporations and the result in most of our cities has been not merely disheartening, but debasing.' I for one refuse to believe that the vaudeville municipal politics of Chicago are typical of American urban life, but I wonder how many Americans who study their government, either urban or national, would assert that democracy does not debase the esteem in which government is held.

IV

True democracy presupposes two conditions: first, that the vast majority of the people have a genuine opinion upon public affairs; secondly, that electors will use their power for the public benefit. As regards England I feel certain that neither condition is yet fulfilled, and all my reading and contact with Americans here induce me to believe the same of America.

On the first point, though in national elections we often get 70 to 85 per cent of the electors voting, every

species of propaganda and misrepresentation is employed — by all parties in varying degrees — in order to whip up enough enthusiasm to get the voters to the poll. In municipal elections the proportion of electors who vote varies usually between 20 and 50 per cent. In London never have more than 51 per cent voted at an election for the London County Council. In some of the minor municipal authorities the apathy is such that elections have been swayed by unemployed voters who were actually drawing doles from municipal funds. The democratic system ignores the fact that the best citizens are often those who are not interested in public affairs. The man who has a happy home life, who is fond of study and has his hobbies, is far less likely to spend his time in political agitation or even in voting than is the man who is obsessed by some form of revolutionary mania. Democratic elections are of necessity biased against the men and women of conservative mind. Experience in America is, I gather, much the same. I happen to have before me figures relating to the last presidential elections in South Carolina: enfranchised population about 721,000, including 389,000 negroes who are described as 'only nominally citizens' — a strange comment on the Fifteenth Amendment; actual voters in the 1920 election 67,000 and, in 1924, 51,000. I should be surprised to learn that state or municipal elections showed any better results. But even if the electors in the mass have opinions, it can only be the very blind enthusiasts who believe in *vox populi vox dei*. Democracy is no guaranty of wisdom. After all, Lord North undoubtedly represented what public opinion there was in his day.

As to the other condition of democracy, that the electors will vote

according to their conception of the national interest, does experience so far justify us in believing this? When in Queen Victoria's time the middle and professional classes were by degrees given the vote, the State was strengthened, because the newly enfranchised electors did vote according to their view of what was good for the country. But our wholesale enfranchising of every adult is resulting in the slow suffocation of government, simply because class and trade interests are now being placed before the general welfare. Electoral appeals now are nearly always to the pocket and not to the conscience. We have reduced ourselves to a condition in which the mass of the voters is mainly concerned in extorting personal benefits from the public purse and in which those who pay taxes directly have but an insignificant voice at public elections. Our politics are becoming a gigantic conspiracy to make the rich poorer in the fond belief that thus the poor will become richer. All political parties vie with each other in offering bribes to the electors out of public funds. The Conservative (and theoretically antisocialist) Government of 1924 began its career with a huge scheme of free and partly contributory pensions which, at a time of the greatest financial anxiety, added many millions sterling to public expenditure. The shortage of houses for the wage-earning classes caused by the war has been mainly rectified by the provision of houses at uneconomic rents out of public funds, and even the *Times*, in a leading article (October 24, 1927), declared that 'the provision of homes for the working classes in town and country has come to be regarded as one of the social services incumbent on the State.' *L'appétit vient en mangeant*. The demand of the electors is insatiable.

What our electors look for from

politics is well shown in the letter written to his constituents by Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P., when he explained to them his forthcoming absence from England to preside over the Statutory Commission on the future government of India. 'During the time I am away,' he wrote (the *Times*, November 11, 1927), 'I have made arrangements which will enable the many questions as to pensions, compensation, unemployment benefit, and the like . . . to be dealt with efficiently on my behalf.' That is what interests the electors to-day. The last annual conference of the Labor (Socialist) Party was such that one correspondent wrote, 'I have come away from the Labor Party Conference with the impression that their policy is to put all the nation on the dole.' Despite our huge public expenditure for free education, the demand now is for free 'maintenance allowances' so that parents need not provide for their children while at school. The newly enfranchised classes seem to think of nothing but using their power for obtaining personal benefits. Our actual pauper population is about 1,200,000, and this figure takes no account of those who receive free education, uneconomic houses, free old-age pensions and pensions in widowhood, and unemployment benefits toward the cost of which they pay but a fraction. Such is our system of poor relief that, to quote an official report of the Ministry of Health, 'during the past six years numbers of young men, without employment and maintained on Poor Law relief, have married, securing thereby an increase in their income from relief, and have families, each addition to the family bringing its addition to the family income.' Since 1918 paupers are not deprived of their votes.

Can one wonder that it was necessary for a cabinet minister in the House

of Commons (July 5, 1926) to say: 'There was a very serious danger of political corruption. It was common knowledge that elections of Guardians (our Poor Law authorities) were being fought and won upon promises of extended relief, that those who refused to make such promises were accused of intending to stop relief altogether, that people in receipt of relief were being allowed to go about as canvassers, and that in some parts there was open and unabashed corruption'? A special law has recently been passed to supersede 'popularly elected' Guardians who thus abuse their public position, by officials nominated by the Ministry of Health. The record of one of the Boards of Guardians was thus described in a review of an official report in the *Times* (March 9, 1927): 'There are three outstanding facts. The first is their reckless grants of extravagant relief without proper investigation. The second is their remarkable method of packing their own body so as to exclude even a minority of possible critics. The third is their acceptance from their grateful beneficiaries of a *douceur* for themselves.'

To-day our theoretically democratic system of government has many features which render it farcical. I quote the following from a recent review of the Poor Law administration: 'One of the most unsatisfactory features of the extension of out-relief payments is that large numbers of the recipients are electors, and Socialist candidates can obtain their support by promises of more generous treatment than is considered just by . . . Guardians who consider the heavily burdened ratepayers as well as the unemployed. There are districts in East London where the "relief vote" is so strong and is so carefully "nursed" by the Socialists that it is almost hopeless,

while the general public is apathetic, to expect Labor Guardians to be displaced.' Our Charity Organization Society has issued a statement to the press wherein it was said that 'in portions of London . . . the Local Labor Party . . . offers outdoor relief on a lavish scale to all and sundry' and that this policy 'has been very freely adopted since the Act of 1918 removing the pauper disability.' Many other kinds of corruption exist in such areas — and East London is not at all a rare exception. Socialist members of local authorities vote themselves and their friends to Poor Law jobs. They make the promise of high wages or other benefits a platform in their electoral policy. They secure the support of local tradesmen by suggesting to the recipients of public relief where they should spend their relief money. Instances have occurred where Boards of Guardians have summoned meetings of relief recipients before coming to a decision on points of policy. These and kindred methods are being employed in all parts of the country, and the suggestion that is often made that 'public opinion' can put matters right by taking greater part in local elections is idle, because those who pay for the larger share of public expenditure either have no votes in the area where most of it is spent — for example, incorporated companies — or are greatly outnumbered by those in whose interest it is to maintain the present methods.

The United States is not a stranger to political corruption, though so far, thanks to industrial prosperity, there has apparently been little corruption of the sort that haunts us in Great Britain. But the facts I have cited, which are the immediate consequence of an undue rush toward the democratic goal, may be interesting as a warning, for no country can reasonably

expect an indefinite spell of prosperity. When bad times come it will be surprising indeed if the masses do not use their political power much in the same way as has happened with us. Rich America would be a paradise for the Socialists.

V

Nothing better illustrates the danger of enfranchising the masses before their moral and cultural development guarantees good citizenship than the latest proposal of the British Labor Party. That party, be it remembered, is the official opposition in Parliament and has already formed one ministry. For years the Labor Party advocated a capital levy. The folly of such a proposal was at length apparent even to Socialists, so in 1927 the party evolved as an alternative the surtax, a tax of two shillings in the pound upon all incomes over 500 pounds per annum derived from property or investments. Already, be it noted, 'earned' income is taxed at the rate of 20 per cent, and so-called 'unearned' income is taxed at a graduated scale up to about 50 per cent. Apart from this national taxation, we pay local rates on our houses, which in urban areas vary from 50 per cent to 100 per cent on the rent or annual value of the house. The latest proposal is in addition to all existing taxation. The capital-levy idea was put forward as a means for reducing our enormous war debt, and the Labor Party claims that the surtax would have the same result, as it would be paid by the same people who would have paid the capital levy. The original proposal was that the yield of the surtax — estimated at eighty-five millions sterling per annum, though this is probably a gross exaggeration — should be used for the same purpose, but at once the Socialist politicians were up in arms and now demand that

these millions shall be squandered on 'social services' — in other words, in more schemes for doles in one form or another.

The folly of such plans at our present stage can hardly be exaggerated. Even Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., the Socialist ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, admits that our huge war expenditure and our debt to America necessitate economies and savings. Only by individual savings can we rebuild our prosperity. Capital to-day is scarce, and therefore expensive, and, as Mr. Snowden says, 'lack of savings meant dearer money and the putting up of local and national taxation.' But the Socialist politician, whose eye is fixed solely on the votes of the masses, cares nothing for these warnings. Before the war we as a nation saved about four hundred millions sterling a year. To-day we are saving less, despite the fall in the value of money. Who is likely to save when his income from investments is to be thus penalized? The immorality of democratic politics under present conditions is clearly shown in the suggested exemption from this proposed tax of those whose investment income does not exceed 500 pounds a year. The reason is simply to avoid offense to the smaller capitalists, who in voting power far exceed those who have more than 500 pounds a year.

The enfranchisement of the masses before their sense of citizenship is adequate — mere education is not enough — results in an utter inability on the part of the electorate to face any big problem. Imperial problems and questions of foreign policy — except when Chinese Bolsheviki mesmerize the Labor Party — usually have with us to be regarded as non-party, for both parties know that they cannot make political capital out of them. And such vast problems as

overpopulation are utterly ignored; they are not good political business. The big problem in England to-day is national economy, but, such is our electorate, every politician knows that votes can best be gained by promising more expenditure. Even Conservative ministers, though they pay lip service to the creed of economy, have utterly failed to effect any adequate reduction in our national expenditure. Our public expenditure on education is now fifty as against nineteen millions sterling a year before the war; health insurance, unemployment insurance, and so forth, cost us thirty-six as against nineteen millions; our Civil Service expenditure is three times what it was before the war. These are the direct results of the extension of the franchise in 1918 — and more millions of voters are to be added by 1929. Surely this Rake's Progress should damp the ardor of those who talk platitudes about democracy.

Democracy under present conditions begets a most injurious sense of dependence on the community. The tale is the same in all countries. In a recent book on *Five Years of Irish Freedom*, the author, an Irishman himself, says that Home Rule has produced this result: the Irishman 'looks to the State for everything and forgets that the State is merely what he makes it.' Wherever democracy goes ahead of a true sense of citizenship, similar results must ensue. Big problems are ignored and politics become a sordid tussle for class benefits. As Dean Inge says in his book on *England*, 'any large and organized body which recognizes no duties to the State as a whole, but only to one class, may make popular government impossible. . . . Our institutions are adapted only to a nation which acknowledges a deep-lying unity and identity of interests beneath all political differences.'

What has been written here is, of

course, in condemnation of the electorate. But the electors are not so much to blame as the politicians. I have no faith in the platitudes of those who say that a nation has the government that it deserves; the same thing is said about a nation's press, a nation's theatre, and so on, and all these statements are at least half untruths, for the public is usually clay in the hands of the advertiser or the commercial magnate. Such sentiments ignore the vast responsibilities of leadership. Similarly I have no faith in the smug doctrine that it is only necessary to give people power in order to educate them to use it properly. 'We must now proceed,' said Robert Lowe in 1867, 'to educate our masters.' Experience since then, either in this country or elsewhere, affords no ground for saying that it is wise to grant power before people know how to use it for the common good.

One of the main troubles with democracy, when it is ahead of the sense of citizenship, is that the amassing of political influence appeals to the inferior types of citizens. Here, at least, England and America share troubles, and probably the trouble is worse in America than here, for here still survives the tradition of disinterested public service that has come down from aristocratic days. In all political parties a large number of candidates are utterly unworthy of the electors. On the Conservative side I could name men with shady financial pasts who are in politics because of what they can get out of public life. On the Labor side I could name men of wealth who are Labor merely because they think that Labor is winning and that, being inside the Labor Party, they stand a better chance of obtaining political posts. These men have usually never worked for a living, or, if they have, have not succeeded; they

have usually married rich wives or have inherited fortunes; they often live lives of personal extravagance. Yet they adopt surtaxes and all the other nostrums of the Socialist creed simply because they are the rule of the game. A democracy has to be very experienced and instructed to be able to measure up the politicians who appeal to it. One of the troubles of democracy, as Viscount Grey recently pointed out in an address at Birmingham, is that democratic governments are always so much busier than governments otherwise constituted that politicians in a democracy have little time to think. Public men to-day are experts in, to use Viscount Grey's words, 'thinking what can be said rather than what should be thought.' Democracy, he says, 'is founded on the assumption that the people will choose men wisely to conduct their affairs.' Can either England or America claim that that assumption is justified by experience and that it will become increasingly so when full democracy is established?

VI

The great need to-day is to realize the enormous limitations of the democratic system, to examine the past achievements of communities which have possessed varying elements of the democratic system, and, above all, to hasten slowly in the light of that experience in taking further steps on the democratic road. Go too fast, as in my view England has done, and the system threatens to destroy itself. There seems no limit to the self-confidence of men and women who happen to get elected — even if only a fraction of their constituents voted for them. We in England are free from laws preventing the teaching of evolution, women from smoking in public, or

people from drinking alcohol. But both British and Americans are traveling the same road, and, unless the public realizes the imperfections and limitations of democracy, reaction against democracy as an ideal may set in, as has happened in Italy and Spain.

There is a tremendous need for more modesty about democracy. The spirit of the authors of the Declaration of Independence or the Fifteenth Amendment is dangerous in the extreme. It is the spirit that sets up democratic government regardless of the absence of a fundamental basis necessary for its realization. In that spirit England has taken the first steps toward democracy in India, when those who know India best know how lacking are the elementary principles requisite for a democracy — as a remarkable American woman (Miss Katherine Mayo, authoress of *Mother India*) has recently had the courage and insight to point out. This is not the place to discuss the appalling social and religious customs of India, so candidly and authoritatively expounded in Miss Mayo's book, but the following from Lord Ronaldshay, ex-Governor of Bengal, is very much to our point: 'In a ward election in an important town seven out of eight candidates withdrew at the polling booth because the other was a man of low caste with whom they declined to compete. In another case the nominated members objected to sitting with elected members who, according to the social custom of the country, should stand in their presence.'

Would it not have been better to wait for the spirit of democracy to arise in India before dumping a pseudo-democratic constitution upon her? And yet Indian politicians are demanding full self-government at once. Lord Ronaldshay tells of one election where, out of 259 electors, ten recorded their votes, and we must

remember that India has one elector for about every forty of the population. By thus forcing democracy we can easily make a Hankow out of India's great cities, but the happiness of the people of India will not thereby be promoted. The same story is being told in Egypt and may yet be told in the Philippines. As to Europe, if ever there is again a Great War, its origin will assuredly lie in one or other of the small nations which the Great Powers, very largely led by President Wilson, so rashly set up in an enthusiasm for abstract theories of democracy and self-determination which has proved unwarranted.

Democracy is a great ideal, but so few in public life find it expedient to say how slowly the approach to it should be. Not long ago an American president said that 'the government of the United States is a device for maintaining in perpetuity the rights of the people, with the ultimate extinction of all privileged classes.' Such hyperbole is always dangerous. As a set-off, I would quote the late Frank I. Cobb, who on December 5, 1920, wrote in his *New York World* that 'the United States is now the one country among the great civilized nations in which the will of the people can never definitely be put into effect and in which it can be successfully overruled whenever a political cabal is organized for that purpose.' Both statements are doubtless exaggerations, but even if I were an American I should prefer the errors of the latter. Those who ignore the proved drawbacks of democracy and who publish sentimental half-truths about it are playing into the hands of those who would sweep away the whole system. Lenin was in a very true sense the creation of Krensky. Mussolini undoubtedly owes his position to the Jeffersons and Patrick Henrys of Italy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SPONGES FOR REMEMBRANCE

THE bath sponge of St. Ives is growing old. Hardened and diminished, after the fashion of sponges whose course is almost run, it lies in its nickel basket. Soon it must go; and with it will go how many delightful daily pictures of the sort that shift idly through the vacuous consciousness of the bather! For the sponge of St. Ives has been a sweet remembrancer.

I don't know what better the tourist can do — I mean the tourist proper, who does not run across every few months, nor every year, no, nor every three years; the simple eager tourist, who does not go half languidly to buy clothes, or to see an editor, or to engage in winter sports, but with his nerves of enjoyment agog, and his ingenuous mind taut with greed for storing up impressions until the next time (while a sinister inward whisper asks, *When will the next time be?*) — I don't know what better such a tourist can do than to purchase a bath sponge here and there. For the more obvious souvenirs have their drawbacks. After all, walls cannot be solidly coated with large reminiscent photographs. And by an eternal and inescapable law the mighty company of postcards, so charged with thrills for their collector, will come forth from their drawer less and less often; and in their heyday the tourist, as he knows too well, will not be given strength to refrain from displaying them to friends who are quivering with the dread of them. As for the journal, — if naïveté or hardihood has gone so far, — these trivial fond records will be found to trail away almost

to nothingness toward the end of the trip, and at any moment to present blanks, or confusions past disentangling. Those four last days at Oxford, for instance — who shall resolve them into their elements? And what was the exact phrasing of that hysterically funny encounter with the police in Norwich?

Now the sponge, as a memento, is free of these limitations and disabilities. It does not, like the framed photographs, take up overmuch space; it does not, like the postcards, come forward with diminishing frequency, nor does it obtrude itself upon the caller; and while as an historian it has its lapses and omissions, in this it does not, like the journal, disappoint reasonable expectation, and in what it presents it shows a fine selectivity. And though it is true that sponges are somewhat early mortal, and that the evocations of one sponge must give place to those of its successor, yet this substitution is only for the bath hour; for the principle of repetition will have done its work, and the bather will find that he has not covered up one picture with another, but enlarged his gallery.

The sponge of Inverness, for instance, perished long ago. But not before the fugitive visions that sprang up as one laid hands upon it had become fixed: the sombre avenue of great larches on the Caledonian Canal, and, higher up, the blaze of the gorse — a thousand pardons, the whins — on the sunny banks; the little old men twittering Gaelic in the back of the shop at Thurso; the boxlike coach, plying deliberately between John o' Groat's and Wick, in which the

passengers, as space grew scant, sat with so grave an impersonality and so high a detachment in one another's laps; the strangeness of that evening on Duncansbay Head, with its sense of infinite remoteness and release, with the tens of thousands of sea pinks and primroses, the opal sunset over the Pentland Firth, and the lofty honey-combed cliffs where at twilight multitudes of sea gulls settled to rest, after so wild a crying.

And how many pictures — landscape, portrait, and genre — has the sponge of St. Ives hung on the line of memory! There is the sloping, cobbled street where stands the chemist's shop that purveys sponges; and the dark-faced Celt, with sea-blue, cruel eyes, who, poised afoot in his cart, went thridding deftly, with a far-away look of purpose, among the motors and wagons of that narrow, jolting way. There is the cheerful, pony-built housemaid who from crack of dawn till night ran violently up and down staircases, and who 'Oovered and Bisselled the floors with such good will. There is the little old skipper, with face like a downy owl's, and soft, patient voice, who on that rough day, in a crisis when everything had to be done at once, fell flat in the bottom of his boat — as how should he not, being shod in those shoes affected by the humbler Britons, shoes with soles half the thickness of a brick, and of a brick's flexibility? And there is that other old man, the guide at Treen, who scrambled with so horrifying an agility up the vertical side of the Logan Rock, while at the foot of the long drop to the cove the pale green waters quietly licked the stones.

There is the snowstorm of gulls over the harbor of St. Ives when the fishing boats come in; and the 'proper scamp' — no Cornishman, but an outlander — holding an auction on the

quay. There is the episode of the day when a touring car was internationally shared: the agitated shout from the tonneau, 'Drivah! Stop the car! The blasted thing is on fiah!' and the inimitably soft, respectful rejoinder, 'I think it's dust, sir. We catch at this end first.' There is the sudden transition of Land's End: the shock of the ugly, vulgar hotel, and then the step beyond and out into a world of wild, fantastic headland and dreaming azure sea with a violet bloom laid over it. There is the sunny green down above Gurnard's Head, warm, and sprinkled with the clear ecstacy of skylarks. There is the pair of puffins, sitting shoulder to shoulder, connubial and quiet, close above the turbulence of Hell's Mouth. And there is the wash of velvet air over Cornwall, smelling of multitudinous honey and the sea and mystery.

I think it is time for this sponge to go, Jetta. There's a fresh one on the shelf at the top of the linen closet — please bring that. Bring the great, warm, rich dimness that is the interior of Exeter Cathedral; and the mellow, encompassing tide, swinging down as from interstellar spaces, that is the solemn voice of the Peter bell. Bring that other memorable voice — surely the lightest and softest in all England — belonging to the slim night porter at the Royal Clarence, who, drooping over the desk telephone, at ease though facing fearful odds in the shape of crabbed exchange operator and stubborn Cornish hotel clerk, did so flute, coo, cajole, and seduce that presently he had built up an aggressive alliance for the finding of some lost luggage. Bring Thomas Hooker, looming in effigy, so withdrawn, so æonic, before the window of the dining room where ephemeral tourists 'doe bite their hasty supper.' Bring the Lord Mayor's mace bearer's frost-delicate silver chains in

the Guildhall. To-morrow all Exeter will be in this small bathroom — and a sunny road besides, and little Budleigh Salterton with its rose-red cliffs, and little Newton Poppleford with its thrice-excellent name.

'A WOOD NEAR ATHENS'

AUTUMN in Greece, like spring, is a fleeting and impalpable thing that makes its presence felt on one day and is gone the next and then reappears again, revealing itself in some strange and unexpected manner. The reason is not far to seek. Trees, so far as they are able to thrive on the barren and stony soil of Greece, are for the most part not deciduous. The plane, the poplar, and the oak are almost the only deciduous trees that are to be seen in any numbers — and they are rare enough. The plane is essentially a tree of inhabited areas. The streets of Thebes and the shady sources of the Attic Cephissus or the straggling houses of the deme Marousi are sheltered with old and venerable planes. Poplars, as in the plain near Thermopylæ, or here and there in the Attic 'Middle Land,' are planted in the marshy places in neat rows to drain the earth and hold in the dikes. The few of these trees that grow to any large extent untended and wild are to be found in the remote parts of Peloponnese and Macedonia. There the all too rare groves of Turkish oak and plane give shade that in the hottest of summers contains a coolness such as one meets only near running water.

Apart from these trees, Greece has little to offer but pines and firs of endless variety and shape, green all the year, but particularly so in October and November, when new clusters of green needles give an air of freshness that beguiles one into thinking that spring is beginning. So autumn makes its presence felt only in places where there are

leaves that fall, and in other ways that do not concern the mutations of trees and the rise and fall of their sap. A weakening sun and a faint flavor in the air of vegetal decay; a dry wind from the south blowing across waterless torrent beds; wild fruits of the autumn, like the blood-red arbutus and the purple berry of the myrtle; the chalky-pink oleander and the first gold on the oranges — such are the signs and hints of an autumn that is scarcely otherwise apparent. A Rip van Winkle awakened in Attica in November would be hard put to it to decide the time of year. If he knew nothing of arbutus and oleander and myrtle and did not know that the winter snow should have filled the torrent beds, he would call it spring, his decision strengthened by seeing the purple and yellow crocuses that star the ground in October and November from the stony levels of the plain to the topmost summits of Pentelicus, Parnes, and Hymettus.

As though to confound the issue for those who do not know the country, travelers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries illustrated their works with engravings which show Greece to be blessed with a more luxuriant growth of deciduous trees than ever graced a fraction of its lands. The illustrations, too, to *Childe Harold* and the numerous works of the 'Romantic' period, when Greece in revolt drew to its ranks all the poetic forces of Europe, show the hills of Greece to be adorned with a wealth of trees that would transform it in autumn to a riot of autumnal color. One can only imagine that the engravers worked in the wooded lands of Northern Europe on the inadequate sketches given them by their more experienced taskmasters. Other curious errors suggest in similar ways that the London and Paris studios of the early nineteenth century evolved a type of Greek scenery as alien to the real type

as the modern Greek politician is to Pericles. One plate, for instance, in Dodwell's elaborate book, *Views in Greece* (1821), gives a view of the Acropolis from near the Ilissus. The river is shown as a foaming rapid such as one sees in the high lands of the Alps. In reality it is an insignificant stream, canalized to preserve its existence in summer and, even in spate, little larger than a Cornish trout stream. An enchanted land was created in those days that accorded but ill with the realities of Greek scenery and did rank injustice to its subtler grades of color and atmospheres that are finer than those of any other land.

By a curious freak of fate, it is Shakespeare who gives a hint of the real Greek scenery over two centuries before a euphuistic age, with the experience of travelers to correct it, unconsciously distorted Greek scenery for its own romantic ends. Reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I was tempted to search for the 'wood near Athens' of Oberon and Titania, in the hope that, in finding it, I might elaborate on circumstantial evidence a wholly untenable theory that Shakespeare had visited Athens!

The plain of Athens, except in the Acharnian deme, is sown with little else but olives and pines, nearly everywhere too scattered to justify the identification of any wood or grove. At Acharnæ and Deceleia the pines are so continuous as to become a forest, and, in any case, these places are in no sense 'near Athens.' Then by chance I lighted on the very wood itself, barely four miles out of Athens, near the modern village of Chalandri. Here the coldest skeptic could not but admit was the scene of the deeds of Puck and his fellows — a wood of tall shady firs, complete in itself, the trees close together and shutting off the sun — in fact the very home of Oberon and

Titania, with Parnes, the home of the nymphs, showing dimly through the openings of the western end, and Pentelicus, the mother of marble palaces, rising steeply to the north. So tall are the tree trunks that there is nothing to hinder the most active of fairy dances, and so soft the carpet of pine needles that there could be no hindrance or discomfort to the sleep of the mortal persons of the play.

'The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders at our quaint spirits' was there at sundown, 'flying between the cold moon and the earth,' like 'Cupid all armed.' Close by, in a ravine near Franko Monastiri, was Oberon's bank of wild thyme itself. Nowhere was there to be found in Shakespeare's account a discordant element that would make me reject this wood as the real scene of the play. Had he only mentioned the tortoises that lumbered across between the tree trunks, the last flickering doubt that still lingered in my mind would have been extinguished. But Titania speaks of 'purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,' the far-famed fruits of Athens, which grow in all the orchards around the wood, so why should there be any doubt left at all? This was in very truth the wood itself, unknown and unidentified all these centuries, while the musty collators and commentators on the text of Shakespeare had made confusion worse confounded and spent their time searching Warwickshire when all the time they were told 'a wood near Athens.' But textual critics seldom have more range of activity than the snail, which averages five miles in fifteen centuries. Here was amateur archæology with a vengeance, the triumph of topography over textual criticism, the apotheosis of common curiosity! Shakespeare vindicated at last after all the gloom of intervening centuries!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Robert Keable died on December 24, 1927. An Englishman, he was ordained in the Anglican Church and was in charge of parishes in Yorkshire and then in South Africa. Following the war, where he had served with distinction as chaplain to the South African Forces in France, he resigned his orders, and thereafter divided his time between teaching and writing. His novels, notably *Simon Called Peter* and *The Mother of All Living*, enjoyed wide success. Severe — indeed, as he knew, hopeless — illness sent him to California and to the South Seas in search of health. The present paper was written in Tahiti, just before the end. **James Truslow Adams**, author of a standard work on New England, is an historian of the past and present United States. **Salvador de Madariaga** resigned his post at the League of Nations to become Professor of Spanish Literature at Oxford. He is the author of a recent volume, *The Genius of Spain*, but it is clear that he has the same intimate knowledge of England and France. ¶In summer **Isabel Hopestill Carter**, of Maine, follows the sea, a calling which has been in her family for eight generations. In winter she teaches school. ¶The most famous hunter and guide in Indo-China, **F. J. Defosse** was introduced to us by a fellow contributor and huntsman, **Douglas Burden**. By birth a Frenchman, M. Defosse joined a Colonial regiment and saw service in the Orient. When the jungle called, he quit the army and settled down at **Gia-Huynh**, a grassy clearing in the very heart of the wilds, to devote himself to big game, his guns, and his family. His first contribution, 'Tiger, Tiger,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for November 1926.

* * *

Rosalie Hickler, who makes her first appearance in our pages, is a family poet. In the midst of domestic problems and without slighting the multitudinous claims of a growing family, she still finds time and quiet

for her verses. ¶One of the five American scientists to be awarded the Nobel Prize, **Dr. Robert A. Millikan**, a physicist of the first rank, is the chairman of the administrative council of California Institute of Technology. His present paper is derived from an address delivered at the semi-centennial celebration of the University of Colorado. ¶While at Harvard, **Theodore Morrison**, now a member of the *Atlantic's* staff, was one of the last class to study under **Dean Briggs**. **President Bernard Iddings Bell** of St. Stephen's College knows how to minister to young men's minds. ¶A friend of Stephen Crane's, **Harvey Wickham** is a traveling essayist who resides in European capitals and preferably within earshot of a good organ.

* * *

Chauncey Lyman Parsons contributes his first story to the *Atlantic* from St. Mark's School, Southborough, where he is an instructor in English. **F. Lyman Windolph** has been practising law for almost twenty years in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where as a country lawyer he has had to provide every sort of legal service for every sort of client. ¶Hardly a man now alive knows more about (red) Indians than **Mary Austin**. Anywhere in the Southwest she is at home, but makes her headquarters at Santa Fe, and it was there with her that **Willa Cather** stayed while writing *Death Comes to the Archbishop*. **Lieutenant Commander Bruce G. Leighton** has been flying airplanes for more than eleven years. A member of the Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington, he has also been closely associated with aeronautical engineering development. ¶The author of 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has already been described in earlier issues.

* * *

Writing from Austrian Hospice, Jerusalem, **Owen Tweedy**, late of the British Army, says: 'I have just completed a tour of

the Jewish Colonies. I wanted to see for myself how they were panning out, and my impressions are that they are now firmly anchored, but at a cost out of all economic proportion. However, the aim of Zionism was to settle the colonists, charity gave them the funds, and they have accomplished their object. In doing so they have undoubtedly done much good to Palestine and the relations of the Jews and the Arabs have enormously improved.' Claud Mullins is a prominent barrister in London.

* * *

Lucy Furman's article, 'The Price of Furs,' in the February *Atlantic*, brought forth an immediate response from many sympathetic readers. In such scant space we are able to print but a few of the more representative letters.

IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article, 'The Price of Furs,' in the February *Atlantic*, inspires me to write what I know about steel animal traps. Before I start I would like to suggest that a large-size copy of Lucy Furman's story be sent to every fur-wearing woman with the hope that it would produce the results that the *Home Journal's* raid on aigrettes had a few years ago.

Late last fall my husband, a friend, and I took our dog Peter, an unusually smart little Scottish terrier, for a long tramp in a most unsettled country. As we wandered along through the forest we came to a winding, apparently abandoned road through the woods. As the ground was frozen, we decided to follow it. Dog Peter, according to his usual custom exploring everything as he went, kept quite a way ahead of us. After walking about half a mile up this lovely road, all of a sudden we heard the most awful screams and saw that Pete was caught by something. We soon found that one of the deadly traps, cunningly baited, cleverly hidden under the dead leaves, had snapped down on the dog's leg. My husband and the man with us tried in every way to get the trap loosened, but it was clamped so hard in the flesh and the dog was so frantic that they could not do a thing. Finally a woodcutter off in the woods, hearing the noise, came and it took three men to get that great clamp off the dog's leg. The woodcutter's first words, 'What's the use? His leg is gone,' fortunately were not true, but his leg was mangled almost beyond repair. It took months for it to heal.

How any human being can or is allowed to put such instruments of torture anywhere is hard to

understand. The trapper here gets around about once in two weeks, the cutter said, and always finds some poor creature caught in the brutal way our dog was caught. It is time that every county should take drastic steps to abolish this horrible way of punishing our wild animals.

Yours most sincerely,

DIXIE MOORE HAYES

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Thank you for publishing such an article as that of Lucy Furman. We women do not need furs. It is vanity — style — which causes this needless, hideous sacrifice.

If they could only see, as I have seen, a little nursing mother fox caught by the leg, her eyes glazing, her blackened tongue protruding swollen from her jaws, her piteous eyes begging for mercy — could they have lifted the little creature from the cruel, crushing mechanism, have carried her to the near-by brook whose babbling must have intensified her long crucifixion, have dropped water into that grateful parched mouth and felt her — that wild little thing — nestle her weary head on a human arm and sleep — could they do this they would never wear fur again. Poor little thing, she lived four days, then gangrene set in and she died, licking the hands which tended her. And I doubt not the babies starved.

Sincerely yours,

E. G. MITCHELL, M.D.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on furs is good, but needs illustrating. These items from two mail-order houses are to the point. For 48 cents one can purchase a dozen Holdfast jaws, which 'will prevent animals from gnawing feet off.' Apparently this is a bad habit animals have, and it is undoubtedly thoughtful of the trapper to try to cure it. A Victor trap catches high on the leg, and prevents the animal from 'gnawing or twisting free.' The animal is left with the regret that he cannot even give one leg for his skin.

Yours truly,

JAMES HENDERSON

* * *

That popular life-sentence.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

James Norman Hall will welcome two foot-notes to his wise and witty article, 'Cacoethes Scribendi,' in the January number. They are in the form of quotations, the first from Molière, whose Alceste, in *The Misanthrope*, declares, 'A gentleman should carefully guard against the

hankering after authorship that is apt to seize us,' and 'When we cannot write better, we should avoid writing altogether, unless, indeed, we are condemned to it under pain of death.'

The second, two hundred and fifty years later, was feelingly expressed by Somerset Maugham in *Of Human Bondage*, a novel of which the twentieth century has yet to produce the equal: 'There is nothing so terrible as the pursuit of art by those who have no talent.'

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE W. PAGE

* * *

Seadromes and passenger miles.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

Now that your readers have had the 'cold light' of reason thrown on aviation's future by the champions of the negative, Lieutenant Commander Bruce G. Leighton and Neon, don't you think a little positive light might be justified, in all fairness to aviation?

With Lieutenant Commander Leighton's article I have very little quarrel. With a background of thirty years in engineering research and development work I would hesitate to be as positive as he is about 'the Limits of Aviation,' and I am sure if he should rewrite his article ten years hence he would find much to change. He has recorded what he thinks of Seadromes in his article referred to, as follows: 'The airplane must have frequent refueling and service stations along its route, just as automobiles must have them. These do not exist at sea; they cannot be provided or maintained except at prohibitive cost, if at all.'

Neon's article, 'The Future of Aerial Transport,' is, to my mind, especially destructive because it deals in so many half truths, twisted to be misleading. Picking on transatlantic flying as his theme, his whole set-up is to show that such a route commercially is an impossibility 'because it must be made in a single flight.' The entire structure of his argument falls, like a house of cards in a puff of wind, before the demonstrated fact of anchored Seadromes, which has been passed upon and completely endorsed by the highest technical authorities of England, France, and the United States.

Quoting from Neon, 'Reflection shows that in no other form of transport is the propelling power expected to *lift* the vehicle and its load, in addition to propelling it forward.' Permit me to state, reflection shows, on the contrary, that in all forms of surface transportation such as ships on rivers, trains on rails, automobiles on roads, they must all lift their own weight, and their load, to obtain altitude or else ever remain at the dead

level of their origin. The locomotive of the transcontinental limited must have power enough to lift itself and its train over the mountains just as surely as an airplane must have extra power to climb over that necessary for level flight.

Neon further beclouds the issue in stating that 'it is not surprising to find enormous horsepower installed to transport what is relatively an insignificant load.' The railroad locomotive, he intimates, is many times more efficient, 'can run it is said, at nearly 100 miles per hour and draw "almost any load."'

Turning to a recent annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the standard of efficiency of the railroad world, what do we find? It requires, *per passenger*, several times more power, to travel at one third of the speed, with an investment and maintenance cost in excess of that required by the airplane.

Let's look at the record. After one hundred years of development a modern passenger locomotive averages about 113 miles per day, pulling an average train, about seven cars (five with passengers), containing an average load of 77 passengers. The total train weight approximating 350 tons. Simplifying a little for comparative purposes, the deadly average shows, as a day's work for a 1000-horsepower locomotive and train, costing at least \$250,000, the total of 8700 passenger miles. The 650-horsepower, triple-motored Ford airplane, costing \$50,000, can easily be operated 800 miles per day, giving about 12,000 passenger miles.

In both cases power comes from fuel, for the locomotive something over a pound being used per passenger mile, while in the airplane it is less than a fifth of this, about equating the difference in cost between the delivered price of coal or oil and gasoline.

Fundamentally the airplane is an economical method of transport, if in the service contemplated speed is of major importance, and the route is such that refueling and control stations can be established with the frequency required in each specific case. Certainly it would be foolish to contend that automobiles are impracticable transport vehicles, yet their place in business and society is possible only because of good roads and frequent service stations.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. ARMSTRONG

President, *Armstrong Seadrome Development Co.*

* * *

The high cost of homes.

THE EDITOR OF THE *Atlantic Monthly*,

I was much interested in Mr. Holden's article in your February number, 'Speculating in Homes,' but I should have been more interested

if it had dealt with the problem as it presents itself to persons of about ten-thousand-dollar incomes.

Taking my own case as an example: —

To build an eight-room house will cost me \$24,000; this is an actual estimate, and, I am told, a very reasonable one. The price of the land and the necessary improvements on it will bring it to \$30,000 at least; according to Mr. Holden, who estimates it at half the value of the house, it should be more than that in an average case, but, assuming that by great good luck \$30,000 covers the whole cost: —

I can hire a perfectly good eight-room house for \$1500 a year; on my \$30,000 house I must pay \$600 a year in taxes and must allow at least \$100 a year for repairs; so I get \$800 a year or a little better than 2 per cent interest on the \$30,000 invested in my house, as against 6 per cent or \$1800 which I may reasonably expect to get if the money is invested in stocks.

According to this, it is wicked extravagance to build at all.

But, on the other hand, building is now going on as never before; many of the houses are six-room houses or even smaller, but, if one may judge by examples given in the evening papers, a goodly number are eight-room houses, many larger; and, whatever the cost of the house, the builder, whether he rents or occupies it, must be content with a 2 per cent profit on his investment.

As far as I can make out from Mr. Holden's article, the owner of the property relies for his profit on the increase in value of the land; perhaps, to hasten this millennium, he is willing to pay people to live on it, which is what renting houses on this basis practically amounts to; but we must all of us have noticed certain suburban developments from which the millennium seems so remote that the 4 per cent lost annually on the investment would make heavy inroads on the ultimate profit, especially considering the perishable nature of houses as property.

As to the genuine home-builder, who, Mr. Holden's tax-assessor to the contrary notwithstanding, does actually exist — *I am one* — he must be willing to sacrifice 10 per cent of his income to live in the house and on the location of his choice; if the eight-room house seems too magnificent for the \$10,000 man, reduce it to 7, 6, or even 5 per cent — the argument still holds good; I do not see how he can justify himself in such an extravagance — *I cannot*, but I should like to, which is one reason why I am writing to you about it.

And I can't believe that a great many of your readers are n't lying awake nights, just as I am, puzzling over this same problem; to say nothing of the many more who are n't your regular readers

who would flock to the news stands to buy an *Atlantic* if it contained such an article as I have endeavored to suggest.

With which I will inscribe myself

Your constant reader,

M. A. A.

* * *

In the interests of coöperative motherhood.

NORWICH TOWN, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having thus belatedly just read an article in your issue of last December, called 'The Paradox of Humanism,' by Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, I am moved to protest at the combined ignorance of both author and proofreader, in allowing such a laughable error to appear in your pages as calling the ant 'he.'

Mr. Krutch seems to have learned somewhat of the characteristics of that amiable insect, but refers to the creature through two long paragraphs with some twenty repetitions of 'he,' 'him,' 'his,' and 'himself.' In some slight casual reference this might be excused on the ground that 'he' is the most frequent usage, but this is an extensive specific description. We are told that 'he makes no demands for himself which will interfere with the prosperity of the colony which he inhabits'; whereas the briefly wedded and then lost male ant never is any part of the colony. We are told that 'his industry and foresight have always been admired,' whereas he shows neither, save as one chosen out of many may evince foresight.

Still more amazing is it to learn that 'he' has even achieved a control over the processes of reproduction which enables him to see to it that just the right number of each type of citizen shall be born,' and again that 'he' has consented 'to remain sexless, while certain specialists are endowed with powers of reproduction.'

In plain fact 'he' never does anything, save that one out of wasted thousands fertilizes the 'queen ant.' The 'sexless' ones are female, and can lay eggs when isolated and reduced to extreme measures. There was more knowledge than this in the ancient Hebrew who said, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'

Some years ago there was an interesting article on spiders in the *Atlantic*, written by some man who had a long convalescence in some hospital and amused himself by observing the arch fly-catcher. This gentleman made the same mistake, continually speaking of the spider as 'he.' 'He,' in this species, figures only as the briefest of bridegrooms, and is often subsequently eaten by

his larger bride. His passionate devotion is desperately courageous, but in regard to the habits of spiders he contributes nothing further.

I hope you will wish to print this protest in the interests of coöperative motherhood.

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

* * *

From the other side.

THE SAN MARCOS
CHANDLER, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I must express my astonishment at the spirit in which the author of 'Is India Dying?' writes in the February *Atlantic* of Miss Mayo's *Mother India*. I am amazed by his lack of perception of the patent fact that Miss Mayo is doing real missionary work to 'the least of these.'

A book that can elicit from the Hindu Representatives convened in the Central Legislative Assembly of India such statements as reported in the Debate of September, 1927, cannot be disposed of with the facile contempt assumed by your contributor, Mr. Clark.

I quote two passages from the official Record of the Child-Marriage Debate: —

Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda: 'So long as these evils exist in this country, we will neither have the strength of arms nor the strength of character to win freedom.'

Kumar Ganganand Sinha: 'Every Hindu knows to-day that, taken as a whole, his Race is on the downward path of physical deterioration, attended by intellectual degeneration, and is threatened with virtual extinction. [Child marriage] is sapping the vitals of our Race, and to let this continue is to commit racial suicide. [Of] females between the ages of five and ten, in every 1000, in 1921, 907 were married.'

It seems that your author cares to be aware of only the strong and healthy women of India; of the few athletic boys, and of the Indian princes and Brahmans with whom he tells us he enjoys playing tennis.

The great influence of Miss Mayo's work is not among these, but as a true missionary, among the helpless voiceless millions — with whose needs she appeals to our hearts and consciences.

LOUISE A. WOOD
(MRS. LEONARD WOOD)

Readers please note. Advertisers kindly skip.

LOCK BOX 511, COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

During the past two months, I have enjoyed reading several articles from each of a dozen numbers of the *Atlantic* and now am finishing the May 1927 issue. This statement may prompt you to ask why so many at one time and why not one each month?

Here is the answer, perhaps a little lengthy, but I hope interesting: —

'Fate' or misfortune or something else has me in the Ohio Penitentiary. I have been here for more than twenty-eight months and may be compelled to stay that much longer. Sometimes I am fortunate enough to 'seize' some magazines which are sent to the Institution and I read them with much interest. I find the best reading of all in your good magazine and it is with regret that I am unable to have a copy each month, but financial condition makes that enjoyment impossible.

I wish it were possible for me to interest scores of the men here to read the *Atlantic*, as they would profit much therefrom. Clean, good, strong, entertaining, and yet altogether educational and uplifting to him who wishes worthwhile reading. I feel indebted to you for the splendid articles read in the various issues and also to him who sent his 'old magazines' to the Institution.

Thankfully and sincerely yours,

DAVID P. WISE

* * *

Possession is nine points of the law.

22 December, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To add to the examples where possession of the *Atlantic* is credential enough.

Returning back into the United States after a hour or so in Niagara, Canada, I'd lost my ticket for transportation across International Bridge. Turning my pockets inside out brought forth several pages torn from an *Atlantic* for reading at opportune moments.

'You're all right. Go ahead,' said the Customs official. 'I read it myself.'

Respectfully,

BART L'HOMMEDIEU

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1928

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN SCANDINAVIA

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

MANY years ago there appeared in the pages of *Punch* a series of so-called lectures by one Mrs. Caudle to her husband. They were called 'Curtain Lectures' for the reason that they were supposed to be delivered by the lady when the bed curtains were drawn — when the victim could not but hear. The lectures were upon a variety of topics, from the wickedness of loaning the family umbrella to the unnecessary of a man carrying a key to his own front door — the idea being that if he comes home betimes, as a married man should, he will have no need for one. Afterward these lectures were published in book form, and to-day their author, Douglas Jerrold, is chiefly remembered by these amusing examples of his wit.

But the idea of an advice-giving wife was not new with Jerrold. Two hundred years before, Richard Brathwait had published a book called *A Boulster Lecture*: it was the same thing under another name. The book has an amusing frontispiece in which a woman, in bed, is addressing a man seemingly asleep at her side, and under the quaint

old engraving is a verse from which we get the phrase about advice going in one ear and coming out at the other; it reads: —

This wife a wondrous racket means to keep,
While the Husband seems to sleep but does not
sleep:
But she might full well her Lecture smother,
For entering one ear, it goes out at t'other.

Do not think that I have exhausted the subject; I have not. I merely wish to show my familiarity with it and to make clear to my reader that I, a man of mature years, have found it wise when my wife speaks — 'either in bed or at board,' as the old marriage service has it — to pay due heed and to adjust myself to circumstances; indeed, one's happiness in this world consists almost entirely in so adjusting one's self.

It was across the narrow chasm separating our two beds that my wife, some months ago, spoke these words: 'I don't think we could do better than to go to Norway and Sweden this summer.' We had been discussing a holiday and I had suggested that after a month in London we hire a motor and

spend a few weeks in Devonshire and Cornwall. We had made, a year or two ago, a most delightful motor trip from London to Edinburgh and had promised ourselves that some day we would journey all the way to Land's End. We had indeed discussed the matter so often that I thought it was as good as settled, and this sudden abandonment of our plans for a tour into a country we knew and loved for one about which we knew little — and, as I thought, cared less — came upon me as a kind of shock. 'Why not Patagonia?' I inquired — I could not help it — and was told not to be silly. My wife then deigned to give her reasons, and I was obliged to admit their force. We were to act as guides to a young man who could hardly be expected to get as much pleasure as we in poking about in the beautiful parish churches in the west of England, or peeping over the hedge of Max Gate, Dorchester, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Thomas Hardy, England's one Grand Old Man. On the other hand, a new and beautiful city in a new and beautiful country, every few days, could not fail to prove delightful to any lad with an easy conscience and a good digestion.

'But —' said I.

'There are no buts about it,' said my wife; I knew that there were not and that the matter was settled.

In talking over our plans with a friend a few days later, he said to me: 'Let me give you a word of advice. You will find Norway cold: take plenty of heavy clothing, woolen underwear, and especially heavy socks.' I reported the conversation to my wife in this wise: 'Blank tells me that we shall find it very cold in Norway and advises that you wear red flannel underwear.' 'I did n't ask for his advice,' said my lady, 'and I would rather die in white cambric than live in red flannel.' She speaks just like that, does my lady.

A few weeks later our steamer, the *Minnetonka*, steamed up the Thames to the Port of London. It is a proud river: the docks on each side are superb in character and extent, even if, alongshore, the human misery everywhere evident is distressing to a London-lover, which I here proclaim myself to be.

What we call 'prohibition' I believe to be a mistaken gesture, but it is at least an admission that there is a problem: England has, so far, contented herself merely with flirting with it. She closes her countless drinking places for a few hours each day, while her citizens are developing a thirst; but this is not enough, for every saloon is a breeder of poverty and misery. The brewing and distilling interests are, however, so strongly entrenched that if anything is to be accomplished the drink question must be seriously grappled with. The moment one lands in any of the great ports of Britain, either London or Liverpool or Glasgow, one is horrified with the seemingly hopeless poverty and distress everywhere apparent: armies of men and boys, unemployed and unemployable, living off the 'dole.' The dole is economically wrong, but without it there would be starvation and revolution; it seems an insoluble problem — one is glad to escape it.

And one does escape it as soon as one arrives in the hotel district, the west end of London — a city which, in spite of the magnificence of New York, remains of unequalled charm and interest, and, if I may use the word, gentleness. There are few signs of poverty there: it is almost impossible to get accommodation in the hotels or a seat at the theatre — although most of the performances are very bad — or a table at a restaurant without 'booking' in advance. Poverty and wealth have always existed side by side in London,

and the extremes do not strike an Englishman as they do the visitor.

II

It was on the Fourth of July when we were packing our bags preparatory to sailing from Newcastle next day for Bergen, in Norway, on board the good ship *Jupiter*, and were almost frozen with the damp and chill, that the words of our friend recurred to us, and we left our light clothing in London, taking with us our heaviest, saying to one another, 'If it is as cold as this in London, what must it be in Norway?'

It is disgusting the way some people's stomachs misbehave on a small boat. The *Jupiter* is a good ship of her class, but her class leaves much to be desired. An excellent sailor myself, I eat as much as I want, then I smoke and read and walk. But not all people are like that: to many, on a troubled sea in a small boat, the very thought of food is nauseating, and a man in robust health walking the deck with a cigar in his mouth is regarded as disturbing the peace. It was about ten at night on the second day that the little *Jupiter*, having dodged in and out among the islands in the harbor of Bergen, tied up at her dock and we prepared to disembark. Ten at night and as light as day, for as one gets into high latitudes in summer the sun hardly sets: there is a deep twilight for an hour or two, and then, before one can say Jack Robinson, the sun is shining brightly and the night is over. This in summer; in winter it is pitch dark at three in the afternoon. It was not on our programme to go to the North Cape, where in summer the sun scarcely sinks below the horizon, or to spend days, if not weeks, on a steamer penetrating to their utmost limit the fiords, because if it is true, as Dr. Johnson once remarked, 'one green field is very like another,' might not the

same be said of a fiord — those little bays and inlets which characterize the Norwegian coast? Rather it was our intention to catch a quick impression and pass on. One does not have to say that the scenery of Norway is magnificent — everyone knows that: the great snow-capped mountains come right down, almost sheer, to the fiords, which are very deep, but the channels are so tortuous that they can only be safely navigated by small steamers.

We had not journeyed very extensively when it suddenly dawned on us that we were very hot: where was this cold weather for which we were prepared? We inquired and were told that it was always hot in July; it seemed as though it should have been cold, for the mountains about us were covered with snow, but on the water and in the valleys, dressed as we were, it was uncomfortably warm. We were told that the heat was due to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which, flowing around the north of Scotland, dashes itself to pieces on the rocky cliffs of Norway. We know this now, but when we left home it had not occurred to us, and our friend who had told us to prepare for cold weather in Scandinavia had overlooked this fact.

We had thought of Norway as a country of waterfalls, but we were not prepared for the number that we were to see; one could not get out of sight of one — or more — and we were hardly ever out of hearing of the murmur of rushing water; it made us drowsy in our motors and lulled us to sleep in our beds.

Most people, I fancy, like to climb, to explore, to see things. Once again a remark of Dr. Johnson to his biographer occurred to me. When Boswell inquired whether he did not think the Giant's Causeway worth seeing, 'Why, sir, yes, worth seeing,' the Doctor replied, 'but not worth going to see.' My

idea exactly, and so I, being a tourist rather against my will, was satisfied to see what I could see comfortably either from the deck of a small steamer or from a motor (the American motor industry is a thriving one in Norway: Fords and Dodges and Chevrolets everywhere) or occasionally from a little open carriage drawn by a single very small cream-colored horse scarcely larger than a polo pony, but very hardy. The hotels were excellent and as clean as wax; the tables well and bountifully spread. We spent two nights at Stalheim, which is not a village or even a hamlet; merely a hotel superbly situated above and almost against a tremendous waterfall at a point where two great valleys intersect. Here it was that we first encountered the abundance of hors d'œuvre for which Norway is famous. Upon entering the dining room one noticed a great table running almost the entire length of the room; upon it were piles of plates and an immense quantity of food, chiefly fish, salted, smoked, oiled, boiled, — all cold, — and cold meats, with an endless variety of cheese. One was expected to take a plate, help one's self, — 'cut and come again,' — and take one's place at the table, when some single hot dish, with tea, coffee, or chocolate, was brought by a maid prettily dressed in native costume. To one bored to extinction by the ordinary table d'hôte it was a pleasant change. At Oslo — which in my boyhood was called Christiania — we stayed at an excellent hotel, the Bristol. In European travel one usually finds a Bristol Hotel — if there is one — at least good, generally the best hotel in the place. And here, if I may, I will digress to say why this is so. May I permit myself the luxury of a fresh start?

On August 1, in the year 1730, there was born in England to the ancient and

'socially prominent' race of Herveys a son, christened Frederick after the then Prince of Wales. His father was Earl of Bristol, and the lad subsequently came to the title and inherited with it an ample fortune. After the custom of his race, the boy went to Cambridge, but, not caring for the life there, he left without taking his degree, and, going up to London, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn and resigned himself to the study of the law. But not for long: it soon became evident that even with his family connections a certain amount of work was required of one who expected to achieve distinction at the bar and ultimately a place of honor and emolument on the bench. The Church, on the other hand, offered the chance of equal if not greater distinction, and, could a bishopric be obtained, an equal financial reward — without any work whatever. The fact that the young man was a *roué*, possibly a Catholic, but more likely an atheist, was not then regarded as being any bar to ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England; consequently, after taking orders and going through by easy stages the lower priesthood, he applied to his friend the great Earl of Chatham for a bishopric, which was soon granted him, he having in the meantime received a diploma of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford! They did things that way in those days. But the Bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland, the one first granted him, provided but a meagre stipend for a married man of luxurious tastes with a growing family, and he was soon translated to Derry, which gave him an income sufficient for his needs.

To make a long and fascinating story short, the Earl Bishop, as he came to be called, only resided in his diocese long enough to start the building of several palaces, when he decided to travel

extensively. Provided with ample funds, with a group of friends and a large retinue of servants, he wandered from one end of Europe to the other. With occasional brief visits to England and to Ireland, he explored the continent, indulging in every form of extravagance and dissipation. Hail fellow well met, he was equally at home in Rome, where he was taken for a Catholic, as he was in Paris, where he assumed the rôle of a Protestant, or in Geneva, where what we now call agnosticism was the order of the day. Wherever he went he patronized the best hotel, usually taking one entire floor and sometimes the whole establishment. So widely famed was he as a traveler and so great was his reputation as a connoisseur of life, that my Lord Bristol's hotel soon became the best known and the most highly regarded in every city or town where he sojourned. If it had been the *Hôtel de l'Europe* when he arrived, it was the *Hôtel de l'Europe et Bristol* when he left, and subsequently the 'Hotel Bristol' only. Hence it is that one may still expect to find — and usually does — the best at the Hotel Bristol, as we did in Oslo, and as we did not elsewhere — as will be related in the proper place.

III

For many years the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden were united, but some twenty-five years ago a friendly separation was agreed upon and each country went about its own business, the capital of Norway taking its old Norse name, Oslo, and the inhabitants of each country looking down rather upon the other one, as is the way of countries as it is of individuals.

The next great city en route was Stockholm, 'the Venice of the North,' as it is called, and certainly it deserves the title: it is magnificent! — superbly

situated on a group of islands intimately united by bridges over swiftly flowing rivers or arms of the Baltic Sea. The Grand Hotel had been recommended to me as one of the best in Europe, enjoying, among other things, a splendid site. Here we stayed a week, loitering in the streets, surveying the magnificent buildings, and visiting not once, but several times, its splendid city hall. Why are our city halls, however costly, dirty and impossible, and the people who hang about them a miserable-looking crew? I ask you.

Stockholm's city hall is new and is a dream of beauty. It is situated on backwater, perhaps on a lake, and is architecturally something between an Italian *palazzo municipale* and a French *hôtel de ville*; withal it is not incongruous. Fancy a new and greatly enlarged Ducal Palace (at Venice) and you have a faint suggestion of the magnificence of the city hall at Stockholm. The city is immensely prosperous: no wars, for over a century, have left their blight on the country. Scandinavia thrived mightily while all Europe beside destroyed itself in the Great War. And all Europe, except Scandinavia, now envies and despises America for her prosperity. Sweden has dealt with the liquor problem rationally; the people are sober, clean, and industrious; there is no unemployment. The King, a man of seventy, plays tennis; peace and prosperity abound.

But the heat! In our heavy winter clothes we had just managed to survive in Norway, but in Stockholm, with the thermometer at ninety and no night, — for by now the sun practically never went to bed, — we were indeed suffering from the heat and the glare. Give me a well-behaved sun: a sun which knows its place and goes to bed at the proper time. In Stockholm the sun, instead of going to bed, merely threw itself upon a couch for a few moments

and then, like a giant refreshed, began again to shine for all. And here a misfortune befell me. My eyes are sensitive to light; the least trace of light in the morning and I am wide awake; hence it is that I always sleep with a long, black, lisle-thread stocking, which I tie loosely around my head and over my eyes as though I were preparing for a game of blind man's buff. As I know from experience that maids in hotels, finding in my room a woman's black stocking, feel that they are discovering something which may lead to a scandal, I invariably hide the stocking in the morning, but the second night in the Grand Hotel my stocking had disappeared; it was nowhere to be found, and at two o'clock in the morning I found myself wide awake. There was a time, reader, when the loss of a black stocking meant nothing, when all I had to do was to purloin one of my wife's, but that was years ago. With the incoming of the present style, when stockings have become mere films of skin-colored silk, it was useless to look for relief among my wife's lingerie. So, pitching and tossing uneasily in bed from two o'clock until eight next morning, I determined when day came to do some shopping on my own. I wanted a pair of long, heavy, black stockings, and I knew that my work was cut out to get them, for they are as out of date as a bustle — and a bustle is so out of date that there will be people who read this who do not know what a bustle is.

There are fine shops in Stockholm, and in one of the largest and best I inquired for a pair of black stockings. I reveal no secret when I say that I speak no Swedish, and the Swedes speak, generally, only their own language, with here and there a dash of German. By signs and pointing to my own sock and suggesting length as best I could, I was shown a great variety of

socks, but I wanted women's socks, long ones. Ah! then came those filmy things which to men seem designed, when properly filled, for their undoing. These came in every shade except black and of every weight except heavy. At last I made it clear that I wanted black stockings, not too thin, for myself, and out came the socks again. 'Exactly,' I said, 'but *opera length*' — where this phrase came from I do not know, but I saw that the saleswoman thought that she had a lunatic to deal with. At last I did what I should have done at first, — I asked for an interpreter, — and in time was presented to a little Frenchwoman on whose bosom heaved the flags of all nations, signifying her familiarity with the languages thereof. To her I confided my perplexity. 'It will be difficult,' she said. 'As long as it is not impossible I snap my fingers at difficulties,' I replied. And after an unbelievable amount of trouble I got what I wanted.

By this time I was in shopping mood — and with the help of my war-widow interpreter — I am sure she was a war widow — I bought the lightest-texture underwear to be had in Sweden, and then decided to buy two suits of ready-made clothes. I am not easy to fit at home; in Stockholm it was impossible — almost; but I was determined that I would not go to a luncheon next day (which was to be given us by the American Minister, Mr. Leland Harrison, to whom with due ceremony I had presented a letter of introduction) in a suit the very sight of which brought sweat to my brow. My waist is that of a giant; my length lacks at least a foot of what a giant's length should be. In due time, dressed in a dark blue alpaca, I was conducted to a mirror — and I was not pleased; I was, in fact, humiliated; but with the removal of ten inches of trouser leg, and a rolling up of several inches more, I declared myself

suit and agreed to buy another cream-colored affair after it had undergone the necessary amputation.

Women have no sense of humor: they always laugh in the wrong place—at least my wife did when my bundle came home. ‘Do you intend to wear those things?’ she said. ‘No, I bought them just to exercise my Swedish; I intend to carry them on my arm to the luncheon to-morrow to show that I know what’s what,’ I declared. But next day at the Prins Karl Palats, which is for the time being the home of our distinguished American Minister, I was careful to keep my back to the wall as much as possible to hide the fact that the seat of my breeches was just about level with my knees. However, I was comfortable, and the distinguished company was too well bred to take any notice of my ridiculous appearance.

Some famous Latin lad once remarked that nothing human was alien to him. It is a fine statement, and I wish that I could with a fair amount of truth say the same thing; but I cannot. The fact is, most things don’t interest me at all, and the world has made a habit of gathering these things together and putting them in museums. Some day some wise commission will be formed to study what has been well called ‘museum fatigue.’ Indeed I think I have already heard of one which is to function in connection with the magnificent Pennsylvania Museum just now being completed on the Parkway in Philadelphia. Until that commission functions properly I prefer to study people rather than inanimate *objets d’art*.

Why is it that a man can walk all day long on a country road or hoof it over the pavements of a great city and almost die from sheer weariness after two hours in an art gallery? There are many such in Stockholm, and a superb

—but never mind, we only spent an hour in it and upon that occasion we were the observed of all observers. We did go so far as to make the necessary reservations on a tiny steamer for the ancient city of Wisby, on the island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea, but the heat was so intense that several members of our party balked at spending a night on a tiny boat in necessarily cramped quarters, and we gave over the idea—and were sorry for it afterward; when friends told us of the charm of its ruinous and picturesque beauty it was too late to change our plans. (Why is it that the thing you don’t see is invariably the thing you are catechized upon when you get home?) Long centuries ago—long before Venice became one of the glories of the world—Wisby was a city of great importance, a greater port than London, but the Danes got at it in thirteen hundred and something and practically destroyed it, hoping to bring the trade of northern Europe to Copenhagen, but before they had succeeded in doing so Queen Elizabeth of England worked her will with the Hanseatic League, and London became and has remained the greatest port in Europe. Long may she remain so, but let her keep her eye on Hamburg.

IV

Some wise cosmopolite once said, ‘Every capital in Europe has something to say.’ I listened but heard nothing important in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. It seemed to us chiefly distinguished for its bicycles: Denmark has but a population of three or four million people, but they all ride bicycles. The streets have sidewalks for pedestrians, smooth, narrow runways for people awheel, and the centre is devoted to the usual traffic. Once again we were in a thriving, industrious country, this one famous for its

agriculture. Almost every large building was pointed out to us as some sort of agricultural college. The Danes, once the terror of all Europe, have finally beaten their swords into ploughshares and they are prospering accordingly. How many tons of butter and bacon and how many million eggs they send daily to London is not my business, but one would suppose that England, with its unemployed hundreds of thousands, would profit by the example of Denmark. An enormous and glorified beer garden in the centre of the city, a colossal brewery, and an immense gallery of sculpture, magnificent in plan and execution — the gift to the city of Copenhagen of the owner of the brewery — these are my chief recollections of my short sojourn in Denmark; these and a visit to Frederiksborg Slot — once a superb palace, now a picture gallery and museum, which we visited en route to the Castle Elsinore. Elsinore, it will be remembered, is the scene of *Hamlet*: we were somewhat surprised to learn, from our guide, that Shakespeare had written the play there, and we were shown and several of us affected an interest in what we were told was Ophelia's grave; it left me cold, however. I was more interested in the excellent English spoken by our guide; when I complimented him upon it, he told me that he had lived in New York, but that the life there was too swift for him — as indeed it is for many of us — and he had returned to his native land.

A day or two later we were in Hamburg. It was almost forty years ago that I first visited the great free city of Hamburg; famous for its commerce, its wealth, and its hospitality. I had read of grass growing in its streets, during the war: it may then have done so, but it does so no longer. No city in all my travels seemed more prosperous. The streets were thronged with a busy people; the buildings — and there were

miles of them — were substantial and magnificent; we hired a motor and were driven all over the city and through the residential district which borders on the Alster; everywhere was evidence of industry, wealth, and prosperity. For miles we were driven over fine, broad boulevards running along the River Alster, which has been dammed up to form a lake. On one side were magnificent mansions, placed in well-kept lawns, giving evidence of the taste of the people who once prided — and perhaps still do — themselves on being very English; certainly their evident love of trees and flowers suggests such refinement as the war had taught us to think was nonexistent in Germany.

I confess that the seeming prosperity of Hamburg carried my thoughts back to that older and greater port of London, which does not seem as yet able to lift itself out of the slough of the war. The world will watch Germany come back with mingled emotions; she emerged from the war ruined indeed, but free from debt. She is paying her indemnities — grudgingly, to be sure — and she will escape them if and when she can, but her tremendous energy and the will to work, conspicuous by its absence in England, give us furiously to think. We traveled rapidly, to be sure, but with eyes open, from Hamburg to Cologne, where we spent the night. En route every factory, as we were passing through industrial Germany, seemed busy; gigantic smokestacks flaunting dates, 1919, 1920, 1921, which were an affront to the world, belched forth smoke, evidence of something doing, and I thought of my friend Mr. Owen D. Young's great work on the Dawes Commission in setting Germany on her feet again — I suppose it is all right.

On arrival in Cologne our party had to split up: no one hotel had room for all of us. Once again all was bustle and

noise. After an uneasy night I rose early, intending to hear a fine choral service in the cathedral, but decided that I could hear cathedral music elsewhere, that this would be my last chance for some time to come to see a German city rouse itself from its slumber. By seven in the morning there were as many people going to their offices as with us at half past eight, and more than London could show at nine.

V

Our next objective was Paris by way of Brussels, with a detour to Antwerp, once more to spend a few hours in the Plantin-Moretus Museum, which was for centuries one of the great printing houses of the world. As our train entered Brussels I remarked casually, 'I have made no hotel reservations and I don't even know the name of one; let's try the Bristol — there must be a Bristol.' All were agreed except my daughter, who said she had stayed at an excellent hotel here a year or two before; she had forgotten the name, but she thought it was not the Bristol. We had innumerable handbags which necessitated several porters, and when we descended from the train our luggage was seized and I said to the foremost porter, 'Hotel Bristol,' and away he started, as I supposed for a taxi; but no — across a sordid square and down a busy and noisy street he went, I after him shouting 'Taxi, taxi,' he paying no attention, but marching on through the traffic, I, with my suitcase, powerless to stop him. I had to keep him in sight or lose our luggage, and, looking behind me, I saw the other members of my party with porters, likewise making their way through the crowd. Presently my porter stopped — his journey done — and announced, with evident satisfaction, 'Hotel Bristol!' Sure enough, there it was as large as life, but

what a place! The Earl Bishop may have sojourned there a century and a half ago; it is quite possible; but a more miserable-looking place in a poorer neighborhood I have hardly seen.

I made my porter put down his load and assembled my party, greatly amused at my predicament. I declined to enter the hotel, and, dismissing our retinue of porters, must have presented a woebegone appearance in my ridiculous Stockholm clothes. My French is not perfect, — I admit that, — but it is effective in an emergency. I wanted a taxi, I wanted a good hotel, and I wanted it *tout de suite*. While I was gesticulating and trying to make my wants known, a man, completely misunderstanding the situation, came to my rescue: he, supposing that I was overawed by the style of the Bristol, offered for a small fee to conduct me to a hotel *much cheaper!* I could have killed him. Finally we hailed a taxi — in fact several taxis — and were driven to the Astoria and Claridge, than which nothing could be better.

Brussels is a beautiful city: Paris in miniature, it delights to call itself. Its boulevards are magnificent, and its museums and galleries are immense and interesting, but, as my manicure in Paris confided to me, its people are — well, not gay; she used a stronger word. It is probably the cheapest large city in Europe in which to live, and with the franc at three cents it seems incredibly cheap, especially the taxis. One reason for our sojourn there was our desire to visit what is left of the city of Ypres — which by the British Tommy will always be called 'Wipers.' It was one of the great storm centres during the World War, and it is said that first and last a hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers laid down their lives in its defense. It was in and around 'Wipers,' as well as upon the Verdun front, that the slogan 'THEY SHALL

NOT PASS' became the watchword of the men against whom the German armies hurled themselves in vain time and again during the long years of the war. With the exception of great cemeteries, crowded for the most part with nameless graves, there is little to-day to suggest the backward and forward surge of more than a million men. The fields of wheat and rye and pasture all around look as though Nature in her mercy had thrown a great patchwork quilt of gold and green over the once devastated area.

As we approached what was once one of the most famous small cities in Belgium, boasting a group of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, — buildings which are to-day and probably will ever remain a mass of ruins, — we found ourselves in a throng all moving in the same direction. It was toward a superb war memorial, the most magnificent of many in Europe, which had been dedicated only a day or two before. It takes the form of a great arch and occupies the site of a small gate — the *Porte de Menin*, it was called — which for centuries gave entrance through the wall to the mediæval city of Ypres. The old gate, which was at the city end of a bridge across a moat or a tiny river, was quickly hammered to pieces by the Germans in their long but futile effort to reach the French channel ports. Not even at Verdun was fiercer fighting than at Ypres, and the names of one hundred and fifty thousand men who died for king and country, that the Germans should not pass, are inscribed in letters of gold on the

great marble portal. Not the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris, not the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, — nothing, I think, that I have seen, — impressed me more than this enormous and superb triumphal arch giving entrance to a ruined and almost deserted city, but a city which will certainly live forever in its heroic past. The days when men wrought beauty for the love of it, when art and religion were interchangeable terms, are past: mass production has taken the place of it. There is less beauty in the world, if more comfort.

It was with some such thoughts as these that we motored back to Brussels as the sun was setting. At first, reminders of the Great War were all about us; gradually they became fewer, and broad and fertile fields took their place until these were in turn gnawed at by the suburbs of Brussels.

I was tired of travel; it's all well enough when you are very young to pack a suitcase every morning wondering where you will unpack it at night, but strange scenes fatigue me and I longed to get to Paris, to sit quietly on the Boulevard in front of the Grand Hôtel and watch the world go by. The crowd is losing its individuality somewhat, but its component parts remain the same; while we, who watch it, grow older, the crowd itself does not; a crowd keeps its age. Our train drew into the *Gare du Nord*. Everything was familiar; the taxi driver seemed glad to see me; I had no idea that it was possible to feel so at home in Paris.

THE IMPERIALISM OF THE DOLLAR

BY GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE

I

THE untutored layman may as well admit that to him the intricacies of finance, either as a science or as an art, are actually as impenetrable a mystery as its high priests seem to make it; and so there is no pretense here of desire or ability to discuss the technology of the subject.

But while it may be neither fair nor intelligent to look at so many-sided a matter from only one or two angles, it is, I believe, obvious that new and startling developments of deep social and political significance are taking place in the power of money, and that these developments are giving the dollar, as the symbol of that power, a truly imperialistic aspect.

The forms of control in the modern state may be too variable, and the imponderables and incommensurables in the political equation may be too numerous, to justify segregating any one factor and calling it dominant. Nevertheless it is hardly extravagant to say that the power dominant in America to-day is the power of money.

We need not regard this as malign. We may even admit, as perhaps we should, that it is for the most part the unconscious product of unconscious forces. Nevertheless our future, certainly our immediate future, hinges very largely upon the use and development of this power. In scope and incidence it is already in a broad sense political and seems destined to become more so. And because, in the rapid rise

of new aspects and new applications, it is power without a sufficient sense of responsibility and direction, it may become overwhelmingly dangerous.

It is a curious anomaly that, while everybody everywhere at all times has sought to acquire more and more wealth, the fear of the power of wealth is as old as human government. Perhaps no social fear or hatred is quite so near the surface and so easily aroused as that of a possible plutocracy. The average man is apt to see in this a conscious, coördinated entity seeking whom it may devour.

It is true that in this period of widespread prosperity, at least along certain lines, the rich are in good odor. The wide diffusion of wealth has bred a great tolerance. Even the fact that two hundred and twenty-eight men have the incredible income of over a million dollars a year each arouses no especial hostility or suspicion. The public sees our great concentrations into billion-dollar projects without any particular dismay. It is rather enamored with the bigness of it all, and sees it largely as the legitimate product of our tremendous economic and industrial growth.

Nevertheless there are distinct sub-surface rumblings. When the average man comes to think of the inequalities of wealth, of the instances of poverty and misery, and of social ills, or when he comes in contact with the sheer brute power of money and the demoralizing effect of its excessive worship,

his primal reactions are apt to assert themselves, and he begins to blame the owners of money for not curing the things he thinks money can cure.

In any social disorder the money power is usually the first subject of attack. If, in spite of all evidences of the enormous power of money, we can say that in this country we have no plutocracy in a political sense, still the fear of it lies below the surface. That fear may be dormant, but it is never dead, and it may become as dangerous as the reality. And I believe it to be true that, with the changes now taking place in the character of the dollar and in the organized power of money, the danger, if not the fear, is becoming only too real.

The power of money takes on new and truly imperialistic aspects because of new and subtle devices for the addition, multiplication, and division of the old-time power of the dollar. By building up new investment forms and a new credit economy, and by inventing new forms of legal title, financial leaders are managing to separate the legal ownership of the dollar from the legal control of what the dollar represents.

There is coming to be a sort of duality in which dollar ownership and dollar power tend to part company. Ownership may remain in the individual, but power is concentrating in great banking and investment organizations with world-wide financial relations and interrelations, which are able to organize not only the accumulated wealth but also the credit of mankind into the most effective sort of power the world has ever known.

For many years the banks of the country dealt with the mobilized savings of the people, and the great corporations issued their securities against the savings of the investing public.

But no longer do the people wait to earn their money before spending it.

They spend it first. They use their credit to acquire property before they have the money to pay for it.

Business, big and little, is helping them in every possible way. Credit is extended from every quarter. Corporations spring up overnight to make it easy and pleasant for people to mortgage their future. The business, in its incipient stage, has seemed so profitable that investment bankers create new corporations in order that these corporations may in turn create new securities for the investment bankers to sell. The way has been found to organize the credit of the land.

And this new school of business and finance operates under a degree of legislative freedom and with a potential danger perhaps equal to that of the early days of unregulated banking and corporate enterprise.

It is this relatively new development in the imperial power of money as money, and its various phases of organized credit and delegated investment control, that is not only having profound social consequences, but is of major importance to the political commonwealth itself.

One cannot study the forces and influences that are making so strongly for the centralization of governmental powers without recognizing this parallel and perhaps related movement in the domain of the dollar. Power here is combining and concentrating almost without limit. One wonders whether it is also without vision. I mean political vision. Does the dollar realize that the source and stability of its power spring from the social order and depend upon it, and that in the last analysis it is at the mercy of the ballot?

II

If the dominant forces of the modern world revolve around the market place,

the centre of their vitality is the bank. There has been no more impressive phenomenon during the past twenty-five years than the growth of banking, but more portentous has been the growth of bank power. The bank is now the symbol of the unity of the money power, and the banker is by way of becoming the authentic leader in the social order.

It is a long story from the primitive goldsmiths, accepting deposits as bailees, through the earlier bankers, exchanging one kind of money for another or putting up their money against credit or goods, on down to modern times. The average man perhaps still regards the banker as chiefly the custodian of the people's deposits, as the agent to lend them, as an expert skilled in the mysteries of interest and of credit, as after all serving principally as a cog in the mechanism of business.

But in reality the banker has become the power that gives modern business its life. Eliminate him, and the business world would come to a dead stop. He puts business in touch with capital. He brings borrowers and lenders together. Their aims and faiths unite through him. There is scarcely a business transaction to which he is not a party. He appraises your wealth and credit, and thus determines your power and standing in the business world. He puts a valuation on commodities, bridges over the period between production and consumption, asserts power over buyer and seller, often determines your success or failure. He can encourage or check the speculative impulses of the nation and shape its expansions and retrenchments.

All this he does not so much through the control of money as through the control of credit — through his ability to mobilize and organize the credit of the nation, both public and private, and deal with it as a commodity. This

is a new or relatively new factor in the financial equation. It carries the power of domination, and neither society nor the banks themselves can afford to overlook the social and political implications of it all.

To-day we put our money and our credit out to work for us instead of working with them. Our wealth is no longer represented by titles to property. It is represented by titles to certificates of indebtedness. Theoretically we may still be in a position to assert over it the powers of direction and control. Practically we are passing these powers over to the banker.

The banker, particularly the investment banker, is gradually acquiring a mortgage on the industry of the nation. Through his vast resources and ability to organize the facilities of credit and distribution he dominates practically the whole field of industry and enterprise.

Through corporate agencies and investment devices and the credit control of banks, the ownership of wealth is becoming abstract and depersonalized. It no longer carries the responsibilities, either of service or of profit, which formerly arose from personal ownership. These are passed on to the banker. This depersonalization, so to speak, of the dollar inevitably tends to exploit it, and the danger is that the money power may go money mad.

After all, in the last analysis, the world will look to the banker's power not so much to produce more dollars as to produce more bread and meat and more of the good things of life.

But when you deal with money primarily qua money, the urge for more and more power is almost irresistible. Its use as something devoted to the traditional ideals of service and guidance and constructive helpfulness is almost inevitably impaired or lost sight of.

If those who direct control are interested in the discovery and introduction of new economies and efficiencies, are they concerned as to whether these will profit the consumer or only as to whether they will profit the dollar?

Such is the subtle character of banking control that, having underwritten the industrial needs of the nation, the banker's voice becomes the master's voice. No concern after obtaining his credit can afford to ignore it entirely.

To do so may spell danger of excommunication from the established church of organized credit. This danger is the more possible by virtue of the combinations and concords that exist among the fountainheads of money and credit. They maintain the supremacy of the dollar by a community of interest. If they decide that the wage of the dollar in terms of interest and profits is best subserved by consolidation, or by mortgaging the future, or by installment buying, or by supporting or opposing new adventures or new discoveries, all this will be done. The power is theirs, not because they have all the money, but because they have all those agencies of control which are involved in our system of finance, investment, and credit.

The bank's drive for more business becomes a drive for more power. Everywhere we see banks consolidating, absorbing, enlarging, and throwing out branches and roots into every soil that looks fertile. Old-line banks take on trust and savings and investment departments, and their representatives sit on nearly every large directorate.

The billion-dollar bank will soon be a commonplace. Will it also be a menace?

III

I would be the last to discount in any degree what the world owes the modern banker for our established prosperity

and for bringing order out of that financial chaos of earlier days which was so responsible for the scandals and lootings of high finance and the tragedies of unnecessary panics and failures.

If we have less of the old inter and intra corporate scandals, less corporate corruption, less inside manipulation, less fleecing of the innocents, less juggling of accounts, less favoritism of inside-owned subsidiaries and the like, it is due largely no doubt to the enlightened power and influence of the big investment banker.

He has done as much to liberate the energies of men and feed the springs of enterprise as all the statesmen put together, and a large percentage of his effort is undoubtedly devoted to the traditional ideals of service and guidance and constructive assistance to his patrons.

But here is a concentration of money strength that calls for the highest sense of responsibility. Here is an imperial unity of power that can easily result in a plutocracy. We are, in a measure at least, glimpsing that 'trusteeship of wealth' which President Baer, to the horror of the nineties, thought our rich men possessed by divine right.

Now that money is beginning, in military parlance, to consolidate its lines, new abuses spring up that only the socially enlightened intelligence of the financial group can check.

A banking and credit system with its eye only on the investor's return, and measuring business only by its profit-and-loss account, puts the dollar too high in the social scale. It dehumanizes both business and the dollar. A world that sees the dollar through the eye of the investor or the speculator is a different world from one that sees it through the eye of the producer or the consumer. It is perhaps the sensing of this that underlies the traditional hostility to Wall Street. We must begin

to see the dollar not only as the dollar of the banker, but as the dollar of the community.

If the massing of the dollar's power may result in a plutocracy, it can also prevent one. Power located is power that can be directed. It can be harmful or beneficent, depending on the vision and sense of responsibility of those who control it.

There is always this advantage in the massing of power: you can fix responsibility. If in the past the money power has seemed real and yet illusive, this has largely been because it was in great measure hypothetical. If it did not become actually antisocial or anti-democratic, this was largely because it lacked actual unity.

But to-day the money power is achieving unity. It is by way of becoming at least a potential plutocracy. It is now becoming possible to mass and shape and direct it, and this is being done at a startling rate. With unity of control passing by one device or another to great banks and investment houses, to holding companies, to investment trusts, to insurance and savings institutions, it now rests with us to hold them responsible, and it rests with them to determine whether the dollar shall be a democrat or a plutocrat.

And let those who control and direct this imperial force not forget that in the last analysis their responsibilities are essentially political.

The power of the dollar is always a political issue, and the dollar forgets that at its peril. The good sense of the country has always recognized how much our prosperity is due to the courage and sagacity of men of money, but nevertheless their power is always suspect.

This has been so from the beginning of our history. President Jackson fought 'Biddle and his Bank' because he claimed 'it would perpetuate a

social, political, and financial hierarchy.' Money, he said, must never become a power in the political state. Professor Sumner thought that 'the fate of democracy is to fall into subjection to plutocracy. In its struggles against what is called the "money power" democracy strives against its fate, yet hastens it on.'

The crisis of the nineties, when the dollar perhaps reached the zenith of its arrogance and men became fearful of its political grasp, can easily repeat itself. Bryan's 'Cross of Gold' may have been mostly an oratorical gesture, but it had a real meaning, too. It symbolized both a fear and a possibility, and if the movement had not spent itself fighting for the economic heresy of 16 to 1, it might have shaken down our financial house.

Even so the effect was tremendous, and for the most part, I believe, beneficent. It was a healthy jolt to the imperialism of the dollar. And if we no longer hear so much about the 'socialization of wealth,' or the 'Plunderbund,' or 'malefactors of great wealth,' or 'good and bad trusts,' this may not be entirely because the fears these things symbolized have altogether disappeared before a new and a higher-purposed business consciousness. It may even be the calm before the storm. An overimperialized or a politically moribund dollar may yet put democracy to the supreme test.

IV

If the dollar would be master, it must first be servant in the house of the king. This is a fundamental of democracy. If democracy is to fail, it will be because it cannot produce leaders, and high finance with its superb abilities and efficiencies must aspire to a higher and more politically enlightened leadership.

These regal aggregations of wealth

and power do not exist by divine right. The people gave and the people can take away. Interest and profit cannot be the whole law and gospel of the dollar. The power of money is not as everlasting as the rock of Gibraltar. There is no guaranty of its tenure. A money power that is politically sterile or indifferent, or politically selfish or shortsighted, may well be riding for a fall.

There are, to be sure, plenty of signs that the dollar recognizes all this. It is probably as much due to the higher morale of modern finance as it is to improved individual morals that we have less bribery and public looting and less political corruption than we had before financial power became so concentrated as it is now.

The 'Yellow Dog' fund has pretty well vanished from business. The use of money in elections may have increased outrageously, but its corrupt use is undoubtedly less.

But the concentration of wealth demands courage and vision, service and leadership. It demands a higher stewardship than simply making money and protecting it and multiplying it. It has the facilities, the contacts, the brains, and the capacity to guide in so many regions where unselfish guidance is needed that it has no right to move in a political vacuum.

Adam Smith, it is true, postulated self-interest as a primal law of business and built his economic philosophy thereon, so that perhaps it may be economically unsound to expect unselfish guidance in a field where the dollar lays pretensions to supreme rights of its own. But if we cannot invoke *noblesse oblige*, at least let us rely on the higher law of self-protection.

Finance runs too great a risk in assuming any false or concealed relations to the political state. One need not discount the danger that arises when

money becomes antidemocratic or enters politics for its selfish interests. And it is true that the money power has itself to blame if it is politically suspect.

But the dollar can overcome all this by asserting a more democratic and courageous leadership. The idea is to 'keep it out of politics.' It were better to get into politics with its cards on the table, for it is a power which, properly directed, can be irresistible for good.

The dollar is a realist that distinguishes between fine words and fine deeds. It is peculiarly adapted, therefore, to render wise assistance in problems of statesmanship that now confront us.

Survey any of the questions of the hour, — the tariff, the farmer, the trusts, the consumer, our increasing tax burdens, our costly system of distribution, our problems of labor, of national defense, of internal improvements, of foreign relations, — and note how in all of them the economic and financial and political are interwoven.

My point is that the dollar should recognize this, shoulder its responsibilities, come out into the open, and move forward to constructive democratic and social leadership.

To a very considerable degree modern credit facilities had a new beginning, or at least a new impetus, with Woodrow Wilson. The dollar and its power could now readily be made more available by a widening of these facilities which would be entirely consistent with soundness. The doors which are now open to the property-holding classes could be opened wider and admit others. Large accumulations not actually applied to useful purposes or not perpetuated by testamentary provision do not serve the institution of private property.

A power which so greatly affects the well-being of those who are not its owner must frankly recognize that the

owner's right is not absolute. Others affected should not be without voice. They have the right to be heard and to discuss all problems which affect both themselves and the owner.

With the great power of the dollar there must go the dollar's obligation to others — the obligation, for instance, not only to produce wisely and to distribute efficiently, but so to order and arrange production and distribution as to avoid the maladjustment between both, and to avoid recurring periods of depression and unemployment, with their resulting loss to the property interest and the distress they cause others over whose lives they exercise so profound an influence.

V

Finally, note those post-war developments which are making the dollar an imperialist in an international sense. Overnight we have become the creditor nation of the world, with all that portends. Where the dollar sits, there is the head of the international table. What the consequences of this may be no one can foretell. That they are bound to be serious and perhaps even revolutionary is obvious.

Here, too, far more depends on the vision and statesmanship of our bankers and financiers than upon statesmen-elect. If there is one national policy on which we think we are united, it is that of anti-imperialism. But the dollar may well make that policy a fiction.

The nation does not want imperialism in terms of empire, but the dollar is already acquiring it in terms of power. The dollar may not dream of political empire, but it does dream of

markets. Our interest in other continents is largely an interest in markets. Imperialism can be economic as well as political, and quite as dangerous in either case.

Whatever may be the wise or feasible policy as to our war loans or international relations in general, the far-flung lines of our commercial and banking dollar are bound to make new complications and orientations in our foreign affairs and policies.

Conceivably the dollar might exert a power to do what no other power has so far been able to accomplish. It might translate its own powers of coöperation and unity into world harmony and world unity. Without entering the domain of dollar diplomacy, without asking or receiving any national endorsement or guaranty as a condition to its voyage to foreign parts, it might still work out a more rational world order, help remove the incubus of excessive naval and military armaments, and educate the world as to the 'great illusion' of war.

So in the hands of those in whom have been massed these enormous controls of money and credit is a power that is truly imperial. It must be exercised for the benefit of mankind with truly imperial vision and skill.

We have a right to demand that the dollar do some statesmanlike thinking as to whither it is headed itself and whither it is leading us.

If in the past the dollar has been something of a politician, we have a right to demand that now, as the greatest common denominator in the equation of life, it become more of a statesman. And it is well qualified to fill that rôle.

THE NADIR OF NOTHINGNESS

BY THEODORE F. MACMANUS

I

It will be my modest endeavor to establish herein these somewhat provocative but rather interesting propositions: —

1. That there are only two schools of Christian thought in the Western World.

2. That, if it is true that religion is the root of conduct, one or the other of these two schools must be largely responsible for world conditions to-day.

3. That all Christian creeds, cults, sects, and churches outside of Roman Catholicism have a common origin and a common responsibility.

4. That they all have their source in the principle of private judgment, and that this principle automatically tends toward more and more complete creedlessness and churchlessness.

5. That this process has a profound and deleterious effect upon citizenship by way of its effect upon social institutions, social customs and conventions, and the attitude of the individual toward his private and public obligations.

Since a sincere survey of American citizenship, as affected by religious affiliations, seems to be very much in order in this particularly significant political year, it may be profitable and interesting to introduce into the picture types which have not yet been considered — types which happen to constitute nearly four fifths of our own population.

If the minority religion seems to reveal, upon close examination, signs

and stigmata which give rise to genuine and honest concern, it may be a healthy and a wholesome thing to scrutinize also the religious tendencies and tenets of the majority, and to study their possible patriotic repercussion.

In order to accomplish this titanic task, we must at the very outset determine desperately to be good-natured — to emulate, if we can, the best British controversial manner (with an Oxfordian accent) when the best British manner descants upon the faults and foibles of its American cousin. Let us jointly resolve to be indefectibly and invincibly amiable, and determine not to be tripped or trapped into a display of ill-temper — to lighten what might otherwise be an unlovely situation by an indomitable cheerfulness. If the civic sins and omissions of the majority require to be chastised, let the chastisement be manfully administered, but in such wise that no one shall say, in the sore and aching aftermath, that we lapsed from a bland and beautiful amiability.

In addition to registering this high resolve, we must also agree to hold in abeyance certain popular preconceptions and prejudices which are so common and so well-nigh universal that they may certainly be called a national conviction. Thus, there is a popular fallacy that you cannot reason with a man in regard to his religion; and this fallacy has a fellow which says that you must not — that

it is uncharitable and almost indecent to do so.

The assumption in the first instance is presumably that religion is an unreasonable thing per se, or that the man is an unreasonable being in his religion. The implication in the second case, it is to be assumed, is that the man's religious unreasonableness invests him with a tremendous dignity which must not be impinged upon or impugned.

To these two topsy-turvy contentions is added a third monstrous assumption, which maintains that it makes very little difference what a man believes, anyway. If we are to progress at all, we must agree temporarily to abate this attitude — otherwise we shall not be able to enter upon an examination of the sectarian majority citizenship at all.

It is obvious that we cannot agree to permit a man to be as irrational and idiotic as he chooses in regard to the next world if he will only conduct himself lucidly in this, for the very excellent reason that he is not at all apt to conduct himself lucidly in this life if he is insane about the next.

As far as we can determine, for instance, the followers of King Ben — of unhappy memory — were most excellent business men, bankers, lawyers, farmers, housewives, and what not, but the citizenship which evolved from their quaint religious aberrations compelled the intervention of the State and the application of the long, strong arm of criminal law. Similar recollections come to us of the early days of that thriftiest of all sects, the Mormon Church, whose members certainly could not have been criticized even at their worst for a lack of earthly acumen, but were assailed for certain eccentricities of conduct which did not seem to be in consonance with the highest type of American citizenship.

To go back to the very beginning of modern things religious, the origin of at least one of the great modern and now most respectable religious bodies rested in a reverend person who was a prototype of King Ben and Brigham Young, imbued with another quaint conception of religion which impelled him to lead his religious hosts through the streets of a German city bereft of the habiliments of the day and, like his first parents in the Garden of Eden, quite simply and beautifully unadorned.

So, if we are to survey the citizenship of the sectarian majority, we must for the moment smother our sensibilities and endeavor to determine whether or not that citizenship is influenced by this sectarianism.

And we must part with another cherished illusion which cannot be dissolved without inflicting momentary pain — the illusion that there is no common kinship between the aberrations of Protestantism and its nobler and more beautiful manifestations. Alas! There is such a kinship, and that kinship springs from a common origin, and carries a common responsibility — one which cannot be avoided any more than the Catholic Church can avoid the responsibility for all that inheres in Catholicism through the opposite principle.

The Catholic principle is, of course, the principle (in the interests of peace and amity let us call it, in this case, the presumption rather than the principle) of truth conveyed by Christ through His Church; the Protestant theory, the theory of truth conveyed to the individual by interior illumination, of whose authority he and he alone shall be the judge.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the Catholic theory imprints itself upon the character, conduct, and citizenship of its adherents. There is also no doubt whatever that the

principle of Protestantism — which, of course, is a negative and not a positive principle — likewise imprints itself upon its adherents.

What is this Protestant principle, common alike to all its churches and animating alike all its cultural agencies, inspiring its poetry, literature, art, and scholarship, and even predetermining its scientific conclusions when they encroach upon the domain of man's creative origin and supernatural end?

The principle, of course, of private judgment — the principle common to them all, in spite of the seeming checks placed upon it by occasional attempts to enforce the rules and regulations of a particular sect — the principle which brought them all into being and therefore without which their existence would not be possible to-day.

And what is this principle of private judgment?

It is whatsoever you shall choose to call it. It is interior illumination. It is the spirit of the phrase already referred to and so frequently uttered by so many million lips: 'It makes no difference what a man believes.' In its least lovely but most common acceptance, it is literally the colloquialism: 'One man's guess is as good as another's.'

II

Now, at long last, we are face to face with the two great religious forces operating in the world, and we propose to study the second, in particular, for the first time, perhaps, in several hundred years — considering it especially with relation to American citizenship to-day.

It is well to remind ourselves at this juncture that there are only two systems of religious thought in the Western world to-day. There are not a thousand, as it might seem, but just

two — the authoritarian or Catholic, and the sectarian, which is Protestant.

This in spite of the numerous isms and ologies which have proceeded out of the latter and which are, in their separate capacity, of no significance, since all owe their existence to the common principle of private judgment and are dependent upon that principle for the expression of the peculiar body of thought, practice, and doctrine which each one of them expounds.

That principle is compulsory in its action and results. It compels division because all men cannot agree when all men are told that each of them can decide as he believes about creation, birth, death, Heaven, religion, and Hell. It is a dissolvent and a separative principle — automatically and irresistibly and invincibly so — and it resists and will continue to resist all efforts at coalescence and consolidation.

It is therefore important to remember that there are only two Christian schools of thought, and that out of one or the other of them must issue the salvation of society. On one or the other every man must base his philosophy of life. Why? Because life yields back to men in the aggregate the shape, the color, the shadow, or the substance of their thoughts about it.

Man is under a compulsion, from which there is no escape, to take cognizance in some manner or other, in religious or irreligious terms, of himself, of his destiny, and of his God. Should he adopt the childish subterfuge of seeking refuge in nullity or nihilism, nullity and nihilism will be rendered back to him and to the society in which he lives. He must take cognizance, either by assent or denial or agnosticism, of the riddle of life, and according as he shall decide, so in due time shall that decision be

translated into the civic and social structure which he erects.

Let this point be stressed; first, lest it be forgotten, and also in contradiction to that other loose and jovial assumption that it makes no difference what a man believes. Man, in the mass, cannot with impunity hold any conviction whatsoever concerning the origin and destiny of man.

No man can be an honest and practising Catholic without consequence to his citizenship, and no man can be an honest, practising Protestant without consequence to his citizenship. No man can subscribe to the eccentricities of an unbalanced sect and apply and practise its tenets without himself becoming unbalanced and warping his earth life, even though we are willing to leave all consideration of his after life to the love and mercy of his Maker. All man's lesser convictions will in turn be colored or controlled by these deepest of all convictions.

To repeat — whether the representatives of the various sects recognize the fact or not, they are all blood brothers in the original point of departure from the only other existing Christian philosophy. Howsoever or how much the Fundamentalists may assail the Modernists, or vice versa, they are only exponents of momentarily divergent interpretations of a common subject, which come to the same thing in the end. In exactly the same way the polite and polished Episcopalian is a blood brother to the lantern-jawed Tennessee mountaineer mouthing against the horrors of evolution. They are all united in the initial dissent. The sects are merely clothes bedecking the old original skeleton — ranging all the way from the white bed sheet of immersion to the gayly starched surplice of the High-Church Anglican.

Protestantism tends inevitably to break out and break off, because the root principle compels it to break out and break off and push on. It is a continuous process of throwing overboard — and the point of the process is that it is compulsory and that Protestantism cannot help itself. According to the degree of intelligence and examination and consistency in the adherents of the individual sect is the degree of escape from convulsive and epileptic outbreak.

Sectarianism, by everlastingly emphasizing the doctrine of religious self-determination, steadily drives the individual back upon himself. It never tires of assuring him of his own self-sufficiency in solving the eternal riddle. It ceaselessly dingdongs into his ears the comforting assurance that he needs no intermediary between himself and his God. All that he has to do is to tumble all of the doctrinal and dogmatic lumber out of his cerebral attic and he is 'all set,' here and hereafter. It pronounces him gloriously free, and, with the same affectionate gesture, endeavors to hold him fast to some silly little sectarian programme which it has already pronounced superfluous.

Man, with all of his faults, is a rational creature. He can sometimes detect a contradiction and an inconsistency when it apparently touches his well-being here and may even affect his comfort in a dubious hereafter. When the sects anathematize all authority and say 'full steam ahead' to his intellect, the average man takes them at their word. When, immediately afterward, they contradict themselves and ask him to subscribe to a little cult made up of free souls like himself, who are to hold their freedom in abeyance in order that the cult may flourish, he frequently balks and withdraws.

Or, if he consents to wear the sectarian phylacteries, he begins to squirm uneasily and ask what it is all about. He has been told that the free intellect is the only road to salvation. He has been assured, in effect, that he is his own judge, jury, pope, and God. He has been told that definiteness — which is another word for doctrines and dogmas — is not merely unnecessary, but an actual hindrance to the development of the spirit. He has been told that there is no authority higher than the authority of his own intellect.

And straightway the little sect which has given him this glorious assurance begins to exercise over him a pale, apologetic shadow of authority. Straightway it begins to reinstate doctrines and dogmas, mumbling apologetically that these are not really doctrines and dogmas at all. Straightway it begins to beguile him with soppy songs and soppy sermons and soft lights and stained glass and revolving crosses — and running through them all is a note of authority and command for which he can find no slightest trace of validity or justification.

Naturally, being a rational creature, — even according to the most lugubrious of modern scientists, — he rebels. As the saying is, he 'walks out on the show.' He walks out in such numbers that he constitutes to-day more than one half the entire population of the United States.

Now, what are these fifty or sixty or seventy million Americans? Fifty or sixty or seventy million morons? Or fifty or sixty or seventy million straight-thinking, more or less logical-minded, consistent human beings?

They have pushed the process of unloading the fast-disappearing supply of Protestant dogmatic lumber to the point of cutting churchgoing out of their category of conduct altogether.

Certainly none among their brethren can consistently complain of this. They were given a word, and they accepted a word. They were told they were free, and they exercised their freedom. They were told that dogmas were almost damnable, and then an attempt was made to hold them with dogmas.

In deserting the sects, they are logically pursuing the Protestant premise — the glorious principle of private judgment. The fifty or sixty or seventy million Americans who have rejected the churches are merely exercising that privilege in their own way, as the Mormon exercises it in his, or the High-Church Anglican in his.

It is not at all necessary to conduct periodical, solemn surveys to determine why the sectarian churches have been emptied of their congregations. The congregations have left because there was nothing left to hold them. The sectarian churches are empty because the sectarian creeds are empty — and they emptied themselves with loud curses on everything dogmatic, with hosannas to God and vociferous pæans to the freedom of the human intellect.

The irresistible and unescapable necessity in Protestantism is a continuous sloughing-off of church and a further and further falling-back on the individual. This is the very essence and genius of Protestantism.

If Protestantism is true to the philosophy of private judgment, Protestant congregations both in the city and in the country must dwindle — and they have dwindled and they will continue so to do, no matter how many and how often saline solutions are applied. Indeed, if the entire body of adherents were severely consistent, there would be no Protestant churches at all.

If ever there was ritual without

reason, or mummery without meaning, it is the varied and various forms of brick, mortar, and millinery in which private judgment has decked itself out since its first clamorous appearance several centuries ago.

III

The critics of Protestantism are practically all within the ranks of Protestantism, but they are to all appearances sublimely unconscious that in belaboring each other they are only belaboring themselves. Thus, it is popular nowadays to excoriate the Evangelicals; but what have the critics of the Methodist, the Baptist, and other evangelical churches by way of a philosophy of life which these churches do not also possess?

At the most, when Protestants criticize Protestants, they can only complain of theological manners. Dean Inge may be a tremendously superior person in point of education, living, and good breeding, but he has not one whit more of definiteness or certitude than the grimmest Holy Roller who ever 'threw a fit' in religious ecstasy. Dean Inge has opinions; Clarence Darrow has opinions; Bishop Brown has opinions; William Jennings Bryan had opinions; and that is all.

When Dean Inge dresses up his opinions in stained glass, deep organ diapasons, and scholarly discourses, he has neither added to nor subtracted from their original significance and validity. When Clarence Darrow mouths agnosticisms and when Bishop Brown espouses infidelity, they are merely exercising the Protestant privilege of believing what they please in forms of unbelief. When William Jennings Bryan erected around his opinions a scaffolding called Presbyterianism, he was merely exercising, under the same Protestant privilege, the right

of wearing a label called 'Presbyterian' which any Presbyterian has the right to discard whenever he wishes to be consistent and fully apply the principle of private judgment.

Neither Dean Inge nor Clarence Darrow nor the shade of William Jennings Bryan nor Bishop Brown nor Harry Emerson Fosdick nor Dr. Frank Crane nor Bishop Manning has anything whatsoever of justification or authority which is not the product of his own mortal mind.

This is point No. 1.

Point No. 2 is approached with diffidence. It does not affect alone the motley mob. It affects the elect. It is apt to cause disquietude and discomfort in high places. It is calculated to take some of the starch out of the self-satisfied, so-called intelligentsia. It has to do with sacrosanct Harvard and pious Princeton quite as much as with some Ku Klux university or with Baptist Albion.

It revolves around this singular and disturbing fact, which is repeated for emphasis: that, whether he breaks out in a sect or rejects all sects, every nonadherent of Rome, unless he is an Oriental, a Jew, or an atheist, is still a Protestant.

Sloughing off the sect does not help him a particle in trying to escape the philosophical first principle upon which he erects all of his conclusions. Having registered the great act in which he rejects all religious authority, save that of interior illumination, his thought of himself is that he is forever-after free.

The ludicrous fact is that he has locked himself up in his own brain cells. His intellect has not been freed, but incarcerated. Its processes have been inhibited; and those processes, if he is consistent, can be predicted with positiveness. If he is logical, he has become an automatic thinker, whose aberrations can be anticipated

with accuracy, as an alienist charts the symptomology of a defective.

Thus, if he pursues his premises undeviatingly to their ultimate conclusion, we can say with certainty that he will become a philosophical, if not a physical, anarchist. Before he has attained that beatitude, the iron limitations of his intellectual strait-jacket will induce other convulsive gestures — some strange and cynical, some beautiful and benevolent. But always he will be cramped and constrained by his premises.

He can approach no problem without prejudice. That prejudice is, of course, that all authority other than the individual intellect is impossible. Armed with this bias, he approaches the supernatural verities, and at his touch they melt into grotesqueries of their original format.

The theory is that interior illumination is what the inept but poetic phrase implies — a light that infallibly finds the truth. The fact is that it is a corrosive which has changed the shape, substance, and spirit of every law laid down in the Christian dispensation.

Changes as momentous as these mean not merely changing habits and motives and changing conduct, but a revolution and a disintegration of the society in which they operate. The laws of life may not be aborted without disaster to the body politic. They have been aborted, and the catastrophe is upon us.

It seems a simple thing for a man to say that he will think as he pleases about himself. But it is not a simple thing. In its results, it is a tangled and a terrible and a tragic thing. It may well be that the awfulest moment in all history was the precise moment when man elected to make his own God according to his own image and likeness. In that moment he did indeed rid himself of an ancient com-

pulsion, but he exchanged it for another far more terrible. Thenceforth he could hold no conviction save those convictions remaining to the man who reserves to himself the right to fashion his own God. By that simple and seemingly salutary assertion of opinionative independence, he lost forever his freedom of opinion.

There is more than mere consanguinity of ideas in the fact that the so-called free intellect is always a concomitant of free love. It is not by chance that the destructive radical is always a religious individualist. A rigid and determinative rule is at work here, the directness and deadliness of which are not even dreamed by the modern world. Not merely the marriage law, but all the ancient and sacred amenities of life and death become fluid at the dissolving touch of religious individualism.

In the light of the World War, the hideous tragedy of the thing advertises itself as violently as the gibbet on Golgotha. But it is invincibly invisible to the religious individualist himself — an innocent myopia in which there would be humor of a cynical and sardonic sort if it were not freighted with a fatal aftermath.

IV

For more than a century parson and professor have been repeating, parrot-like, the same superlatively stupid formula: 'Free the intellect of man and the millennium will be at hand.'

The emancipating process has proceeded apace. In religion it has released millions altogether from the disagreeable duty of going to church. It has stripped bare the churches themselves, until nothing of slightest consequence remains but the Sunday sermon and the organ recital. The sermon has descended to the nadir

of vulgarity and the very depths of latitudinarianism. All the ancient handmaidens of religion were banished for a long period in the grim determination to be literal. The cross was ousted first, and then everything else of beauty and sweet significance. Sacred art and sacred architecture, reverent ritual, lovely liturgy, all hal-lowed and rendered authentic and authoritative by the holiest tradition, were consigned to the dust heap — to come creeping back in a faint masquerade of their pristine significance as the sects found themselves bankrupt of human appeal.

But, worst of all, the Word itself was wounded, dismembered, distorted, and crucified under the remorseless, destructive process of individual interpretation. Gross misconceptions multiplied, clerical scholarship sank lower and lower, the very word 'heresy' became a byword and mockery, so fast and so complex was the structure of contradiction and violent inconsistency reared in the name of the Scriptures and of Christ. Here the overemphasis was on faith, there faith was reviled; here hope was anathematized, and there made the keystone of the arch; here love was degraded into mawkish sentimentalism, there garbed in the robes of harsh and relentless justice.

Conduct and the human character changed with these violently changing malinterpretations of God's word. Queer sectarian types multiplied and still multiply — queer, unlovely lives sprouted the world over and left their imprint on the backwoods, the little town, the city, the state, the nation, and the world. There is no need to enumerate them — from the blood-letting Covenanter, the cruel and heartless Calvinist, the pious, persecuting Puritan, the frenzied and epileptic fanatic of a score of nearly

insane sects, down to the illiterate and feud-fighting mountaineer, and, very apex of the process of sectarian sterilization, the cold, respectable, successful, loveless, and unloving infidel of the moment — they are recognizable wherever we look or read or listen or turn to-day. And still the raucous parrot shriek for freedom of the intellect goes on.

It echoes throughout the sectarian and so-called nonsectarian halls of learning the world over. In the name of the 'glorious' principle of academic freedom, — they are all dubbed glorious, these mock escapes from an imaginary and mythical thralldom, — it has barred nothing and admitted everything to the inquiring mind of the student. It has sent him out into the world blinking and bewildered, cynical and disillusioned, doubtful and more than doubtful of God, patronizing and inquiring of Christ, lordly and superior of the 'superstitions' surrounding the Christian theory — stripped of all his defenses and then desperately endeavoring, without spiritual strength or spiritual weapon save his own poor self, to fight the heroic fight a man must fight before he can attain the knighthood of being a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, and a good man.

The churches are free, and stripped bare to the bone; the pulpits are stark free, and utter any banality that occurs to them; the universities are free, and complain bitterly of the barrenness of their human output; the professors are free, and fly instinctively to the defense of any phase and form of infidelity; the laboratories are free, and manufacturing travesties of man made in the image of His Maker — and still the plaintive, cowardly cry ascends to heaven: 'Just a little more freedom and the millennium will be at hand.'

This is merely a rapid-fire sketch, but not a highly colored one. The pursuit of the subject leads into a thousand blind alleys and byways, and always it encounters hosts and hosts of humanity warped and spoiled by wrong thinking — running the gamut of human relations, from the multifarious functions of the home to the devious and sometimes devilish machinations of statecraft, following always the same dreadful deification of the human with the same dire and dreadful result.

Never was the process consummated in a more easily recognizable type than the hideous exhibit of warped humanity which directed the Prussian and militaristic ideals of Germany in the World War — and yet it went unrecognized for what it was. There is no thought here of impugning the German people, or indeed of endeavoring to measure the blood guilt of Germany; but the ruling caste, the predominant type, the directing philosophy issuing out of sedate and stern universities and ultimating in a conception of superman and of supermilitarism, was so clearly and so plainly philosophic in its origin, so plainly the fruits of Prussian classroom and laboratory, so plainly the fruit and culmination of three hundred years of German sectarianism, that it would seem that it must have been written on the skies for all the world to see.

But the world did not see it and will deny it with curses to-day, because the same sort of education has its echo in other superior lands which boast of their Christianity. These lands, too, have their Nietzsches and their Haeckels and would, if they possessed the courage of their convictions, drive these convictions to deductions just as deadly to humanity and just as destructive to the rights of man as the philosophy of the infidel

savant and the blind, brutal, military overlord.

An echo of the same philosophy — a first faint, far-off trending toward the same brutal ideal — is with us in America to-day in the misguided clamor for centralized, bureaucratic control of education, with its inevitable still further elimination of the slightest trace of religious influence. It is clearer still in the dictum of a university president who declares that the student of the future must be carefully selected from a preferred class — the remainder to be declared unfit for entrance and barred from the sacred halls of learning. The product of the colleges and universities has fallen below par, so an artificial standard must be established and a system of selection and rejection put into operation in this land of freedom and democracy.

This same college president is the very fruit, flower, and culmination of the sectarian system. He is by way of being an advocate of birth control for the same reason that he is an advocate of student selection. The human product is exhibiting unfortunate animalistic tendencies — not as a result of sectarianism, of course, but because the individual intellect is still 'restrained and hampered.' The average must be lifted, and he proposes to lift it, not by inculcating virtue in the individual, but by applying the hydraulic pressure of birth control and student selection and lifting the entire mass. He tells us, moreover, that the youth of the nation is in revolt — somebody or something is always rebelling and revolting under the sectarian system — and for the ten-thousandth time utters the old platitudinous parrot cry in telling why they are in revolt!

They are hampered by fundamentalism — which blindfolds the eyes,

and shackles the mind, and restrains individual action. And so with one sublime gesture he would confer on them still fuller academic and selective freedom, and, for fear that will not suffice, sift and sort them out and raise the standard of quality by eugenics and a caste system of student selection.

This is the sort of sublime idiocy issuing out of the most eminent mouths and minds impregnated with the individualistic theory of life and society — filling the front pages of the newspapers and, under gentler and more cultured guise, monopolizing the pages of our so-called highbrow magazines. The test of it all is so simple and so easy that it is ludicrous. Pick up any book or any magazine containing the reflections of a college professor, preacher, or scientist and try, if you can, to discover one who writes to a definite conclusion — who offers a clear-cut solution, or who is not befuddled, hopeless, pessimistic, anti-christian, and still singing the old everlasting song of freedom, more freedom, and still more freedom.

V

Unless a man orders and operates his life according to sanctions outside and above and beyond himself, his spirit sinks like a stone into the dull, ignoble daily routine of earthly existence. He cannot so order his life by merely eliciting from his inner self acts whose only validation is a personal opinion. No matter how ardent and earnest may be his idealism, these acts will not bear the test, in the mass of men, of personal, practical, everyday application.

It is precisely in these dull, daily duties that men fail. A purely human code of ethics is like an inflated gas bag which buoys a man up for brief and thrilling emotional flights. It is

quickly punctured when it comes into sharp and piercing contact with the rough and unromantic requirements of social, domestic, business, and spiritual life.

Spiritual growth and development require of a man that he do the things which he does not want to do. It is beyond his own unaided powers to put this principle into practice. Relying solely upon his own interpretations and his own strength, it is inevitable that he shall construct a code which accommodates itself to his weaknesses.

There is no need of debating this question academically. The pragmatic test provides the proof. This is what will happen when the individual pursues the principle of self-determination, because it is precisely what does happen — not necessarily in the last living individual, but in the vast and overwhelming majority of individuals, to-day, yesterday, to-morrow, in all lands, at all times, in all climes, and under all circumstances.

The sectarian mass is not governed by its ethical or idealistic upsoarings, but by the call of convention and convenience, which is the call of the flesh.

The spirit of individual decision is quite obviously a spirit of revolt. It is quite obviously a spirit which makes a virtue out of necessity; and the necessity in this case is personal convenience and indulgence. If it becomes inconvenient to practise a virtue, the virtue is legislated out of existence and a substitute virtue takes its place which permits the personal indulgence and renders it sinless and respectable.

In other words, the spirit of individual decision is nothing more or less than the spirit of the world, and the spirit of the world is more powerful than the edicts of kings and emperors and parliaments, because it is

built upon that horrible and almost indestructible strength which is the desire and weakness of the human spirit and of human flesh. There is nothing stronger in the world than the human will, and when that will wills to err and justify the error, it is as powerful as Hell and only less powerful than Heaven.

Applying again the simile of volatility, the spirit of religious individualism — which is private judgment, which is pride of intellect, which is the spirit of the world — is as impalpable as poison gas and infinitely more penetrating and deadly. Poison gas kills the body — the invisible gas of intellectual pride sears and destroys the soul. It overturns standards of virtue and induces the individual intellect to accept vicious substitutes with complaisance. It penetrates every nook, corner, and cranny of the social structure and poisons human conduct in all of the relations. It invariably invades the home first and establishes the rule of the flesh between man and wife. It creeps into the secrecy and the sacredness of the nuptial chamber and perverts the primal relation. It enters into the very womb of woman. It defeats the very law of creation. It imposes its own regimen upon the child, rendering it certain that both the human and the spiritual experience of the offspring will be as wretched as that of its parentage.

Again it is not necessary to prove these assertions. They are proven. Society to-day is a network of surrenders, so far as the ancient Christian standards of conduct are concerned. The conveniences substituted by modern life scarcely produce a qualm of doubt and uncertainty. Their most enthusiastic exponents are the fortunate and the presumably intellectual.

The pulpits touch them gingerly. The university professor applauds

them openly. Private judgment is in the saddle in both cases. Frequently the pulpiteer and the professor join hands in public. Much more often they agree in private. The mass is tainted, too. But the taint was handed down from above. Everybody who is anybody is liberal now. The hand that holds the surgeon's scalpel does not hesitate to exercise the laws of lordship over life and death. It does not scruple to enter the domain of morals and render a decision under the new code of social convenience and economic necessity. The medical profession in the mass does not believe in the soul, therefore does not hesitate to tamper with what used to be called the soul. The surgeons and the physicians are chiefly of the soulless sectarian school, which means pure pagan, which means that the laws of social convenience and necessity actually do prevail. Contraception, eugenics, euthanasia — who is so old-fashioned as to dispute them now, or who, on sectarian grounds, could possibly justify such a dispute?

VI

There is probably no slightest hint of suspicion in the mind of any sectarian scholar laboring to-day in laboratory, library, or school, that he is not an absolutely free agent, whose findings are untainted by any ulterior or distracting element. Religion with him is usually so remote from the subject of his research, so thin and attenuated a thread in the warp and woof of his thought, that he would be apt to reject with indignation the suggestion that it might color or control his scholarship.

And yet it is as plain a fact on the face of society as is the nose on his distinguished countenance that the entire body of sectarian scholarship

to-day bears the unmistakable stamp of its origin, both in content and in conclusions. As long as it deals merely with objective things — with the physical sciences, in particular — modern research is filled with as fine and fiery a zeal for accuracy as the world of study has ever known. It is not necessary to catalogue its triumphs, because all men know them, and in these instances the fatal taint of sectarianism leaves the intellectual product unmarred.

But the moment the investigator enters upon the domain of man, the inscrutable, the process of inhibition begins to manifest itself. The long and honorable roster of savants whose names have graced the sciences and the arts for the past several centuries comprehends a list of distinguished men whose output is just as unmistakable in its Protestantism or infidelity as they accuse the alternative school of being mediæval, scholastic, and reactionary. The scholastic, the sectarian feels, is cabined, cribbed, and confined by his superstitions. He, the agnostic, has no superstitions. Therefore his scholarship is free to scour the sciences for truth.

This is the innocent myopia of which we have spoken, which befogs the world to-day. If there be superstition or prior commitment to a conception in the one case, there is a superstition infinitely more coarse and brutal, and a prior commitment infinitely more warping, in the other. The one is at least couched in terms of nobility and beauty and bears no results which are not also noble and beautiful. The other inevitably degrades and brutalizes the image of man. It inevitably divides its members and destroys its votaries and its victims — the unschooled and unlettered mass. Its output is not merely of a standardized sameness in all the

arts and all the sciences, but it is of a standardized monotony in the type of thinking which it produces. The rotarian intellect is not rotarian primarily because it is a middle-class mind of restricted observation and experience. The rotarian is a rotarian because he is the heir and product of several centuries of strictly sectarian, mediocre thinking.

The fiery Southerner who has recourse to lynchings and burnings is not nearly so much acting upon the impulses of a fiery Southerner as he is a sectarian following the behests of a misdirected individualism which bids him take the law into his own hands and out of the hands of the courts, when a seeming exigency requires it.

It is well-nigh incredible that the general mind can have escaped a realization of the universal ugliness which has issued out of religious individualism. Every single social aberration, insanity, or inanity which has manifested itself in several hundred years has borne the birthmark of irrational sectarian thinking. Almost invariably those follies and tragedies have been proudly proclaimed as great progressive movements. Individual sectarian action is frequently simple, sane, and sweet. Mass action is nearly always banal, grotesque, and unlovely. It has produced millions of lopsided mentalities, whose social experiments have almost invariably gone awry, because they have laid too much or too little emphasis on this, that, or the other tendency in human nature, or this, that, or the other Scriptural interpretation.

From Darwin to Volstead, religious individualism has continuously been engaged in discovering something about man — something which invariably turned out to be untrue, and which warped and wrecked countless lives before it was discredited and

discarded. Darwin was one of the elect who felt himself so freed from the old onus of responsibility to the supernatural that the output of his intellect was certain to be pure science and therefore pure objective truth. Ernst Haeckel was another who was filled with scorn for the scholastics. Coming down to most modern times, Henry Fairfield Osborn was another, and Lothrop Stoddard still another. And they all bore and bear the earmarks of their cultural handicap and intellectual inhibitions so clearly that nothing but the strabismus of sectarianism could possibly fail to discern it. The control and dominance of the inhibition, instead of lessening, grows more pronounced as the years pass and Protestantism becomes, as it believes, more liberal and generous.

Thus, the patron saints of the new learning at the present moment in interpreting man's mind are men of the type of Wells and Van Loon. And yet every page or chapter they write of the history or constitution of men and of nations is so obviously biased that none but the closed minds of sectarianism could possibly give it attic room.

That is perhaps one of the most destructive phases of the sectarian outlook — that it chloroforms the sensibilities, destroys the sense of values, blunts the perceptions, and lowers the standards, not merely of the mass, but of those who in other respects might be called cultured.

Religious individualism has all of the fickleness and contrariety of the mob spirit. It even has its little spells of sane thinking — quickly followed by the pursuit of passion.

In one breath it clamors for the separation of Church and State; in the next it deifies the State by erecting the principle of the divine right of kings or the divine right of the people.

It is so ignorant of its own operations that, in spite of most recent history in England and Germany, it interprets the divine right of kings as a mediæval philosophy. Failing — as it always fails — to lift the morals of the mass, it invariably turns to the State for aid, and endeavors to enforce virtue by legislation, as in the attempts to prohibit liquor, and the more recent attempt to prohibit learning.

This manifestation, of course, is not an espousal of the divine right of kings, but of the divine right of man, as first proclaimed by Rousseau, and reasserted from Protestant pulpits in ten thousand varied and varying forms ever since. In criminology the relegation of the moral responsibility to group or individual interpretation logically ultimates in lynch law. In the administration of law the sectarian professes a pious belief that his courts are sanctioned from on high. Actually, he tends more and more toward a contempt of courts and the origin of their power, and may yet refer all of their decisions to a referendum.

Instinctively, naturally, and necessarily, he is 'against' authority, whether it be in the courts, in his executives, in his home, or in himself.

In matters of sex, the sectarian spirit has induced the almost universal adoption or condonance of contraception. Marriage it has, of course, stripped of everything savoring of the supernatural and the sacramental — reducing it, as it is rapidly reducing every other human relation, to the mood and the whim of the individual.

In literature — having no solution for the riddle of life — it concerns itself with phases and aspects, and the relations of individuals, rarely with life itself, and the conclusions of life. In poetry it gravitates between the sweetly sentimental and the abstruse and incoherent.

Like sectarian religion, sectarian literature is in deadly fear of conclusions. It can tell what happened to a group by reason of social conditions, but it cannot tell what created the conditions, or how they are to be cured. Only the occasional master, like Conrad, has running through all of his works the ominous note of a common doom of humanity when wedded to the earth.

In art the most recent and triumphant expression is a complete contempt of form and a descent into chaos, which leaves the onlooker bewildered and hopeless of interpretation.

It is not necessary to go beyond the mad incoherence of free verse, the incoherence of the modern novel, the incoherence of modern art, and the incoherence of modern religious thought, to realize that, so far as the soul of man is concerned, modern society is quite completely and hopelessly mad.

If sectarianism ever has the courage to confront itself with its own colossal and tragic failures and admit that they involve the annihilation of existing civilization, only two courses are open. It must either maintain the sufficiency of churchlessness and creedlessness when properly administered for the salvation of society, or go over to Rome, en masse. It will never do the latter, and so, humanly speaking, there is no solution. If society is dependent for its salvation upon the Christian dispensation, and if the sectarian idea is to dominate and be carried to its last anarchic conclusion, then society is indubitably doomed.

VII

This thesis may well conclude by reverting to the lighter tone with which it opened and considering for a moment one of the amusing dis-

positions which nearly always asserts itself in the discussion of American citizenship as affected by religious affiliation. The assumption underlying nearly every challenge to the Americanism of Roman Catholics is that the same suspicion cannot possibly attach to those who do not adhere to Catholicism. By some strange species of divine right, all sectarians are born nationalists of purest ray serene. Their position is not only unassailable — it is the definition and the test of patriotism.

Precisely the same bland assumption of proprietary right has, at one time or another, been advanced in every one of the so-called Christian Western nations and even in some nations of the East.

Those who disagree with the Catholic Church are self-constituted custodians of true nationalism and true patriotism, from whom nothing anti-national can possibly proceed. It is a sweetly simple and soothing conception, but unhappily it carries in its train some other elements or consequences not quite so comforting or pretty.

The principle which constitutes the sectarian the patriot par excellence is the principle of allegiance only to himself, so frequently cited in these pages. He is not disturbed or distracted by any obligation, spiritual or otherwise, outside of himself, and can presumably dedicate himself without let, hindrance, or qualification to the nation which sires and the government which rules him.

Unhappily this beautiful picture begins to blur the more closely it is examined. Precisely the same principle which permits the individual to define his spiritual, moral, and patriotic duties for himself leads him, as we have tried to illustrate, into other licenses and declarations which,

upon not infrequent occasions, become distinctly antinational.

One of them, frequently carrying calamitous consequences, is the so-called divine right of insurrection, a purely Protestant invention. Another is the divine right of kings, also of Protestant origin and practice. Another is the so-called divine right of the individual, which probably had its birth in the irreligious philosophies of the French Revolution. There are numerous other pseudo-divine rights, almost always accompanied in their expression by rebellion, bloodshed, and rapine.

All these threats to pure citizenship are not merely possible only to sectarianism — they are among its proudest prerogatives, oftentimes celebrated in flamboyant song and story. The benighted Catholic may not share in their bloody glory. He, luckless wight, is restrained by something outside of and above himself — an articulate and definitive and even a doctrinal and dogmatic God who restrains him from cutting off the heads of kings, shooting down the populace, overturning the State, sacking, slaughtering, and building barricades at the dubious summons of a highly debatable battle cry of freedom.

The Catholic may rise and do battle only with divine sanction — only when obeying the obligation laid upon him by the divine dictum of rendering unto God the things which are God's and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. He has no divine right of rebellion based on purely human tenets. Only when his God is affronted and his conscience assailed may he rebel against the State — and even then he is compelled to patience even unto persecution, proscription, violence, and death.

The sectarian's decisions are not referable to any alien spiritual superior, therefore those decisions are presumably always in consonance with the purest patriotism. But, if his decisions are not referable to a higher spiritual authority, to whom or to what are they referable? To the opinion of the individual patriot, of course. But opinion, even when grandiosely described as conscience, wears many guises when it operates in the sphere of civics or citizenship or partisanship or nationalism. Sometimes it seems to function as sheer selfishness. Sometimes it is an ambition for power spuriously operating as patriotism. Sometimes it is sheer demagoguery.

Chameleon-like, the individual patriot conscience can and does accommodate itself to all of these colorings. But it frequently ceases to be conscience when so functioning. It bears strange and sometimes deadly fruits; as, for instance, when it hangs and burns under the urge of lynch law, or cuts and kills and slaughters as a supposedly beneficent communism, or robs and expropriates as socialism, or assassinates as radicalism.

Sectarianism, or the regulation of civic allegiance by way of the individual opinion or conscience, undoubtedly has done and continues to do all these things. And yet it is to be considered immune from questioning as to the purity of its motives and its acts. Only the Catholic is to be suspect in his patriotism. Is there not a slight hint of Phariseeism here which will bear further examination both from the standpoint of history and from that of philosophical speculation?

Which of the two types has been most distinctly and savagely antinational throughout the centuries?

LITERATURE AND MODERN LIFE

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

No preface or protest will save an essay or a speaker from misunderstanding. A few hours after an address which I made on this subject, one of my audience, meeting me with a *Saturday Evening Post* under my arm, was as shocked as if he had caught his 'dry' Congressman in conference with his bootlegger. Yet I had said nothing that precluded me from reading the *Saturday Evening Post* or Mencken or Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson or Aldous Huxley or Vachel Lindsay or Ben Hecht or Joyce or Frank Swinnerton or H. G. Wells or D. H. Lawrence or Floyd Dell or even Bernard Shaw or any other notoriety of to-day or yesterday that happened to excite my curiosity or engage my interest or respond to the mood of the moment. My admonition was directed to those who read nothing else but the best-advertised current literature and make it the staple of their thought and the attuner of their feelings.

My sermon was addressed to undergraduates who neglect the irrecoverable opportunity of four years of leisure for acquiring a literary background and perspective and taking possession of some portion of the precious inheritance that has been accumulating for them since Homer first 'smote 'is blooming lyre' and the lawgiver of the Hebrews wrote, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

I was preaching to my friends who live in in-a-door apartments and in

whose very select libraries I often find no book earlier than 1910, as Mark Twain said that a good Southern library contains no book later than 1860.

But I realize the futility of this caveat. The student journal of my own university severely declared a few years ago that the nature of Professor Shorey's studies makes it impossible for him to appreciate or sympathize with modern thought. Yet I preach conservatism mainly because, though the ordinary Main Street American does not yet vote red, all intellectual America reads and talks pink.† The clichés and commonplaces of modern radicalism, or liberalism, if this is the fairer word, are inculcated weekly in all the literary reviews without exception, and in at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of all university lectures and addresses. We never hear anything else. It can do us no harm to listen for once to a few qualifications of them.

Literature and life is a favorite topic of heavy-weight philosophers of history and light-armed belletristic feuilletonists. The philosopher steps in after the fact and proves that every literature must have been just what it was because of the economic, social, and political soil in which it was rooted. Literature is simply a by-product of superorganic evolution, they say. Man, says Taine, secretes literature as the silkworm spins its cocoon.

They proceed to correlate the epic

with an abstraction called the heroic age, generalized from Homer, the *Chanson de Roland*, *Beowulf*, the *Nibelungenlied*, and the *Edda*, with total disregard of the quality that makes the *Iliad* the world's greatest poem. They show how the courts of the tyrants and the life of the Greek colonies that fringed the Mediterranean inevitably replaced the epic by personal and choral lyric. They demonstrate that the city-state of Athens and the London of Shakespeare were the predestined cradle of the drama; and they have no difficulty in proving that the novel is the natural vehicle for the portrayal and criticism of modern life.

The prophets of a new and different American literature, and Walt Whitman, their later mouthpiece, proclaimed that all European art was undemocratic, feudal, monarchical, petty, obsolete, and predicted that the untrammelled democracy of America would create a literature as much broader and sturdier as America's prairies are wider, its rivers longer, its mountains higher, its buffaloes shaggier. It is a pretty game; but, whether it be science or pseudoscience, I need not stop to play it or criticize it further here.

No less fertile and ingenious in suggestion are the literary critics. They sometimes start from the thesis that literature and literary criticism have no appreciable influence on the life of the great mass of mankind. Literature is the affair of select, but small and, except to themselves, insignificant coteries. This entertaining paradox was frequently sustained by such French critics as Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre, and found echoes in England and America. 'What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public to do with literature?' exclaimed Mr. Augustine Birrell. And Mr. Mencken, in his disdain of democratic

'boobery,' abounds in the same sense, though the books that he rebukes the public for neglecting are not on the same shelf of the Bodleian with those that constitute real literature for Mr. Birrell.

Under the pen of a ready writer this self-depreciation of the *littérateur* assumes an engaging air of modesty. How should I, he seems to say, a mere scribbler, flatter myself that I can influence the conduct of the great mob of dollar-chasers and breadwinners to whom the name of the author is as unimportant as it is to the adapter of a film continuity, and who, if they read at all, read not to criticize life, but to escape from it and kill time?

It is love and hunger and the pursuit of wealth, votes, and power that make the world go round, and the writer of books is only the fly on the wheel, the cock who thought he crowed the sun up. The course of history is determined by deep-seated social and economic forces, not by sentences out of books. This depressing view of his own insignificance may overcome any writer in his discouraged moods. Plato himself asked, 'What man would choose to be Homer the singer if he might be Homer's hero, Achilles the doer?'

Tennyson cries:—

Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme,
That shriek and sweat in pygmy wars
Before the stony face of Time
And looked at by the silent stars.

And Kipling in his last book, *A Diversity of Creatures*, moralizes:—

What man hears aught except the groaning guns?
What man heeds aught save what each instant brings?
When each man's life all imaged life outruns,
What man shall pleasure in imaginings?
So it hath fallen as it was bound to fall,
We are not, nor we were not, heard at all.

An amusing inversion of this thesis is Oscar Wilde's paradox that life imitates literature and not literature

life. There are fashions in complexions, stature, and conversation, as well as in gowns; and in both cases they are often dictated to life by art and literature, not copied from it. Gibson and Beardsley created the Gibson and the Beardsley girls. For many years French boulevard fiction determined the ideals of all Latin youths who would be devils of fellows, and of the young gallants of all Latin America, Russia, and the minor European nationalities. Pierre Loti's novel, *Les Désenchantées*, is an interesting example of this reverse French. Loti thought he was expressing the life of the new Turkish women and the new freedom of Constantinople. He was in fact writing up a hoax played upon him by three cosmopolitan dames of Constantinople who had read the books which record his other adventures in this kind. And yet, so intricate are the interactions of literature and life, this very book, based on an unreality, went into two hundred and twenty thousand copies and did much to further the cause of the emancipation of Turkish women.

II

These and other variations on the theme might be reduced to two heads — the attempt to make the study of literature a science, and the endeavor to free literature from all social responsibilities, all obligations to conventional decencies and traditional moralities.

With the pseudoscience, which makes much of the teaching of English literature a pretentious futility, we are not further concerned here. But the other topic, in its various ramifications, is the indispensable prelude to what I intend to be my main text — the cumulative effect of our habitual reading on our lives. All philosophies of literature that overlook or deny this influence stand in the way of any serious consideration of

it. Take, for example, the entertaining topic of fashion in literature, on which I have in my barrel a perfectly good Phi Beta Kappa oration, though not so good as Mr. Galsworthy's clever skit, 'Time, Tides and Taste.' Some of the world's keenest critics have said that they know of only one established law in the 'science' of literature, — the law of the reaction of the sons against the taste of the fathers, — a law illustrated, for example, in well-known scenes of Aristophanes' *Clouds* and Thackeray's *Newcomes*. There are undoubtedly fashions in speech, philosophy, scholarship, and medicine — to which last, satirists from Molière to Alphonse Daudet, Bernard Shaw, and Jules Romains have done ample justice — as there are fashions in art, music, dancing, girls and girls' names, and Bohemian restaurants. Matthew Arnold cites as too ludicrous for criticism Pope's translation of the moonlight scene in Homer, which Tytler, writing in 1790, selects to show how nobly Pope has improved on his original. A heroine of Jane Austen is 'driven wild' by 'those exquisite verses of Cowper' which would leave a flapper of 1928 'more than usual calm.' From hundreds of like instances it would be easy to infer the absolute relativity of all literary tastes and judgments, with the practical conclusion that no literary criticism is of the slightest use. We need not select our own or guide our children's reading. We have only to follow the fashion in the lists of best sellers. Plausible as a clever writer can make the argument, the conclusion revolts common sense.

A well-known aphorism of a German materialist runs: 'Der Mensch ist was er isst,' or, in the vernacular, 'It's eats that win the battle of life.' But in speaking of or to the college-bred it would be more pertinent to say that what you've read makes your head.

There are plenty of exceptions, but, broadly speaking, the dependence of culture upon reading still holds for the student in an American university of the Middle West. As Tom Corey says in Howells's *Rise of Silas Lapham*, speaking of bookless Americans, 'They are not unintelligent people, they are very quick and they are shrewd and sensible. I have no doubt that some of the Sioux Indians are so. But that is not saying that they are civilized. All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking [Howells is evidently thinking of a passage of Macaulay about Athenian education, too long to quote]; in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we who live remote from history and monuments, we must read or we must barbarize.'

Other theories that would emancipate literature from all responsibilities and controls, and relieve us from the burdens of choice and guidance, are the apologies for realism, the repeal of reticence, the assertion of the sacrosanct right of the artist to follow his own inspiration or caprice, and, summing them all up, the flat denial that literature has anything to do with morals or that society has any right to censor or a conservative critic to censure.

These theories are, so to speak, interlocking directorates and need not be kept sharply apart. The initial fallacy of the realists, or, as they sometimes call themselves, the veritists, seems to be the assumption that only the ugly is real, and that the seamy side should always be turned outward. There is a profounder philosophy in the warning of Keats, Ruskin, and Alfred de Musset that in the deeper sense nothing is real or true that is not beautiful. That is not mere sentimentality; at the wedding of Cadmus and Harmonia — of

letters and harmony, let us say — the Greek muses sang, 'That which is lovely we love, and that which is ugly we love not.' Whether the sense of beauty refers us to a Platonic idea that 'sweetly torments us with invitations to its inaccessible home,' or whether it be a God-given instinct or only a by-product of superorganic evolution, — whatever, in short, our theory of its origin, — the instantaneous and perceptory perception of beauty is the surest sign we have that something is right and true, as the shock of the ugly is the most certain warning that something is false and in the highest sense unreal. An unbeautiful fashion in literature is self-condemned and cannot escape damnation by the trick of calling the characteristic the beautiful or exhorting us to 'face the facts.' What facts are most significant is the very question. 'God defend me,' says Emerson, paraphrasing Plato, 'from ever looking at man as an animal.' But the pseudoscientific doctors who deduce their criticism of life from biology tell us that we ought to think more and not less of our animal nature and origins, that we ought to gloat and brood on the subject as Christian novices were taught to meditate the life of Christ — and they have converted the poets. 'Open my eyes to vision,' prays Mr. Untermeyer, 'but always let me see the dirt and all that spawn and die in it.' 'Behind the hedge of cactus the smell of a dead horse mingles with the smell of tamales frying,' writes Mr. Fletcher, and Miss Amy Lowell comments, 'I have heard it objected that tamales are never fried — as a matter of fact, that is so, but is not the soul of Spain in that poem?' That is, never mind the facts; if it only smells bad enough, it is realism.

The allied topic of 'the repeal of reticence' is not easy to discuss, because to talk of it at all is to violate the

principle of reticence and lose the touch we talk of. For the rest, the common sense of the matter has been so conclusively declared by Cicero and Quintilian and scores of successors down to Lowell, O. W. Holmes, and Howells that further elaboration of the argument would be unprofitable. This is not the first or the second time that fashion has tried to banish decency from literature, and the effects on literature have never been encouraging. The joke, if it is one, soon grows stale. Back in 1683, in the days of Charles II of licentious memory, Shadwell wrote:—

The gloss is gone that looked at first so gaudy.
'T is now no jest to hear young girls talk bawdy.

Or, as a recent epigram puts it: 'Now they have found they can talk about everything, they don't talk about anything else.' If the canon of Victorian literature was 'Thou shalt not shock a young lady,' the slogan of to-day might seem to be 'Thou canst not shock a young lady.' I have no license or authority to preach. It is the cheapness, the ease, the triviality, the tiresomeness of the thing that justify a protest. Anybody can talk or write sex. It is the line of least resistance. And the habit not only, as Burns implies, 'hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling,' but it monopolizes the attention and distracts the mind from the infinite variety of better things—better things to talk about, at any rate. Not of any practitioner of the new 'frankness' will it ever be said, as Sir Rennell Rodd wrote of Tennyson:—

Never a girl in England, or in England over the
sea,
But wakes to her life's first love-dream sweeter
souled for thee.

The passionate assertion of the artist's independence, his right to treat any subject in any way, will always win

the favor and excite the fervor of the artist himself. 'I have as much right to write of Chicago as Dante of Florence,' cacophonously exclaims somewhere the bard of the hog butcher for the world. To which the aptest answer is that of Socrates to Polus in Plato's *Gorgias*: 'It would be monstrous if in the city where there is most license of all the world you were not allowed to say what you please. But it would be equally unfair to deny me the right of not listening.'

III

The absolute right of the author to liberty of prophesying was first emphatically proclaimed by the French, German, and English poets of the romantic revolution. His genius, his inspiration, his personality, were the only laws to which the artist owed allegiance, and to thwart, control, or in any way interfere with their impulsions was the sin against the Holy Ghost. The realists invoke the human and democratic equality of all subjects and all styles for the same purpose.

Lastly came the Italian philosopher and critic, Croce, whose followers, from his assumption that all art is expression, deduce the conclusion that the successful expression of the ugly is beautiful, the convincing expression of the trivial is significant, and the intense expression of the immoral is moral.

The net outcome of these and similar philosophies of criticism is that affirmation of the autonomy and self-determination of literature which is the entire stock in trade of the most conspicuous school of present-day critics and reviewers. All other laws, duties, truths, and obligations are subject to exceptions and doubt. But the right of the literary artist to disregard all possible social, moral, political consequences of his teaching, and consult only his genius, his inspiration, his

caprice, is the one stable point in a Heraclitean and Einsteinian universe of relativity and *panta rhei*.

The contrary view, the necessity of some form of social control of art and literature, whether by law or by public opinion, is first and most impressively maintained in Plato's *Laws* and *Republic*, and then by a long line of successors whose arguments I cannot even summarize here.

In America the discussion has degenerated into a logomachy and issued in a deadlock because of the persistent refusal to make elementary and indispensable distinctions. The ground constantly shifts without warning from the abstract right of social control to the expediency of advertising a particular indecent or scurrilous novel by persecution.

It is the systematic tactics of radical critics to treat all expressions of disapproval and all deprecation of the abuse of the freedom of literature as a proposal to invoke the secular arm. But nowhere in this discussion do I intend to suggest the censorship of literature by the police. I speak solely of the preferences and discriminations of individual taste, and the legitimate exercise of personal influence. Mr. Mencken talks recklessly of libraries that burn the works of Miss Jane Addams and ban beautiful books that speak frankly of sex, and he tells of librarians intimidated by the town parson and the American Legion or the mayor. There may be a few other such villages besides Chicago. But in the country as a whole the balance inclines far the other way. The banning of one indecent or antipatriotic or irreligious book raises a hue and cry throughout the land. But nobody pays any attention to the fact that the reading commended to the attention of the young by libraries, university reference shelves, and book reviews is in a

steadily increasing proportion erotic, revolutionary, antinational, socialistic, amoral or immoral — radical, in short, in its suggestions when not in its direct teachings. And the most pertinent fact in my experience of American freedom of speech is that I could not without giving deep offense criticize soberly and seriously Miss Addams's published works now on the reference shelves of the Chicago Public Library or speak in Denver a paragraph which I have cut out from this paper, about a Denver author whose works I found well-thumbed in the women's dormitory of a Southern college.

Now the common but often overlooked cause of these contradictions and diversities of opinion is the simple fact that nearly all current literary criticism, discussion, and reviewing of books expresses the point of view of the producers of literature, of the authors and the publishers. But what chiefly concerns us as readers, parents, and teachers is the interest of the consumer. The two may sometimes, but need not always, coincide. The world of literature is open to the reader, and an old book, if it meets his needs, is as good as one published yesterday. It is the writer who is jealous of the competition of the dead hand. The normal, the classic, the familiar technique of story telling, dramatic composition, poetic rhythm and diction, combined with wholesome matter, is to the average reader as good as, and for the child in school better than, the latest tricks and fashions of art. It is the practising novelist, dramatist, or poet who cares more for what he may learn from the latest experiments than for all old fashions and procedures that have stood the test of time. And so it comes to pass that the loan library of a great American university hands out to young girls the unspeakable soliloquies of the nastiest of Irish novels that

blasphemes the name of Homer. Is it not an example of the modern technique of the 'stream of thought' on which Mrs. Gerould descants in the *Literary Review*?

So of book reviews. The reader wishes a review to inform him of the contents and character of a book, and to pass a reasonable judgment on its merit from the point of view of common sense and accepted traditions and standards. The reviewer desires to display his own talent, to support a propaganda, to flatter a friend or depreciate an enemy. The reader's interest is to discover, in spite of misleading reviews and untrustworthy advertisements, some of the many sane and well-written books that have not won popular vogue and are virtually unknown. The publisher's temptation is to force upon all readers the books that have reached the rank of best sellers, which are not always, or even usually, the best books. For no reasonable person can maintain that there is to-day any presumption that the best-advertised and best-selling books are the best. Take the novels that we read. For example, Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's *A Man of Little Faith* is unquestionably a better novel than the far more notorious *Elmer Gantry*. It is a true, penetrating, faithful, and sincere, if not entirely friendly, study of the problems that embarrass the minister of the ordinary American Protestant church in our age of transition and readjustment. It is not, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis's best seller, a venomous and irresponsible caricature.

So in the field of literary criticism all my students know Mr. Mencken. Few of them are acquainted with Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, not to go back to Andrew Lang and Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen, and not one of them has heard of Mr. Gosse. But no intel-

ligent person who had read both Mr. Gosse and Mr. Mencken could have any doubt which is the more edifying and in the end the more profitable and interesting reading. Everybody is acquainted with Mr. Norman Angell's sophistries; how few have ever heard of Mr. Coulton's *Main Illusions of Pacifism* in which they are exposed. The radical propagandas of Mr. H. G. Wells spread throughout the world. Nobody heeds the splendidly eloquent reply to them of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

In short, quite apart from the counsel of perfection that is supposed to bid us to read only the greater classics, there is another consideration of more direct practical significance which we disregard. Both in our reading of contemporaries and in our selection from the literature of the past we prefer the sensational, the flashy, the paradoxical, the irrational, the flimsy writers to the reasonable, well-informed, judicious, fair-minded thinkers who did not happen to achieve the front page with murderers and bandits, but whom a little inquiry would enable us to discover. One of the best-informed American critics recently permitted himself to compare Godwin, Shelley's disreputable father-in-law, with Plato. But nobody tells a young man how much more profitably, and, if he has any intelligence, more pleasantly, he would be employed in reading Sir James Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* than in the study of Mr. Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Current criticism exalts Thoreau above Emerson and above Lowell, whom it rarely mentions without a sneer. But the undergraduate who read Lowell would receive a liberal education in English and comparative literature. The reading of Thoreau might quicken his sensibility for nature, but otherwise would do little for him except confirm him in

moods of fruitless revolt and sentimentality. This does not mean that you should not read Thoreau and his kind. Read him if he appeals to you. But read also Lowell's essay on him, and reflect. Don't accept on faith and parrot the radical formulas of the New York weeklies.

IV

But to return to the literature of the day and the opposition between the consumer's and the producer's interest. The reader, and still more the parent and teacher, may rightly consider the moral influence and spiritual tone of the books that are to color his own imagination and determine the direction of his children's thoughts. The writer fiercely resents the slightest hint of restriction on the caprices of his inspiration, on his right to paint the world as he sees it, and to propagate whatever his mood holds for truth without regard to any consequences to his readers or society. Whatever exceptions may be taken to some of these antitheses, whatever possible reconciliations may be found for them, the broad fact of the opposition between the two points of view remains. It is fundamental to any serious discussion of the relation of literature to the actual human life of the great mass of readers.

In current discussion everything is made to turn on the question of censorship and the regulation of our reading by the police. The arguments are familiar to weariness: the principles of Milton's *Areopagitica* and the indignity of prescribing to free spirits, the impossibility of finding a censor whom we can trust, the futility of advertising sensationalism and indecency by the very endeavor to suppress them. I shall evade these tiresome repetitions by not considering the question of official censorship at all. But our right

to select and to censor our own and our children's reading will hardly be challenged by the most radical denouncer of American puritanism and hypocrisy. It is not only a right, but, so far as we can have duties toward ourselves, a duty. The choice of our reading in its cumulative effect year after year is no slight matter; and most of us always and all of us sometimes allow it to be determined for us with incredible levity. 'A man's life of each day,' said Matthew Arnold, 'depends for its solidity and value on whether he read during that day, and far more still, on what he reads during it.' 'Do you know,' asks Ruskin, 'if you read this you cannot read that?—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid when you may talk with queens and kings . . . or . . . jostle with the common crowd for entrance here and audience there while all the while this eternal court is open to you?' But familiar to satiety as we are with these admonitions and exhortations of eloquent essayists on books and reading, we manage our own reading as if we had never heard of them.

This is not intended as a pedantic counsel of perfection, that we should read only classics or works on the list of the hundred best books or on President Eliot's five-foot shelf. It is as permissible to read for entertainment or escape or even to kill time as it is to use the movies, bridge, or solitaire for a like purpose. Ruskin himself makes ample allowance for the literature of firm fact telling and portrayal of contemporary life. And there is the further consideration, developed by Mr. Balfour and by the late Mr. Payne in an essay on hypocrisy in literature, and abused by the new pedagogy, that we sometimes like to be fed from a low crib, and that we learn more from and may be more stimulated by the literature that is

nearer the habitual tone and level of our own thoughts. We cannot always breathe on the heights; even Lowell once wrote, 'The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness.' Supreme literature sometimes affects us as the marbles of the Parthenon did Keats:—

My spirit is too weak, mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

But, all these allowances granted, it remains true that lifelong habituation to the winnowed and sifted best of the world's literary inheritance brings its sure and ever acceleratingly increased reward in the clarification of our ideas, the ennobling of feeling, the refinement of sentiment, and the self-companionship of a mind stored with high thoughts and gracious and beautiful images.

In a world where final happiness so often eludes the convulsive grasp of our more ambitious strivings, is it not folly to neglect so sure and certain a provision for a happy old age as this?

It is dangerous to argue from a metaphor. But the comparison of our reading to food is a real analogy which might be developed, wit or fancy aiding, with balanced ration—whole-wheat bread, made dishes, sauces, condiments, pepper, and sweets. Books are, in the inscription over the Berlin Library, *nutrimentum spiritus*. But there is this difference between ideas and food, says Plato, that you can take home food in a vessel and eat it or leave it as prudence and the advice of a physician determine; but ideas you take at once into the vessel of the mind, which is helped or hurt by them. As Lowell puts it, —

For reading new books is like eating new bread:
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

But, to drop metaphor and come to grips with the simple facts, the literary

artist may prefer to read new books to learn the latest tricks of technique. An inquisitive elderly or middle-aged mind may indulge its discursive curiosity with no great harm. The scholar, stabilized by heavy ballast of better reading, may safely explore these waters to prove himself an adventurous spirit or learn why the people imagine vain things. But why should the mass of educated men and women, or those students whose reading will still exercise a formative influence on intelligence and character, feed their minds exclusively or mainly on the innutritious, if sometimes stimulating, confections of contemporaneous literature? Of any contemporaneous literature, but especially that of an age of jazz or transition and disintegration? Why, above all, should we encourage or allow such literature to preoccupy the attention and the memory of high-school and collegiate youth?

One of my brightest pupils, who, however, cannot write clear, unaffected English, has read all of Anatole France's clever and charming, if you please, but sex-spiced, incoherent, leering, sneering, ironical novels. He has never read a word of the novels that constitute Howells's American *Comédie humaine*, the English of which alone would have served his education better than a score of courses in the improvisation of daily themes. And another too much advertised undergraduate admirer of Anatole France may be presumed to have meditated on the great sentence in the *Jardin d'Épicure*: 'C'est beau, un beau crime.' Others have all the catchwords of Nietzsche, Freud, and Schopenhauer's lightest and most cynical essays at their tongue's end, but have never read a line of John Stuart Mill. Mill is out of fashion—there is no other reason. For there is quite certainly no better, saner, more edifying, instructive, disciplinary, and

formative reading available for a young man to-day than the four volumes of Mill's *Essays and Dissertations*. Others have read Mr. G. B. Shaw's mountebank preface to *Androcles and the Lion*, but have never heard of the nobler treatment of the conflict of Christianity and Paganism in Corneille's *Polyeucte* or read Arnold's penetrating essay on 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.' They know Professor Murray's fantastic *Rise of the Greek Epic*, but not Arnold's basic essay, 'On Translating Homer.' Others are alive to an allusion to Spoon River or Amy Lowell or Vachel Lindsay, but do not react to a latent quotation from Tennyson, Milton, or Shakespeare. The dozen volumes of John Morley, replete with thought, instruction, and suggestion, are *terra incognita* — they think you are referring to the estimable Christopher Morley. It would be tragic, were it not comedy of the kind portrayed in Howells's literary conversation between an uncle and a niece who had never heard of the *Spectator* or Leigh Hunt. The uncle admits, 'I can't stand Ben Jonson at all,' to which she replies, 'Oh, yes, *Rasselas*. I'm quite with you there about Ben Jonson — too much Johnson, you know.' At which the uncle in turn looks blank; and, as Howells wrote a few years ago, the younger readers will be baffled by the antiquity of the allusion, as the uncle was by its then contemporaneity.

The retort is too cheap and easy that this is just fathers and sons over again, and that I am enacting the rôle of Horace's 'Laudator temporis acti se puero,' of Colonel Newcome, and of 'Old English.' But the true spirit of the classicist's teaching and the answer to the modernist's gibe are summed up in Mr. Chesterton's antithesis, 'Tradition does not mean that the living are dead, but that the dead are alive.' And even to-day Virgil and Horace have

quicken the sense of poetry in more minds than any living poet.

I am acquainted with both fashions and am as weary as anybody of what was merely temporary fashion in Victorian literature. But the tyranny of present fashion prevents our young people from giving the good older literature that has survived, and by which they might profit, a chance. The fault is not theirs; it is in the teachers, the reference shelves in their courses, the open shelves of the public library, and the dispensaries of up-to-date literature only.

V

To estimate literature by the residuum of knowledge, common sense, and sane habits of thought that it deposits in the mind will seem a crude criterion to the craftsman, interested only in the progress of technique, or to the Utopian, indifferent to everything but the propaganda of his world-saving idea. But it is one perfectly reasonable test to apply to the reading of the undergraduate, or to your own reading, so long as you still regard it as contributing to the moulding of your mind. Concede all that is claimed for the superior artistry and stimulating power of the fashionable books of the day. They are certainly less instructive than their predecessors. I mean something very simple. An ambitious French youth who had mastered his Taine, his Sainte-Beuve, and his Renan would know a great deal more history, literature, and philosophy than one who had steeped himself in Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont — or, I am tempted to say, who had run through all the hundreds of authors mentioned in René Lalou's *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine*. An American youth who had assimilated the entire contents of Lowell's writings, or, to take a living author, of Paul Elmer

More's *Shelburne Essays*, would be better prepared for serious university work in English and comparative literature than one who had dabbled in all the authors selected for overpraise in Van Doren's *American and British Literature since 1890*.

What would a reader who had at his fingers' ends, I will not say Amy Lowell or the laureate of Spoon River, but so excellent, so varied, so human, so expressive a poet as John Masefield — what would such a reader know as compared with one who fully understood his Tennyson or his Browning? What would a wilderness of Ben Hechts, D. H. Lawrences, Scott Fitzgeralds, Sherwood Andersons, and Aldous Huxleys teach an undergraduate compared with what he might learn from the nine volumes of the real Huxley's collected essays, or the writings of Leslie Stephen or Matthew Arnold? Concede the doubtful proposition that Mr. Dreiser in *An American Tragedy* has at last produced a masterpiece. What will collegiate youth learn from the time-wasting perusal of its nine hundred pages that they might not and do not acquire as well or as ill from newspaper reports of the Loeb and Leopold trial? The great truth, perhaps, that a Salvation Army education is a poor defense against the solicitations of life, and that it is difficult to determine the responsibility, the moral culpability, of weak wills and undisciplined minds. These may or may not be vital truths. But contrast their elementary simplicity and crudity with the range, the wealth, the subtlety of thought, the observation of character, the experience of literature and life, condensed in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and ask yourself which book you would prefer a class of students to have read whom you were trying to civilize. And, unfortunately, the very brightest students are betrayed by this literature

that teaches them so little into a most un-Socratic confidence that they know all. It may be open-mindedness that leads them to the most adventurous experiments and speculations, but the outcome of such reading is the reverse of the open mind. It provides a few ready-made formulas, snap judgments, and peremptory prejudices by which to estimate and condemn out of hand everything in the literature and thought of the past that to superficial inspection seems to contradict the prevailing fashion of the present.

If modern science has confirmed the dictum of Heraclitus that all things flow and change, if Westermarck and Frazer have shown that moral ideas are only the herd instinct and taboos of the tribe, if Darwin has proved that the species and kinds of things are not fixed, but flow into one another by insensible gradation, if Nietzsche has proclaimed that Christian ethics is the slave morality of the weak, if Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France reiterate that the decency of the older American literature is only the impotence or the jealousy of undersexed and fanatical Puritans, if Einstein's mathematical doctrine of relativity, which nobody can understand, has become confounded beyond all unscrambling with the vague notion that nothing is certain and all things are relative, which everybody can too easily understand — the victims of the crude but insistent propaganda of these and similar notions in recent literature inquire, discriminate, distinguish, and define no further. These formulas become the touchstones by which they interpret, judge, and often dismiss without any effort to understand them, the entire literature, history, and philosophy of the main European tradition as if it were yesterday's *Chicago American*, last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, last month's *American*

Mercury, last year's best seller, or last decade's theory of the atom or the germ cell.

And once more, since it is so easy to be misunderstood, let me protest that I am not indiscriminately disparaging the literature of to-day, though I do think that the genius of our age manifests itself more effectively in science and big business than in pure literature. I am not maintaining the preposterous thesis that we ought to read only or mainly the classics of the past. I am merely repeating what ought to be a commonplace of common sense, that we should try to preserve some perspective and some sense of values in our reading, and that there is a presumption that the selected best of thirty centuries outweighs the productions of any single decade, however progressive, smart, sophisticated, and scientific.

VI

But there is something deeper than mere knowledge that is cumulatively determined by the habitual quality of our reading. The coloring of our imaginations by the images on which we allow our minds to dwell is more than a metaphor. The text that bids us think on whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report may not have been precisely so intended, but it is applicable here. Yet, under the specious pretexts of realism, verity, facing the facts, and the scientific attitude, the most widely advertised literature of to-day is accustoming a whole generation to brood persistently on whatsoever things are cynical, unjust, hideous, squalid, and of ill report. The forward-looking thinkers of the entire American newspaper press ridiculed the aged Tennyson for his denunciation of the literature that would 'set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism.' America no

longer needs to import such literature. We produce it, praise it in the weekly literary reviews, and place it on the reference shelves for classes in English. We have plenty of ready-made formulas in justification of this new freedom and the truth that has made us so free. But we are going directly against common sense, the experience of the race, and the admonitions of the wisest teachers from antiquity down.

One ancient version of the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' was the prayer of the philosopher Democritus that he might meet gracious and propitious images in his passage through life. It is no less significant because of its reference to an obsolete scientific theory. The theories of science come and go, common sense and fundamental criticism of life abide. Democritus was thinking of the atomist doctrine that every object and every event in the universe is represented by detached films or scales that float about the world and may find an entrance into our minds, and he asked whatever gods may be that the casual contacts of life should fill his mind only with gracious images.

When the poet of atomism, the Roman Lucretius, felt insanity creeping upon him, the first symptom was the besetment of his mind by horrible images which in Tennyson's poem he styles

The phantom husks of something foully done
And fleeting through the boundless universe.

Is there any better designation for much of the most loudly commended new fiction and new psychology? And may we not ask ourselves the further pertinent question, —

How should the mind, except it love them, clasp
These idols to herself?

The insanity of a nation is, I suppose, a figure of speech, and there are many causes of the Russian madness besides

the books which the literate classes of Russia wrote and read. Yet there must be some connection of cause and effect between the doom that overtook educated Russians and the thoughts, the images, the formulas in which their literature had been steeping their minds for fifty years. We may find still more pertinent and practical texts in the words of another great teacher of antiquity of the opposite school from Democritus in science and philosophy, Plato. I am not going to quote again the eternally true but hackneyed passages of the *Republic* in which Plato anticipates the Wordsworthian doctrine of the moulding and formative influence of a beautiful environment on the spirit and temper of academic youth. Very slight changes would transfer their application from the material environment of natural scenery, noble architecture, beautiful pictures and statues, to the like qualities in the literature that shapes their thoughts, ennobles their feelings, and colors their imagination. But Plato has a more distinct and explicit warning for educators who, in the pursuit of a scientific attitude, disregard the cumulative effect of early impressions on the plastic and sensitive mind: 'It is not allowable for a soul to have been bred from youth up among evil souls, and to have grown familiar with them, and itself to have run the gauntlet of every kind of wrongdoing and injustice so as quickly to infer from itself the misdeeds of others as it might diseases in the body, but it must have been inexperienced in evil natures and uncontaminated by them while young if it is to be truly fair and good and judge soundly of justice. For which cause the better sort seem to be simple-minded in youth and are easily deceived by the wicked, since they do not have within themselves patterns answering to the affections of the bad.'

VII

But what have these academic preachments and jeremiads to do with creative literature and the reading of mature men and women? Nothing, as I have already said, except for those who take their reading seriously, who plan it and refuse to be stampeded by the natural ambition of publishers to swell the output of best sellers, the natural jealousy of the producing modern author for the competition of the dead and sceptred sovereigns, the natural *empressement* of journalists and reviewers to please authors and publishers and keep things going. There is not the slightest danger that any of us will close his mind to the modern ideas that blow upon us from every quarter of the wind and find entrance at every pore like an African sandstorm. The commonplaces of modernism are thundered with interminable iteration from every speaker's platform. Every teacher knows that there is no danger of his students missing these. The danger is rather that we shut ourselves out from our rich inheritance of the past, winnowed and selected and treasured by all-wise time and the secure judgment of the world.

If we are to give our minds the balanced ration of which we were speaking, it must be by deliberate choice and conscious effort. And the only practical help I can offer in conclusion is the experience that this is not so hard or distasteful as it seems, and that it is only the first step that costs. Older literature, even the literature of the Victorians, seems remote from present concerns. Its contemporary allusions are unintelligible or uninteresting; its fashions, its mannerisms, are distasteful. A lifelong bookworm and student is less exposed to this feeling. Yet it overwhelmed me in 1914, when, on the ship that bore me

back from Europe, I wondered whether I could ever get interested in dead classics again. That fear passed in a week of teaching Homer. But even to this day I select among modern novels one that postdates 1914 in preference to one that portrays a life that did not know what was coming. And I have not yet recovered my lost interest in the political and military history of Europe from, say, 1600 to 1870. It seems so insignificant and petty in its scale. That is an accident. A more serious obstacle is the fact that while we can recover in a few moments the mood for the supreme things, for Homer and Shakespeare, there are many secondary and tertiary masters, the thought of reading whom is often distasteful — say Virgil, even, or Racine or Pope or Scott or Dickens. But, and here is the moral, we can always recover the taste for these by a few hours or days of reading. That may be a little easier for a professional student. But I do not think the difference amounts to much. 'The true humanist,' says Pater, 'can never wholly lose interest in anything that has ever deeply interested humanity.' You can overcome your first shrinking distaste and recover or acquire an interest in almost any good author, period, school, or fashion of literature by a few hours, days, or weeks, as the case may be, of resolute reading. I once acquired in a week's reading a taste for eighteenth-century translations of the classics into Popian couplets — or at least an imaginative sympathy with the taste.

Is it worth while? Everyone must answer that question for himself. Those who have tried it, however

imperfectly, would reply as Phædrus answered Socrates under the plane tree by the Ilyssus, while the cicadas overhead were chirping the tale of how they were once men, but, forgetting to eat in their passion for song, were promoted to be the mouthpieces of the eternal muse. Why else, said Phædrus, should one care to live, save for the satisfactions that endure and leave no unhappy aftertaste?

The literature of escape is a fashionable catchword of current criticism. But what fantastic fairy tale, what photographic or reportorial reflection of contemporary life, what Utopian forecast of better bread than is made of wheat or earned in the sweat of the brow, provides so sure and lasting an escape from the besetments, bewilderments, obsessions, and terrors of the modern mind in a mechanical and too high-g geared civilization as does the habit of dwelling in or sometimes visiting that serene world where the makers of European literature and the real creators of our true civilization breathe the ampler ether and the diviner air of the unity of the human spirit?

We may stay glued to our seat in the eye-baffling, three-ringed circus of unmitigated modernity, if its clownings, its stunts, its gyrations, its curiosities, are all that our taste, our hearts, our minds, require. But the world's palace of art, where Plato the wise fronts large-browed Verulam, and the Ionian father of the rest smiles down on the long line of his poetic descendants, still stands open to us night and day. We have but to enter in to be made free of the one great society that alone exists on earth — the noble living and the noble dead.

CROWDED

BY MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THE heat of a late July afternoon made the leaves crinkle and creak, and the harsh snapping of twigs beneath the feet of the three mountain men cut into the droning air as they stepped up Cragg Hill and dropped aslant to Lowe's cabin.

It was Sunday, and the people were gathering into Glen Hazard for the second meeting, so the men — Virgil Howard, Rashe Lowe, and his son, Wait-Still-on-the-Lord — met many a neighbor facing toward them. The old people were striding smoothly, but the young ones, brightly dressed in new mail-order clothes, were prancing shamefully with the mischief of living.

'How you?' was the passing greeting of all; and Virgil Howard answered for the three, 'Well as otherwise.'

The three were bound for Bart's Deadening over beyond Lowe's cabin, for old John Bart lay stricken soul and body and they went to comfort him. For this reason their backs were turned to the church house. The sun was already westering, else they would have stayed for meeting first.

Directly Rashe spoke. 'He's been bedfast these six weeks with scarcely the spirit to live, yet seems he can't let slip for the heavy matter that is resting upon him.'

'He'd ought to make a struggle,' said Howard. 'It's not in reason for a man to lay down inviting death.'

'So I told him,' Rashe answered. 'I said, "Get up, John, and try to live. Don't you lie there like a dried apple and jes' wither." And he made answer, "What's to get up for?"'

'It's the crowding is on his mind,' Waits broke in thoughtfully. 'And he's right about we're getting powerful cluttered. Times have got so a man can't possess his soul with all the matters he's bound to do and own.'

This was a thought large enough to fill their minds in silence as they went forward singly through the laurel scrub. They dropped beneath the shoulder of the hill and lost the last of that day's sun. A growl of thunder rolled around the back of the hills.

Presently Virgil Howard said: 'Tell us how he came by his fear, Rashe. It will shorten the way.'

So Rashe began and said: —

'When John and Luther were fifteen years old apiece they went to Mexico in the following of a Confederate officer to see the outside world and hunt a fortune. They set forth in homespun shirts and trousers and rawhide shoes, and fur caps they'd trapped the forerunning winter. They carried for weapons each a long knife, welded and beaten sharp upon their forge.

'Two years after that — about '68, it must 'a' been — John and Lute walked home again in the top ends of their trousers, and without cap or shoe between them. But they carried each an old army gun, and they wore each a store-boughten shirt. They came home covered with experiences and a dread of the outside world.'

Waits interrupted: 'Lute used to tell about that time, but John'd never let go of his tongue, though he made plenty free of it with every other thing.'

'John was more afraid than Lute. He had longer sight, and he feared that talking about many things might bring them in train. Both had seen inventions and discoveries that looked to them to be ogres that fair et up men. Lute talked like a child talks about wild beasts to scare itself; but John was too scairt a'ready. It was Lute took in the twice-a-week paper that made them keep shet of all goings on.

'You recollect, Virge, how they'd never get things out of a mail-order house even when money was free with them. They'd say it would be letting in the outside to barter to and fro like that and they'd go on till a man would feel the outside was a contaminating disease.'

'T is,' said Waits sorrowfully.

'You hush,' said Rashe. 'John and Lute fought roads and telephones and automobiles and moving pictures, each as they came, and all was too strong for them. So they backed up and backed up till they fair hid in their own place. They'd go down to mail-gathering to meet neighbors and get corn-credit at the store for meat, but every other way they lived lonely.'

As the three went forward, storm clouds climbed heavily up the sky; the world turned copper-colored. A weariness came upon them, but they kept their way and Rashe held to his story.

'Come a time when John began to go a little mite strange. It was n't so much the outside pressing in, as the much he made of it. First thing that told us he was not in his own senses was when he took a notion and stole and buried Mist' Carr's radio-box. The day before that night, Mist' Carr edacted it all out to him, how it brought voices and music in from outside without wires or anything — just fetched it, you might say, through the air. Mist' Carr, being half-outland, was proud of it, but John carried on a sight and said nothing

less than the Devil could do such tricks. Mist' Carr said John had an obsession, which is the same as being fair et up with one notion till you've got no sense left for use; he claimed the notion of being crowded had et into John's mind, like.

'Well, sir, Lute's being took for killing Creed Morgan took up John's mind for a while, and the next thing was the airplane. It sent John right away from himself. You recollect the man that lit in the bottoms beyond Flat Rock Branch? Maybe you didn't come in that day, Virge, but the rest of us all stepped over to see an airplane close to.'

'On the ground it's no better'n a mud wasp wrong way to,' said Waits.

'You hush,' Rashe went on. 'Well, sir, we looked and saw; but nothing would do John but touch and feel. He took ahold of it by the wires and then stepped back to see all of it again and he swore the thing was trag. The driver saw John was very old and strange, and for his fun, like, he said would he fly off with him.

'Now I'm telling you, Virge, that while my mouth was yet hanging open John says "Yes," and we all looked like we'd been stuck in a maze forever. John says to the driver, "It can carry me out as well as it carried you in," and when he'd made the flyer promise to bring him home he got in.'

A crack of thunder capped Rashe's words, and while it rolled off the three made their way over Lowe's snake fence and out to the stream side that led to Bart's Deadening.

'He told me next day,' Rashe went on, unwinding his feet from the honey-suckle where it tangled him, 'that trip was the end of him. After he got over feeling sick, he took notice, and what did he see but all his evil dreams come true. The outside was creeping up the mountains on both sides. He seen white lines that was hard roads linking

across. He seen line wires from where the electric light company built their dam, and before long they went over where the dam itself was choking Green River. The driver took John so far as a big city, and it was terrible close against the edge of the hills. And, looking down on the hills, there was more town patches than a man could believe in.

'John was clean outside of himself all the next week, and before it was up he'd gone up to the Pen where Lute was and begged them to take him in with his brother so's the crowd could n't get at him. Of course they could n't put him in jail, but seeing he was touched a little, and Lute was failing from old age, they took John in as day visitor.

'After Lute died, John was turned away and had nearly escaped home when a mission house that took him in over a night held him. They was bound to keep him and do for him, but he got them to back a letter to me telling where he was and to go and loose him, so I went up and unloosed him. They said, "He'll die all alone in some awful backwoods cabin," and I told them that's where and how he wants to die and to leave him go; and they called us a pair of ungrateful old stubborn and we got free.

'John would n't have gotten home but that he was running all the time from the crowd. "It's creeping up on me," he kept on saying, "and it makes a noise till you can't hear and it stinks till you can't breathe." And soon's he got home he lay down on his pallet and says: "Say a prayer, Rashe; I'm prayed out same as I'm crowded out." Some words we'd learned when we were younglings came back to me: "Give unto Thy servant the peace that the world cannot give, and defend us from our enemies so's we may pass our time in peace and quietness." Maybe that's not the perfect of it, but it kind of

eased him and he kept saying it over and again.'

And they had come at this time to the place of Bart's Deadening; and healthy corn stood green in the clearing among the ghosts of giant trees that had been deadened to keep them from drawing all the good from the earth. Storm and night closing in made a basin of heat and fear, and the gray tree trunks stood iron-strong in death.

'Corn in the clearing crowding in among the old trees makes a man think about John's being right,' Waits said in a low voice. 'Every year it's something new, and one day the trees'll fall and then it'll *all* be corn.' His words fell slower, as if he were feeling for something that had gotten caught in the back of his mind. 'The corn'll win because it keeps on being new — and the trees just get older and older —' His voice stopped thickly and he looked at his old companions to see if they took his meaning to mind.

'You hush,' said his father. 'A young-un had n't ought to talk so. First thing you know you'll go strange like John. You mind me and hush.'

The slanted log cabin stood over against them. It settled into the slope of the far hillside, trying to bury itself. It looked as if nobody lived there, but that a trickle of blue smoke came from the crow-stick chimney and flattened in the storm-bound air. The yard before the house — unswept since Luther went away — was littered with tree scourings and trash of last winter, and upstart weeds grew in lusty bunches on the path. In the side yard a cow and a mule lay dead, nigh skeletoned for lack of food.

While they went forward to the cabin some hens, gone back half wild, gave a screeching from the tree where they roosted above the well roof.

'Wish I'd thought me to tote some feed for them brutes,' Rashe said,

'but I was took up with John, and they being strayed off till their last minute, they leapt my mind.'

They shoved back the door of the cabin till it stuck against the earthen floor, and edging inside they found all dark save for a spark of fire. They gathered at the fire, judging old John to be sleeping on his pallet beyond. Their feet made no sound on the used-hard dirt floor.

Except the fire, there were only the hewn log table and stool and John's bed, homemade of slab siding. For all the hot night, a fire was a living thing to push back fear.

Presently a sharp thin voice came to them, commanding: 'Rashe, come hyar!'

Rashe trod quietly to the bed; the other two crouched by the fire, not moving.

'Rashe,' John whispered, 'you reckon Heaven's got as crowd-filled as some folks say?'

Rashe looked down on the withered old man, who lay like a crumpled leaf the kind wind has thrown in a warm corner. John's eyes were alight, but the rest of him had been struck motionless forever.

'Judgmatically, I don't know, John; but not likely it's altered much since you and me were to Sunday School down Mill Creek. 'Twas a good place then, and likely 't is now.'

Old John Bart rested quietly. Then: 'It's liable to be a heap crowded with all the folks' talk about going there —'

'Not all's going says they is.'

'Maybe,' said John, his eyes smiling, 'maybe I'll go to the one of the Many Mansions kept for our kind of folks. And from what I seen of my kin and kind this eighty year they won't be a stifling lot.'

'Take shame, John Bart, to talk that way of your neighbor-people with what any minute is liable to be your last breath!'

'Only my fun, like,' John made answer. 'They's several I'd be proud to meet. They's Lute — he'll be there, even if he did die out of the Pen. He done a good deed when he killed Creed Morgan, let law say what it will.'

All rested silent, till directly John turned his eyes upon the two by the fire. A flicker of its light showed that he scowled.

'What is it, John?'

'Crowding,' said John, 'crowding my last breath away.'

'You want we should all step out awhile?'

John's eyes agreed and all three moved through the door and across the yard to the woodpile, where they let themselves down restfully to wait.

Full dark had fallen. The heat lightning ran behind the ridge above them and the katyids argued in the near trees. Clouds thickened and lightened again for an hour and further. Then Waits spoke: 'He's in no way aghast at dying. I trust the Lord I'll be as easy when my time comes.'

'Some say his never talking about the outside kept his mind from getting air and light; but there's more light than comes from east or west,' said Rashe.

They rested on the firewood through the night; the storm threatened and drew off, and when the dawn came it was neither raining nor letting it alone. Day came slowly, and it was silent of birds and beasts. The smoke had stopped from out the chimney and it was certain now that nobody lived there.

'I'll step in and see how he fares,' said Rashe.

'And I — when you are come out,' said Virge. "'T would be unseemly to crowd.'

So they went in and came out singly, and Waits locked the cabin door and they turned again toward Glen Hazard to give the notice.

TRISTRAM CRAZED

HE strode across the room and flung
The letter at her feet: 'Now tell
Your treachery, harlot!' He was gone
Ere Iseult fainting fell.

He rode out from Tintagel gate,
He heard his charger slowly pace,
And ever hung a cloud of gnats
Three feet before his face.

At a wood's border he turned round
And saw the distant castle side,
Iseult looking towards the wood,
Mark's window gaping wide.

He turned again and slowly rode
Into the forest's flickering shade,
And now as sunk in waters green
Were armor, helm, and blade.

First he awoke with night around
And heard the wind, and woke again
At noon within a cirque of hills,
At sunset on a plain.

And now he saw a tower, and now,
Slow moving past a spectral brake,
Amid black hills a gleaming swan
Upon an ebon lake.

And hill and plain and wood and tower
Passed on and on and turning came
Back to him, tower and wood and hill,
Now different, now the same.

There was a castle by a lake.
The castle doubled in the mere
Confused him, his uncertain eye
Wavered from there to here.

A window on the wall had held
Iseult upon a summer's day,
While he and Palomide below
Circled in deadly fray.

TRISTRAM CRAZED

But now he searched the towers, the sward,
And struggled something to recall,
A stone, a shadow. Blank the lake,
And empty every wall!

He freed his horse, doffed sword and helm,
And went into the woods and tore
The branches from the straining trees
Until his rage was o'er.

And now he wandered on the hills
In peace. Among the shepherds' flocks
Often he lay so long, he seemed
As rooted as the rocks.

The shepherds called and made him run
Like a tame cur to round the sheep.
At night he lay among the dogs
Beside a well to sleep.

And he forgot Iseult and all.
Dagonet once and two came by
Like tall escutcheoned animals,
With antlers towering high.

He snapped their spears, rove off their helms,
And soused them in the well, and sent
Them onward with a bitter heart,
But knew not where they went.

They came to Mark and told him how
A madman ruled the hinds and kept
The sheep; Mark sent and haled him to
Tintagel while he slept.

He saw Mark sitting down at chess,
And Iseult with her maids at play,
The arras where the scarlet knights
And ladies stood all day.

None knew him. In the garden once
Iseult walked in the afternoon;
Her hound leapt up and licked his face,
Iseult fell in a swoon.

There as he leaned, the misted grass
Cleared blade by blade below his face,
The round walls hardened as he looked,
And he was in his place.

EDWIN MUIR

WORMWOOD — FOR THOUGHTS

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

'O, MICKLE is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.'

THUS soliloquized Friar Laurence on that 'grey-eyed morn' in fair Verona as he bore his laden osier cage from the Franciscan garden into his own cell, there to hear the 'riddling confession' of the distraught young Romeo; and thus in homelier drift said my great-aunt Mary Ann Fawcett, once herbalist of Piscataquis County, Maine.

Piscataquis is alike an inland and an upland county. A hundred miles from the coast the tall fir trees of its high pastures harbor few mists; the air above them on summer days is dry and pungent. It is a county of ponds and lakes; Moosehead cuts its western boundary with miles of dark and curving shore line; the smaller contribute their brooks and trout streams to the headwaters of the Penobscot and the Kennebec. The hills, though none other emulates Katahdin to the north-east, are yet ample, and in places tumble about in wide, well-wooded stretches of country. In the high valleys among them the farms embrace a variety of land, so that within a small acreage the plaintive whistle of the whitethroat at noon from a secluded pine thicket may be echoed and supplemented by the hoarse quavering of blackbirds from the marshes and by the rapturous trill of a song sparrow from the top of the tallest mullein stalk in some bare and open pasture. Here the dog days of August are less

to be reckoned with than on the coast, here the weather is less capricious; here the summer winds, warm from blowing across the sunny shoulders of the hills, are perfumed by aromatic odors strongly at variance with the salt and the moisture of those farther south.

Such a wind, blowing one August morning more than a century ago across the bayberry and pennyroyal, the juniper and wild marjoram, on the slopes of a Piscataquis farm, must have given rise to the rumor, since become a tradition, that my great-aunt Mary Ann's first and immediate act upon entering this world was to sniff. She herself for seventy years stoutly denied the accusation, although upon occasion she was known to amend her denial by the announcement that *if* her nose twitched, it did so merely in contemptuous prophecy. For she was followed, within the short space of an hour, not by one sister, but by two!

Triplets were an innovation in the Fawcett family, unheralded by precedent. They were an innovation, too, among the older families of northern Piscataquis. Those immediately concerned felt, a trifle uncomfortably, the necessity of exoneration, and took an easier refuge than is possible to-day within the ramparts of those purposes of God which are past finding out. Like Milton and Pope, they sought, if not to justify, at least to vindicate His ways. Then, having nominally cast

the responsibility for the situation upon Him, they exhausted the wardrobe at hand in dressing the three babies, who were lusty and identical, and summoned the female portion of the neighborhood to come and sew.

As time went on, however, all traces of embarrassment were blotted out in the complete assurance of the working of Divine Providence. Such infants, without spot or blemish, like those creatures commanded by the Levitical law, were obviously, in spite of their sex, reserved for a high destiny. That initial dismay, not untouched by chagrin, had been unbecoming in a family which was contributing to the new State of Maine — but lately separated from Massachusetts, its mother — sea captains and Congregational ministers as well as self-respecting farmers. Accordingly the great-uncle of the triplets was summoned from Boston for the christening at six months. With a solemnity fraught with mystery, he named them, in order of their birth, Mary Ann, Martha Ann, and Sarah Ann, amid the awe of the country congregation, who, whatever their purpose in attending the ceremony, were deeply impressed by the atmosphere engendered thereat and, like the inhabitants of Sweet Auburn, 'remained to pray.'

And yet the fulfillment of spectacular destinies by girls one hundred years ago was well-nigh impossible, even with the complete coöperation of Providence. The sisters in due time approached young womanhood without having startled their neighborhood, not to mention the outside world, by any accomplishments save their intense devotion to one another, their industry, virtue, and comeliness. This last-named grace, however, must have been outstanding, if we can trust the sentiments in their Keepsake Album, now in my possession. In August 1840,

which year marked their eighteenth birthday, they are likened by one fervid young gentleman of a classic turn to the Three Graces, and by another — a cousin who, having vainly wooed Sarah Ann, apparently suspected her sisters of treachery and connivance — to the Three Fates. The minister of the parish found them in that year strongly reminiscent of Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch, the three daughters of Job, for he writes, with due respect to his source, 'And in all the land were no women found so fair.' — JOB 42. 15.'

Up to this time they were, according to their own later testimony, as identical as the proverbial peas in a pod. A divergence in occupation and environment, however, which followed close upon their nineteenth anniversary, produced inevitable results. Sarah Ann at length rewarded the tenacity of her cynical young cousin, John Fawcett, and moved with him to a neighboring hill farm. Martha Ann, who, it had been tacitly agreed, possessed a certain more delicate refinement of manner than her sisters, — a 'tone,' so to speak, — was sent, upon the request of her great-uncle, to Cambridge, there to preside over his wifeless home, to move about the 'Harvard circle' with decorum, and to find in that larger, more fertile field meet soil for the nurture of her many graces. And Mary Ann, left with her parents, entered upon that predestined career of sniffing, which made her a godsend to two generations of country doctors, a solace to a wide countryside, and an ultimate source of wisdom and of humor to her grandniece.

II

Our paths crossed at precisely the turn of the present century. In that first year of the nineteen hundreds I

was sent, an overgrown, awkward girl of thirteen, from our coast village for a summer in Piscataquis. It was the opinion of my father, ably seconded by our country doctor, that a bronchial cough, irritated by the mists of Penobscot Bay, would be almost at once dispelled by the dry, bracing air of inland fields and pastures. I recall the journey north from Bangor in the stuffy, loitering day train. It was the first I had ever taken alone. I sat leaning forward on the red plush seat and suffering from an annoying prickly sensation which I laid to my blue serge dress and to the asafœtida bag fastened about my neck at the last minute by a cautious grandmother, but which was probably the fruit of an extreme nervousness. It rained, I remember, in the course of the afternoon, a few great drops from a single sullen cloud high in the heavens, and I became anxious as to my leghorn hat trimmed with blue forget-me-nots and bows of tulle. I remember, too, the June fields, gold and white with buttercups and daisies, the drowsy buzz of sawmills beside rushing, foaming streams, the thrill engendered by seeing in the flesh, as it were, towns and villages whose names I had long read in the weekly paper — Dover and Foxcroft, Derby, Sangerville.

I was met at sundown by the distraught young cynic of my Keepsake Album, John Fawcett, now, sixty years later, an old gentleman of nearly eighty, who drove me in a kindly silence six miles through the hills and brought me just at nightfall to the farmhouse. He and my great-aunt Sarah Ann, he said, were on the verge of celebrating their sixtieth anniversary of married life. He told me he had been singularly blessed, and I believed him, though I have since wondered more than once whether he did not perhaps mean to emphasize the singularity of

his existence rather than the blessedness thereof. For with him lived not only his wife but her two sisters as well, neither of whom had married!

Familiar as they had been in family lore, I had not heretofore seen my great-aunts, and even at thirteen I felt the extremely unique character of the situation. Triplets of seventy-eight are not met with on every summer's day! They still retained the fetish of dressing alike and wore simple gowns of gray percale with white and hem-stitched aprons. As I saw them gathered in the wide doorway of the old house, I felt a sudden fear mounting for the moment almost into panic at the sudden apprehension of their collective years and of my own thin little life.

But such a fear was, naturally enough, put to rout by the necessity of greeting them and delivering the family messages and by the curiosity they involuntarily engendered. Identical though they may have been at eighteen, sixty years of diversity in environment, in occupation, and in thought had wrought many differences. They were of the same height, though Sarah Ann seemed flattened into stoutness and Martha Ann attenuated into extreme thinness. They had the same white hair parted in the middle, though Sarah Ann's was streaked with yellow, whereas Martha Ann's hinted at curl papers, and Mary Ann's was pulled peremptorily into a very firm and somewhat arrogant knot at the back of her head. They had the same blue eyes, but in Sarah Ann's placidity triumphed, in Martha Ann's restlessness, in Mary Ann's prophetic insight. Sarah Ann's nose was strongly pragmatic; Martha Ann's delicate and a trifle disdainful; Mary Ann's eager like a pointer's. Aunt Sarah Ann inquired with real concern if I was not hungry; Aunt Martha Ann, in a tone redolent

of literary circles, asked if I had read Dickens *in toto*; Aunt Mary Ann, whose quick nose smelled my asafetida bag, threw queries to the winds and gave vent to astonishment, not unmixed with anger, that my cough had not been thoroughly dosed with anise and horehound mixed with just a trace of powdered flagroot. I answered Aunt Sarah Ann by eating a substantial supper of beans and brown bread, and Aunt Martha Ann by attempting to decide then and there my predilection for *Great Expectations* or *David Copperfield*. I did not answer my Aunt Mary Ann at all. Her assertion had been of too oracular a nature to make a reply at that moment seem either meet or right.

That night she threw my bedraggled asafetida bag out of my bedroom window with a fine gesture of disgust. Then with her firm hands, so amazingly free from the humps and knotted veins of age, she smoothed my lavendered sheets and placed between my two great pillows a tiny one filled with dried hops and leaves of bayberry. A hop pillow, she confided to me as she blew out my candle and stood, a tall, straight figure in the soft summer darkness, had proved the best of sedatives to King George the Third during those trying nights immediately following the Declaration of Independence. It was just as sure a preventative against homesickness. She left me to suck a square of her famous anise and horehound cough remedy, to watch for some drowsy moments the moon swing high over the tumbling Piscataquis hills, and then, like the restive George the Third, to bury my nose in hops and go at once to sleep.

III

By quick degrees Aunt Sarah Ann and Aunt Martha Ann faded from the

immediate daily round of my thoughts and experiences — the one with her quiet, grave concern over my appetite, the rents in my gingham, the nip in my leg from the querulous old gander; the other with her frail, correct table manners, her punctilious attention to suffixes, and her wistful anecdotes of Mr. Longfellow 'in his younger days.' The manner of their fading was borne in upon me a dozen years afterward when on a warm summer night in Berlin I attended a performance of *Tannhäuser* in the Tiergarten. Between the acts I strolled with other eager, curious students about the dark, shadowy walks, closely bordered by evergreens and lindens, whose perfume, drifting through the quiet air, had seemingly taken unto itself the rhythm and the stillness alike of that magical night.

One long and narrow avenue, I remember, was only obscurely lit by a lamp at either end, but as we traversed its dim centre there came from above our heads a sudden jarring sound, followed by a great white burst of light. For an instant there was something almost terrifying in that quick illumination from the bigger lamp, something awestruck in the shimmering of the poplars and in the pale, inadequate gleaming of the smaller lights. And there sprang into my mind the thought of my great-aunt Mary Ann, of whose death at ninety I had only recently heard. To me at thirteen she had been like that great central lamp, overpowering the other lights by the fierce irradiation of her prodigal self.

I served, however, a novitiate of some weeks before I was allowed within even the outer circle of its glow. July warmed the hills, bringing added gloss to the bayberry in the pastures, thickening the clumps of yellow melilot along dusty roadsides, purpling the pennyroyal on the high, dry shoulders

of the fields. Not a fair morning passed, even Monday with its rite of washing, that Aunt Mary Ann did not set out on her mysterious journeyings. From a corner of the wide back porch I looked up from the beans I was stringing. How could she fail to sense the pleas I was sending toward her? For days I loitered among the morning-glories by the roadside gate. She passed through unheeding, her empty basket with its scissors, newspapers, and ball of twine in one hand, the strings of her capacious blue apron tied in an extra knot at the front of her spare, high waist. Did she, I have since wondered, in planning the ordeal to which she subjected me, have all the time in view the ascertaining of my spiritual fitness as a companion as well as the attainment of my physical well-being? I am inclined to think she did. Æsculapius, it will be recalled, living for long years the life of a solitary wanderer among the wild places of Thessaly and Argolis in search of healing leaves and berries, was slow to permit a disciple!

The ordeal was undergone after this manner. One morning in mid-July I descended to the great kitchen to find laid out for me on the table in the recessed corner my usual substantial breakfast. I found also my aunt Mary Ann, equipped and dressed for excursioning, but loitering a bit restively about the stove whereon stood a yellow bowl of generous proportions. A dark liquid, upon whose surface floated leaf and stick fragments, filled it to the brim. She halted my passage to the table more by the atmosphere she was creating than by her suddenly uplifted hand.

‘Before you eat your breakfast,’ she said, looking sternly away from me, ‘I want you to drink this. To-morrow there’ll be something else, and every morning. Don’t ask what it is. It won’t hurt you.’

I downed the liquid, drinking it directly from the bowl and avoiding the extraneous matter as best I could. It was more dreadful than anything I had ever swallowed during a childhood spent in a family adept at dosing. Its bitterness ran away from itself and, traveling to my nose and eyes, made me grope for my pocket handkerchief. But still I drank. My stomach rebelled, but in one swift and desperate instant I commanded it to keep its place. My outraged tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, but I forced it downward to receive more mouthfuls and yet more. I would have drunk hemlock without a word, for in her presence there in that old kitchen I somehow sensed that there was more at stake for me than the well-being of my liver and my stomach. She seized the bowl just when my flesh was crying out for release.

Yet a week passed without recognition or reward. Every morning there was the same yellow bowl on the back of the stove filled with some concoction which differed from its predecessors only in its degree of bitterness. Was there no herb of all those which, the Bible told me, God had made to grow ‘for the service of man’ of a sweet savor? And what about this dinner of them extolled in Proverbs which with love is better ‘than a stalled ox and hatred therewith’? I was frankly skeptical and yet tenacious. And every morning Aunt Mary Ann departed alone for the fields and hills, leaving the bitterness of my disappointment to struggle for supremacy with that of the mysterious herb of the day, which, I fancied, I could feel coursing triumphantly through my veins and arteries.

But with the swift passing of that week, with its seven apocalyptic days, there came a change. On the eighth morning there was no yellow

bowl on the back of the stove. I stopped hesitatingly on my way to the breakfast table. Through the open door of the pantry beyond I caught sight of the bowl on a shelf. There was no mistaking it. Still hesitant, I sat down at my place. Was this treatment, perhaps, of the concentrative sort, seven mornings and skip seven, like that magic three-day formula for sulphur and molasses?

And then from the porch came my aunt Mary Ann's voice, crisp, decisive, as though she had made up her mind once and for all.

'I was just thinking, as it's an extra good day, that perhaps — But there — probably you've other things to do!'

I stumbled in my reply, realizing perhaps for the first time in my life the utter inadequacy of words. A tingling assailed my back. My breakfast became suddenly intolerable to me.

Ten minutes later I was crossing with her the fields beyond the roadside. We were making for some sandy slopes on the hills. I walked by her side, subdued and silent. I felt as young John Mark must have felt after he had become 'profitable' to Saint Paul, he who had heretofore been scorned by the apostle as useless and unnecessary. To comment or to question I did not once presume. I simply tried to keep in step with the long strides of her generous feet as she traversed the fields and scaled the uplands. The day was one of those bright New England days, less rare inland than on the coast, when the brilliant air seems pierced with countless shafts of light like great thin plates of burnished steel. On such a day, twigs and branches, even leaves and flowers, seem outlined in light instead of imperceptibly merging into it. And still the air was not hot, but cool, hard, and thin.

I first saw my aunt sniff as we

reached the lowest of the sandy slopes. It was not an audible motion; only her nostrils dilated, her eyes widened, and her upper lip twitched ever so slightly. But it was an unmistakable sniff. When she did it, she was standing erect, looking off at the green and tumbling country. She too seemed outlined by light. And after she had done it she left me and made directly for some clumps of ragged-leaved weeds, which grew in great profusion in the sand. I was conscious of no odor from them, and surely they were entirely visible. The sniff, then, predetermined nothing; it was entirely accessory, of no practical value whatsoever.

I watched her pull a great quantity of these and store them in her apron before I went to help her. The bruised leaves and stalks gave forth an acrid, penetrating smell. This was wormwood, she told me. I had drunk much in the past week. It was the herb of herbs. No one knew how long it had served mankind. As I doubtless knew, it was mentioned more than once in the Bible; in the Book of Revelation a falling star was named for it. Pliny, the Roman, had mentioned it centuries ago, and the American Indians without it would have died out as a race. Though not yet in flower, it was good for certain ailments demanding the properties of the younger leaves and stalks. She did not name these ailments. She shared in that singular mystery which ever belongs to the hierarchy of those who heal.

Higher up on the bare hill slopes the mullein rose, straight and tall, in these late July days just bursting into yellow flower. As we gathered the thick, hairy, heavily ribbed leaves, she gave me its more gracious names. She herself, she said, preferred 'Peter's staff' or 'high-taper,' though the country folks about clung to 'old-man's-flannel'

and 'shepherd's-club.' It too was of great age. It was hardy enough to have weathered the Flood, and she had heard once that Pocahontas, combining it with wild mustard, had made with signal success a poultice for Captain John Smith! 'High-taper' stayed longest in my mind and still sings there on August days when the tall stalks in our pastures are alight with pale yellow flames.

In the lower fields that day we found the wild marjoram, with its clusters of purplish flowers, and near by the pennyroyal, aromatic enough to induce sniffing from us both. I followed my aunt's example in chewing one of its sturdy, slender stems, though its soft hairs tickled my throat. There too grew masses of yarrow, which we gathered in great quantities, and which, she unbent enough to tell me, was excellent for hemorrhages. In a swampy place between two ridges we found the purple boneset or joe-pye weed. Over this, which was just in bud, she studied at some length, testing the leaves by holding them to the light, by crushing and smelling them. Her silence increased the mystery which clung about her every action. Years afterward, reading of Theophrastus testing the plants in his Athenian garden, I saw again in a quick flash my aunt Mary Ann's intent face, bending over the lance-shaped leaves of boneset in her thin, long-fingered hands.

IV

From that beneficent July morning to the September day when, brown, coughless, and reluctant, I left the Piscataquis hills for the coast and school, I was my great-aunt's disciple, she my Æsculapius. The joe-pye weed in the swamps purpled and then browned in great, furry clumps; the chamomile by the roadside faded, its

white petals, bent backward in the August heat, giving it the expression of petulant children; the sharp odor of the pennyroyal softened on the high pastures. Every fair morning found us in the fields or woods or on the slopes, sniffing, cutting, pulling, while the wind blew clear and strong from the northwest, or the bright August heat shimmered over the uplands, or a soft dull day brought out the purple tints of the distant hills.

On rainy mornings my great-aunt went to the large unfinished chamber beneath the ell roof where for fifty years she had crushed and strained, brewed and bottled, and where she kept her small store of precious books. One August day, with some evident reluctance she asked me in with her. At this moment I can smell the dry, acrid odor of the big bare room, see the muffled bundles hanging in yellowed paper from the rafters, hear the simmering of some recondite liquid brewing on the air-tight wood stove. On the window sills were ranged certain enigmatical jars and bottles containing fluids of various colors, which, after being subjected to the light for certain varying seasons, were to be put away for future use.

Her dearest possession, she confided to me one stormy day, was a collection of books in six volumes. This work bore the title of *American Medicinal Plants*. I have since found that it was written by one Charles F. Millsbaugh and published in 1887. Without it, she told me, Piscataquis County would be a sorry place. The books had colored plates in great profusion, which had a way of brightening the most fog-swept afternoon. The text seemed stupid and rather unintelligible until one day I made the discovery that Dr. Millsbaugh seemed to have one never-varying prescription for the brewing of herbs. Again and again as I turned

the pages I found the identical direction, until I became convinced that no herb juices could be efficacious unless they were allowed to 'stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.' These were his words, sounding over and over again like a refrain. They have stayed in my mind and imagination ever since that day.

Yet in spite of the fascination of the herb room, which was in use too early to be known as either a studio or a laboratory, it could not compete with the daily excursions in the open. The climax or high moment of all of these, just as the high moment indoors soon came to lie in Dr. Millspaugh's ever-recurring phrase, occurred just before we left with our spoils for home. Then, the sun warning us of noon, we stopped in some clear, high spot to spread our harvest upon the ground, to sort, discard, and rearrange. I recall a certain green ridge, bare of trees, which gave us, whenever we looked up from our work, a view of the white farmhouse in its uneven fields and of high, rock-strewn pastures, rising behind it to other ridges like our own. Here, on her knees, with newspapers spread out before her, my aunt Mary Ann sorted and displayed her wares to her eyes and mine. In such a position, before his carpet, did the herbalist of the Middle Ages kneel at Smithfield, or at St. Giles Fair in Winchester, famous for its gingerbread, or at the renowned Goose Fair in Nottingham. She might, indeed, have been reminiscent, to more learned minds than mine at thirteen, of the far-famed Madame Trote of Salerno, whom Rutebeuf, the French trouvère of the thirteenth century, extols as the wisest lady in all the four quarters of the world in her knowledge of medicinal herbs.

But unlike her predecessors, who bore their universal panaceas from fair to village green and market place,

attracting attention by bells and horns and cries and holding it by a flow of urgent and reassuring words, my aunt Mary Ann was given to silence and circumspection. If she commented at all upon her harvest, it was to call my attention to the twin heads of some flower, usually single, or to the eccentricities of a certain root. Most memorable, therefore, were her confidences which she lent to me on the last of our excursions, made the September morning just preceding the day of my leaving for home.

We had been out primarily for wormwood, now in great, ungainly masses of yellow, knobby blossoms. In waste places and along the ragged edges of the fields it grew to four feet in height. We had gathered armfuls of it and now were on our green ridge sorting it in bundles, which, she assured me with relief, contained enough to supply the most exorbitant demand during the coming winter. The bundles securely tied, I gathered together papers, basket and scissors against our leaving. But my aunt still sat on the ridge, her long green-stained fingers, which always denied her age, interlaced about her knees.

'It's queer about wormwood,' she said at last, to herself rather than to me. 'From the reading I've done I'd say it's been used for thousands of years. It's in the ancients, you know — poets and historians tell about it as well as those that know about such things.' (Oh, the mystery in her voice, enclosing in a charmed circle the healers of the world!)

There was more in that soliloquy that I would fain recapture but cannot, anecdotes of country cures brought about by the herb of herbs, legends connected with its use in far-off lands, pertinent advice as to its efficacy in the minor ailments that beset us. I recall in their place the first touches of color

in that quiet hill country, the red of the sumachs, the bronze of the hazel bushes. But that which she said as she rose to go I shall never forget, though the words may be my own in the sad place of her lovelier, more native speech.

‘There are those that might laugh,’ she said, ‘at this next. But I’ve studied and seen, and I’m convinced in my own mind. Wormwood’s not only for the body. It’s for the mind as well. It makes thoughts, so to speak. I’ve seen it time and again. Taken right, it’s bound to work. I’ve known it to cure broken hearts and to put life into them. But there are folks in this world who’d claim I was plain crazy to say such a thing!’

Urged by the imagined reaction of her neighbors, she emerged quickly from the charmed circle and prepared to go. She was brisk and practical all the way home, and that afternoon by her look and manner she excluded me from the herb room where she was crushing, straining, and bottling the freshly gathered wormwood. Obviously she had with grave lack of decorum lent me too much confidence and could atone for it only by forbidding my alien eyes to look upon the wormwood

as she made it ready to ‘stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.’

V

All this happened years ago; and one is painfully aware in these latter days of the name and the penalty attached in social and intellectual circles to one who is willfully reminiscent. Yet in this era of tonsillectomies and appendectomies, abscessed teeth and complete nervous breakdowns, when the most literary of magazines gives space to the insurmountable problem of paying the manifold costs of even legitimate illnesses and the health insurance companies flourish like the bay trees of the Psalmist, it is pleasing to recall that generous-footed Ophelia of Piscataquis County, who once contended that wormwood was for thoughts, and for whom, like Wordsworth’s Peter Bell, the simple growth of Mother Earth sufficed.

It is also not displeasing to contemplate what beneficence, now hidden and inaccessible, might perchance be ours if we would for a season drop the anxieties, academic, culinary, and economic, that beset us and ‘stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.’

UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR FUNCTION

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

THE expansion of universities is one marked feature of the social life in the present age. All countries have shared in this movement, but more especially America, which thereby occupies a position of honor. It is, however, possible to be overwhelmed even by the gifts of good fortune; and this growth of universities, in number of institutions, in size, and in internal complexity of organization, discloses some danger of destroying the very sources of their usefulness, in the absence of a widespread understanding of the primary functions which universities should perform in the service of a nation. These remarks, as to the necessity for reconsideration of the function of universities, apply to all the more developed countries. They are only more especially applicable to America, because this country has taken the lead in a development which, under wise guidance, may prove to be one of the most fortunate forward steps which civilization has yet taken.

This article will only deal with the most general principles, though the special problems of the various departments in any university are, of course, innumerable. But generalities require illustration, and for this purpose I choose the business school of a university. This choice is dictated by the fact that business schools represent one of the newer developments of university activity. They are also more particularly relevant to the dominant

social activities of modern nations, and for that reason are good examples of the way in which the national life should be affected by the activities of its universities. Also at Harvard, where I have the honor to hold office, the new foundation of a business school on a scale amounting to magnificence has just reached its completion.

There is a certain novelty in the provision of such a school of training, on this scale of magnitude, in one of the few leading universities of the world. It marks the culmination of a movement which for many years past has introduced analogous departments throughout American universities. This is a new fact in the university world, and it alone would justify some general reflections upon the purpose of a university education, and upon the proved importance of that purpose for the welfare of the social organism.

The novelty of business schools must not be exaggerated. At no time have universities been restricted to pure abstract learning. The University of Salerno in Italy, the earliest of European universities, was devoted to medicine. In England, at Cambridge in the year 1316, a college was founded for the special purpose of providing 'clerks for the King's service.' Universities have trained clergy, medical men, lawyers, engineers. Business is now a highly intellectualized vocation, so it well fits into the series. There is, however, this novelty: the curriculum

suitable for a business school, and the various modes of activity of such a school, are still in the experimental stage. Hence the peculiar importance of recurrence to general principles in connection with the moulding of these schools. It would, however, be an act of presumption on my part if I were to enter upon any consideration of details, or even upon types of policy affecting the balance of the whole training. Upon such questions I have no special knowledge, and therefore have no word of advice.

II

The universities are schools of education, and schools of research. But the primary reason for their existence is not to be found either in the mere knowledge conveyed to the students or in the mere opportunities for research afforded to the members of the faculty.

Both these functions could be performed at a cheaper rate, apart from these very expensive institutions. Books are cheap, and the system of apprenticeship is well understood. So far as the mere imparting of information is concerned, no university has had any justification for existence since the popularization of printing in the fifteenth century. Yet the chief impetus to the foundation of universities came after that date, and in more recent times has even increased.

The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest of life, by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning. The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least, this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. This atmosphere of excitement, arising from imaginative consideration, transforms knowledge.

A fact is no longer a bare fact: it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory: it is energizing as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes.

Imagination is not to be divorced from the facts: it is a way of illuminating the facts. It works by eliciting the general principles which apply to the facts, as they exist, and then by an intellectual survey of alternative possibilities which are consistent with those principles. It enables men to construct an intellectual vision of a new world, and it preserves the zest of life by the suggestion of satisfying purposes.

Youth is imaginative, and if the imagination be strengthened by discipline this energy of imagination can in great measure be preserved through life. The tragedy of the world is that those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who are experienced have feeble imaginations. Fools act on imagination without knowledge; pedants act on knowledge without imagination. The task of a university is to weld together imagination and experience.

The initial discipline of imagination in its period of youthful vigor requires that there be no responsibility for immediate action. The habit of unbiased thought, whereby the ideal variety of exemplifications is discerned in its derivation from general principles, cannot be acquired when there is the daily task of preserving a concrete organization. You must be free to think rightly and wrongly, and free to appreciate the variousness of the universe undisturbed by its perils.

These reflections upon the general functions of a university can be at once translated in terms of the particular functions of a business school. We need not flinch from the assertion that the main function of such a school is to produce men with a greater zest for

business. It is a libel upon human nature to conceive that zest for life is the product of pedestrian purposes directed toward the narrow routine of material comforts. Mankind by its pioneering instinct, and in a hundred other ways, proclaims the falsehood of that lie.

In the modern complex social organism, the adventure of life cannot be disjoined from intellectual adventure. Amid simpler circumstances, the pioneer can follow the urge of his instinct, directed toward the scene of his vision from the mountain top. But in the complex organizations of modern business the intellectual adventure of analysis, and of imaginative reconstruction, must precede any successful reorganization. In a simpler world, business relations were simpler, being based on the immediate contact of man with man and on immediate confrontation with all relevant material circumstances. To-day business organization requires an imaginative grasp of the psychologies of populations engaged in differing modes of occupation; of populations scattered through cities, through mountains, through plains; of populations on the ocean, and of populations in mines, and of populations in forests. It requires an imaginative grasp of conditions in the tropics, and of conditions in temperate zones. It requires an imaginative grasp of the interlocking interests of great organizations, and of the reactions of the whole complex to any change in one of its elements. It requires an imaginative understanding of laws of political economy, not merely in the abstract, but also with the power to construe them in terms of the particular circumstances of a concrete business. It requires some knowledge of the habits of government, and of the variations of those habits under diverse conditions. It requires an imaginative vision of the binding forces of any

human organization, a sympathetic vision of the limits of human nature and of the conditions which evoke loyalty of service. It requires some knowledge of the laws of health, and of the laws of fatigue, and of the conditions for sustained reliability. It requires an imaginative understanding of the social effects of the conditions of factories. It requires a sufficient conception of the rôle of applied science in modern society. It requires that discipline of character which can say 'yes' and 'no' to other men, not by reason of blind obstinacy, but with firmness derived from a conscious evaluation of relevant alternatives.

The universities have trained the intellectual pioneers of our civilization—the priests, the lawyers, the statesmen, the doctors, the men of science, and the men of letters. They have been the home of those ideals which lead men to confront the confusion of their present times. The Pilgrim Fathers left England to found a state of society according to the ideals of their religious faith; and one of their earlier acts was the foundation of Harvard University, in Cambridge, named after that ancient mother of ideals in England, to which so many of them owed their training. The conduct of business now requires intellectual imagination of the same type as that which in former times has mainly passed into those other occupations; and the universities are the organizations which have supplied this type of mentality for the service of the progress of the European races.

In early mediæval history the origin of universities was obscure and almost unnoticed. They were a gradual and natural growth. But their existence is the reason for the sustained, rapid progressiveness of European life in so many fields of activity. By their agency the adventure of action met the adventure of thought. It would not

have been possible antecedently to have divined that such organizations would have been successful. Even now, amid the imperfections of all things human, it is sometimes difficult to understand how they succeed in their work. Of course there is much failure in the work of universities. But, if we take a broad view of history, their success has been remarkable and almost uniform. The cultural histories of Italy, of France, of Germany, of Holland, of Scotland, of England, of the United States, bear witness to the influence of universities. By 'cultural history' I am not chiefly thinking of the lives of scholars; I mean the energizing of the lives of those men who gave to France, to Germany, and to other countries that impress of types of human achievement which, by their addition to the zest of life, form the foundation of our patriotism. We love to be members of a society which can do these things.

There is one great difficulty which hampers all the higher types of human endeavor. In modern times this difficulty has even increased in its possibilities for evil. In any large organization the younger men, who are novices, must be set to jobs which consist in carrying out fixed duties in obedience to orders. No president of a large corporation meets his youngest employee at his office door with the offer of the most responsible job which the work of that corporation includes. The young men are set to work at a fixed routine, and only occasionally even see the president as he passes in and out of the building. Such work is a great discipline. It imparts knowledge, and it produces reliability of character; also it is the only work for which the young men, in that novice stage, are fit, and it is the work for which they are hired. There can be no criticism of the custom, but there may be an unfortunate effect —

prolonged routine work dulls the imagination.

The result is that qualities essential at a later stage of a career are apt to be stamped out in an earlier stage. This is only an instance of the more general fact, that necessary technical excellence can only be acquired by a training which is apt to damage those energies of mind which should direct the technical skill. This is the key fact in education, and the reason for most of its difficulties.

The way in which a university should function in the preparation for an intellectual career, such as modern business or one of the older professions, is by promoting the imaginative consideration of the various general principles underlying that career. Its students thus pass into their period of technical apprenticeship with their imaginations already practised in connecting details with general principles. The routine then receives its meaning, and also illuminates the principles which give it that meaning. Hence, instead of a drudgery issuing in a blind rule of thumb, the properly trained man has some hope of obtaining an imagination disciplined by detailed facts and by necessary habits.

Thus the proper function of a university is the imaginative acquisition of knowledge. Apart from this importance of the imagination, there is no reason why business men, and other professional men, should not pick up their facts bit by bit as they want them for particular occasions. A university is imaginative or it is nothing—at least nothing useful.

III

Imagination is a contagious disease. It cannot be measured by the yard, or weighed by the pound, and then delivered to the students by members of

the faculty. It can only be communicated by a faculty whose members themselves wear their learning with imagination. In saying this, I am only repeating one of the oldest of observations. More than two thousand years ago the ancients symbolized learning by a torch passing from hand to hand down the generations. That lighted torch is the imagination of which I speak. The whole art in the organization of a university is the provision of a faculty whose learning is lighted up with imagination. This is the problem of problems in university education; and unless we are careful the recent vast extension of universities in number of students and in variety of activities — of which we are so justly proud — will fail in producing its proper results, by the mishandling of this problem.

The combination of imagination and learning normally requires some leisure, freedom from restraint, freedom from harassing worry, some variety of experiences, and the stimulation of other minds diverse in opinion and diverse in equipment. Also there is required the excitement of curiosity, and the self-confidence derived from pride in the achievements of the surrounding society in procuring the advance of knowledge. Imagination cannot be acquired once and for all, and then kept indefinitely in an ice box to be produced periodically in stated quantities. The learned and imaginative life is a way of living, and is not an article of commerce.

It is in respect to the provision and utilization of these conditions for an efficient faculty that the two functions of education and research meet together in a university. Do you want your teachers to be imaginative? Then encourage them to research. Do you want your researchers to be imaginative? Then bring them into intellectual sympathy with the young at the

most eager, imaginative period of life, when intellects are just entering upon their mature discipline. Make your researchers explain themselves to active minds, plastic and with the world before them; make your young students crown their period of intellectual acquisition by some contact with minds gifted with experience of intellectual adventure. Education is discipline for the adventure of life; research is intellectual adventure; and the universities should be homes of adventure shared in common by young and old. For successful education there must always be a certain freshness in the knowledge dealt with. It must either be new in itself or it must be invested with some novelty of application to the new world of new times. Knowledge does not keep any better than fish. You may be dealing with knowledge of the old species, with some old truth; but somehow or other it must come to the students, as it were, just drawn out of the sea and with the freshness of its immediate importance.

It is the function of the scholar to evoke into life wisdom and beauty which, apart from his magic, would remain lost in the past. A progressive society depends upon its inclusion of three groups — scholars, discoverers, inventors. Its progress also depends upon the fact that its educated masses are composed of members each with a tinge of scholarship, a tinge of discovery, and a tinge of invention. I am here using the term 'discovery' to mean the progress of knowledge in respect to truths of some high generality, and the term 'invention' to mean the progress of knowledge in respect to the application of general truths in particular ways subservient to present needs. It is evident that these three groups merge into each other, and also that men engaged in practical affairs are properly to be called inventors so far as they

contribute to the progress of society. But any one individual has his own limitation of function, and his own peculiar needs. What is important for a nation is that there shall be a very close relation between all types of its progressive elements, so that the study may influence the market place, and the market place the study. Universities are the chief agencies for this fusion of progressive activities into an effective instrument of progress. Of course they are not the only agencies, but it is a fact that to-day the progressive nations are those in which universities flourish.

It must not be supposed that the output of a university in the form of original ideas is solely to be measured by printed papers and books labeled with the names of their authors. Mankind is as individual in its mode of output as in the substance of its thoughts. For some of the most fertile minds composition in writing, or in a form reducible to writing, seems to be an impossibility. In every faculty you will find that some of the more brilliant teachers are not among those who publish. Their originality requires for its expression direct intercourse with their pupils in the form of lectures, or of personal discussion. Such men exercise an immense influence; and yet, after the generation of their pupils has passed away, they sleep among the innumerable unthanked benefactors of humanity. Fortunately, one of them is immortal — Socrates.

Thus it would be the greatest mistake to estimate the value of each member of a faculty by the printed work signed with his name. There is at the present day some tendency to fall into this error; and an emphatic protest is necessary against an attitude on the part of authorities which is damaging to efficiency and unjust to unselfish zeal.

But, when all such allowances have been made, one good test for the general efficiency of a faculty is that as a whole it shall be producing in published form its quota of contributions of thought. Such a quota is to be estimated in weight of thought, and not in number of words.

This survey shows that the management of a university faculty has no analogy to that of a business organization. The public opinion of the faculty, and a common zeal for the purposes of the university, form the only effective safeguards for the high level of university work. The faculty should be a band of scholars, stimulating each other, and freely determining their various activities. You can secure certain formal requirements, that lectures are given at stated times and that instructors and students are in attendance. But the heart of the matter lies beyond all regulation.

The question of justice to the teachers has very little to do with the case. It is perfectly just to hire a man to perform any legal services under any legal conditions as to times and salary. No one need accept the post unless he so desires.

The sole question is, What sort of conditions will produce the type of faculty which will run a successful university? The danger is that it is quite easy to produce a faculty entirely unfit — a faculty of very efficient pedants and dullards. The general public will only detect the difference after the university has stunted the promise of youth for scores of years.

The modern university system in the great democratic countries will only be successful if the ultimate authorities exercise singular restraint, so as to remember that universities cannot be dealt with according to the rules and policies which apply to the familiar business corporations. Business schools

are no exception to this law of university life. There is really nothing to add to what the presidents of many American universities have recently said in public on this topic. But whether the effective portion of the general public, in America or other countries, will follow their advice appears to be doubtful. The whole point of a university, on its educational side, is to bring the young under the intellectual influence of a band of imaginative scholars. There can be no escape from proper attention to the conditions which — as experience has shown — will produce such a band.

IV

The two premier universities of Europe, in age and in dignity, are the University of Paris and the University of Oxford. I will speak of my own country because I know it best. The University of Oxford may have sinned in many ways. But, for all her deficiencies, she has throughout the ages preserved one supreme merit, beside which all failures in detail are as dust in the balance: for century after century, throughout the long course of her existence, she has produced bands of scholars who treated learning imaginatively. For that service alone, no one who loves culture can think of her without emotion.

But it is quite unnecessary for me to cross the ocean for my examples. The author of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Jefferson, has some claim to be the greatest American. The perfection of his various achievements certainly places him among the few great men of all ages. He founded a university, and devoted one side of his complex genius to placing that university amid every circumstance which could stimulate the imagination — beauty of buildings, of situation, and

every other stimulation of equipment and organization.

There are many other universities in America which can point my moral, but my final example shall be Harvard — the representative university of the Puritan movement. The New England Puritans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the most intensely imaginative people, restrained in their outward expression, and fearful of symbolism by physical beauty, but, as it were, racked with the intensity of spiritual truths intellectually imagined. The Puritan faculties of those centuries must have been imaginative indeed, and they produced great men whose names have gone round the world. In later times Puritanism softened, and, in the golden age of literary New England, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow set their mark upon Harvard. The modern scientific age then gradually supervenes, and again in William James we find the typical imaginative scholar.

To-day business comes to Harvard, and the gift which the University has to offer is the old one of imagination, the lighted torch which passes from hand to hand. It is a dangerous gift, which has started many a conflagration. If we are timid as to that danger, the proper course is to shut down our universities. Imagination is a gift which has often been associated with great commercial peoples — with Greece, with Florence, with Venice, with the learning of Holland, and with the poetry of England. Commerce and imagination thrive together. It is a gift which all must pray for their country who desire for it that abiding greatness achieved by Athens: —

Her citizens, imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past.

For American education no smaller ideal can suffice.

THE HELLER

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

IN March the high spring tides lap with their ragged and undulating riband of flotsam the grasses near the flat top of the sea wall; and once in a score of years the southwest gale piles the sea so high that it lops over and rushes down into the reclaimed grazing marsh within. The landlocked water returns on the ebb by way of the reedy dikes, and the culverts under the wall with their one-way hinged wooden doors, and through the muddy channels to the sea again.

I was unfortunate enough to miss seeing such a flood this year; but, hearing of it, I went down to the marsh the next afternoon before the time of high tide, hoping to see it happen again. I wandered along the sea wall, with its hoof-holed path of clay still holding salt water, as far as the black hospital ship, and then I returned. The gale had blown itself out, and a blue sky lay beyond Hartland promontory, and far out over the calm Atlantic.

There is a slanting path leading to the road below by the marshman's cottage, and by this I left the wide prospect of sand hills, sea, and sky, seen from the sea wall, and as I was descending I noticed that the grasses down the inner slope were washed flat and straggly by a heavy overflowing of the day before.

The marshman was standing on the porch of the cottage, looking at his ducklings which had hatched about a fortnight before. He wore his spec-

tacles and had a book in his hands. We greeted each other, and I stopped to talk.

I always enjoyed talking with the marshman. His face pleased me. I liked his kind brown eyes, his gray hair, his small and intelligent sea-browned face. In a soft voice he began telling me about the book in his hands, which he said was 'wonderful and most interesting.' It was thick and heavy, and printed in small close-set type. It was called *The History of the Jews*, and the marshman had read it with the same care and patience with which, year after year, he had cut the reeds in the dikes and scythed the thistles in the rank grass. For years he had been reading that book, and he had not yet reached the middle pages. Appalling labor!

Would I like to take the book home with me, and have a read of it? He was a bit busy just now and could easily spare it for a day or two. I was quite welcome to take it, if —

I was saved from a reply by the sudden change in the marshman's face. He was staring intently beyond the gate by which we stood. His spectacles were pushed back from his eyes. I looked in the direction of his stare, and saw the usual scene — fowls on the stony and feathery road, and a couple of pigs nosing amid them; the down-hanging branches of the willow tree over the leat; the green pointed leaves of the flag iris rising thickly along both

banks; the sky-gleams between them. On the water a brood of yellowish-white ducklings were paddling, watched anxiously from the road by the hen that had hatched them.

'The heller!'

At the muttered angry words the marshman's dog, which had assumed a stiff attitude from the moment of its master's fixed interest in something as yet unsmelled, unseen, and unheard by itself, whined and crouched and sprang over the gate. It had gone forward a few yards, sending the hens clucking and flying in all directions, when the marshman shouted. Seeing its master's arm flung to the left, the dog promptly turned in that direction. I saw its hackles rise.

The narrow leat, which brought fresh drinking water to the grazing marsh, was crossed under the willow tree by a clammer, or single heavy plank of elm wood. As the dog ran on to the clammer I saw something at the farther end slide into the water. I had a fleeting impression of the vanishing hind quarters of a squat and slender dog, dark brown as a bulrush, and with the palms of its feet widely webbed as a duck's. It had a long tail, tapering to a point. The brown tail slid over the plank flatly yet swiftly, and disappeared without splash into the slight ripple made by the submerging animal.

'T is that darned old mousy-colored fitch,' grumbled the marshman, opening the gate. 'It be after my ducklings. It took one just about this time yesterday. Yurr, Ship!' — to the dog — 'Fetch un, Ship!' The dog sprang around barking raucously, and trotted along the plank again, nose between paws, and whining with excitement where the 'heller' had stood. Then it looked at its master, and barked at the water.

While it was barking the ducklings, about fifteen yards away, began to run

on the water, beating their little fluky stumps of wings and stretching out their necks. 'Queep! queep! queep!' they cried. The foster hen on the bank was clucking and jerking her comb about in agitation.

'Ah, you heller, you!' cried the marshman, as a duckling was drawn under by invisible jaws. The other ducklings waddled out by the brimming edge of the road, made for the hen in two files of uniform and tiny yellowish bodies aslant with straining to reach the cover of wings. Very red and jerky about the comb and cheek pendules, with flickering eyes, this motherly fowl squatted on the stones and lowered her wings till they rested on her useless pinion shafts, and fluffed out her feathers to make room for the eight mites which, in spite of her constant calls and entreaties, would persist in walking on that cold and unwalkable place, which was only for supping from at the edge.

'Peep, peep, peep; quip, pip; queep weep,' whistled the ducklings, drowsily, in their sweet and feeble voices. The marshman came out of the cottage with a gun.

'The heller,' he said. 'The withering beast, it ought to be kicked to flames.'

We waited five minutes, watching the leat where the duckling had gone down.

Parallel lines of ripples, wavering with infirm and milk-white sky, rode along the brimming water. The tide was still rising. Twenty yards away the young strong leaves of the flag irises began to quiver. The marshman lifted the gun and curled a finger round the trigger. The leaves were still. We waited. The pee-peeps of the happy ducklings ceased.

Water began to run, in sudden starts, around the smoothed stones in the roadway. The tide was rising fast. A feather was carried twirling on a runnel

that stopped by my left toe; and after a pause it ran on a few inches, leaving dry specks of dust and bud-sheaths tacked to the welt.

The outline of the leat was lost in the overbrimming of the water. Grasses began to float and stray at its edges. The runnels of the tide explored the least hollow, running forward, pausing, turning sideways or backward, and blending, as though gladly, with one another.

'It be gone,' said the marshman, lowering the gun, to my relief; for its double barrels had been near my cheek, and they were rusty, thin as an egg-shell at the muzzle, and loaded with an assortment of broken screw-heads, nuts, and odd bits of iron. He was as economical with his shooting as he was with his reading. Originally the gun had been a flintlock, owned by his great-grandfather; and his father had had it converted into a percussion cap. Its walnut stock was riddled with worm-holes; and even as I was examining it I heard the sound like the ticking of a watch, which ceased after nine ticks. The death-watch beetle. It was doubtful which would go first — the stock, 'falling abroad' in its tunneled brittleness, or the barrels, bursting from frail old age.

'It's a high tide,' I said, stepping further back. 'I suppose the otter came up on it, and down the leat?'

Then the marshman told me about the 'heller.' We stood with our backs to the deep and ancient thorn hedge that borders the road to the east, a hedge double-sheared by wind and man, six feet high and eight feet thick and so matted that a man could walk along it without his boots sinking. It was gray and gold with lichens. I had always admired the hedge by the marsh toll-gate. I leaned gingerly against it while the marshman told me that he had seen the otter on the two afternoons

previously, and both times when the tide was nearly on the top of the flood. No, it did not come up the leat; it was a bold beast, and came over the sea wall where the tide had poured over two afternoons ago.

'My wife zeed'n rinning over the wall, like a little brown dog. I reckon myself th' heller comes from the duck ponds over in Heanton marsh, and sleeps by day in th' daggers [reeds]. Artters [otters] be always travelin' up the pill [creek] vor to get to the duck ponds, or goin' on up to the pill-head, and over the basin [weir] into fresh water, after trout. Never before have I heard tell of an artter going time after time, and by day too, after the same ducklings.

'Tis most unusual, zur, vor an artter will always take fish when he can get fish, eels particularly, and there be plenty of eels all over the marsh. An artter loveth an eel; 'tis its most natural food, in a manner of speaking.

'Tis what is called an ambulance [amphibious] baste, the artter be; yes, 'tis, like a crab, that can live in both land and water. A most interestin' baste, vor those that possess th' education vor to study up all that sort of thing. Now can ee tell me how an artter serves an eel different from another fish? Other fish — leastways those I've zin with my own eyes — are ate head downwards; but an eel be ate tail vust, and the head an' shoulders be left. I've a zin scores of'n, and all ate tail vust!'

While the old fellow was speaking, the water, in irregular pourings and innocent twirls, was stealing right across the road. It reached the hen, who, to judge from the downward pose of her head, regarded it as a nuisance. A runnel slipped stealthily between her cane-colored feet, wetting the claws worn with faithful scratching for the young. She arose and strutted

away in the lee of the hedge, calling her brood; and 'Wock! wock! Wet!' she cried, for with tiny notes of glee they had headed straight for the wide water, gleaming with the early sunset.

The marshman said, 'Darn the flood!' for *The History of the Jews*, container of future years' laborious pleasure, lay in a splash by the gate, ten strides away. He picked it up, regarding ruefully the dripping cover. He was saying that it was n't no odds, a bit of damp on the outside, when I noticed a small traveling ripple in the shape of an arrow moving out from the plank, now almost awash. It continued steadily for about three yards from the plank, and beyond the ripples a line of little bubbles like shot began to rise and lie still. The line, increasing steadily by lengths varying from two or three to a dozen inches, drew out toward the ducklings.

I took long strides forward beside the marshman. Our footfalls splashed in the shallow water. The dog trotted at his heels, quivering, its ears cocked. A swirl arose in the leat and rocked the ducklings; they cried and struck out for the grass; but one stayed still, trying to rise on weeny wings, and then it went under.

'The heller!' cried the marshman, raising his gun.

For about twenty seconds we waited.

A brown whiskered head, flat and seal-like, with short rough hairs and beady black eyes, looked out of the water. *Bang!* It dived at the flash, and although we peered and waited for at least a minute after the whining of a screw-head ricocheting away over the marsh had ceased, I saw only our spectral faces shaking in the water.

II

The next afternoon I went down by the eastern sea wall and lay on the flat grassy ridge, with a view of the lower

horn of the Ram's-horn duck pond. Wild fowl were flying round the marsh; and settling on the open water hidden between the thick green reeds. Many scores had their nests in the preserve. Why did the otter, I wondered, come all the way to the leat, when it could take all the ducklings it wanted in the pond? Perhaps in my reasoning I was falling into the old error of ascribing to a wild beast something of human reasoning; for, had I been an otter after ducklings, I should certainly have stayed where they were most numerous.

The tide flowed past me, with its usual straggle of froth covering the flotsam of corks, bottles, clinker, spruce bark from the Bideford shipyards, tins, cabbage leaves, and sticks. The murky water moved wide and deep between the muddy glidders. Two ketches rode up on the flood, the exhausts of their oil engines echoing with hollow thuds over the mud and water. I wondered why they were wasting oil, when the current was so swift to carry them; but when they made fast to their mooring buoys, and the bows swung round, I realized the use of the engines — to keep them in the fairway. Of course!

Gulls screamed as they floated around the masts and cordage of the black craft, awaiting the dumping overboard of garbage. I waited for an hour, but saw nothing of the otter.

'Did ee see'n?' asked the marshman, when I went back. His gun lay on the table, and Ship the dog was crouched over the threshold, its nose on its paws pointing to the clammer bridge over the leat.

'He's took another duckling, the heller!' he growled.

The otter must have made an early crossing, while I was lazing on the bank. Perhaps he had come through a culvert, squeezing past the sodden wooden trap; and then, either seeing or winding me, he had crossed under water. The marsh-

man, happening to come to the door, had seen the duckling going under, and, although he had waited for ten minutes, nothing had come up.

'Ship here went nosing among the daggers, but could n't even get wind of'n. I reckon that ambulance baste can lie on the bottom and go to sleep if it has a mind to.'

By 'ambulance' he meant amphibious, I imagined. The otter had no gills; it breathed in the ordinary way, being an animal that had learned to swim under water.

'Did n't you see even a bubble?'

'Not one!'

It seemed strange. Also, it had seemed strange that the engines of the ketches were 'wasting' oil. That had a perfectly ordinary explanation — when one realized it!

'And it took a duck in just the same way as before?'

'That's it! In a wink, that duck was down under.'

'But did n't the ducklings see the otter?'

'Noomye! The poor li'l beauty was took quick as a wink.' He was much upset by it.

'Now I'll tell ee what I'll do,' he said. 'I'll till a gin vor a rat, I will, and if I trap an artter, well, 't will be a pity, as the artter-'unting gentry would say; but there 't is!'

Otters were not generally trapped in the country of the Taw and Torridge rivers, as most of the water owners subscribed to the otter hounds. There were often occasions, however, when a gin was 'tilled,' or set, on a submerged rock where an otter was known to touch, or on a sunken post driven into the river bed near its holt. About once in a season the pack drew the brackish waters of the Ram's-horn duckpond, but an otter was never killed there, as there was impregnable 'holding' among the thick reeds.

I looked at the marshman's face, filled with grim thoughts about the 'heller' (had he got the term from *The History of the Jews?*), and remembered how, only the year before, when an otter had been killed near Branton church, he had confided to me that he did n't care much for 'artter-'unting'; that it was 'not much sport with all they girt dogs agin one small baste.'

'I've got some old rabbit gins,' said the marshman. 'And I'll till them on the clammer, and get that heller, I will.'

I went away to watch the mating flight of the golden plover over the marsh, and the sun had gone down behind the low line of the sand hills to the west when I returned along the sea wall. Three rabbit gins — rusty affairs of open iron teeth and flat iron springs ready to snap up and hold anything that trod on them — lay on the plank. The marshman had bound lengths of twisted brass rabbit wire around the plank and through the ends of the chains, so that, dragged into the leat, the weight of the three gins would drown the struggling otter.

My road home lay along the edge of the leat, which was immediately under the sea wall. Old upturned boats, rusty anchors, rotting bollards of tree trunks, and other gear lay on the wall and its inner grassy slope. Near the pill-head the brown ribs of a ketch, almost broken up, lay above the wall. I came to the hump where the road goes over the culvert; and, leaning on the stone parapet, I watched the water of the little river moving with dark eddies under the fender into the leat, and the overflow tumbling into the concrete basin of the weir and sliding down the short length of the weedy fish-pass into the dull and placid level of the rising tide. It barely rippled. The air was still, silvery with eve-star and crescent moon.

The last cart had left the Great

Field, the faint cries of lambs arose under the moon, men were all home to their cottages or playing skittles in the village inns. Resting the weight of my body on the stone, I stared vaguely at the water, thinking how many strange impulses and feelings came helter-skelter out of a man, and how easily it was to judge him falsely by any one act or word. The marshman had pitied a hunted otter; he had raged against a hunting otter; he felt tenderly and protectively toward the ducklings; he would complacently wring their necks when the peas ripened, and sell them for as much money as he could get for them. In the future he would not think otter-hunting a cruel sport. And if the otter-hunters heard that he had trapped and drowned an otter they would be sincerely upset that it had suffered such a cruel and, as it were, an unfair death. Perhaps the only difference between animal and man was that the animal had fewer notions. . . .

I was musing in this idle manner, my thoughts slipping away as water, when I heard a sound somewhere behind me. It was a thin piercing whistle, the cry of an otter. Slowly I moved back my head, till only a part of my face would be visible in silhouette from the water below.

I watched for a bubble, a sinuous shadow, an arrowy ripple, a swirl; I certainly did not expect to see a fat old dog-otter come drifting down on his back, swishing with his rudder and bringing it down with great thwacking splashes on the water while he chewed a half-pound trout held in his short forepaws. My breath ceased; my eyes held from blinking. I had a perfect view of his sturdy body, the yellowish-white patch of fur on his belly below his ribs, his sweeping whiskers, his dark beady eyes. Still chewing, he bumped head-on into the sill, kicked himself upright, walked on the concrete, and

stood there crunching, while the five pools running from his legs and rudder ran into one. He did not chew, as I had read in books of otters chewing; he just stood there on his four legs, the tail half of the trout sticking out of his mouth, and gulped down the bits. That trout had disappeared in about ten seconds. Then the otter leaned down to the water, and lapped as a cat does.

He was old, slow, coarse-haired, and about thirty pounds in weight—the biggest otter I had seen, with the broadest head.

After quenching his thirst he put his head and shoulders under water, holding himself from falling in by his stumpy webbed forefeet, and his rudder, eighteen inches long, pressing down straight behind. He was watching for fish. As though any fish remained in the water flow after that dreaded apparition had come splashing under the culvert!

With the least ripple he slid into the water. I breathed and blinked with relief, but dared not move otherwise. A head looked up almost immediately, and two dark eyes stared at me. The otter sneezed, shook the water out of his small ears, and sank away under. I expected it to be my last sight of the beast, and, leaning over to see if an arrowy ripple pointed upstream, I knocked a piece of loose stone off the parapet. To my amazement he came up near the sill again, with something in his mouth. He swung over on his back, and bit it in play. He climbed on to the sill and dropped it there, and slipped back into the water. It was the stone that had dropped from the parapet!

I kept still. The otter reappeared with something white in his mouth. He dropped it with a tinkle beside the stone, and the tinkle must have pleased him, for he picked up the china sherd—it looked like part of a teacup, with

the handle — and rolled over with it in his paws.

As in other Devon waters, the stream was a pitching place for cottage rubbish, and during the time I was standing by the parapet watching the otter at his play he had collected about a dozen objects — rusty salmon tins, bits of broken glass, sherds of clome pitchers and jam jars, and one half of a sheep's jaw. He ranged them on the sill of the weir, tapping the more musical with a paw, as a cat does, until they fell into the water, when he would dive for and retrieve them.

At the end of about half an hour the sea was lapping over the top of the sill and pressing under the fender. Soon the leat began to brim. The taste of salt water must have made the otter hungry again, or perhaps he had been waiting for the tide, for he left his playthings and, dropping into the water, went down the leat toward the marshman's cottage. I crept stealthily along the grassy border of the road, watching the arrowy ripple, gleaming with silver, of the thin curved moon. The hillside under the ruined chapel above the village of Branton began to show yellow speckles of light in the distant houses. The leat being deserted (for the brood of ducklings with their hen had been shut up for the night), why, then, that sudden swirl and commotion in the water by the flag irises, just where the ducklings had been taken before?

Bubbles broke on the water in strings — big bubbles. Then something heaved glimmering out of the leat, flapping and splashing violently. The noises ceased, and more bubbles came up; the water rocked. Suddenly the splashing increased, and seemed to be moving up and down the leat, breaking the surface of the water. Splashes wetted my face. A big struggle was going on there. After a minute there was a new noise — the noise of sappy

stalks of the flags being broken. Slap, slap, slap, on the water. I saw streaks and spots of phosphorescence, or moon gleams, by the end of the plank. The flapping went on in the meadow beyond the flags, with a sound of biting.

I stood without moving for some minutes, while the biting and squirming went on steadily. My shoes filled with water. The tide had spread silently half across the road. Then the noises ceased. I heard a dull rap, as of something striking the heavy wooden plank under water; a strange noise of blowing, a jangle of iron and a heavy splash, and many bubbles and faint knocking sounds. The otter had stepped on the plank to drink, and was trapped.

III

At last the marshman, having closed *The History of the Jews*, placed his spectacles in their case, drawn on his boots, put on his coat, taken his gun off the nails on the ceiling beam and put it back for a fluke-spearing pronged fork in the corner, and lit the hurricane lamp, said with grim triumph, 'Now us will go vor to see something!' He was highly pleased that he had outwitted the otter.

'There be no hurry, midear,' he said. 'Give'n plenty of time vor to see the water vor the last occasion in his skin.'

We stood awhile by the clammer under the dark and softly shivering leaves of the willow looming over us in the lamplight.

The water had receded from the plank when the last feeble tug had come along the brass wire. The marshman, watched by his dog, hopping round and round on its wooden leg in immense excitement, pulled up the bundle of gins, and the sagging beast held to them by a forepaw. It was quite dead; but the marshman decided to

leave it there all night, to make certain.

'I see on the paper,' he said, 'that a chap up to Lunnon be giving good money vor the best artter skins' — tapping the spearing handle significantly with his hand.

When it had been dropped in the water again we went a few paces into the meadow with the lamp, and there we saw a conger eel, about four feet long, bitten through the head by the otter. It was thick as a man's arm. Suddenly I thought that it must have come with

the high spring tide over the sea wall; and soon afterward the keen-nosed otter, following eagerly its scent where it had squirmed and writhed its way in the grass. The conger had stayed in the leat, hiding in a drain by the flag iris, and coming out when the colder salt water had drifted down.

The marshman carried it back to his cottage and cut it open, and then stared into my face with amazement and sadness, for within the great eel were the remains of his ducklings.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY

BY REAR ADMIRAL CARY T. GRAYSON

I

It is safe to say that primitive man was little concerned about the length of time he had to live. The struggle for existence occupied most of his time and there was little opportunity for reflection, introspection, or speculation about anything but the present or the immediate future. However, as man ascended a little higher in the evolutionary scale he became curious about his span of life. The prayer of the Psalmist, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am,' is one of the early indications of this developing trait.

While he was curious as to the length of his days, there was little evidence that he took any active steps to prolong them. The science of medicine developed slowly, and illness and death were ascribed to the influence of evil spirits rather than to evil

germs or to the natural process of senescence.

However, as man became further civilized he finally arrived at the point where it was not necessary to devote his entire time to the struggle for the necessities of life, and he had leisure to reflect and formulate ideas regarding life and also regarding death and its causes. Medical science began to delve into the abnormal activities of the various organs of the body, and the science of pathology began to show that death was the result of changes in certain of the organs resulting from disease processes. It is rather remarkable that little attempt was made by scientific men in the early days of medicine to investigate changes which occurred in the body by means of post-mortem examination. There was a strong prejudice against allowing this sort of examination to be carried out,

and the early anatomists were frequently subjected to considerable personal danger by insisting on post-mortem examinations and anatomical dissection.

Up to the time of Vesalius, medical men learned anatomy by a study of Galen instead of by performing anatomical dissections. Practical demonstrations were usually made on lower animals, and the pig was frequently chosen for this purpose. Furthermore, the professor was inclined to occupy an elevated seat and discourse learnedly from the writings of Galen and Avicenna while the demonstrator pointed with a long staff to the various organs and the dissection itself was performed by a barber. Vesalius complained bitterly of this arrangement and remarked that his teacher, Guinterius, never used his knife for any other purpose than to cut his steak.

The populace was decidedly against this means of investigation, and, while this feeling has disappeared to a great extent, it has by no means been eradicated even at the present time. The percentage of autopsies in our modern hospitals has been greatly increased in recent years and medical men are losing no opportunity to perfect themselves and to acquire additional skill and knowledge regarding disease processes by this measure. Our hospitals are now graded partly on the percentage of autopsies obtained. An institution showing a decidedly low percentage of autopsies can hardly be expected to be in good standing in the eyes of the medical profession. The inspectors of such a hospital are inclined to believe that the staff of the institution was probably not particularly concerned about what caused the patient's death.

There is probably no one procedure which will tend to enhance medical knowledge and to further the development of the physician's skill to a

greater degree than careful and thorough post-mortem examinations.

As the knowledge of the causes of death was increased, it was but a step for medical men to inquire as to what means might be employed to combat these various causes. It was found that in many instances death was due to an illness which could have been prevented if the weapons known to medical science had been employed at the proper time. From this point the science of preventive medicine began to assume tremendous proportions.

It has only been in comparatively recent years that the germ theory of disease has been definitely established. The magnificent work of Pasteur served to establish beyond any reasonable doubt that many diseases, the origin of which had been obscure up to that time, were due to microorganisms which gained entrance to the body, with dire results to the patient. From this important discovery rapid strides were made, and preventive medicine has now succeeded in controlling in large measure many of the infectious and contagious diseases which only a short time ago caused tremendous havoc. These preventive measures also resulted in a tremendous drop in infant mortality and a consequent increase in the average span of life.

II

As we ascend in the scale of life and as the organism becomes more complicated and specialized, the power of rejuvenation manifested in some of the lower forms of life becomes lost. Restoration of certain parts which may become lost through violence or disease becomes completely impossible when we reach man. Disability and death are necessary if evolution is to proceed. As the higher organism develops specialized functions of the various

organs, death becomes inevitable and really serves to advance life further in the evolutionary scale.

The unicellular organism at the bottom of the scale is immortal in the sense that natural death does not occur. With a favorable environment, the *Paramecium*, a genus of infusorians, has been observed to pass through 8500 generations without a single natural death. However, there was no advancement in these succeeding generations, and to pay for immortality at such a price would be a decidedly poor investment. As life becomes more worth-while and as specialized functions of the various organs become the rule, the capacity for rejuvenescence becomes increasingly less. It is estimated that, in certain species of worms, $\frac{1}{100}$ of the original worm will regenerate and grow into a complete animal. Furthermore, these reconstituted animals appear younger than the parent from which the piece was taken.

In spite of the fact that death is inevitable, man has arrived at the stage where he is devoting considerable time and energy to postponing this change as long as possible. Death still remains a mystery from which the individual instinctively shrinks.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

The transition from life to death does not take place in the twinkling of an eye, and it is often difficult to state at just what moment the actual change occurred. In many instances the heart continues to beat for as much as fifteen minutes after respiration ceases. We know that many of the cells of various organs continue to live after what we term death has occurred. If these cells are placed under proper environmental surroundings, they may continue to live for an indefinite period. Nevertheless

the individual, as a whole, has ceased to exist.

Self-preservation, the desire to live, may be considered a universal attribute of the human race, in spite of the fact that there are occasionally isolated examples where this desire to live has ceased. The occasional individual who takes it upon himself to end his existence, or the individual who, through disease or suffering, looks forward eagerly toward death, represents but a small percentage of the human race. However, to well-regulated minds death loses much of its sinister quality and comes to be regarded, in due course, as a fitting climax to human destiny, so that it can be approached with a feeling of resignation much as one, after a hard day, looks forward to evening sleep.

The desire to live long is accompanied by the desire to live efficiently, and any programme which has for its object the prolongation of human life must also have, accompanying this increased span of life, the ability of the individual to engage actively and with some degree of effectiveness in the affairs of life. Merely to live offers little to the individual if he has lost the ability to think, to grieve, or to hope. There is perhaps no more depressing picture than that of the person who remains on the stage after his act is over. To prolong physical life beyond the period of mental activity could hardly be regarded as a worth-while procedure. In other words, in addition to promoting longevity, it becomes essential that a certain degree of health, both mental and physical, be maintained. The term 'health' is a most elastic quality, difficult to define. I can find no more illuminating definition than that given by Culverwell in a treatise published in 1848: —

He who can see well, hear rightly, can feel his firm purchase on the earth, can fill and

empty his lungs, knows the pleasing pain of hunger, and possesses the satisfaction of appeasing it; can sleep soundly — can run or jump — whose memory is obedient to what he stores it with — whose heart is light, and whose body carries with it no pain; — is not such a state of existence delightful? for such is health.

Probably at no other time in the history of the human race has so much attention been paid to the problem of prolonging the span of life. This problem is being attacked from many different angles and by workers in widely separated fields. National and international organizations are directing their energies along these lines, and the governments of practically every civilized country are taking steps to promote longevity among their citizens.

Public-health officials are constantly striving to curtail and eventually eliminate the communicable diseases. Quarantine measures to prevent the spread of this type of disease are being rigidly enforced.

Communities have taken it upon themselves to protect the individual health of their citizens, and no political régime could long remain in power which did not have among its primary objectives that of ensuring an adequate supply of good water, an efficient sewage disposal system, a careful sanitary inspection of foods and drinks, and the protection of its citizens against contagious disease which might arise in their midst. These measures, when intelligently employed, have a remarkable effect in lowering the morbidity and mortality rate of the community. The citizens so protected are on a better economic basis, and the community as a whole is decidedly more prosperous.

The result of this work has greatly justified the efforts made, and the expectation of life in practically every civilized country has become greatly lengthened as a result.

III

From time to time questions are raised about this increase in the span of life, and the Biblical ages are frequently brought forward to disprove the point that man's average length of life is greater at the present time. It is certainly questionable whether the term 'years' used in the Bible had the same significance that we attach to it at present. No doubt there were some individuals, as Moses and Jacob, who lived considerably beyond the average span of life of their times. The old records found in the Egyptian tombs indicate that the expectancy of life about two thousand years ago was only a little over thirty years. The mortality among children and young adults was decidedly higher than now. Among the Romans, the expectancy of life was little better. Rome was notorious for her hatred of doctors. Gradually Greek physicians settled in Rome, but were received with little enthusiasm on the part of the Roman citizenry. Pliny comments on this attitude of the Roman as follows: 'The dignity of the Roman does not permit him to make a profession of medicine, and the few Romans who begin to study it are venal renegades to the Greeks.'

One of the first tables showing the expectancy of life was prepared by the astronomer, Halley, more familiar to us because of the comet bearing his name than as a statistician. Halley showed that the expectancy of life at birth in the city of Breslau in 1691 was approximately thirty-three years. In the middle of the eighteenth century the expectancy of life at birth in England was thirty-nine years. Following the great sanitary awakening which occurred in practically all civilized countries, the span of life has greatly increased, due to the magic wand of preventive medicine.

At the present time the expectancy of life at birth in the United States has risen to fifty-eight years. These figures represent the trend except for certain countries such as India, where overcrowding and poor sanitation leave the expectancy of life at birth still not more than thirty years.

The desire to prolong life further has resulted in much interesting study, and there is hardly an avenue at present that has not been opened up as a field for investigation to promote longevity still further. In his desire to escape the inevitable as long as possible, man has not always confined himself to strictly scientific measures. Many bizarre, amusing, and even ridiculous measures have been advocated from time to time to ensure longer life.

The secret of life, or the so-called 'elixir of life,' has been sought by many gallant and adventurous spirits in many climes, but always without success. Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth is but an instance of man's desire through the ages to escape senescence, decay, and death.

In our own day and age equally startling formulas for escaping senility have been advanced and recommended to an unsuspecting public. Perhaps no one method of ensuring longevity has been oftener advocated by extremists than some sort of dietary régime. The disciples of a strictly vegetarian diet often become very insistent on the virtues of this procedure. One is able to call up a long array of enthusiasts who have recommended first one and then another article of diet as having particular value in promoting longevity. We have advocates of the milk diet, a ration confined to peanuts, a dietary which contains a reasonable amount of alcoholic spirits, and on the other hand a dietary which excludes all alcoholic liquors. No claim is too startling to receive atten-

tion and, as a rule, the more unusual the diet which is recommended, the greater hold it has on popular fancy for the moment.

There can be little doubt that food has a material and decided bearing on health and length of life. Many scientific data have been accumulated by experts in this field to show the important bearing which food intake has on health. We know that the absence of certain foods may result in disease and we have also learned that overindulgence in certain foods has a decided tendency to produce disease. The discovery of principles in food to which the name 'vitamins' has been applied has shown that it is not sufficient to consider merely the caloric value of food, but that this content of vitamins must be considered as practically of equal importance with the calorie intake. There are well-established vitamin-deficiency diseases, such as scurvy, rickets, and beriberi, and the list of diseases due to such food deficiencies will no doubt lengthen as additional knowledge is accumulated.

There are dietary régimes handed down from the earliest recorded times as panaceas for almost all bodily ills. It is a rather significant fact that the diet of races in different parts of the world differs widely and has become adapted to the varying needs of the particular races.

Among the rules of health laid down by Plutarch, the most important, perhaps, were those dealing with diet. He emphasized particularly the merits of a simple ration, and the observations of this sage can still be applied to the modern dietary with great advantage.

Perhaps next in the frequency with which their value has been stressed come the various forms of exercise which have been recommended for their particular health-giving qualities. The public is

besieged with importunities to adopt this or that particular system of physical culture, and no claim is too extravagant for some of the advocates of this means of prolonging life.

It is generally recognized that exercise of the various muscles of the body is quite necessary if their tone is to be maintained and if a correct posture is to be ensured. Daily moderate exercise in the open air can be put down as a distinct asset and a health-giving procedure. This need for exercise, however, is a distinct development of civilization. Prehistoric man was compelled to take his exercise if he would procure an adequate supply of food and if he would insure himself against attack by wild animals and molestation by marauding tribes. He had no means of transportation and made his way across country without hope of a lift, with little in the way of trails, with practically no bridges, and often at great personal risk from the elements and from unfriendly neighbors. The unfit physically as well as mentally were unable to keep up with this strenuous pace, and eventually fell by the wayside or were abandoned. A stout heart, good wind, and strong limbs were an absolute necessity if the individual hoped to survive. No hospitals, charitable institutions, or asylums served to keep the unfit alive, and life was little prolonged beyond the useful productive period.

It is difficult to imagine 'Chief Running Bear' assembling his tribe and delivering an address to them on the advantage of regular daily exercise in the open air. These things were as necessary to the survival of the tribe as food or drink, and the natives would no doubt have considered the Chief to be in his dotage if he had delivered such a dissertation — just as much so, perhaps, as if he had advised them to partake daily of food and drink. Modern

civilization, however, has made it possible for the individual to survive with less and less in the way of physical exertion. Modern means of transportation, labor-saving devices, the push button, the telephone and telegraph, and finally the radio have made it possible for the individual of even moderate circumstances to procure the necessities of life and even a certain amount of relaxation and amusement without the necessity of indulging in much physical exertion.

Can you conceive of Governor Winthrop issuing an edict to the early colonists, advising them to assemble each morning for regular setting-up drill? No doubt the colonists, receiving such an order after a hard day in the fields, would have held a meeting and immediately put the Governor down as being stark mad.

Nevertheless, at the present day the necessity for encouraging regular daily exercise is generally recognized. One great life-insurance company, at considerable expense, broadcasts each morning a set of exercises designed to improve bodily health and prolong life. Now life-insurance companies are not exactly philanthropic institutions, but they recognize the fact that regular daily exercise tends to promote health and increase longevity, and as a consequence results in increased savings and greater dividends to the stockholders.

Physiologists have shown the profound influence which many of the glands of the body have on growth and health, and indeed it is not surprising that the glands of reproduction have come in for particularly close investigation. Numerous researches have been made and much experimental work undertaken in an attempt to show that the glands of reproduction have a bearing on longevity.

It can be said without hesitation that

at the present time there is little or no evidence to show that the so-called 'gland transplantation' has any bearing whatever in promoting the span of productive life. Nevertheless, the claims for this particular procedure are extravagant and spectacular, and the public is reluctant to abandon such a simple method of escaping senescence. It would be nearer the truth to say that normal functional activity of these glands was the result of robust health in the individual rather than the cause of it.

While it is possible at present to prevent, in many instances, death due to contagious or infectious disease, not nearly so much headway has been made in curtailing deaths due to the degenerative diseases, particularly those affecting the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys. A careful study has been instituted in recent years on the hereditary factors in disease; and, while these studies are still in their infancy, it has become increasingly apparent that there is no one factor which has a greater bearing on the span of life than heredity. Long-lived families tend to produce long-lived offspring, and the children of short-lived families show a decided tendency to be short-lived themselves.

It is recognized that every individual comes into the world endowed with a certain quality as well as quantity of cells. In some instances this quality is inferior; in others, the standard is high. Diseases of the heart and blood vessels now lead all other causes of death, and it is a common observation that the children of apoplectic parents are frequently endowed themselves with arterial tubing of an inferior quality. No doubt future studies will show an even greater relationship between heredity and disease tendencies than we are able to establish at present.

IV

It is interesting to survey the recorded instances where the span of life has been prolonged greatly beyond the average. A careful survey of biographical examples indicates that there is considerable capriciousness with which the gods of longevity select individuals to join their ranks. When the records of many of the so-called 'centenarians' are critically examined, it is found that data regarding their birth often are obscure or impossible to obtain and that the individual himself, although admittedly old, has a tendency to confuse events which he heard about in his childhood and gradually assume that they took place during his early life. Nevertheless, when these instances are eliminated, there still remains a considerable group who have attained an expectancy of life decidedly greater than the average.

It is possible to find to-day many individuals who have passed the age of ninety, and even some who have passed the age of one hundred and whose records leave no doubt as to these facts. However, when we come to examine these individuals closely, we find that they do not conform to any particular type, race, color, or creed. Further, if we question them regarding the secret of their longevity, the answers are often vague, misleading, or absolutely contradictory. One centenarian may attribute his long life to the fact that he never used tobacco or alcoholic liquor, while the very next one interviewed may ascribe his long life to the moderate indulgence in tobacco and alcoholic spirits. We find in some instances that the individual has eaten meat regularly throughout his life and in other instances that he curtailed or entirely abstained from this article of diet. One man may give a history of regular daily exercise, whereas in another

instance there is little to indicate that he ever took any more exercise than that necessary to go down to the corner store for another cigar.

The mental traits of these centenarians are sometimes advanced as having a distinct bearing on their increased span of life. There can be little doubt that, other things being equal, a calm, placid, and optimistic outlook on life is a health asset. On the other hand, some of our longest livers have been men of impetuous natures, quick to anger, and given to violent emotions. The greatest longevity attained by any of our Presidents was that of John Adams, who was particularly noted for his quarrelsome disposition, hot temper, and violent outbreaks of rage. Yet he lived well into his ninety-first year.

The influence of the mind over the state of bodily well-being is frequently stressed, and there are those who ascribe tremendous weight to this influence. That there is such a relationship no careful investigator questions, but that the mental faculties can of themselves protect the individual against disease, or against the natural processes of senescence, still lacks adequate proof, to say the least.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

No statistics are available to indicate that this group of individuals are more free from disease or attain any greater longevity than that of the average of their community.

We must admit that the fountain of eternal youth has not been located and that all signs point to the fact that it does not exist. Furthermore, it is undoubtedly to the best interest of the human race that the elixir of life has not and probably never will be compounded. Goethe speaks of death as nature's device for securing an abundance of life.

Nevertheless, efforts to increase longevity and to defer as long as possible the processes of senescence and death will continue to be made, and it is reasonable to assume that man's span of useful life will be still further lengthened as a result of these efforts.

V

From this brief survey, then, what factors can we stress that may have a favorable influence on longevity? In the first place, if you would attain long life, select your ancestors with great care from long-lived stock and ensure that you are endowed with a good quality of cells whose functional activity will continue through the stress and strain of many years. Having started out in life with this superior equipment, husband your resources carefully. You have at the outset a considerable surplus of functional activity of practically all organs. You have probably at least twice as much kidney substance as is necessary to carry on efficiently the work of these structures. Likewise, the lungs, heart, and other vital organs have a considerable amount of reserve. You may expend this reserve freely and even riotously, or you may conserve it rigidly and even add to the store by careful personal hygiene. To attempt to lay down rules of life regarding work, sleep, play, and rest which all might follow would be particularly futile. Each individual is equipped with an heredity and is surrounded with environmental influences which serve to distinguish him from every other individual. 'One man's meat is another man's poison' contains an element of truth which would serve to discredit a common routine of hygiene for all individuals.

Moderation, temperance, sobriety, are terms somewhat synonymous, but

are attributes worthy to acquire if one would extend his span of life.

Medical science offers to the individual the opportunity to protect himself against many of the communicable diseases, and there is little excuse for the well-informed person to succumb or to allow his children to succumb to the ravages of such diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, and scarlet fever.

The science of dietetics has now been placed on a much firmer foundation than at any time in past history, and it behooves the individual to inform himself on these matters.

To hope that medical science will some day bring forth a simple recipe which will ensure health and promote longevity without effort on the part of the individual or the community is distinctly fallacious and misleading.

Public health has passed far beyond the idea of simply preventing contagious disease. The problem of the future will probably be intimately connected with that of heredity. In his early stages of development man was subjected to the process of natural selection, but upon reaching the civilized state he has gotten further and further from this path. The unfit physically as well as mentally are now surrounded by a multitude of protective laws; and tremendous sums are available from charitable organizations and from the public treasury further to perpetuate this group of individuals who, in a primitive state, would quickly be eliminated.

Herbert Spencer, years ago, expressed his fear of these measures as follows:—

Any arrangements which, in any considerable degree, prevent superiority from profiting by the rewards of superiority, or shield inferiority from the evils it entails—any arrangements which tend to make it as well to be inferior as to be superior, are arrangements diametrically opposed to the progress of organization and the reaching of a higher life.

While no one would advise that these unfortunate individuals be cast out, it might certainly be worth while to inquire as to whether it is not possible to curtail the production of such individuals, or at least to see that such derelicts and incompetents do not perpetuate their stock.

Hardly a week passes without the announcement that some new movement is under way which has as its object the saving of human life. Modern medicine is now being taught throughout the world, and the saving or prolongation of human life will continue to go forward and our humanitarian instincts will continue to dominate our activity.

While the desire to live long is making itself manifest with increasing force, at the same time death has lost much of its terror for the well-trained mind. It can be said that, as a rule, the nearer the individual approaches a natural death, the less repugnant it becomes, and that, having fulfilled his destiny on earth, man, buoyed up by faith and hope, steps off into the Unknown courageously and with firm tread.

A FREE MAN

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

PRESSED sorely on all sides, but loath to yield,
Sometimes when it has seemed that I must die
I see your banner, sharp against the sky,
And catch the glitter of your battered shield.
Then, spite of weariness, my arm is steeled
To lift my own discouraged banner high
And gather laughter for a battle cry
To fling against the fiercely crowding field.

I know what friendless struggles you incur,
Faring so carelessly in ways apart,
Still smiling to yourself, unconquered still,
Wielding the lightning blade Excalibur,
Your fair white plume unstained, O Gallant Heart,
Armored in triple mail from every ill.

THE SMILING CENSOR

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

SIGMUND FREUD and his disciples have made us all acquainted with the Censor. He is as real a person to our imagination as was the tithing man to the small boys in the Puritan meeting-house. He is the grim guardian of the respectabilities in that anarchic region which we call the mind.

To the old-fashioned psychologist the mind was a well-ordered city, with the streets well paved and lighted and the limits of each ward well defined. Reason was the Lord Mayor, and the various mental faculties formed the Board of Aldermen. If there were any recalcitrant citizens they were promptly jailed.

But it is so no longer. The mind is revealed to us in a state of perpetual insurgency. It is nature in a state of eruption. Instincts, desires, inchoate tendencies, lawless appetites, contend for the chance for expression. It is the realm of chaos and old night, with here and there a gleam of delusive sham rationality. For, the more rational we are in our own eyes, the more we are in error. It appears that our Calvinistic ancestors minimized our inherent depravity. We are prone to do evil even as the sparks are to fly upward. But the sparks are nothing to the smoke that is produced. The subconsciousness, with its love of the forbidden, is all the time conspiring with the remote past against the peace of the present. What would happen if the subconsciousness were not interfered with we do not know. Perhaps we should enjoy that innocence which we attribute to

those animals whose instincts do not interfere with our comfort. We all concede that lambs are innocent, though we have our doubts about tigers and rattlesnakes.

But it appears that our instinctive life is sadly interfered with by the Censor. Just how the Censor got his coercive power is a little doubtful to the layman, but there he is. He represents neither nature nor grace, but only an ungracious and unnatural form of social authority. He does not correspond to Wordsworth's Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God. He is stern enough, but there is no claim that he belongs to the nature of things. He seems rather to be imposed on nature to repress it. He represents, not the vital urge for perfection, but only the rigid forms of conventional righteousness. He upholds those restrictions which the social consciousness would impose upon our subconscious selves. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Ancestral conflicts whose merits have been forgotten remain to trouble our nerves. Over every pleasant path the Censor writes, 'Verboten.'

The first efforts of the individual at self-expression are thwarted. There is a vague rebelliousness against all the unpleasant things that are good for him, and a hankering after delights that are denied. For the Censor is watchful. Then follows the exciting story of the internal conflicts as the wily instincts seek to escape from the tyranny of their betters. There are all

sorts of subterfuges. No detective story can compare with the account of what takes place as by symbolism, substitution, and indirection the natural man resists the attempts to improve him. He will not be moralized or rationalized if he can help it. He will not have his mind unified, but insists, like the demoniac in the New Testament, on his wild multitudinousness. 'My name is Legion: for we are many.' His only aim is to outwit the Censor.

In the meantime, amid all the hurly-burly, the Freudian Censor appears like the Phantasm of Jupiter in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers, wrong.

He does wrong to the instincts because he stands for an unnatural righteousness which they do not understand. Let me appeal, reader, to your experience. I shall not ask you to recall a dream in order to give me the pleasure of interpreting it. Neither shall I try to delve into the obscure memory of what happened to you at the age of three. I shall remain in the open and consider what floats on the broad surface of your waking mentality.

Have you never had a thought which at the moment coruscated in your mental firmament like a meteor? Its brilliancy dazzled you; it flattered your ego. It was so unlike the thoughts of other people that it craved instant expression. It was not to be hidden under a bushel; it was something that should be shouted from the housetops. It was a Whitmanesque thought, fit to be uttered with a barbaric yawp from the roofs of the world. And, strangely enough, it was your thought.

Did you utter it? Not at all. No, you concealed it. Why? It was not

because you were afraid of public opinion. It was not because you thought it was unconventional, and so might offend. It was because you caught the eye of the quick-witted Censor in your own mind. You saw the warning twinkle, and the suspicious twitching of his lips. The Censor had appraised your unwonted thought. There was no stern rebuke. He did n't declare that your thought was dangerous to the public, or that it was illogical or morally wrong. He simply notified you in advance that what you were about to say was utterly absurd.

And so you did n't say it. Suddenly you saw the abyss of the ridiculous into which you were about to plunge, and drew back. No man looking at you would know how near you were to making a fool of yourself.

One who is not an adept in psychoanalytic lore has no right to deny the existence of the Freudian Censor, or to make light of the unwholesome repressions which come from the fear of his rebuking eye.

But the layman has his rights, too, and may be allowed to make his modest suggestion. The discovery of censors is a game that two can play at. There is a kind of censorship, of which there is some evidence in the working of the normal mind, that is equally effective and much more pleasant.

I should like to draw attention to a censor whose influence is altogether beneficent, but who has real power. His business is not to repress nature in the interest of conventionality, but to repress both nature and conventionality in the interest of health and happiness. I call him the Civilized Censor, as he has to do chiefly with the behavior of more or less civilized people. His only weapon is a wise smile.

MEDIEVAL THINKING

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

I

MANY thoughtful men, both lay and clerical, within the Church are convinced that there is some basic flaw in the mode and character of Catholic religious teaching. The Catholic Church professes to be the sole medium of salvation divinely established upon earth. She claims to be the official representative of Christ, naming the Roman Pontiff Christ's vicar on earth. She is known to her adherents as a divine society, perfect in power and authority, the custodian of revelation and of all other means intended by God for the sanctification of mankind. She concedes to no other cult or religion the prerogative of saving souls. She teaches that all men should become her members to be saved. Pope Pius IX condemned this proposition: 'Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which his reason leads him to think the true religion.' The doctrine 'Without the Church there is no salvation' has been frequently proclaimed. There is, of course, a reasonable theological explanation of this attitude, viewed from the standpoint of Catholic principles.

One sole phase of this teaching concerns us here. By her own profession the Catholic Church assumes responsibility for the world's morality and the sanctification of mankind. Is the Church fulfilling this grave duty to humanity? Let us face the facts unflinchingly. Are Catholics distinguished from other religionists by their virtues? Are they more honorable in

politics, more honest in business, more scrupulous in their morals than their fellow citizens? It were preposterous to make this claim. The fact is that not long since a zealous priest conducted a press controversy in which he strove to prove that Catholics have *not more than their numerical proportion of criminals in our penal institutions.* In extenuation of this flagrant fact the author maintained that the criminal reared in the faith simply proved by his crime that he had been unfaithful to his early teachings. Hence, he would have us believe, the large number of Catholic criminals in no wise reflects upon the Church. Yet someone must be responsible for the imperfect moral training of the criminal.

Many are strikingly smug in this regard. In the face of prevalent moral evil, they point to the beauty and sanctity of Catholic doctrine. Yet these holy and beautiful teachings have no consistent value save when expressed in terms of holy and beautiful lives. There are undoubtedly in the country five or six millions of foreign-born Catholics who have abandoned the Church and religion. Are the authorities striving to correct this condition? Ask them about it. They will, if they are reckless enough to express their feelings, say, Let the Pope look after the million or two Italians who have lost the faith in this country. They will tell you that European Catholics are not sufficiently instructed in the

doctrines of the faith. Ask them, then, how many American Catholics, educated in Catholic schools and colleges, fall away from the faith each year. They have no record of this leakage. On the other hand, there is a list of converts assiduously kept and published annually.

Self-delusion is pathetic in its relation to the individual and tragic when it entails such consequences to the human race. The fact — hard as it is to admit — is that the Catholic Church has never sought to develop intelligent faith. The Church has never encouraged religious thought in the individual Catholic. She demands abject intellectual submission to her teachings. Alleged explanations of doctrine are nothing else than controversial arguments. These too are to be accepted in the humility of obedience due to authority. The intellectual coercion practised in the Church to-day is just as debasing to human dignity as was the physical coercion which the Church practised in the Middle Ages.

Heresy-hunting has been a mania in the Church for many centuries. While she possessed political power, regulations covering heresy were common. In 1229 the Cardinal Legate of Rome published, among others, these ordinances: 'The house in which a heretic has been discovered shall be torn down and the goods confiscated. . . . Laymen should not possess the Old Testament and the New Testament; they shall have only the Psalter, the Breviary and the book of feasts of the Blessed Virgin; furthermore, those books (the Old and New Testaments) shall not be translated into the language of the country. . . . He who is accused of heresy or simply suspected shall not be permitted to practise medicine. . . . Parishioners, especially the husband and wife of each house, shall go to church on Sundays and

feasts and assist at the sermon as well as at the whole divine service. . . . Those who fail, without sufficient reason, shall pay a fine of twelve pence of Tours, of which half shall go to the civil lord and half to the priest or the church.'

Another list of regulations published in 1254 contains the following: 'The bishops shall establish inquisitors in each parish (of their diocese), that is, a cleric and a layman whose duty it shall be to seek out, with care, the heretics and denounce them as promptly as possible to the bishop. . . . For each heretic that they shall deliver and make prisoner they shall receive a silver coin. . . . If possible, this money is to be collected from the goods of the heretic. . . . Whoever permits a heretic to dwell on his property, shall lose that property. . . . The bodies of those who die in heresy shall be exhumed and burned.'

These are but a few casual examples of the ecclesiastical ordinances which prevailed in the Middle Ages. The people practised their religion through fear of fines and punishment. They were ever haunted by the dread of being dragged before the Inquisition, where they often had little hope of proving their innocence. An ordinance promulgated by the Archbishop of Tours in 1253 reads: 'He who has been cited before the bishop or the inquisitors and refuses to appear, but remains obstinate in the excommunication which he has thereby incurred, shall be condemned as a heretic even though no proof can be adduced against him.' It is easy to conceive the kind of faith that was engendered in the hearts of the people by these methods.

Yet the same general ecclesiastical policy prevails to-day. Of course the Church no longer has power to fine, imprison, or condemn to death those who are recreant in faith or

practice. Now the Church is limited to spiritual and moral punishments. He who to-day is suspected of heresy is but morally tortured. The Holy Office of the Inquisition can but excommunicate him or put his writings on the Index, and thereby disgrace him among his coreligionists.

Not long since an American bishop was called to Rome because he had protested against applying to the Roman Curia for permission to grant dispensations and subsequently reporting the granted dispensations to Rome. (Incidentally, the fees given in return for the dispensations are split with Curia officials according to the requisitions.) The Pope received the American bishop kindly, but suggested that he resign within a year. Nevertheless, the day before his departure from Rome he was cited by the Cardinal Vicar and a document outlining his resignation was put before him. He was told that he must either sign on the moment or appear before the Holy Office to answer for his orthodoxy. He signed. Suspension or excommunication is often worse than death for a self-respecting priest or bishop. Similarly, to have a book placed on the Index is generally, for the Catholic writer, to suffer moral death in the sphere of ecclesiastical writing.

Every book on religion or related topics written by Catholics must be submitted to the diocesan bishop for approval. Yet this approval does not insure the writer against the condemnation of the Holy Office and the placing of his work on the Index. True research is therefore impossible with the Catholic author. He must begin with his conclusion. Nor, in all his work, may he ever safely lose sight of this conclusion. In other words, he knows before he begins his studies the deductions which he will have to make to be orthodox. This is particularly true

in the sphere of Scriptural study. The student of this subject walks on particularly thin ice. A year or two ago the Abbé Brassac of Paris met a sad fate. His Biblical work has been known for two generations throughout the world and his texts were used in three or four score of seminaries. Like a thunderbolt the condemnation came. All his books, including some unpublished manuscripts, were put on the Index by the Holy Office.

The people are ruled with the same rigor. It is not uncommon to find bishops in this country denying the sacraments to parents who refuse to send their children to a parochial school. Those who fail to confess their sins to the priest at least once a year are thereby excommunicated, and are not to be accorded Christian burial if they die unshriven. Those who join the Masons or other forbidden societies such as the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias are excommunicated. This rigid spirit is particularly manifest in the laws regarding marriage, especially since the promulgation of the new marriage laws in 1917. Those who go before a civil magistrate or a non-Catholic clergyman to be married are denied the sacraments and their marriage is declared null and void. The marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant or unbeliever is considered null and void, and declared to be sinful unless it was contracted, by ecclesiastical dispensation, before the parish priest and two witnesses. The non-Catholic party who marries a Catholic must make a written agreement, signed by witnesses, that all the children of the union shall be reared in the Catholic faith, even though the Catholic party should die while the children are young.

The same mediæval abhorrence for heresy still prevails. It is a mortal sin — a sin sufficient to send a soul to

Hell — to attend Protestant religious services, though at weddings and funerals the offense is commonly overlooked. It is forbidden under pain of excommunication to read books and pamphlets on religious topics written by non-Catholics. The dead body of a non-Catholic husband or wife, even though the marriage was contracted according to the prescriptions of the Church, may never be buried beside that of the Catholic party in a consecrated Catholic cemetery. If such burial were to take place in consecrated ground, the cemetery would be desecrated and would have to be reconsecrated. It is not permitted to offer public prayers in a Catholic church for departed non-Catholics, even though they be fathers or mothers of devout members.

The people are taught to abhor heresy as a grave sin. In fact, sin and eternal damnation are constantly impressed upon their minds to make them fear the avenging God whom they worship. It is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday or holydays. It is a mortal sin willfully to eat meat on Friday or other days of abstinence. To break the fast on a fast day is a mortal sin. One Moral Theologian says: 'To take four ounces more than the amount permitted for the evening collation breaks the fast.' It is a mortal sin to receive Communion after knowingly taking drink or food. These and a thousand other mortal sins are propounded in Moral Theology.

II

It is a repressive system, without the constructive elements that appeal to enlightened minds. Indeed, the modern mind is becoming ever more enlightened, all scoffing by ecclesiastics to the contrary notwithstanding. It is common for Catholics to point to the

greatness of the Middle Ages. Such works as *The Thirteenth Century*, *the Greatest of Centuries* propagate the idea. Yet the rest of the world, taking its cue from history, calls those centuries the Dark Ages. Dark indeed they were, dark in the gloom of popular ignorance. Religious instruction was practically unknown for several centuries. The people were herded into the Church like so many cattle. From the fifth to the fifteenth century there is to be found no single text intended for the religious instruction of the people. In all those centuries there is no ecclesiastical legislation which demands of ordinary folk more knowledge of religion than the Our Father and the Apostles' Creed.

For a thousand years popularized dogmatism was considered unnecessary. It was only after the Reformation and after the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century that dogmatic teaching was generally introduced for the Catholic laity. At that time the Catechism was invented 'to offset the heresies that are fast spreading throughout Europe,' as is explained in the preface of the Roman Catechism. According to one American Catholic educator, the Church has been on the defensive for nearly four centuries. Her popular religious instruction is, for the most part, polemical in character. The people are taught definitions and arguments intended primarily as means of confounding heretics. Popular religious works are usually compiled in the same spirit.

There is little in this sort of teaching which will appeal to the modern mind which has learned to think for itself. Some good men of the writer's acquaintance are prone to ridicule the intellectualism of to-day. They are undoubtedly sincere, for they have in mind the academic ideas of bygone ages. But modern thought is based, not

upon pure academic training, but upon human experience. Even the simplest minds of to-day are enabled to know something of the race and its conditions in all parts of the world. Modern inventions have made this possible. The human race began its progressive career, began to find itself, as soon as the intellectual revolutionists had broken the shackles of traditionalism from the human mind.

In our day it is no longer sufficient to cite the greatness of the past as standards of human thought and achievement. To-day men have lifted their faces to the sun and are peering, with their mind's eye, into the yet undiscovered glory of the future. This is true not only in the sphere of science, education, and social relations, but also in that of religion. The Catholic Church has no sympathy with this spirit. From the Catholic point of view, religious development is unthinkable. The Book of divine revelation closed, indeed, with the death of Saint John, the Apostle. There is no difficulty in that fact. But it is of vital import to consider that the book of Catholic theological thought was closed several centuries ago. For seven hundred years there has been no progress in the field of Catholic Theology. The conclusions formed and enunciated by the Scholastics form the body of religious teaching delivered both to the clergy and to the laity of our day. No new religious experience is possible. The saints of long ago are proposed to the people as the models of their spiritual lives.

Spirituality in the Catholic Church is largely a matter of routine and formalism. Spiritual writers warn the fervents against practices that are not approved by competent authority. Assiduous attendance at divine services, zealous frequentation of the sacraments, tireless devotion in the repetition of ready-made prayers, daily

examination of conscience according to the formularies prescribed — these are basic practices of the spiritual life. Thus salvation becomes a matter of control by authority. In fact, salvation in the Catholic Church might be looked upon as an official proceeding. Little is required on the part of the individual save faithful observance of ecclesiastical ordinances. He is most devout and saintly when he is most a child reposing complacently on the bosom of Mother Church.

But the modern mind is no longer satisfied with this infantile state of blessedness. Men have grown up, intellectually. They are embarrassed when they are forced to feed on the pap of intellectual traditionalism. They feel the movement of new powers within their veins. They long for personal religious experience, experience not set down in books, experience not preached at them in theological terms from pulpits.

The modern religious mind has no case against the Gospel of Christ. Most men of to-day, if they had never been antagonized by church organizations, would be inclined to adopt the sweet philosophy of Christ. Most Christians, of whatsoever denomination, would find it easy to accept the doctrines that prevailed in the first three centuries of the Church. Those simple teachings are all contained in that profession of Christian faith known as the Apostles' Creed. The form used in Rome for many centuries is the following: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty; and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, he was crucified under Pontius Pilate and was buried, the third day he arose from the dead, he ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of the Father, thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead. And in the

Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh.'

How far afield has the Church gone from this simple statement of truth! How different from this concise outline of Christian doctrine are the theological systems of to-day!

Theology is called the elaboration of Christ's teaching. But Christ's teaching was vital, dynamic. It outlined in simple phrases and examples a beautiful philosophy of life. Theology, on the other hand, is a speculative science which belongs to the academic sphere. It is the rationalistic development of Christian doctrine. It is built upon the framework of pagan philosophy. It has served rather to confuse than to clarify the human mind on the problems of divine truth. It has precipitated the world into a confusion of Christian religions. It has been the occasion, for long centuries, of enmities and bitterness. It prepared the materials for that barbarous institution known as the Inquisition, through which thousands of innocent victims were cast into dungeons, torn limb from limb, or burned at the stake. It set the stage for the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has made the civilized world a battle ground of religious hatred and bigotry.

Why speculate upon the divine attributes according to the syllogistic method of Aristotle when we have God's own image and His glorious handiwork before us? The great open book of nature portrays God's love and bounty in such terms that all may read and understand. In its beauteous pages there are no obscure passages. There is no heresy possible in that great religious revelation. Modern man, in his new-found intellectual freedom, is just beginning to discover the treasures with which God has filled the universe.

Perhaps some future generation will find that the earth itself is the Garden of Eden, lost by man's ignorance, and restored by scientific research to be again a paradise of delights for the human race.

III

Theology contains no treatise on man. He is but a pawn in the scheme of overorganized religions. Yet in him we have, as Genesis avers, God's own image and likeness. Man is a noble, a godlike creature, made to rule the forces and the powers of earth. 'And He said: Let us make man to our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth.' By implication theological religion fails to recognize this nobility and this sovereign character in man. Though he is fashioned after divinity itself, he is taught that he is an abject creature fit only to cringe before the very God whom he resembles. Though he possesses intellectual powers that are the same, in kind, as those of God Himself, in speculating about his Creator he is not permitted to use them.

If, therefore, the human mind and heart are but replicas of God's love and intellect, why should we not seek therein to know God? If God's intellect is the infinite prototype of man's finite intellect, both must necessarily love the same truth and both must love it by nature. How glorious, then, should be the quest of truth, both for the individual and for the race. Man on earth is set upon a great adventure, seeking to find and to enjoy as much truth as he may. Instead of trying to determine, by philosophical procedure, the meaning of God's designs, why should we not study the characteristics of the human mind? If the human intellect is a counterpart of God's

intellect, it must needs reveal to us in its workings the basic trends of the divine mind.

God's image is chiefly in the human soul, says the Catechism. Hence our love must necessarily have the same general qualities as God's love. To understand God's love, then, it is perhaps necessary only to study the nobler elements of human love. How can man sin in his love? True, in his ignorance, he may love unworthy objects. But willfully and maliciously to love evil as evil is just as impossible for his will as it is for his intellect deliberately and perversely to choose error as error. Man, by his nature, can choose nothing else than the good and the true. If he choose evil he must do so under the guise of good. If he choose error he must do so under the guise of truth. Ignorance, then, is the only real evil, the basis of all human misery.

It will be a great day for humanity when the religious organizations consistently and earnestly set about the task of dispelling ignorance from the human mind. The aim of all religious movements should be the perfection of human life. The scope of religious effort should be extended so as to embrace the whole man. It is not fair to teach men purity of soul without at least teaching them to take a bath occasionally. Christian perfection is described as an elusive quality known as supernatural virtue. In its heroic degree it is attainable only at the price of killing all mere human impulses not absolutely necessary to sustain life. A mediæval saint, Joseph Labré, sought to increase his sanctity by collecting vermin and putting them on his body. In his pious zeal he is said not to have bathed throughout his whole life. Let Christian perfection come to mean human perfection. It will then extend to the mind, the heart, the body, the eyes, the teeth, the hands

and feet. A man is not perfect when he is suffering from the effects of an abused stomach. Will not men honor God by learning to take food properly? Will it not be a glorious form of worship to develop the intellect and the other powers of the soul, made after the model of God's own powers?

In short, let the churches burn their theologies at the stake and begin their work over on the basis of human life and happiness. Man was created for happiness. Let us, then, have a world religion of joy and gladness. Let all the moral forces of the human race unite to dispel the ignorance which destroys human happiness. Let us have a Christlike teaching which will enable men to taste the fullness of human life and happiness. We have a noble philosophy upon which to base this teaching. It is the philosophy contained in Christ's Gospel.

Christ did not develop His philosophy. He simply applied it to the lives of the simple folk who dwelt in Galilee. Yet it contains the elements upon which the process of human perfection should be based.

This process of perfecting human life undoubtedly was His aim. It was to be developed adown the ages until those godlike qualities in man should become more and more like unto those of His own divine nature. 'Be ye therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.' When emissaries came from John the Baptist to inquire about His identity and His teaching, He said simply: 'Go and relate to John, what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them.' He Himself announced His mission clearly. 'I am come,' He said, 'that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.' He came to teach men

to perfect their lives. He saw the nobility of man, saw the divine sovereignty within him, saying, 'The kingdom of God is within you.'

God shall be king in the midst of those godlike powers which He has created in man. This kingdom in the human soul shall be a place of peace, joy, happiness, and love. 'Peace to men of good will,' the angels sang at His coming. At the end of His earthly stay He said to His disciples, 'These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and your joy may be filled.'

Christ's eight rules for happiness are, when rightly understood, in accord with the conclusions of modern psychological research. It is now an accepted principle of psychotherapy that those who are moved by uncontrollable quest for wealth, those who are hard and bitter, those who are depressed, those who are cruel, degenerate in morals, quarrelsome, or resentful, are not pathologically normal. Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, gave the eight rules for a good, normal life. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the clean of heart. Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice's sake.'

These are the general rules of man's inner kingdom. The one great principle upon which human life is to be perfected is that of love. All Christ's teaching, all the teachings of the prophets and the law, are summed up in that dual law of love: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

This is the basic law of Christianity, the lost art of religious organizations to-day. The followers of Christ were

not to be known by their knowledge of doctrine, or by their routine of worship, but by the simple token of love for humanity. 'By this,' declares Christ, 'shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another.'

The Apostles caught this spirit. They grasped the sublimity of that noble teaching. The Christian life was to be a life filled with human love. It is through love alone that men truly live. All the bitterness and hatreds and resentments among men are a sort of death. Saint John expresses it thus: 'We know that we have passed from death to life (we have begun to live) because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death.' Love was the only Apostolic Theology. 'Dearly beloved, let us love one another, for charity is of God. And everyone that loveth, is born of God, and *knoweth* God.' According to Saint Paul, 'Love (not dogma) is the fulfilling of the law.' 'He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.'

IV

This beautiful teaching of love, which is the soul of the Christian religion, has become a dead letter. It is not even deemed worthy of a place in the Catechism. Charity has been debauched. It has been converted into an organized system in which the giver is honored and the receiver is stigmatized. We all pity those who become objects of charity, in the modern sense. But Christlike charity ennobles both those who give and those who receive, because it is true love for humanity. Had true Christian charity prevailed among Christians, heresy-hunting, bigotry, religious hatred, the Inquisition, religious wars, and many other evils would have been impossible to the followers of Christ.

Had the Church avoided the intellectual pride of theological speculation, Christ's teaching of love might not have been obscured among Christians. Had men not delved with arrogant vanity into the mysteries of God, Christianity might have remained a brotherhood united by the bond of love.

It is sad to think of the cruelty practised by the followers of our meek Redeemer. It is taken as quite natural even by writers of to-day. In the history of the Crusades, for instance, it is said, 'These holy wars were essentially a papal enterprise.' The capture of Jerusalem is described thus: 'After a general procession which the crusaders made barefooted around the city . . . the attack began. Next day the Christians entered Jerusalem from all sides and slew its inhabitants, regardless of age or sex. . . . The Christian states formed . . . the kingdom of Jerusalem . . . subordinate to the authority of the pope. . . . Through rich and frequent donations the clergy became the largest property holders in the kingdom; they also received from the crusaders important estates situated in Europe. . . . Thus, during the first half of the twelfth century the Christian states of the East were completely organized, and even eclipsed in wealth and prosperity most of the western states.'

The same writer describes the taking of Constantinople: 'By a treaty concluded in March 1204, between the Venetians and the crusading chiefs, it was prearranged to share the spoils of the Greek Empire. On 12 April, 1204, Constantinople was carried by storm, and the next day the ruthless plunder of its churches and palaces was begun. The masterpieces of antiquity, piled up in public places and in the Hippodrome, were utterly destroyed. Clerics, and knights, in their eagerness to acquire famous and

priceless relics, took part in the sack of churches . . . and most of the churches of the West were enriched with ornaments stripped from those of Constantinople. . . . At the news of these extraordinary events, in which he had no hand, (Pope) Innocent III bowed as in submission to the designs of Providence and, in the interests of Christendom, determined to make the best of the new conquest.'

These passages are cited, not to depict past evils in the Church, but to show the present attitude toward those evils. They are taken from the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. IV, pp. 547-550), a work of the highest authority among American Catholics. The author of this article, 'Crusades,' seems to see in all this slaughter nothing contrary to the spirit of Christ, who said, 'Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you . . . that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven.'

The writer quoted is typical of most Catholic writers. Instead of repudiating the cruelty, sacking, and pillage which he is describing, he complacently outlines the benefits derived from the Crusades. He proceeds (p. 556): 'Essentially the work of the popes, these Holy Wars (*sic*) first of all helped to strengthen pontifical authority . . . as early as the end of the twelfth century, the development of general culture in the West was the direct result of these Holy Wars. . . . At a still later date, it was the spirit of the true crusader that animated Christopher Columbus when he undertook his perilous voyage to the then unknown America.' Yet, Christ had said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

Concerning the burning of John Hus as a heretic, the same work says simply, 'At Constance he was tried, condemned, and burned at the stake, 6 July, 1415.' (Vol. VII, p. 585) In

the same manner this high authority treats the subject of the Inquisition. The writer first shows that the killing of heretics was, in the first five centuries of the Church, considered as opposed to the spirit of Christianity. He disclaims any influence of Pope Innocent III in the drafting of the rescript for Lombardy by Frederick II, the first law in which death by fire is contemplated. Yet he says that this edict 'was adopted into ecclesiastical criminal law in 1231, and was soon applied at Rome. It was then that the Inquisition of the Middle Ages came into being.' He has this to say, in extenuation, that the torture of heretics was not authorized until twenty years later. It was introduced by the bull of Innocent IV, May 15, 1252, which was confirmed by Alexander IV, November 30, 1259, and by Clement IV, November 3, 1265. Yet the writer says, 'On the whole the Inquisition was humanely conducted.' (Vol. VIII, p. 33)

Of the Spanish Inquisition he says, 'Its excesses were largely due to the fact that in its administration civil purposes overshadowed ecclesiastical.' Yet Pope Innocent IV in a bull says, 'When those adjudged guilty of heresy have been given up to the civil power by the bishop or his representative, or the Inquisition, the podestà, or chief magistrate of the city, shall take them at once, and shall, within five days at the most, execute the laws made against them.' Moreover, he directs that this bull and the corresponding regulations of Frederick II, quoted above, be entered in every city among the municipal statutes under pain of excommunication, which was also visited on those who failed to execute both the papal and the imperial decrees.

'Nor could any doubt remain,' continues the author in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 'as to what civil regulations

were meant, for the passages which ordered the burning of impenitent heretics were inserted in the papal decretals from the imperial constitutions. The aforesaid bull remained thenceforth a fundamental document of the Inquisition, renewed or reënforced by several popes, Alexander IV (1254-61), Clement IV (1265-68), Nicholas IV (1288-92), Boniface VIII (1294-1303), and others. The civil authorities, therefore, were enjoined by the popes, under pain of excommunication, to execute the legal sentences that condemned impenitent heretics to the stake. It is to be noted that excommunication itself was no trifle, for, if the person excommunicated did not free himself from excommunication within a year, he was held by the legislation of that period to be a heretic, and incurred all the penalties that affected heresy.'

In the end, the zealous writer accuses non-Catholic writers of bigotry in condemning the Inquisition.

V

It would be undignified and unworthy indeed to touch upon these scandals without an impelling motive. It would be immoral to cite these unsavory passages simply to besmirch the Church. But why should men of our time champion the bloodthirsty Christians of a blighted age? How much more noble it were to repudiate the spirit that prompted those evils and their kind. There might still be hope that the Church would promote human welfare, in a progressive way, if those eager defenders were to expend their energies in an attempt to rehabilitate the spirit of brotherly love which forms the basic principle of Christ's doctrine.

If the popes of the Middle Ages were cruel, if their minions were barbarous,

it was because they had forgotten those pregnant words of Christ: 'I say to you not to resist evil: But if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other: And if a man will contend with thee in judgment and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him.' The spirit of the Middle Ages still prevails in the Church. The passion for orthodoxy which prompted those mediæval bulls still burns in Rome and throughout the Church. If the Church ever again came into political power, how could we be sure that physical punishment for heresy would not be revived, since the theology of to-day is the theology of the thirteenth century?

No jot or tittle of that teaching has been changed. In fact, the late Pope Benedict XV — of recent memory — decreed that theology in all the seminaries of the world should be taught according to the mind of that great thirteenth-century monk, Saint Thomas. Moreover, no pope has since repealed the mediæval legislation that prescribed corporal punishment for heresy. Conditions have changed in these later centuries. Yet the doctrine proclaiming the union of Church and State remains intact. Pius IX condemned this proposition: 'The Church should be separated from the state and the state from the Church.' (Hurter, *Dogmatic Theology*, vol. I, p. 240) If the governments of the world were Catholic to-day, undoubtedly the popes would still seek to control their policies. For it is taught in all our seminaries that 'the Church is a perfect society, distinct from civil society and far superior to it.' (*Ibid.*) It was upon these principles, and upon the force of excommunication, that the popes for a thousand years based their right to dominate the governments of Europe. Nor will these aspirations be abandoned until the devoted and

thoughtful members of the Church demand that there be a return to the simplicity of the Gospel.

As long as men are willing to be dominated there will always be found those who are ready to dominate them. This seems to be particularly true in the sphere of religion. Naturally it is difficult to institute a movement within the Catholic Church. As soon as Rome senses a trend of thought that is not in complete harmony with tradition, she fulminates her excommunication. With one fell blow she transfers the incipient movement from within to without. It was thus Rome dealt with such modernists as Loisy and Fogazzaro.

Were it not for this exquisite power the Protestant Reformation might have taken place within the Church. Had this happened, the world to-day might have been blessed with a united Christendom. But Protestantism committed suicide when it left its paternal doorstep to wander into the wilderness of religious thought, when it entered upon a long journey without due preparation. All its traditions were Catholic, all its ideas were engendered in mediæval minds. Hence it is not strange that it aped the old tyrann which it had cast off. It was the religious sovietism of the sixteenth century. The movement was based upon the desire to return to the simplicity of the Gospel — wherefore Protestant sects are called the Evangelical churches.

Unfortunately no one knew how to reintroduce evangelical simplicity. Luther and his associates had all been trained in the old school. Christ's philosophy of love did not prevail in that age. Quite naturally, then, they drifted back to doctrinalism. It became a creed, while striving to become the simple religion of Christ. Yet it became a creed without the great defensive weapon of excommunication.

When doctrinal dissensions arose, they were free to run their course. In due time a new creed was born. Needless to remark how prolific was that Protestant mother church.

In our day the unchurched see little difference between the Protestant and Catholic systems of religion. Both are dogmatic. Both seek to impose their theological conclusions upon the people. The door of religion is, therefore, closed to men of thought and individuality. There are not many intelligent men, it would seem, who desire to form a new religious creed, to discover unknown basic truths in religion. But intelligent men have largely come to look with a certain disdain upon the religious organizations of to-day. They are loath to believe that the last word has been spoken on religious thought and experience. They are becoming more and more unwilling to be mere imitators of old ideas and ancient piety, though they might, under more favorable conditions, love the truths delivered to the ancients. This is particularly true in relation to the Catholic Church.

In a world of progress, the Church is reactionary. Her protagonists still cling to the icons of the past. But at least she is a great organization. She has the faculty of making her members feel that

they are the salt of the earth. They are taught to believe that they alone are on the true way of salvation. Indeed, salvation is made easy for them, if we overlook the high cost of churches and schools and their maintenance. In fact, contrary to repute, the Catholic has an easier and more comfortable way to travel than others who seek salvation. In a doctrinal way, he need but memorize the contents of a penny Catechism. His religious worship is likewise prepared and conducted for him. He need not worry much about his venial sins, for the priest is always ready to take them away from his soul, enjoining upon him for penance, perhaps, the recitation of the rosary once or twice. All is formalism.

Nevertheless, the uninitiated should not judge individual Catholics too harshly. They are the victims of a system. They love their religion as they love life, if they be devout. They believe that the Catholic Church is the old, mother Church, the Church established by Christ, the Church over which Saint Peter was the first pope. Yet, many know that something, to them unfathomable, is radically wrong with the system. Let each one of us who loves the Church think and strive as best he may to mend it.

(The End)

GENTLEMEN FROM INDIANA

BY MORTON HARRISON

I

A HUNDRED thousand men, most of them wearing flowing white robes and visored cowls, waited patiently about a mound in a field near Kokomo, Indiana. They had been told, 'A new Messiah will be born in the ballot box of Indiana.' Several doctors of divinity had already climbed the mound — or, as they called it, the mount — and exhorted the multitude to smite the Devil. There were allusions to the Prince, the Sermon on the Mount, the Nativity.

Suddenly a Knight flung a trembling hand toward heaven and shouted, 'He's coming!' The sea of white hoods rippled. Every eye was strained toward the southern sky. A flake of the sun itself flashed from behind a cloud.

The Purple Prince was coming to his coronation. Some Knights raised their arms toward him and shouted prayers of thanksgiving. The Prince's chariot of fire was a gilded airplane in which he circled the field and descended in a wide spiral to a stretch of meadow reserved for his advent.

A squat but agile figure clad in a silken robe of purple, embellished with a gold piping and mystic symbols, climbed from the plane and gravely shook hands with several distinctively robed men who stepped forward from the multitude. Armed men cleared a path to the mount. The Prince, bowing stiffly to right and left, was escorted to his dais. He paused until the whole countryside was dead with silence.

When every eye was on him he raised his hand so vigorously and imperiously that no sceptre could have improved the effect. With his other hand he flung back his visor, exposing a rosy, chubby face lighted with animal cunning.

'My worthy subjects, citizens of the Invisible Empire, Klansmen all, greetings. It grieves me to be late. The President of the United States kept me unduly long counseling upon vital matters of state. Only my plea that this is the time and place of my coronation obtained for me surcease from his prayers for guidance.

'Here in this uplifted hand, where all can see, I bear an official document addressed to the Grand Dragon, Hydras, Great Titans, Furies, Giants, Kleagles, King Kleagles, Exalted Cyclops, Terrors, and All Citizens of the Invisible Empire of the Realm of Indiana.

'It is done in the executive chambers of His Lordship, the Imperial Wizard, in the Imperial City of Atlanta, Commonwealth of Georgia, on this Tenth Day of the Seventh Month of the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Three, and on the Dismal Day of the Weeping Week of the Hideous Month of the Year of the Klan LVIII.

'It is signed by His Lordship, Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard, and duly attested.

'It continues me officially in my exalted capacity as Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire for the Realm of

Indiana. It so proclaims me by Virtue of God's Unchanging Grace. So be it.'

Thus did David Curtis Stephenson, Texas printer, confirm his boast that he was the most powerful man in Indiana.

He concluded his oration with a plea for straight Americanism, an admonition to avoid violence, and a word of compliment and farewell.

As he turned to leave, a coin was thrown at him. This was a signal for a wild demonstration of fealty and love. Rings, stickpins, pocketbooks, watch charms, coins, were showered upon him. He stood fast until the tribute subsided, motioned his retainers to gather in the treasure, and retired to make merry with his Knights and to discuss the fiscal affairs of his principality.

Ku Klux Klan officials said that this was the greatest assembly of Klansmen in the history of the order. The Klan estimate of the number of people was 200,000. The popular tradition in Indiana is that 100,000 were present.¹

II

Stephenson's coronation, or sanctification, raised the curtain on a new era in the Indiana Klan. Stephenson was taken into the Klan for the express purpose of applying high-pressure sales methods to increasing its strength. He was soon sent to Indianapolis to build up the membership, and in a few months he seized the power and later the title of Grand Dragon of the realm by going over the heads of his superiors to the Imperial Wizard himself.

The original purpose of the revived Klan, as defined when William Joseph Simmons gave new life to it during the World War, was to stop immigration.

¹The testimony of eyewitnesses as to certain details of this assemblage is conflicting. Historians take note that the purple robe and the proclamation may have figured in later ceremonies, but in substance the report is accurate. — EDITOR

The Ku Klux Creed, as printed in the Kloran, or 'THE Book of the Invisible Empire,' declared simply for white supremacy and 'the sublime principles of pure Americanism.' The candidate for membership — or, in the language of the Klan, 'for naturalization in the Invisible Empire' — was, however, required to swear, with his left hand over his heart and his right hand raised to heaven, an affirmative answer to these two of eight questions: 'Are you a native-born, white, Gentile American citizen?' and 'Are you absolutely opposed to and free of any allegiance of any nature to any cause, government, people, sect, or ruler that is foreign to the United States of America?'

In the ritual of the Klan there is no incitement of hatred for the Jew, the Catholic, the negro, or the foreign-born. They were excluded from membership as being the polluting undercurrents and backwash of the sparkling stream of Americanism. 'Shut off the poisonous inflow; purify what is here' — that was the battle cry of the Klan as written and preached by its revivalists.

Had the Klan invasion of Indiana been kept on this plane, where it was held until it accumulated a considerable membership of honest men eager to protect the Cross and the Flag, it would have run its course, as it did in neighboring states, thinning out to nothing in the lake-district industrial centres.

The distinctive feature of the Klan of Indiana was the sales plan of D. C. Stephenson. He sold fright, as he had sold coal, in carload lots. If the Klan went fairly well on a diet of fear, how would it flourish on large quantities of it?

He saw in the Klan exclusion feature a combination of the four liveliest prejudices that inspire men to put upon their fellows. These four prejudices he made his 'sales features.'

First came the normal American

aversion to alien newcomers speaking a foreign tongue. The war intensified this aversion to a degree never known in the history of the country.

Secondly, the original Klan crushed out of the negro all his dreams of political equality, and left a prejudice which was easily whipped into fury by his invasion of the Northern labor market during the war and the elevation of his economic and social position by the immigration restriction law.

Thirdly, it was easy to make capital of the fact that the Jew money lender and credit merchant is a red flag in every community where he prospers.

The fourth sales feature was the well-known rabble-rousing formula against the Catholic Church. The American Protective Association and various slanderous anti-Catholic weekly newspapers have kept it in working order.

But it is a well-known fact that a man cannot be induced to fear the neighbor near whom he has lived many years in peace and harmony.

The Stephenson sales plan took this fact into consideration. It was the secret of its success. The campaign was directed, not against the little band of negroes who lived together down along the river, worked for the white folks, kept a religious revival in continuous operation, and minded their own business, but against a mythical wave of black labor sweeping up from the South to work for a dollar a day, live in squalor, and commit unspeakable offenses against the white people.

No one was urged to lynch Nick, the smiling and busy Greek confectioner whose ice-cream parlor was a high-school students' meeting place, but a terrifying curse was hurled at an unnamed Greek in the next county who had put an American-born citizen out of business by cutthroat competition, and especially against remote masses

of unassimilated aliens in large cities awaiting only a Lenin to show them how to abolish by force the institution of private property.

No voice was lifted against the peace of Solomon Stein, the industrious, amiable clothier, model family man and perhaps faithful attendant, as a visitor, upon the service of the Presbyterian Church, but the welkin rang with invective hurled eastward in the general direction of a Jewish ring of international bankers who started the war and were preparing to foreclose a mortgage on the world, bankrupting Henry Ford and others.

The Catholics were the hard problem. In most Indiana communities there is but one Catholic parish. Catholic children are required by diocesan order to attend Catholic schools. The families live near the church because their religious and educational interest is centred in it. The adults mingle socially but little with the Protestant people, the children less. The Catholic Church ritual is so foreign to anything in the experience of the average American rural Protestant that a skilled agitator can ascribe to it many of the attributes of a pagan incantation and excite religious animosity. But the Catholics are important customers. Acting on the theory that the intensity of a weak man's hatreds is measured directly in terms of his remoteness from his enemy, the Pope was selected as the archenemy of American purity. There are few things a Kokomo Klansman can do with greater safety than stand in the privacy of his own home and shake his fist at Rome, Italy.

For good measure, Stephenson threw in the Devil. To win the Anti-Saloon League, he declared war on bootleggers and 'blind tigers.' He blacklisted roadside 'petting parties' and promised to banish the vice element from every community.

III

Until the day Stephenson wrested the leadership of the realm of Indiana from Joe Huffington, there was no plan for a state-wide membership drive. There were small klaverns in several counties, but much of the state was unrepresented. To cover the state in one sweeping campaign, Stephenson cast about for a group of men skilled in the brand of exhortation required to chill with fear. Ruling out the forbidden classes and the politicians, who in nearly every community were classed as allies of the Devil, he came to the Protestant clergymen. He made every Protestant clergyman in Indiana an honorary member of the Klan. Not all availed themselves of the privilege, but in many communities every Protestant clergyman was a Klan leader.

The war chest was a perplexing problem, but Stephenson knew that few things interest a zealous reformer more than easy money. The Klan initiation fee was fixed at ten dollars. This fee was split on a sliding scale, Stephenson giving as much as six dollars to the solicitor who actually got the cash from a new member. The commission was at times much less. It has been estimated that Stephenson's average share was \$4.20, out of which he paid all expenses of the state headquarters.

The sale of Klan regalia and klavern equipment netted large profits. Klan robes cost \$3.28 each in large quantities and were sold to initiates at an average price of \$6.50.

Stephenson's imperative command was that every community must be split into two factions — a large group of Klansmen, a small group of outlanders. He knew that an active enemy would keep every klavern on its toes and presenting a united front for self-preservation. The membership

drive cut a new line of cleavage through lodges, clubs, churches, political parties, labor unions, and farm organizations. The intelligent leadership in nearly every group was anti-Klan, openly at first, silently later. The Klan group fought savagely and incessantly. Often it won, and when it did many of the antis joined in fear of losing their clients, patients, and customers.

Stephenson made no attempt to regulate the propaganda or to censor the speeches used by lecturers and evangelists. He turned them loose and let them talk. Many of the most successful had the advantage of years of training in the pulpit. They were especially good at strafing the Pope. One exaggeration led to another until it was declared that the Pope was coming to Washington, D. C., to lead in person the uprising against the United States of America. For some time photographs of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, on Mount Alban, at Washington, were circulated as true pictures of the new Vatican in process of erection. The Cathedral was described as being so placed, four hundred feet above Washington, that field guns could be fired from its vicinity directly upon the Capitol and the White House. Work on the Cathedral being somewhat slow, the orators adopted a detailed description of the Scottish Rite Temple at Washington as the new home of Pope Pius XI. The left-wing leaders even went so far as to move the Pope's new headquarters to Cincinnati, and some Klansmen exhibited pictures of the Jewish Hospital as his headquarters until he could take over a section of the city suitable to his needs.

The climax came when an overzealous lecturer declared to a crowd at North Manchester, a college town, that for all they knew the Pope might come there any day. 'He may even be on the

north-bound train to-morrow!' shouted the barker. 'He may! He may! Be warned! Prepare! America for Americans! Search everywhere for hidden enemies, vipers at the heart's blood of our sacred Republic! Watch the trains!'

Some fifteen hundred persons met the north-bound train the next day to the great embarrassment of the lone North Manchester passenger, a quietly dressed and somewhat clerical-appearing traveling man who, believing that he was about to play the part of the victim in a lynching party, started to flee and was forced to identify himself by his possessions as not being the Pope.

Klan boycotts were of little effect in the larger cities, but in third- and fourth-class cities and the towns, where each Klansman knew his fellow citizens in the Invisible Empire and could check their buying, they brought disaster to a number of Jewish merchants, unemployment to Roman Catholics, and terror to negroes, many of whom felt that they dared not leave their homes after nightfall.

Indiana once supported a flourishing organization known as the Horsethief Detective Association. Its object was stated in its name, but in some cases it took general law enforcement in its own hands. The Horsethief Detective Association was on the verge of dying for want of horses when Stephenson revived it as the armed rank of the Klan. Its members were sworn in by hundreds as deputy constables. It was they who made the fight against rum runners and roadside petting parties. They became so bold that they halted motor cars indiscriminately, subjected both men and women to search, and in time caused Indiana to be blacklisted by several motor clubs.

Acting on a report that the negro vote in Indianapolis had gone Demo-

cratic, they rode through the negro precincts on primary day flourishing revolvers and yelling for law and order at the polls. It was these men who, when the Klan provinces held meetings in fields near towns, blocked the roads for miles, forming lines through which no one was allowed to pass without the magic word and sign.

The Klan's favorite public demonstration was the parade, or, in the language of the Kloran, 'klavalkade.' Two of its largest parades were held in Indianapolis — one past the principal negro district, the other past the residence of the Catholic bishop. Although hundreds of persons in the larger cities who had no direct contact with the Klan felt that the whole movement could be laughed out of existence, few ever expressed that view after seeing a robed Klan parade.

Bystanders watching a night parade of robed Klansmen marching four abreast were immediately quieted by the ghostly spectacle. The column extended, in the glare of one street lamp after another, as far as there was any visibility. White-robed figures with heads and faces covered with pointed hoods, bodies completely draped in loose flowing cassocks — the dead whiteness of the uniforms and the dead silence of the marchers; here and there a float picturing stirring episodes of the Revolutionary War, or in the Christian war for the world. A great profusion of fiery crosses and American shields, held on the floats by unmasked men and women, most of them stiff with self-consciousness, but now and then a youth staring defiantly at the crowd, like a small boy making faces at a securely caged circus lion.

In the great mass of marchers there was not an eye or a face or a hand in sight, nothing to read but a broken ripple of old shoes, — square-toed, cracked, run over at the heel, —

shuffling in and out of the shadow cast by the robes. Hood tipped forward, each marcher following the old shoes ahead — and at the head of the parade a curious want of pomp and splendor. Grand Dragon Stephenson is not there, nor is Grand Klaliff (Vice Dragon) Walter Bossert, of Liberty (Indiana University, LL.B., 1907), sometime Republican Sixth District chairman, nor the Grand Kludd, or chaplain, the Reverend V. W. Blair, of Plainfield, ordained to minister to the spiritual needs of the Disciples of Christ, but lately without charge, a roving missionary on the Klan's Indiana realm. The Grand Officers are elsewhere, conferring with the Grand Klabee, or treasurer.

The Klan demand for action took the form of demonstrations and Horsethief Detective Association highway patrolling, with now and then a cross-burning near a Catholic church or on some commanding hilltop. A cross was built of lumber, wrapped in burlap, saturated with kerosene, planted upright, and fired. These crosses flashing through dark nights drove many a worthy citizen to the refuge of his home, there to gather his family about him and pray earnestly for deliverance from the wrath of his neighbors.

The Stephenson sales plan got results. Membership cards came in by hundreds. A former Klan organizer testifying in the campaign of Arthur L. Gilliom, Indiana attorney-general, to cancel the charter of the Klan on the ground that it was a political organization disobeying the corrupt-practices law by failing to file an account of its expenditures, testified that the Klan's greatest membership in Indiana was 178,000. It is known from reliable sources, however, that 194,000 names were listed in the roster of the realm at one time. The Klan claimed as many as 250,000 members.

IV

Stephenson chose to strike, not with the lash, the tar brush, and the torch, but with the ballot. As he came into full sway as Indiana's Klan leader, the governor, Warren T. McCray, a farmer, banker, and cattle breeder, suffered serious financial reverses in the post-war collapse of land values and farm-products prices. He engaged in credit methods which the United States district court regarded as a scheme to use the mails to defraud; he was taken from his office and sent to Atlanta prison. This was the first time in the history of the country that a governor was taken from office to serve a prison sentence on a felony charge. The disgrace shocked and humiliated the state. McCray's misfortune was in no way connected with the Klan, but Stephenson made capital of it. He exploited it as proof of his charge that there was corruption in high political offices.

Ed Jackson, secretary of state, became Stephenson's candidate for governor. Arthur R. Robinson, whose law firm served as Stephenson's attorney in several cases and who was Jackson's close personal friend, spent much time with both men. Charles J. Orbison, a Masonic and Democratic leader, came into the deal. These men developed so much power that Senator James E. Watson, former state president of the Epworth League, was forced to recognize their political power, not as a Klansman, but as a politician forming an army to win an election. There was talk about the five sons — Stephenson, Jackson, Robinson, Orbison, Watson.

Although Stephenson once filed for a Congressional nomination in an Indiana Democratic primary, he turned to the Republican Party to gain his political ends. He won the nomination for Jackson in the primary. In the

convention a bloc of new faces jumped at the crack of Stephenson's whip and he approved the nomination of every man on the ticket except Arthur L. Gilliom, upstate candidate for attorney-general. In many counties the Klan won a complete primary victory, Democrats by thousands violating the primary law by marking Republican ballots. Stephenson won the state election. He won the Indianapolis city and school elections.

He was so busy winning elections that the old Klan faction outflanked him and persuaded his home klavern at Evansville to banish him from the realm on a charge of immorality. Bossert was elevated to Grand Dragon. The allegiance of the Klan general-assembly bloc was so divided between Stephenson and Bossert that neither could command enough strength to pass the promised laws abolishing private schools, establishing segregated negro districts in cities, requiring New Testament instruction in the public schools, forbidding alien landholding, and other violent class legislation.

Stephenson's goal was the 1928 Republican nomination for President of the United States. He planned to enter the United States Senate as successor to Samuel M. Ralston, Democrat, the incumbent, whose health was rapidly failing. From the Senate he expected to gain enough strength to salt the Republican national convention with a majority Klan bloc, and then, as the Republican nominee, to carry much of the North and nearly all the South, reuniting the country under the rule of the Cross, the Flag, and the Old White Blood.

But when Ralston died Stephenson lay in Noblesville jail, near Indianapolis, awaiting trial on a first-degree murder indictment. The evidence showed that Stephenson kidnapped a girl and so terrified and abused her

that she took poison. Her dying statement, admitted as evidence, was that after she took the poison he carried her in his motor car half the length of the state, replying to her appeals for medical attention with a demand on his chauffeur for more speed. She stated that when the chauffeur finally rebelled, saying they would run afoul of the law, Stephenson shouted, 'I am the law!' He left her alone in his garage all night and then had her taken to the home of her parents to die. Instead of going to the Senate, he went to the Indiana state prison for life. Robinson went to the Senate, served until the next election, and won the nomination and election.

Within the next two years John L. Duvall, Klan slate mayor of Indianapolis, was driven out of office with a thirty-day jail sentence over his head following his conviction on an election law charge; five of the six Republican councilmen elected on the same slate were indicted on bribery charges; and Governor Jackson and two others, including the Marion County (Indianapolis) Republican chairman, were accused by the grand jury of conspiring to bribe McCray, former governor. Jackson stood trial first, and after five witnesses, including McCray, had testified that Jackson had offered the bribe himself and had been a party to causing it to be offered through two other channels, the judge directed the jury to acquit Jackson on the ground that the statute of limitations had run against the alleged crime. Jackson did not take the stand to refute the testimony of his accusers. Nearly all the more influential newspapers in the state demanded that he resign, but he stood fast. Clyde A. Walb, Republican state chairman, was indicted by the Federal grand jury on a statement of evidence relating to the failure of a national bank which he had served as vice president. He resigned the chairmanship.

The most dramatic crash in the wreck of Stephenson's dream of empire was the impeachment of Judge Clarence W. Dearth, of the Delaware circuit court. Dearth was rated as a rousing Klan orator. The Delaware county seat is at Muncie, where Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson lived in luxury and freedom while Federal agents and police throughout the country were hunting them. The city was the home of the notorious Chicken Blood Gang, a troupe of confidence men. They persuaded farmers in distant states to come to Muncie to back the challenger in a fake prize fight. The farmer came expecting to win some easy money from a Muncie banker with more sporting blood than financial acumen. The fights were staged with the cash in a neutral corner of the ring. At the appointed signal, the farmer's fighter went down with blood spurting from his mouth. The fighter achieved this remarkable effect by biting on a rubber sac of chicken blood concealed in his mouth. A doctor then pronounced the fighter dead and the farmer usually put three states behind him before he paused for breath. The town was also a favorite headquarters for fake stock salesmen, politicians, and bank robbers.

But Muncie is endowed with a strong and outspoken better element. One of several families of honorable and successful manufacturers is noted for its generous and wise philanthropies. George Dale, editor of the weekly *Post-Democrat*, challenged the Klan, the underworld, and the politicians. Judge Dearth sent him to the state penal farm, but he returned to continue the fight. He printed an anonymous letter, signed 'One Who Knows,' in which it was charged that Dearth was his own lawmaker in selecting juries and in conducting some trials. It was shown subsequently that the letter was written

by a manufacturer who did know. Dearth ordered the paper suppressed, and two hundred and fifty Muncie citizens retaliated with a petition asking the legislature to impeach Dearth. The lower house of the assembly voted the impeachment unanimously in March 1927, the first time in ninety-two years that an Indiana judge was ordered before the bar of the senate for trial.

The climax of the trial came when John Ranes, a fourteen-year-old newsboy, testified that he was selling copies of the *Post-Democrat* when a policeman took him into the courthouse to face Judge Dearth. The judge took the boy's papers.

'Was any writ or any paper of any kind read to you?' asked the prosecution.

'No,' the boy answered.

He faced the senate of his state, fifty men whose interest he did not know was in the law of private property. The floor and galleries were packed with house members, — Dearth's accusers, — newspaper men, spectators. Above the boy on a high platform stood the lieutenant governor, acting as judge. Staring hard at the boy was Judge Dearth.

'Did the judge say anything?'

'He told me to get out and if I sold any more papers he would put me on probation.'

'What did you do then?'

The newspaper men looked up, the senators leaned forward, every eye was fastened upon the boy.

'I went out and got some more papers and sold them till another policeman chased me up an alley and put his hand on his revolver and told me to stop. He took me to the courtroom and smacked me. The judge said nothing more, but sent for my father.'

Here the lieutenant governor rapped

sharply for order, stopping an outburst of applause.

There were seven counts in the impeachment. A two-thirds vote was required to convict. On five of the counts a majority of the votes were for conviction; but the charge was not sustained on any count, and Dearth was permitted to resume his bench. The trial, however, served its purpose. The boy's testimony alone sounded an effective and timely warning to many judges who were standing with members of the Horsethief Detective Association in raids on private homes without warrant or reason.

All the candidates for Stephenson's mantle failed in some essential respect. Bossert had the title of Indiana Grand Dragon, but he was helpless in the face of an obligation to carry out Stephenson's extravagant promises. He lacked Stephenson's showman instinct.

Stephenson maintained an extensive suite of offices over a five-and-ten-cent store. There he kept all the state Klan records. Over his private office door was a sign promising death to bearers of evil tidings. Lined along the back of his desk was a collection of books on psychology. He called himself the master mass-psychologist of the world. But his chief inspiration was a small bronze bust of Napoleon. He had a fake telephone system and in the company of visitors whom he wished to impress held long mythical conferences with the President, members of the Cabinet, and industrial leaders in all parts of the country. His energy was astounding. He worked fourteen hours a day for weeks at a time.

Within the Klan, Stephenson organized a personal espionage system on the plan used within the army during the war. He had two spies in each precinct. They were rated as intelligence sergeants. Over them was a lieutenant, who was responsible to a

captain. At the top of the pyramid was Field Marshal Stephenson. On several occasions he demonstrated that he could get a report on any man in the state within a few hours.

He had the women of the Klan organized under women leaders, one, a Quaker preacher, being particularly successful. The Klan woman's auxiliary proper was known as the Kamelia. Through his own spy system and the 'poison squads of gossiping women' formed in the Kamelia, Stephenson could spread a rumor throughout the state in twenty-four hours.

When no second Stephenson rose to the emergency and Klan members refused to pay dues on the ground that promises had not been kept, the organization fell to pieces. It was estimated that there were fewer than 7000 paid-up members in the state on February 22, 1928, when, by decree of Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans, the Klan was unmasked and disbanded and its members ordered to join a new Evans group, the Knights of the Green Forest, pledged to help the country assimilate its alien population.

V

When the Klan first began to gather strength in Indiana, a few newspapers ridiculed it; but after they discovered that most of the leaders were earnest churchmen bent upon moral and political reform they were silent. It was in this silence that Stephenson recruited his army to war strength. He paid little attention to newspapers. Klan publicity-department statements about parades and other meetings which newspapers could verify through their own men were found to be so exaggerated that no attention was paid to them. No newspaper of any standing upheld the Klan cause.

The *Indianapolis News*, the largest

newspaper in the state, supported anti-Klan candidates in the primary; and when John L. Duvall was nominated for mayor of Indianapolis on the Klan slate it supported the Democratic nominee, an avowed enemy of the Klan. Twenty members of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association rebelled against Stephenson's rule of the party, and under the leadership of Thomas H. Adams, editor of the *Vincennes Commercial*, conducted an investigation and published charges exposing several Republican leaders as allies of Stephenson. The *Indianapolis Times*, a member of the Scripps-Howard syndicate, first published the bribery story that led to the indictment and trial of Governor Jackson.

Why did so many Hoosiers join the Klan? Many men have prayed for light to answer that question. Many persons joined the Klan in other states. In some states they went further than intimidation and resorted to physical violence. So it may be fairly assumed that a considerable proportion of the American people do hold the prejudices upon which the Klan was built. At least, they did in the decade following the war. Many Klansmen lacked both the social position and the money to join a standard lodge and gratify their yearning for distinction by wearing a plume and sword. Many found the hood and robe a convenient shelter for daydreams and a promise of supernatural power by night. Klan ceremonies, parades, and regalia fed the starving spirit of many nonconformist Protestants nursing a secret and undefined yearning for less scolding and more ritual in the church.

The average public-school graduate had no equipment to protect him from his own preacher when that worthy began to froth at the mouth about a Roman invasion, a new Holy War with the United States serving as the cruci-

fied victim. In the lower schools there is no instruction in the history of religious movements, and in the high schools the teachers, if not the textbooks, treat the Protestant Reformation as the real beginning of modern civilization. The school-history fiction of a perfect United States shining against a black cloud known as the rest of the world banded together to put down liberty is not fiction to students who study no further. Lack of modern-language study in country schools has created in the minds of many farmers and villagers an impression that a man who cannot understand English is a person of very inferior mentality. The social subordination of negroes starts in the schoolroom, where they occupy a few back seats in a roomful of white children and learn to keep out of the social and athletic affairs of the white children. The grade-school graduate's ideas about Jews comes from Protestant Sunday-School teachers, and the high-school graduate is familiar with only one Jew — Shylock.

'Drys' went into the Klan to get some little help in their battle against home distilling and brewing, pastimes which have dismayed the prohibitionists since a war-excited Congress allowed numerous harried state politicians to pass the sumptuary liquor-law responsibility to the Federal Government.

Many preachers and not a few ministers went into the Klan not only to buy new Fords, and clothing for their children, but to breathe new life into expiring rural churches and arouse the crusading and sacrificial instincts of militant Christians. Precinct political workers joined to hasten their rise to job-holding stature in the city and county. State political leaders capitulated in self-defense. Thousands took the oath and paid their ten dollars

without knowing that the Klan was anything more than a new American lodge, and certainly other thousands joined through fear and to keep peace with their neighbors.

The Klan gained more headway in Indiana than in neighboring states because it had in the person of Stephenson a leader who was a natural orator, an efficient organizer, and a fanatical salesman. Had Stephenson kept his senses; had he been above the tricky streak in his makeup which stimulated him to blame the President for his tardiness at his coronation, when he had come direct from his Indianapolis palace; had he been above fake telephone conversations and vague allusions to his long years of study in many universities, he might have given the strength of America's prejudice against the Jew, the Catholic, the negro, and the

alien resident a real test. He proved that the prejudice is there. He proved that it is — or was — so strong that it will yield a following to men whose pasts will not bear the most cursory examination; he proved that, under the lash of religious and racial hate, men of old American stock, living in a community essentially American by inheritance and development, will desert lifelong family, political party, lodge, and church teachings to line up with an apostle of hate, violence, bigotry, and night skulking.

The answer to the question why Indiana allowed the Klan to seize its government is in the record. The state went Klan because the Klan prejudice, strong here or weak there, is rampant in fully a tenth of Indiana's white, Gentile, Protestant native-born people.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN P. CABOT

I

IN the summer of 1927 a desire to find out what changes in the field of secondary education had taken place in Germany, France, and England since the World War led me to make a personal visit to about thirty-five typical schools, both state and private, and to study the school systems of these countries. As a result of my investigation I found that, whereas changes in the school systems had been made since the war, the most significant reform had occurred in Germany. I shall confine my observations, therefore, chiefly to this country.

Before the war, as far back as 1881, I had been a not infrequent visitor in Germany. I had passed long months in Heidelberg, Freiburg im Breisgau, Marburg, and Berlin. I had traveled over most of Germany, visiting its chief literary and historic shrines. I had tramped in the Black Forest and canoed down the Moselle and the Danube in an Oldtown canvas canoe. I was familiar, therefore, with both the people and their language. But those were the old days — the days of imperial greatness, the goose step, and dueling.

They were also the days when the universities were as a magnet to American students, when German scholarship was held in high esteem, and when German professors used to keep open house for the young strangers from across the seas. Those of us who once had a chance to enjoy such hospitality amid such a scholarly atmosphere can never forget it.

In 1912, together with many other American teachers, I made an educational tour of Germany. We were received everywhere with the greatest cordiality, and wherever we went the school children would sing for us. As I write this fifteen years later, I can still hear the voices of boys and girls pealing forth their joyous songs; and the refrain of an old sixteenth-century hymn still sounds in my ears as it was sung by a group of poor boys in Jena, perhaps one of the hymns that Luther used to sing when he roamed the streets in the *Currende*. My surprise was great, however, one day on hearing a group of girls, in one of the large girls' schools, sing a song so martial in tone and meaning that I could not refrain from commenting on the fact to the director, who was standing by; whereupon, as all the girls stood erect at attention, he said in a loud voice, 'What else can you expect from these girls who know that they are to beget a race of warriors to defend their Fatherland!' That was in 1912. To-day hardly a soldier in uniform, much less an officer, can be seen on the streets. During my recent stay in Germany, in which I visited many different sections of the country, I saw only one officer. He was walking at the head of a company of troops in Berlin. The military uniform has practically disappeared from Germany except on gala occasions and at special memorial exercises. The absence of military drill in the German schools is in strong contrast to the English public schools,

which are nearly all organized into O. T. C. units and where the boys have practice drill in uniform once or twice a week.

The Germans are interested in other things. They believe in building up a strong Germany. But they realize that the future of their country depends primarily on a sound educational system. In no way are their ideals and aims more clearly seen than in their attitude toward education. The old system had shown its inherent weakness. A new and better system must take its place. But how to bring this about? If it were left in the hands of the former educational authorities, the same rigidity and reactionary features would again be incorporated. No, new ideas, new blood, should have their share in all educational reconstruction. The youth of Germany were among the real leaders for a thoroughgoing reform. They saw the weaknesses and defects of the old system. It lacked spiritual, cultural, and educational unity. It was exclusive. It did not recognize the same right to education and culture for all children. It was too rigid. It did not provide for easy transfer from one type of school to another. It failed to develop in the pupil originality, initiative, and responsibility. It left little freedom to the individual teacher. Even before the war, reformers had pointed out many of the fundamental defects of the old system. But their voices were hardly heard in the state schools. Private schools alone were able to introduce certain changes, but they did not touch the fundamental weakness of the state-school system.

Largely, as stated, through the influence of the youth of Germany, a great Federal Education Council was held in Berlin in 1920. Here, after several days of discussion, in which every shade of opinion was expressed, it was decided to make certain fundamental changes in

the school system. The result was the adoption of the idea of the common school (*Einheitsschule*) with a four-year foundation school (*Grundschule*) which all children between the ages of six and ten should be compelled to attend. By 1929 all private preparatory schools for children between these ages are to be abolished, and all who are physically and mentally normal, rich and poor alike, are to go to the *Grundschule*. Here is a radical and far-reaching reform. No longer may children between these ages be segregated. No longer may the rich be separately prepared for the secondary schools. They must take the prescribed course in the prescribed way. Entrance to the higher schools can only follow completion of the four-year course. There have been many attempts to get around this law, but so far the authorities have been unyielding except in reducing the time by one year for those who can complete the course in three years instead of four. This German law, however, is very unlike that attempted in Oregon which would have suppressed all private schools in the state. The German law abolishes those public and private elementary schools aiming to prepare pupils for the secondary schools. It does not affect the private secondary schools, of which there are a great many in Germany.

The main purpose of this foundation school 'is to arouse and train all the intellectual and physical forces in the children and equip them with the skill and knowledge needed as the foundation for every type of higher education.' All instruction is to foster relations to the home environment, and the principle of self-activity is to be utilized to its fullest extent for purposes of instruction. The subjects of study are religion, community study (*Heimatkunde*), German, arithmetic, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and, for girls, needlework in the third and

fourth year. There are no fixed periods of instruction. Rather is all work to be integrated. The teacher is left great freedom to adapt his work to the particular needs of the locality in which the children live. In the selection of material the right of the child, his intelligence, and his psychological stage of development are carefully considered.

On finishing the *Grundschule* a pupil may continue for four years more in the elementary school or he may enter the *Mittelschule*, a six-year course preparing for commerce and agriculture and intermediate positions in administrative and industrial enterprises. As its name implies, it stands midway between the *Grundschule* and the secondary school. Those who can pass the examinations and can afford to pay may pass directly from the *Grundschule* to the secondary school. It is also possible now by means of a new school, the *Aufbauschule*, to pass from the seventh year of the elementary school to one of the four types of the secondary school. Thus the talented able boy may receive a secondary education and reduce the expense by three years. Stipends are also available to aid the poor boy. By these two measures — the establishment of the foundation school, which brings all classes together in the formative years and which is an integral part of one single system of education from the earliest years to the university, and the creation of the *Aufbauschule*, which allows of transfer from the upper years of the elementary school to the secondary school — a great step forward has been taken toward fulfilling the cultural ideal of national unity, making the system more flexible, and developing and conserving the latent talent and ability of the poor country boy for the service of the State.

The dominance of the ideal of service

to the State, the training of civic consciousness, underlies the whole Prussian idea of political education, which is a recognized part of school education. In this way a new and reunited Germany is to arise. And herein lies the great difference between the old education and the new: this new civic consciousness must come through free devotion and not through compulsion. 'Hence all materials and methods of education must stand the test of whether they succeed in developing responsible free activity, the creative power that is essential, and the ideal objectives that motivate it.'

II

The four types of secondary schools may be briefly characterized as follows: the humanistic *Gymnasium*, whose special function is to prepare the youth through an intensive study of both Latin and Greek, and their cultural values, for a vigorous intellectuality; the *Realgymnasial* schools, which, while continuing Latin, lay great weight on modern languages as a means of familiarizing the student with the creative thought of Western Europe; the *Oberrealschule*, which has as its characteristic subjects mathematics and the natural sciences, and aims to give an intellectual, philosophical, and scientific training and to accustom the youth to clear, logical thinking, to accuracy and appreciation of the truth; the *Deutsche Oberschule*, which stresses German, history, geography, mathematics, and art, and places the culture of the German people in the centre of its cultural activity. In the first two types the aim is to give the student, through the study of the foreign cultures, a better understanding of the genius of his own race.

The problem of fulfilling the special aim of each type of school, and at the

same time of preserving cultural unity, is solved through certain core subjects, to which are assigned not less than one third of the time, and which run through and bind together all types of schools. These subjects are religion, German, history, geography, civics, physical training, and music. The need of preserving the cultural unity necessitates a coördination of all teaching and a complete coöperation between the teachers of different departments. Under the old system there was an attempt to compress too much into the different types of schools. The reform has relieved the pressure by lessening the number of weekly periods from about thirty-six to thirty and by simplifying and unifying the schedule. While the objectives for each separate school are set forth in official Suggestions, great latitude is left to the schools and teachers in the way these objectives should be attained.

Perhaps in no way has the reform struck deeper than in the method of instruction itself. Instead, as under the old system, of trying to implant knowledge, an attempt is being made through activity instruction to develop initiative and independence of judgment, to arouse the imagination, and to strengthen the will. The class itself is organized into an activity group. 'To bridge the natural gap between the acquisition of definite knowledge, without which higher intellectual activity is not possible, and the acquisition of the ability to do independent work, without which knowledge remains unproductive, is the earnest and great purpose of activity instruction.'

The following illustrations taken from the departments of modern languages and geography will suffice to show the kind of work recommended and being done. In all schools, modern-language teaching is by the direct method. Indeed, the Germans were

pioneers in developing this method, and neither in France nor in England is the teaching of modern languages as effective as it is in Germany. At the end of the course of instruction, the German boy can converse in either French or English, and frequently in both. He can carry on a conversation on ordinary subjects with confidence and a fair degree of fluency. I have frequently spoken English to German boys and they have not only had little difficulty in understanding me, but have kept up their end of the conversation. I have further listened to discussions in English in the classroom. In a fourth-year class in a Berlin school, the subject was 'The film is a quite justified expression of modern civilization, a natural outcome of the age.' The boys, thirty in number, had made notes in English to bring up in class. Each had given his own opinion. There was a class recorder and a class leader, who had arranged the manner of presentation in advance. The work called for thought, criticism, and originality. In another school, a fifth-year class, the twenty pupils were discussing in English the pros and cons of studying two foreign languages at the same time. In a third school in Frankfurt, which I visited before the war, a class of boys, about fifteen years old, after listening to a simple story which I told them in English, promptly translated it orally into French and German.

The books suggested for English reading in the upper classes of the schools stressing modern languages include the historians and philosophical writers of the nineteenth century, English ballads, the lyric and epic poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, and Ruskin, and the moderns like Chesterton, Wilde, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wells. Nor

were these books to be read merely for their context, but chiefly for their cultural values as representations of typical English characteristics and periods of thought development. For instance: Burns and the English folk song, in connection with music and German and Dutch art, or the spiritual aspect of British imperialism as found in Froude, Kipling, and Wells. For the final examination in French and English the candidate is examined both in writing and orally. In the oral examination he must either translate or explain in the foreign tongue a sight passage, showing that he thoroughly understands the passage in question, not merely in structure and meaning, but in its literary and cultural connections also. I wonder what our private-school upper-class boys would say to a selection of books for study and reading of French authors taken from the following: the great pulpit orators of the seventeenth century, in connection with the history of theological thought; the French philosophical writers from Descartes to Bergson; the French historians, to give insight into the development of civilization; and so forth. These are among the actual suggestions for reading matter in the highest class of the Realgymnasial schools.

In the study of geography, which is taken up, as is history, in every class, the chief aim is to awaken and cultivate in the pupil a love of the native soil, the home, and the Fatherland. It is to show also that the map is the most important geographical means of expression, and to train the pupil to read maps and use them on excursions. Instruction in geography is given, whenever possible, out of doors, where maps can be used for purposes of orientation, where meteorological and astronomical observations can be made. Excursions through Germany are a chief feature of all geography group activity. In all of

the schools, once a year in term time, when it can be arranged, the whole school sets forth on a week's *Wanderung*. The school children tramp all over Germany in small groups, generally with a teacher, taking nothing with them but a knapsack. The total cost is rarely over thirty or forty marks, as they live in the utmost simplicity, spending the night in small huts or primitive inns owned by the clubs to which they belong. These trips, while recreational, are undertaken chiefly for educational reasons. They enable the boys of one district to become acquainted with other districts and thus to broaden their horizon. It is on such trips as these that the contour of the land, streams, and mountains is specially studied. On the return from his *Wanderung*, the pupil renders an account in class of all that he has seen and learned. This may be expressed in drawing, painting, photographs, charts, including map drawing, writing, poetry as well as prose, collections, statistics, and so forth. Such trips also furnish endless opportunity for oral work in the class, both formal and informal.

In the upper classes, geography instruction is to guide the pupil 'gradually to form independent judgment on geographical questions and to enable him to understand and evaluate the development of the people of the earth.' Geography, like history, is closely connected with the other subjects of the curriculum. Geographical instruction, in relation with mathematics, physics, biology, and history, has for its special task 'to show how civilization is deep-rooted in Nature, and demonstrates, by appealing to the universality of law, how culture has been built upon Nature in accordance with her processes; to mature the judgment of the pupils for functional thinking; to train them to a genetic understanding of things; and finally to deepen and vitalize their civic

consciousness through an accurate representation of the relation between soil and State, between the earth and mankind.'

III

By taking up each subject separately, I could show that the boy who goes through the state secondary schools in Germany is much further advanced in practically every subject than are our boys. It is true that the illustrations above have all been taken from Prussian schools, and the Suggestions which I have quoted and freely used are from the Prussian Ministry for Science, Art, and Popular Education. But while the German states are allowed individually to administer their school systems, the same standards, aims, and methods are found in most of the other states.

The reason for the intellectual superiority of the German secondary-school boy over our high-school and private-school boys has several factors. In the first place, the German system is more selective than ours. Far fewer boys attend the secondary schools in Germany than is the case in the United States. 'In 1922 the pupils attending public and private higher secondary schools in Prussia, in the four courses corresponding to the ages between fifteen and eighteen inclusive, numbered 5.4 per cent of the boys and 3.4 per cent of the girls of that age group of the population, as compared with 32.6 per cent of the boys and 37.4 per cent of the girls in the case of pupils in public and private four-year secondary schools in the United States.'¹ In the second place, German boys devote more time to study, both in hours per week and in weeks per year, than do ours. The German vacations aggregate about two months. Thirdly, the German boy

¹The above figures are taken from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning, Bulletin No. 20, 1927, page 16.

cannot afford to take his education as casually as does the American boy. His very restricted means are an incentive to hard work. This is particularly the case now, when nearly everyone is feeling the pinch of poverty. Fourthly, the continuity and the unity of aim of the German system make for thoroughness and prevent waste. From the ages of six to nineteen the course is unbroken. Each step leads directly to the next. There is no time lost through transfer, as is so often the case in our private schools. If a student wishes to change from one type of school to another, this can be done up to fourteen without difficulty and without loss or repetition. Transfers may also be arranged, within limits, later than this, but boys cannot elect a subject here and a subject there at random and regardless of the general scheme. The elective principle is limited to the choice of the type of school with its special objective. Lastly, the German teacher is better prepared for his job than the American teacher. He brings to his work a pedagogical and intellectual equipment which would be hard to match anywhere in our country. Before receiving a position in one of the higher secondary schools, he must have devoted four years to advanced work at the university, have passed a comprehensive state examination, and have spent two years of probationary practice and training in some approved secondary school. His course at the university must have included two major subjects and one minor, in addition to philosophy and education. Coming to his class as a master of the subject he is to teach, and remaining with the same boys three or four years, he is able to impart to his pupils something of the spirit of real scholarship.

The aim of German instruction is not to enable the boy to pass examinations. It has for its chief purpose a real under-

standing and grasp of the subject in hand, its relation to other subjects, and its significance in the development of the intellectual faculties of the boy. As has been already stated, ideals of culture are always present in the German scheme, and methods are used which put a premium on the use of one's thinking powers to develop independent judgment. There is little *memoriter* work required above the lowest sections of the schools, but source work, laboratory and activity work of all kinds, are continually going on. The Germans have a system that might be imitated elsewhere. On offering himself for the final examination to the university, a boy may present, in lieu of one subject for examination, a piece of work which he has prepared outside the school during the previous year. This is called a *Jahresarbeit*, and is to test his ability to do original work of a high order. If it is good enough, it is accepted as part of the required preparation for entering the university. What the examining committee really wants to know is whether a boy is serious about his studies, can think for himself, and has learned something of the scientific attitude toward work. It is not interested in mere knowledge of the subject matter itself.

The scholastic aims of our schools are too apt to be interpreted by the boys in terms of marks, grades, and college units. Our boys lack genuine intellectual interests. One reason for the large mortality in freshman year in many American colleges is that boys who go to them have no real interest in education. They are eager to go to college, but for other reasons. They will work hard to get there, but all too often they have not acquired, before they go, one of the main motives that will help to steer them straight after they have once entered — a genuine interest in education.

IV

Significant as the reform of the Prussian school system has been, the state schools seem to many German educators to have made very few fundamental changes and to have clung to ancient methods and traditions of teaching which are not consonant with the latest pedagogical theories. For the last two decades a new reform movement in education has been going on in Germany, as in the United States, and advocates of the reform may now be found in nearly every country, as witness the World Conference on the New Education at Locarno last August, when twelve hundred delegates from forty countries were present. In Germany this movement has resulted in the starting of many new private experimental schools, including a few state schools, and the strengthening of the few pioneer schools that were already in existence before the war.

The new schools have been characterized as 'dynamic,' and the old as 'static.' The new make the child the centre. The new education is not interested in different types of curricula to which the student must adhere, but in the differentiation of courses to suit the individual. It believes in freedom of growth — of motion, action, and expression — with the limits imposed by the rights of the school community. The old schools aimed too exclusively at developing the intellect and neglected the creative, constructive forces in children. It was as a protest against this that Dr. Hermann Lietz, who had taught under Dr. Cecil Reddie at Abbotsholm, England, started his school reform in Germany. He wished to found a school where boys could learn to enjoy the beautiful things in art, science, and nature; to read Shakespeare, Emerson, Molière, and Goethe; to play the violin, use the microscope,

and at the same time learn how to pitch hay, wield an axe, play football, and 'withstand temptation as they could the wind and the weather.' Through study and work of this kind, his boys would be able to understand the simple laborer and also the great artist and statesman. Thus would they be able some day to diminish the bitterness between employer and employee. (Saunderson of Oundle had something of the same vision when he insisted that boys who had once learned to enjoy creative work would never consent, when they became industrial leaders, to see the workman remain a mere machine.)

The Lietz schools, six in number, were started to carry out this idea. And they are thriving to-day. I visited two of them, one at Ettersburg near Weimar, and one at Bieberstein near Fulda. They both occupy the sites of old castles and are beautifully situated in the midst of a hilly country of woods and fields. Here the boys live a life of almost Spartan simplicity. Bieberstein takes boys into the upper classes only and Ettersburg into the three middle classes. The other schools for younger children are coeducational. All the boys perform hard manual work two hours a day, four afternoons a week, either on the place or in the workshops, twice at general utility work and twice at work of their own choice; the other two afternoons are free for play. Once a year all the Lietz schools meet at Ettersburg and play each other in sports. The boys rise at six, run a mile, work for a period, and then have breakfast. The rest of the morning they study. Almost all the country boarding schools follow the custom of a run before breakfast. In these schools much attention is given to music, both vocal and instrumental. At one of the schools I visited, the boys, after the mile run and after taking their showers, go every

morning before breakfast into the assembly hall and listen for twenty minutes to a Bach fugue or to other classical music.

One of the most interesting new schools, founded since the war and partly supported by the city of Berlin, is the School Farm Scharfenberg that occupies an island of about a hundred acres in the Tegel Lake on the outskirts of Berlin. It is connected with the mainland by a ferry operated by the boys themselves. The island was formerly the home of Alexander von Humboldt, where he planted all sorts of rare shrubs and trees which, now grown to full size, make it a place of rare beauty and interest. Here about fifty boys from fifteen to eighteen live a genuine community life, doing practically all their own work, including farming, and at the same time cultivate the arts and receive an education which prepares them for the university. The founder and leader of this school is an idealist who has gone ahead in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles until success now seems assured. The plant is of the simplest — a few very plain buildings, built or made over mostly by the boys, and scattered about the island. The life is plain in the extreme. Only those who are willing to live frugally and work hard for the common good are accepted into the school. Each member of the school has had to struggle to do his share to keep the school going. In this common effort for the common good a spirit of brotherly oneness has grown up which gives the school its special character.

Every boy devotes one afternoon a week from two to seven to hard manual work that is to be done on the farm or about the place. Boys may choose the sort of work they prefer. In addition, two hours on another afternoon are required of every boy for any work that may be called for. This is in addi-

tion to the daily chores, which include nearly everything but cooking and washing. The boys rise at six, run around the island, wash, dress, make their beds, and study for an hour and a half until nine, when they have breakfast. One afternoon a week and one half hour daily are given to play. The island school is organized into a council with an executive committee. Everyone has an equal voice in the affairs of the school. All matters concerning it are discussed in weekly evening talks in which both boys and masters take part. The records are kept by the boys in a big book which is open for visitors to read. The only punishment ever meted out is temporary withdrawal of the right to have a vote. In regard to the instruction, there is no strict division into classes. Students at fifteen enter one of the types of school courses already described. A feature of the instruction is the method of concentrating certain work into periods of a week — a language week, a culture week, a science week, a mathematics week, and so forth. This enables the pupil to give his whole time to one difficult bit of work before going on to another. Music and art are not neglected. Musical evenings and Shakespeare plays are frequent. As I watched these boys cheerfully but determinedly going about their work, eating their frugal midday repast, and ready to give a helping hand to one another or to visitors like myself, I thought that here on this island education was really taking place.

Up in the hills above a beautiful little valley leading down to the Rhine plain, midway between Frankfort and Heidelberg, near the hamlet of Oberhambach, is one of the most picturesque and unique schools of Germany — the Odenwald school. Here, if anywhere, idealism has had free rein, and the founder and leader has built up a

school where boys and girls from six to twenty live happily together in a big family. The noise and bustle of the busy world do not penetrate here.

While the particular genius who guides the fortunes of this school is its founder, Dr. Geheeb, there are five other presiding geniuses, — Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Fichte, and W. von Humboldt, — for whom the five living houses are named and whose birthdays are celebrated every year at a special school festival. These are the patron saints whose silent influence is ever present in the workaday life of the school. 'Fulfill your destiny,' they seem to say to the one hundred boys and girls. *Werde der du bist* — and from early morning until night the process of unfolding and developing goes on. There are more than twenty teachers to help these boys and girls develop true to their highest natures. But to the casual observer the students run the school, or, rather, it seems to run itself. It is one big organism made up of different cells or small families, each a complete unit in itself, consisting of a teacher and some twenty boys and girls of different ages. The whole constitutes an intimate community which exists for the sake of all its members. Its members, however, are to serve it also. Everything is arranged to develop as early as possible a feeling of devotion to the community. And from this devotion springs the sense of responsibility. Everyone shares in the government. All the students and the teachers meet together in common council, and from the youngest to the oldest each has an equal vote. Even the director of the school rules only by virtue of his greater experience, wisdom, and influence.

There is great freedom in this school, yet a sense of order seems to pervade it. The pupils choose, in counsel with their family-group leader, their own

courses, which are given for a period of a month at a time — something like the Dalton plan. No student takes more than two main subjects at once, but he concentrates on these for at least a month. At the end of the month a special meeting of the whole school is held in which the student must give account of what he has accomplished; in theoretical work by oral and written reports, and in practical work by producing the object or objects he has made or been working upon during the month. His degree of success is then entered in a special record book. There are no regular classrooms. The workrooms are little museums or laboratories, each given up to some one subject. Everything is offered in this school, including carpentry, manual work, bookbinding, tailoring, sewing, cooking, the fine arts, and so forth. The same values are assigned to the practical courses as to the theoretical courses. The theoretical work is done in the morning and the practical work in the afternoon.

No distinction is made, in this school, of race, creed, or color. Jews and Gentiles work and play together in perfect content. I noticed a negro boy playing with the white boys. They seemed quite unconscious of anything unusual about this. At the Odenwald school, in addition to gymnastics and plenty of hard manual work, fresh-air baths are considered one of the best means to harden one's self against colds and disease. These open-air baths are taken out of doors daily. On inquiring about the health record, I was informed that there had been practically no illness in the school since it was started in 1910.

There is real coeducation at the Odenwald school. The children enter young and grow up together. They work and play and take counsel together. As you watch them, it all

seems natural, not forced, as in some schools. There is a wonderful spirit among them — it reflects the high ideals of the founder and his staff of devoted men and women who help him in his work. There is nothing institutional in the Odenwald school. One of the main secrets of its success is that the family idea is really preserved, the elder members looking after the younger ones.

There are many features of these and other schools which could be enlarged upon if space permitted. Little has so far been said about sport, but although, as has been shown, games are not played in Germany to anything like the extent to which they are in England and America, they are not neglected and much more time is devoted to them now than formerly. In the regular play periods of the schools, all sorts of games to train the body are carried on and many different kinds of ball games are played. In one of the schools which I visited, the world-famous Dr. Otto Pelzer is the physical director, and a photograph before me shows him conducting an outdoor setting-up drill with his boys before breakfast.

The educational value of sport is emphasized more than play for the sake of playing. In schools where there are near-by waterways, the boys devote a great deal of time to rowing. 'In fact, there is more rowing done in Germany than in England or the United States.' This statement of Dr. Conradin Brinkmann, former Roosevelt exchange professor to this country, seems to be borne out by the official figures. In 1912, 351 schools in Germany went in for rowing, with 7300 rowers and 880 boats. To-day the main School Club, Wannsee, in Berlin, includes 36 clubs with nearly 1500

rowers and more than 200 boats. I went over some of these clubs with Dr. Brinkmann and was amazed at the extent of the equipment and interest in the sport. Since the war, rowing has received a check, owing to lack of funds to keep up the boats, club-houses, and so forth, but by pooling their interests the clubs are still able to keep going. While rowing, like the other sports, is looked upon chiefly for its educational value and races are few, there is an annual regatta in which the different clubs take part.

V

From the account above given of the state-school system of Prussia and from the examples of a few of the private boarding schools, there would seem to be a double trend in education in Germany to-day. On the one hand, the state schools are chiefly interested in unifying and liberalizing education and in making it more accessible to greater numbers of the German people, in order that the best intellectual forces of Germany may be conserved for service to the State. On the other hand, the private and experimental schools are more concerned with changing the education process itself, to adapt it to the needs of the individual by providing the right milieu for the fullest and freest development of the creative faculties, and for the training of social and civic responsibility through the school community.

The above aims are not necessarily mutually exclusive. Rather do they denote a difference of emphasis. All classes in Germany believe in education, and it is generally realized that the future strength of the new Republic depends more on a sound system of education than on military force.

TROTZKY THE REBEL

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

JUST a few days after the Russian Bolshevik Revolution had triumphantly celebrated its tenth anniversary, the Russian Communist Party expelled Leon Trotzky from the ranks of its members. Even historical dates can be dramatic, as one may recognize by comparing chronologically a few incidents in Trotzky's career in those two fateful years, 1917 and 1927.

In September 1917, Trotzky swept into power as President of the Petrograd Soviet. He was borne up on the crest of the wave of stormy radicalism that swelled among the Petrograd workers as a result of General Kornilov's unsuccessful effort to carry out a reactionary coup. In September 1927, Trotzky was expelled from the Executive Committee of the Communist International for persistent opposition to the policies of that body and for defiantly praising a group of opposition Communists who had established an illegal printing shop.

In October 1917, as President of the Petrograd Soviet and member of the Military Revolutionary Committee which was created to prepare and direct the Bolshevik uprising, Trotzky took a leading part in organizing the Petrograd workers and soldiers for the overthrow of the tottering Kerensky Government. In October 1927, for persistent contumacious violations of Party discipline, Trotzky was excluded from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, a body in which he

has sat continuously for the last ten years.

In November 1917, the Military Revolutionary Committee swung into action. Most of Petrograd fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks without a struggle. Trotzky, amid bursts of applause, proclaimed to the assembled Soviet Congress that 'the Provisional Government has ceased to exist.' In November 1927, the two highest organs of the Communist Party, the Central and Control Committees, meeting in joint session, decided 'in regard to comrades Trotzky and Zinoviev, who are the main leaders of all this anti-Party activity, which is clearly developing into anti-Soviet activity and undermining the dictatorship of the proletariat . . . to expel Comrades Trotzky and Zinoviev from the ranks of the All-Union Communist Party.'

So a long circle has been completed. The fiery 'tribune of the people' of 1917, the inspiring and magnetic leader of the Red Army which grew up to defend the Revolution against foreign and domestic enemies, is now officially proclaimed a rebel against the Communist Party, is placed outside the pale of Bolshevism in the ranks of the Social Democratic critics of the Soviet régime.

For 1927 is not 1917. In place of the crumbling shadow government of Kerensky stands the Soviet régime, buttressed on a new social order and firmly held together by discipline and organization. The well-trained

soldiers of the Red Army, performing their complicated evolutions on the Red Square before President Kalinin, War Commissar Voroshilov, and other civilian and military leaders, do not in the least resemble the mutinous, war-weary soldiers of 1917, who were tearing the epaulettes from the shoulders of their officers and streaming homeward from the trenches in a great elemental tide. If 1917 was a year of revolution, 1927 was eminently a year of stabilization.

And this fundamental change in circumstances made Trotzky's activity on November 7, 1927, only a pathetic caricature of the historic rôle which he played ten years ago. He coursed about the streets of Moscow in an automobile, trying to address throngs of demonstrators in various places; but the workers, now well drilled in Communist orthodoxy, howled him down. In 1917 Trotzky was borne along by the swift current of historical development; in 1927 he was doomed to make a vain, if gallant, effort to swim against it.

II

Of all the heretics who at different times and for different reasons have rebelled against the strict rules of the Communist Party organization, Trotzky is the first and the greatest. Trotzky's disagreement with the principles that go under the name of Bolshevism or Leninism may be traced far back, to the days before the first unsuccessful revolutionary movement of 1905, when Lenin and Trotzky and other exiled revolutionaries carried on in the obscure places of refuge which they found in England and Switzerland and other European countries their endless arguments as to how the Tzarist system should be overthrown.

Even at that time, when no one could accurately foresee the moment

and the means of the overthrow of the autocracy, Lenin laid down and strenuously championed certain methods of organization which very much govern the conduct of the All-Union Communist Party to-day. Lenin had little faith in the possibilities of a spontaneous popular revolutionary movement. He insisted that only a party of carefully selected revolutionists, held together by the strongest bonds of discipline, could direct the explosive discontent of the masses into the proper channels and really organize a permanently victorious revolution. Within the Bolshevik, or Communist, Party, as Lenin conceived and moulded it, iron discipline was an all-important characteristic. Every member was as completely at the disposition of the directing Party organs as the soldier in war is at the disposition of his commanding officer. Any decision adopted by a Party congress, or by the Central Committee, which guided the policies of the Party between congresses, was absolutely binding for every member, regardless of whether he might personally agree with it or not.

Now, although Trotzky has always been an orthodox Marxist in his political and economic thinking, there is a strain of intense individualism in his character that made him instinctively chafe against the absolute self-submersion which was demanded by Lenin's programme of Party discipline. He took up the cudgels with Lenin in press and pamphlet, arguing that 'formal discipline' is not the highest virtue and that the revolutionary who differs with the majority of his party has the right and duty to express and advocate his views, even after a definite decision has been taken.

Besides this very important issue of Party organization there were certain theoretical differences which kept Lenin and Trotzky apart in the years before

1917. Under the influence of the 1905 upheaval, Trotzky propounded his so-called 'theory of permanent revolution,' which has long been regarded as one of the chief heresies in Communist theology. The substance of this theory was that the Russian Revolution, even if victorious, could not create a socialist order, because it would inevitably come into conflict with the property-owning instincts of the peasant majority of the population. Therefore Trotzky regarded the Russian Revolution as the starting point for an era of world revolution, which, by destroying the capitalist system in other countries, would make possible the creation of a socialist state in Russia. This theory was condemned by Lenin; and at the present time, when the Communist revolutionary movement outside of Russia seems to have subsided more or less indefinitely, Lenin's attitude suggests a doubtful appraisal of the socialist character of the Russian Revolution.

The year 1917 brought Lenin and Trotzky together. Emotionally Trotzky is always a revolutionary; and in a time of turmoil and popular upheaval he was almost certain to come to the fore. He formally entered the Bolshevik ranks in the summer of 1917, played a great part in organizing the seizure of power in November 1917, headed the Soviet peace delegation to Brest-Litovsk, and found a post which seemed ideally suited to his temperament and capacity as War Commissar during the embittered civil conflict that raged in Russia until the end of 1920.

It is still not possible to say how far Trotzky was responsible for the strategic conduct of the civil war. But, like Carnot in the French Revolution, he fairly earned the title, 'Organizer of Victory.' His unflinching fiery eloquence, his boundless energy, which found expression in his constant rushing on

special trains from one front to another, dashing off hundreds of dramatic orders, appeals, manifestoes, in the time which was spared from his actual military functions — all this played a great part in determining the issue of a struggle in which morale and enthusiasm were more important than ordinary technical military considerations.

During this period of intense revolutionary activity Trotzky, on the whole, worked in harmony with Lenin. There were two important occasions of disagreement. At the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations with Germany, Trotzky, in common with a number of other leading Communists, was in favor of prolonging resistance to the German demands to the uttermost, in the hope that this would create sentiment for a 'revolutionary war' among the Russian masses and kindle the flames of revolt in the German and Austrian armies. Lenin appraised the situation more realistically. He knew that no power on earth could drive the Russian soldiers back into the trenches which they had just left en masse, and he felt it was wrong to risk the fate of the young Russian Revolution on the doubtful chance of a revolution in Germany and Austria.

Trotzky's next serious disagreement with Lenin was in the winter of 1920-1921, a time of severe crisis for the Communist Party as a whole. The system of 'military communism' which had prevailed during the civil war had proved a dismal economic failure, and there was still no clear indication of how and in what direction it was to be modified. Trotzky proposed to militarize the trade-unions, practically turning them into organs of state administration. Lenin objected on the ground that this would destroy an important link between the Communist Party and the trade-union masses. Soviet trade-unions, in Lenin's opinion,

should be not state administrative organs, but 'schools of Communism,' where the non-Party workers could be organized and educated along Communist lines. Lenin's point of view prevailed, and the New Economic Policy, which was adopted in the spring of 1921, soon made the trade-union controversy seem outdated.

It was only after Lenin's second and permanent breakdown in the spring of 1923 that the shadow of Trotzky's past sins against the tenets of Bolshevism began to gather around him again. In spite of his visible eminence as War Commissar, Trotzky was always an isolated, lonely figure in the Communist Party. He had devoted followers and admirers, but no real associates. The most prominent figures of the 'Bolshevist Old Guard,' the men who had grown up with the Party from its origin and boasted of themselves as Leninists of twenty years' standing, looked askance at Trotzky as an outsider, if not a rank interloper. Moreover, there was something in Trotzky's proud, wayward, individualistic character that made it difficult for him to work with other men on a give-and-take basis. Lenin, whom he sincerely admired as the great genius of the Revolution, was able to use Trotzky and to work with him; but between the latter and Lenin's disciples there was always an undercurrent of misunderstanding, if not of actual hostility.

III

The year 1923, which witnessed Lenin's retirement from the political arena, was a difficult and trying period for the ruling Communist Party. The wheels of Russian industry were just beginning to turn again, and they creaked considerably in the process. The workers complained that their wages were paid in depreciating cur-

rency. The peasants had their grievances in the shape of heavy direct taxes and a glaring disproportion between the low grain prices and the high prices for manufactured goods.

Without Lenin's guiding and balancing influence and in the face of these difficult problems, it was natural that sharp differences of opinion should develop as to just what measures would promise the best results. And it was perhaps equally natural that the forces of discontent within the Party should group themselves around the isolated but still towering figure of Trotzky.

For a time the disagreements smoldered behind the locked doors of the Communist Party Central Committee; but, in December 1923, Trotzky published an open letter entitled 'The New Course.' In this letter Trotzky criticized the Communist Party officialdom for pursuing bureaucratic methods calculated to stifle the initiative of the individual Party members, hinted that the old Party leaders were in danger of becoming fossilized, and demanded that the voice of the Party youth should receive more attention.

This letter was treated as a slander upon the Party leadership and as a direct attempt to undermine Communist discipline. Around it raged a prolonged and embittered controversy. At that time Trotzky was still a great name and he enjoyed a good deal of support, especially among the students. But the Party organization, which was then under the leadership of Joseph Stalin, Gregory Zinoviev, and Leo Kamenev, was too strong for him. Party conferences and congresses condemned Trotzky's ideas as inconsistent with Leninism. A nation-wide campaign of speeches, newspaper articles, pamphlets, and books was inaugurated to describe Trotzky's differences with Lenin and to show that the views of the two men were fundamentally at

variance. Under this persistent attack Trotsky's prestige within the Party ranks steadily dwindled until only a small band of personal friends and followers remained loyal to him.

Stripped of all effective power in the War Commissariat, Trotsky took to writing history as an outlet for his energies. In the autumn of 1924 he published under the title 'Lessons of October' a historical review of the events which led up to the November Revolution, pointedly emphasizing the waverings of Zinoviev and Kamenev on the eve of the uprising. This was taken as ground for a new concerted attack, which culminated in Trotsky's resignation as War Commissar in January 1925. It was at this time that the suggestion to expel Trotsky from the Party was first made; and this was done, curiously enough, by an adherent of Trotsky's present-day ally and companion in expulsion, Gregory Zinoviev, who was then the most embittered of all Trotsky's political opponents.

This extreme suggestion was rejected, and Trotsky lived in retirement for a time in a Caucasian winter resort. In the summer of 1925 two of Trotsky's chief opponents, Zinoviev and Kamenev, had themselves fallen under a cloud of political disfavor and Trotsky returned to public activity, receiving several minor appointments as head of the Concessions Committee, head of the state electrical trust, and president of a commission which determined standards of industrial production.

But Trotsky's return to state activity was not of long duration. The wheel of Communist Party politics took another turn, and he was led into a new career of opposition, which was destined to culminate in his final exclusion from the Party ranks. At the Party Congress, in December 1925, Zinoviev and Kamenev found themselves almost as isolated as Trotsky had

been a year before. Stalin was the dominant figure at this gathering; and Zinoviev and Kamenev experienced the novel sensation of having their ideas and proposals rejected as mischievous and anti-Leninist.

For a time Trotsky preserved an attitude of cautious neutrality in the face of this new situation. But by the spring of 1926 it had become evident that Trotsky had made a more or less formal alliance with his old enemies, Zinoviev and Kamenev, for the purpose of opposing the existing Party leadership, in which the outstanding figures, after Stalin, were Premier Rykov and Nikolai Bukharin, editor of *Pravda*. The slogan of this new alliance was 'back to Lenin'; it accused the Party leadership of losing its revolutionary character and demanded more drastic legislative and administrative measures in defense of the interests of the workers and poor peasants and more attention to revolutionary propaganda in foreign countries.

Curiously enough, Trotsky in alliance with Zinoviev attracted a smaller measure of popular support within the Party ranks than Trotsky himself had enjoyed in the winter of 1923-1924. There were several reasons for this. The condition of the country had substantially improved, largely as a result of the stabilization of the currency and the revival of industrial production, so that the opposition was unable to capitalize any very sharp popular discontent. Then the Central Committee majority, since the time of the first Trotsky controversy, had carried out an extensive campaign of propaganda and agitation, thereby supplying the rank-and-file Communists with arguments, facts, and figures to oppose to the heresies of the opposition. Finally, the alliance between Trotsky and Zinoviev, after their former bitter antagonism, seemed unnatural and

unreal. The Central Committee majority took full advantage of this circumstance, reprinting and circulating in considerable quantities the anti-Trotsky pamphlets which Zinoviev and Kamenev had written in 1924.

The 'new opposition,' as the union of Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev came to be called, had as its nucleus the personal friends and adherents of these leaders. Most of its supporters were recruited from the Party intelligentsia and from students in Party and state universities. So far as can be judged from the results of the voting on Party resolutions, the opposition received little support from the working-class element in the Party to which it addressed its chief appeal.

The duel between the Party leadership and the opposition went on for about a year and a half before it reached a definite climax. For a long time, while they removed the opposition leaders from responsible posts and eliminated them from the Political Bureau, the inner council which guides the deliberations of the Party Central Committee, Stalin and his associates refrained from the extreme action of expelling them from the Party, or even from the Central Committee.

But in the autumn of 1927 the opposition, under Trotsky's leadership, began to employ systematically and on a wide scale the illegal methods which had been used by all revolutionary groups and parties under the Tzarist régime. The political platform which the opposition was forbidden to publish began to appear in printed form and to circulate through mysterious channels. Speeches which Trotsky and Zinoviev delivered at closed sessions of the Central Committee were spread about in the same way. This surreptitious activity extended beyond the frontiers of the Soviet Union. In Germany there is a group of former Communists,

headed by Maslov and Ruth Fischer, recruited from people who have been expelled or who have withdrawn from the German Communist Party for differences of opinion with its leadership and with the policies of the Communist International. This group shares the point of view of the opposition Russian Communists. And its weekly newspaper in Berlin began to receive and print various secret decisions and documents of the Russian Communist Party.

The Control Committee, which supervises discipline and possesses the right to reprimand and expel Party members, soon discovered the agencies through which the opposition was publishing its propaganda. In one instance a secret printing shop had been set up with the coöperation of several non-Party intellectuals, who carried out the technical part of the work. In other cases members of the opposition had added insult to injury by using state printing shops for the publication of their material.

Faced with this challenge to its authority, the Central Committee majority began to act much more vigorously. Whole groups of oppositionists were expelled; the papers were filled with the denunciations of the attempt to create a 'second Trotskyist party' in opposition to the sole legal Communist Party. Trotsky assumed the fullest responsibility for all the activities of the opposition.

IV

The true dramatic close of Trotsky's career as a member of the Communist Party came at the special session of the Central and Control Committees of the Party which met in the latter part of October. It was probably Trotsky's last chance to address this highest Communist tribunal, and he made the

most of it. Undeterred by the rising chorus of angry interruptions that often turned the whole assembly into a roaring tumult, Trotzky lashed out against Stalin and against the whole Party leadership with all the resources of his fiery eloquence.

Trotzky first aroused the ire of his audience, which, in its overwhelming majority, was made up of supporters of the existing Party leadership, by referring to the latter as 'a faction of Stalin and Bukharin, which places in the inner prison of the Gay-Pay-Oo (State Political Police) such splendid Party members as Nechaev, Stickhold, Vasiliev, Schmidt, Fischelev, and many others.' He defiantly added:—

'We told you on the eighth of September that we would bring our platform to the knowledge of the Party, notwithstanding any prohibitions. We have done this and we will carry this work to the end.'

The storm increased when Trotzky dragged into the polemical arena one of the most delicate subjects of Communist Party politics: a letter which Lenin left with instructions that it be read at the first Party Congress after his death. In this letter Lenin commented with great freedom on the personalities of all the leading members of the Central Committee. He characterized Stalin as 'too rough' and advocated his removal from the post of General Secretary of the Party Central Committee. It was this letter that Trotzky invoked when he shouted:—

'The roughness and lack of loyalty about which Lenin wrote are not simply personal qualities; they have become the qualities of the ruling faction, its policy and its régime. . . . That is why Lenin, foreseeing the prospect of his retirement from work, gave the Party the last advice: "Remove Stalin, who can bring the Party to break-up and destruction."''

This elicited a burst of angry outcries, such as 'Old slander!' 'Shame!' 'That's a lie!' As soon as he was able to resume his speech, Trotzky launched out on a bitter indictment of the Party policy, which, as he said, 'shifted its class basis from left to right: from the proletariat to the petty bourgeois, from the worker to the specialist, from the rank-and-file Party member to the official, from the poor peasant and agricultural laborer to the rich peasant, from the Shanghai worker to Chiang Kai-shek. There is the very substance of Stalinism.'

Trotzky went on to accuse the Party leadership of carrying out a mere tactical manœuvre, or zigzag, in recently proclaiming the necessity for stronger measures against the rich peasants. The last words distinguishable above the growing din were:—

'The "left" jubilee zigzag, as soon as it comes to realization, will encounter the fiercest resistance in the ranks of the Party majority itself. To-day the slogan is "Get rich," and to-morrow . . . From the rich peasants bribes come easily. . . . Behind the backs of the extreme Party officials stands the bourgeoisie that is reviving within the country.'

He was not permitted to continue. His voice was submerged in the rising tumult; the presiding official declared an intermission, and the gathering dispersed. Trotzky's swan song was over.

Later in the course of the session, Stalin, the Man of Steel, replied to Trotzky's vehement charges in his customary cold, unemotional, self-possessed style. In regard to Lenin's letter Stalin declared that he had twice offered his resignation since Lenin's death, but, since it had been unanimously rejected, he had no option except to remain at his post. Moreover, in this same letter Lenin had characterized Trotzky as 'not a Bolshevik'

and observed that the 'mistakes' of Kamenev and Zinoviev at the time of the November Revolution (that is, their opposition to the armed uprising) were 'not accidental.' Stalin added:—

'It is characteristic that there is not one word or one hint in the letter about the mistakes of Stalin. Only the roughness of Stalin is mentioned. But roughness is not and cannot be a defect in the political line or position of Stalin.

'They talk about arrests of disturbers who have been expelled from the Party and who carry on anti-Soviet work. Yes, we arrest and will arrest these people, if they don't cease to undermine the Party and the Soviet power,' he continued, amid applause.

And he coolly declared that if the Party could get on without Plekhanov, the pioneer of Marxism in Russia, who turned conservative in his later years, it could also get on without Trotzky and Zinoviev.

After this session of the Central and Control Committees it was a foregone conclusion that the Party Congress, meeting in December, would pronounce formal sentence of exclusion upon Trotzky and Zinoviev. Menzhinsky, head of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or secret police, raised a new and somewhat sensational count in the indictment against them. A former White officer, now acting as an agent of the Gay-Pay-Oo, had got into touch with Sherbatchev, the non-Party intellectual who worked in the secret printing shop of the opposition, and obtained from him compromising information, indicating that Sherbatchev and his friends would welcome a definitely counter-revolutionary coup. It was not suggested that the opposition itself desired or planned such a coup; but Stalin and his associates pointed to the Sherbatchev incident as furnishing definite proof that the opposition, whether willingly or unwillingly, was becoming

a centre around which all the forces of active discontent in the country would rally.

Trotsky did not care to wait for the inevitable decision of the Party Congress. Together with the other opposition leaders, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rakovsky, Smilga, and Muralov, he displayed feverish activity, arranging special meetings of his adherents in private houses and school buildings, meetings which were quite irregular under the Party constitution and which sometimes led to exchanges of blows with followers of the Central Committee.

The last straw was the counter-demonstration on the streets of Moscow on November 7, the day when a million paraders with countless banners and floats marched in honor of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Little groups of oppositionists appeared in various parts of the city, carrying pictures of Trotzky and Zinoviev, and placards inscribed 'Long Live Trotzky and Zinoviev, the Chiefs of the World Revolution,' or 'Back to Lenin.'

The counter-demonstration was not successful. In some places zealous partisans of the Central Committee pelted the opposition speakers with decayed apples and tore down their placards. Trotzky's voice was drowned in the roar of the vast revolutionary anniversary, just as it had been lost two weeks before amid the angry interruptions at the meeting of the Central and Control Committees.

But to go out on the streets with opposition slogans was a heinous and unprecedented offense against Party discipline. Four days later Trotzky and Zinoviev were again haled before the Party Supreme Court—the joint session of the Central and Control Committees. When they defiantly refused a pledge to refrain from further

subversive activity they were expelled from the Party.

V

So Bolshevism cast out Trotzky. And, like Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he has carried hundreds, if not thousands, with him in his fall. Maximilian Jaroslavsky, Secretary of the Control Committee, announced shortly after Trotzky's expulsion that about five hundred Communists had been excluded from the Party for opposition activity; and this number will quite possibly grow considerably before the process of purging is fully completed.

Some day, when Trotzky belongs to history, along with Danton, the man whom he perhaps most resembles in the French Revolution, his career may be the theme of a great novel or a great drama. And perhaps in the perspective of time it will be realized that a significant cause of Trotzky's decline and fall was the fact that in him was something too much of the eternal rebel. The fiery spirit that made him a great tribune of the revolutionary masses in 1917 and a great leader of the revolutionary armies in the years of civil war could not adjust itself to the slow and prosaic processes of economic reconstruction.

Trotzky has shown himself a man who works best under the powerful stimulus of revolutionary exhilaration. Once this is removed, his mind almost inevitably begins to move along critically destructive grooves. He sees the defects and inconsistencies in the Soviet State order more clearly than the achievements which have been reached on the road to socialism. Eager to quicken the pace of Russian economic progress, he is led into views irreconcilable with the realities of the case.

So, in 1920, Trotzky believed that it would be possible to reconstruct Russia's ruined industries by turning the

armies of the civil war into labor armies and setting them to work under military discipline. The scheme proved a disastrous failure and was quickly abandoned. In 1923, when the country was in the first stages of reconstruction, he advocated the temporary closing of the big Putilov works and of other factories in Leningrad. This suggestion might have been defensible from the purely economic standpoint, but it would have involved unemployment for thousands of Leningrad workers who had always been a bulwark of the Communist Party and the Soviet power. At the present time Trotzky and the other opposition leaders propose to counteract the tendency of the peasants to hold back their grain and other products from the market by collecting a forced grain loan—a measure which would certainly be politically undesirable and which would most probably only accentuate the difficulties of the problem.

The Tzarist Government sent Trotzky into exile; the Kerensky régime put him in prison, but could not keep him there; now the ruling Communist Party has decided that banishment to a small village in Central Asia has solved the question of how to eliminate Trotzky's subversive influence without making a martyr of him. Politically his future seems dark. If his opposition gained little support in the Party while it was still to some extent lawful, it can scarcely hope for more success when it has fallen under a ban of outlawry, when it is officially classified with the activities of Mensheviks, Social Revolutionists, and other anti-Communist and anti-Soviet parties.

Partly because of his brilliant, vivid personality, partly because he is known to be in conflict with the established powers, Trotzky is undeniably popular with the Russian *obivatel*, or 'man in the street,' and with certain elements of

the bourgeoisie and intelligentsia who, under the Soviet system, have little voice in the political life of the country. Herein lies the explanation for the fact that when Trotzky's picture is thrown on the screen during the showing of historical films it attracts a hearty round of applause, accompanied by a few disapproving hisses from orthodox Communists. But one should not attach undue significance to this. In the first place, these classes were thoroughly subdued by the November Revolution. In the second place, it would be at once laughable and pitiable for Trotzky, who thunders against the Central Committee for not being sufficiently revolutionary in its policies, to become the centre of a bourgeois movement against the existing order.

But although he has been banished, perhaps forever, from the political councils of Soviet Russia, it would be a grave mistake to regard Trotzky as a broken and disheartened man. People

who have seen him recently (in accordance with the strict rules of Communist polemics he has been debarred from stating his case directly to foreign journalists) testify that he is looking physically better than at any time during the last few years.

For now he is back in an atmosphere that must suggest almost a revival of his youth — an atmosphere of secret meetings, defiant saying of forbidden things, surreptitious circulation of illegal literature. And although the Party in its mass may reject him, although Communist congresses and local organizations all over Russia may condemn him, bell, book, and candle, he knows that there is a faithful remnant of Communists and ex-Communists who keep his picture on the walls of their rooms and who will follow him wherever his path may lead.

Trotzky the Soviet War Lord, the imperious Commissar, is only a fading memory. Trotzky the Rebel remains.

MISREPRESENTATIVE DRAMA

BY IVOR BROWN

I

HAMLET told his players that they were the abstract and brief chronicles of their time; on the strength of this argument he recommended that they should be well used and well bestowed.

Since Hamlet's time the usage and bestowal of players have undoubtedly improved; when success has come their way they can sleep on silk, and add rank to luxury. The oldest families will

hitch their sons to the newest 'stars.' The mime or minstrel who has conquered at home can, in his travels, assume an almost ambassadorial dignity. But are these great ones, either at home or on their travels, the abstracts and brief chronicles of anything but themselves? That their selves may be exquisite to see and hear, that they may be luminous and magnetic, we do not doubt. But are they, on any but

the rarest occasions, representatives of their race and time?

Were I, a Londoner, to take American plays and players as the voices of American culture and the portrayers of American life, I should certainly have very queer ideas of the Western world. After visiting, for example, *Twelve Miles Out*, *Whispering Wires*, *Broadway*, and *Crime*, which is a typical sample group of American exports, what could I think of New York save that it is populated entirely by murderers and millionaires and that the whole population is given up to the smuggling and peddling of liquor, the stealing of jewels, and the firing of pistols?

No playgoer who stops to think is going to base sociological judgments on the evidence of imported melodramas. But the majority of playgoers who flock to the sensational pieces do not use their brains as much as they use their eyes and ears. On them suggestion, vigorously emphasized by skilled production and working by constant, continual repetition, must be acting powerfully. Thus, if we in England add the effects of the imported American play to those of the imported American film, we can fairly say that the players are anything but brief chronicles. It is only on rare occasions that we see a piece in which the middle-class American life is presented and the American citizen can be seen as a normal person who has to go to work and count his dollars with caution and think how he can make the money do its best for his wife and children. Thus the American majority has no representation and the real America never enters the English playgoer's mind; we get upon the stage no contact with the commuter and the small-town family, with the men and women who elect America's rulers and shape her civilization. We see only the more gaudy absurdities of luxury and

lawlessness on the East Coast and the still more frantic and furious fun of the Wildest West.

To this rule there have been, I gladly admit, some honorable exceptions. The best play of 1927 in London was commonly judged to be *The Silver Cord*, that relentless exposure of the too-motherly mother who must always be featuring herself in a position that is as false to facts as it is complimentary to the lady. Sidney Howard's play, to whose success in London the brilliant acting of his wife, Miss Clare Eames, has also contributed, is not essentially American. The vain and greedy mother, who ruins her children's chances while she is professing her devotion to maternity's sacred call, belongs to any and every country. But we can at least be grateful for a piece of American social landscape in which the gunman is not protagonist and the corpses of 'bumped-off' millionaires are not the main attraction. Another play which showed us glimpses of the larger America was Frank Craven's *The First Year*. Further back was Arthur Richman's *Ambush*.

But the exceptions are trifling when set against the steady march of misrepresentative drama with its mystery crooks marshaled in platoons and its 'shoot-at-sight' bootleggers arrayed in battalions. For the fact that the players are such unjust chronicles and misleading abstracts of their time and place neither they nor the playwrights are to blame. The guilty party is the public. With the exception of *The Silver Cord* I can think of no serious play about essential and typical American life which has made money in London. Character pieces like *Potash and Perlmutter* and, more recently, *Is Zat So?* have done well enough in their time, but their case is peculiar, since the main effects depended on skillful partnerships of two players working in a peculiar and

picturesque idiom. Both plays were really 'turns,' as they say in the world of vaudeville.

On the whole the English playgoer does not want American realism any more than he wants English realism, and a fairly sure way to lose money would be to rent a London theatre and then put on a *Main Street* type of play. The London playgoer has become enraptured by the radiant allure of unrealism; his or her appetite is stimulated by what it feeds on, and craves the drama of hands that clutch incessantly in the night. So we now look to America for an unbroken supply of those savage affairs in which there are show-downs and 'bumpings-off' without end and all the characters are busy 'double-crossing' one another with the frequency of the laces in a hiking boot.

II

The cause of this is plain enough. There is an art of the theatre which ought to be and can be expressive of the society in which it lives, but this art is a very small and tender plant which has to struggle for existence in that jungle of coarser, hardier shrubs — the industry of entertainment. The vast majority of people in any country dislike the theatre which holds the mirror up to the turmoil of the day or to that monotonous spectacle of the plain day's work and the quiet night's rest. The art of the theatre at its best will take a man into himself. So the popular play is nearly always that which shows the audience the world of the photopress, a world which is larger than life, a world in which nobody has to worry about a hundred dollars and everyone can pop off to the Riviera when the plot demands and make love to his neighbor's wife beneath rays as violet as ever burned upon the isles of Greece and in front of a sea as blue as

an advertiser's idea of a fashionable pleasure beach.

In England the normal color of the sky is an unclean and lugubrious gray and the normal state of the atmosphere is humid. Consequently all popular plays about English life are staged in a solar radiance beyond the dreams of California or Monte Carlo. There are usually French windows leading out of a library innocent of books into a garden on which the sun never sets. The characters stroll about in clothes which would only be endurable for a day or two in a whole English summer. If the producer were to say: 'This is a play of English life. Therefore, my dear heroine, you shall make your entrance in mackintosh and rubbers and you, my dear hero, shall go about with a cold in your head, trying to stop up the filthy drafts which English architecture organizes with such devilish efficiency' — well, in that unlikely case, the failure of the play would be certain. The public does not want to see the latest modes in rainproof coatings; if such fashions were realistically on view it would say: 'Why go in there? It's just like being at home. We know all about downpours and drafts and gloom and galoshes; we want blue skies, blue blood, and the Blue Train.' So it would move on to some more solar piece in which the English summer had been taught to behave itself and imitate the Mediterranean, according to theatrical necessity.

This distaste for the verities is not limited to England. Neither the English nor the American public has, in the mass, any desire for a representative theatre in the sense of a theatre which is true to the basic and common facts of the national life. Most people are tired of normality, and there is this to be said for their flight from normality to entertainment. It needs a very great

artist to make the commonplace significant and to elicit the beauty and the strangeness, the mystery and the adventure, which are hidden underneath the rough, drab surface of everyday affairs. Very great artists are rare, and they have adequate causes for being frightened of the theatre, where the inevitable partnership with producer and with actor may inflict upon them considerable strain and suffering. Consequently the plays which reflect the average life of the community are apt to be of average or less than average ability. The result is drab, unsatisfactory writing about drab, unsatisfactory people.

Of course, if the English and American middle class had its Chekhovs who could show us the beauty and excitement, the fun and the pathos, of seemingly drab households, then we could have our representative drama. Similarly, if figures with an Ibsenite power of penetrating parlor windows appeared with frequency, then we could look to the playhouse for the abstract of our age. But these blessed possibilities remain only possibilities. For the dramatist of ordinary ability the line of least resistance and greatest reward is to take the exceptional case and to build his drama round the unrecognizable gentry who can be relied upon to fill three acts with their sexual or criminal entanglements. When we go to such a play we shall not meet the mirror of ourselves or of our cousins and our aunts; characters will be as remote from reality as climate. We shall never, for instance, meet the person who is moderately untidy—that is to say, the commonest person in the world. If a person is untidy in a popular play, he is deemed to enact a 'character part,' which means that he appears as a walking rag-bag; if he or she is not among the 'character parts,' then he or she is always immaculately

dressed, maided, valeted, and coiffured.

The popular stage likes the obvious extremes and abandons the fine shades. The audience commands and the stage obeys. This matter of tidiness may seem a very small affair, but it is symptomatic of the whole atmosphere in which the work goes on. Outside the few exceptional people who really care about fine shades there is the great mass which wants to see what it cannot see in office or domestic hours—that is, unparagoned feminine beauty, sumptuous modes, and deeds of daring. In the old days that daring ran to chivalrous gallantry; now it is limited to the tiresome audacities of law-breaking and seduction. Whatever it is that the popular play provides, it must have a certain extravagance and emphasis. It must be sharply contrasted with the playgoer's routine of work and play. Thus there can, under modern conditions in the industry of entertainment, be no large body of representative drama. In the little theatres, in the select offerings to the select audience, the fine shades of interpretation may creep in and a national culture may become explicit in the play. But with the men and women who make Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue solvent Wilde's epigram still holds: nothing succeeds like excess.

This may seem, at the first glance, to be extremely morose doctrine. But it is not so in fact. So long as we recognize the embarrassment of the dramatic art when caught amid the crude and cruel commercial rivalries of the traffic in entertainment, we make no charge against the power and value of drama when we admit that while it has to contend with sport, cinema, radio, and similar attractions, four fifths of the stage plays produced must feed the public with the routine illusions which the public appetite demands. The majority of American plays in England

tell us nothing essential about America for the simple reason that the person who buys a seat is not interested in essentials, and the same is, I suppose, true of English plays in America. Would a large American public tolerate St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg*, which presents the real England of suburban distress? There is certainly no discrimination against American plays in England on national grounds. Now and again a theatrical gossip writer will denounce them after one or two importations have 'flopped' and say that the American dominion in Shaftesbury Avenue is over. His case is always and immediately disproved by another American success. Everybody who watches theatrical events knows that there is a tremendous amount of luck in the business and that a play which appears to have all the ingredients of triumph will mysteriously meet with a disastrous first night and disappear hurriedly, while far less competent concoctions remain to conquer.

American plays in London share these vicissitudes with English plays. If one happens to meet ill-fortune it is quite absurd to pretend that English playgoers have risen in patriotic fervor and conscious revolt against an invasion of foreign devils. The average playgoer may be a simpleton, but he is not the bigoted zany which this argument supposes. When he deliberately turns down a play he does so because he does n't like it. He is not examining origins and checking the author's passport. Indeed, an intense, idiomatic Americanism may be an actual asset to a piece. When I first listened to the 'backchat' of the New York prize fighters in *Is Zat So?* and strained my ears to catch their weird and elusive argot, I thought that this might be trying the English public too far. As well put on a play in Bulgarian! But I was wrong. The extraordinary vivacity

and lucidity of the American acting carried off the strangeness of the dialect, and the piece had a very good run in London.

No play taken from one country to another can be totally misrepresentative. Even though an Englishman has been to six New York crook plays in succession, with the result that he has begun to believe that the sole occupation of New Yorkers is taking in each other's 'booze' and bullets, he may yet get a fair impression of technical resources in the American theatre. A play which does not represent American life will, if it has an American producer and American players, represent American stagecraft. On this score the English theatre has some cause for acknowledging valuable instruction. In the staging of popular shows America has taught us much in the way of speed, slickness, vigor, and the accurate timing of dialogue, movements, and effects. When criminological melodramas first established their present vogue, the American productions were distinctly better than our own, and often also in revue and musical comedy the vigor of American direction was conspicuous and exemplary. Those lessons have now been learned. A good English revue, say one of Mr. Cochran's or Mr. Hulbert's, is usually a model of presentation, and we have screwed up our standards to the American level in speed and tautness of stagecraft.

III

There is one last point without mention of which a discussion of American representation on the English stage would be incomplete. The publication in England (by a clever and successful publisher) of Eugene O'Neill's plays as they appear has focused excessive attention on that author. The result of this is that

O'Neill is sometimes talked about as the American dramatist.

I, for my part, respect Mr. O'Neill's work, but I consider him to be more often on the verge of greatness than actually achieving it. As a box-office counter he is of little weight in London, but as a name he stands very high with the genuine lovers of theatre art. Only two of Sidney Howard's pieces have been given in London — *They Knew What They Wanted* and *The Silver Cord*. On the strength of these two I should consider him a larger figure than Mr. O'Neill. Perhaps it is the very fact that Mr. Howard's pieces have had good runs that has encouraged the theatre intellectuals to take less notice than they should have done, since the form which snobbishness takes among these people is neglect of any popular and profitable laurels. Thus Mr. O'Neill's stark talent dominates the horizon too much when the uncommercial American drama is under discussion, and among a hundred English devotees of the theatre who know his name there can hardly be any who could mention another serious American dramatist if Sidney Howard be excepted. What do we know, for instance, of Philip Barry?

And with that I return to my original contention that, under existing conditions in the theatre, the serious American dramatist is unlikely to secure a hold upon London's attention for the simple reason that the serious English dramatist also fails as a rule to find listeners. The bulk of playgoers shrink

from representative drama now as they did when Ibsen was first opening the doors of bourgeois homes. Sidney Howard has got through this barrier of distrust. *They Knew What They Wanted* was colorful and powerful drama, and *The Silver Cord* delights the ladies who can go and reflect that the appalling figure of the mother is not at all like themselves, but the very image of Mrs. Smith next door. Mr. Howard has been fortunate, and I, for one, am heartily glad of it, for this will encourage managers to give us more of his work and he is certainly one who can be a national deputy in the English theatre. The presence of such deputies on either side of the Atlantic will be a sign that the art of the theatre is increasing its sway within the industry of entertainment and that a national civilization is no longer to be travestied by the export of rubbish and raree-shows.

The representative play, which does not distort manners in order to tickle the moron, but portrays them in order to criticize and to interpret the national culture from which it springs, is our hope for international coöperation in the art of drama. We already know about our various recipes for filling the evenings of the well-dined and eliciting the pocket money of those who are seeking nothing more ambitious than a night out. The representative play is quite another matter. But that is no reason why it should not, in time, increase the narrow foothold which it now possesses in the house of entertainment.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMEN ARE N'T FANS

WOMEN now sit beside men in the jury box, in the barbershop, and in the stands of the prize-fight arena. Equality is theirs to make the most of. But they'll never have to build bigger stadiums to accommodate a rush of feminine fans to baseball games and prize fights.

The stuff that fans are made of — frenzied, hysterical, pleading, shouting, swearing fans — is not of the same piece as the pattern from which women are cut.

'Never the twain shall meet' is no more true of East and West than it is of the utterly alien points of view of men and women at a big fight.

For two years the *New York World* gave me costly tickets to the season's major sporting events so that I might observe and report whether or not women were there, and what seemed to be their reactions and interest. I saw the Yankees and the Giants clash for the pennant, and I watched Firpo knock Dempsey into the press box and Dempsey knock Firpo into oblivion (at least I had a \$27.50 ringside seat from which I was supposed to see this), not to mention other less thrilling affairs, at all of which my sisters under the skin were conspicuous by their absence or their uncomprehending blankness in the face of the mob frenzy which gripped the male fans.

Why?

Men can lose their self-consciousness. Women can't.

I am a pretty good baseball fan as women go, I flatter myself. I am a long way beyond an acquaintance who

blandly inquired of her escort, a well-known sports-writer authority on baseball, 'And what are the men in civilian clothes doing down there?'

I am barely a second behind the gentleman who takes me to ball games in appreciatively applauding a clever double play. When the Babe smacks a long one out to right field which may, by the grace of a good outfield, be a fly instead of a home run, I surge up with the rest of the stands, strain forward, even lift my voice in the general roar.

But it is absolutely inconceivable to me how this same gentleman can rise to his feet when the rest of the section is seated and comparatively quiet, and cupping his hands, bellow for all the world to hear, 'Pitch to him, you big bum!' and then sit down with the unembarrassed calm of the man who has materially aided in the world's work.

I saw the two opening games of the 1926 World Series in company with a cousin who had come all the way up from the South for just those two games. He was n't stopping to analyze why he thought an apology was necessary, but in the first breathing space after the umpire called, 'Play ball!' he turned deprecatingly to me: 'I hope it won't bother you if I kind of yell some. I'm apt to get pretty excited, you know.'

At the Dempsey-Firpo fight, I was the only woman in the particular ringside section where my seat was located. Several men looked at first surprised and amused, then a bit concerned to see a woman so alone and unprotected. There was one young policeman across the aisle who obviously intended to keep his eye on me and see that I came to no harm.

Then, as the stadium lights went out, leaving the ring a white magnetic glare in which two perfect men-brutes charged at each other to a roar like the threat of a dam breaking, men climbed on the seats, on the backs of seats; the wooden ring-side benches went down in waves, and black knots struggled cursing and shouting toward the ring they could not see.

I crawled out into the aisle, as a huge breaker of fighting fans swept toward the ring. I was badly frightened. I looked desperately for the young policeman. He was standing on his bench, one arm tightly around the neck of a smaller man beside him, who was completely unaware that he was being slowly strangled. 'Oh, God,' prayed the young policeman, his eyes lifted to the ring in the tremendous exaltation of a religious frenzy, 'oh, God — *God* — GOD — a knockout, a knockout, a KNOCKOUT!'

Nobody paid the slightest attention to me or anybody else. Nobody was conscious of anybody else. For a few crashing, tremendous, unforgettable moments there was nothing in the world but the fight, and every man of those thundering thousands *was* the fight.

I was a stranger in a strange land, a woman in a man's world. I had as much right to be there as anyone else. There were no conventions defied, no jealous men's rules to be broken. But I did n't belong. No woman really did.

The child is father to the fan. And the trouble is that girls grow up, definitely and finally, while boys never do, quite. And when you're grown up you can't lose your self-consciousness in a game.

There never was a feminine Peter Pan, and there never will be. There was Wendy, of course, and Wendy was the most joyous of playmates for a while. But the time came when inevitably she left the Never Never Land.

Barrie says not to feel sorry for her, because she did n't mind growing up — she wanted to. All girls do.

Nor is it an accident that the world's greatest fairy tales and fantasies, ancient and modern, are written by men, not women.

A child is a fireman, an Indian, a motorman, a Big League player, though equipment be of the most rudimentary or completely lacking. So professional sport draws its thousands — of men. Tied to the routine of desk or of machine, the thrill of actual physical combat or competition, the glory of being a hero to cheering thousands, though it last but a moment, is not for them. But, because no man ever wholly grows up, it is not necessary that he be down there on the diamond. While he strains forward from the seat for which he has stood in line since dawn, while he curses or acclaims every play, for those moments he is in the game. And when he yells, 'Pitch to him, you big bum!' he is the Babe himself daring Sherdel not to pass him.

Somebody will now ask, 'What about football — and the hundreds of young women who attend college games yearly and who manage to show a good deal of excitement when Harvard is on Yale's ten-yard line and vice versa?'

In the first place, the personal element enters in there, and then, as a woman feels it, there's some point to yelling. She wants to see her man and his team win, and it need n't make any difference what the game is, nor how much or little she understands it. For co-eds who go in bunches and who can appreciate the different plays, college spirit is the personal interest that makes such enthusiasm possible.

In the second place, girls go to football games as they go to 'proms,' or any other social functions where invitations are indicative of one's popularity.

But you don't see the same crowds of women at a professional football game, do you? There are some, of course, just as there are some at any sport affair, and some because they've heard of 'Red' Grange. But it's nothing like the college crowd, for the obvious reason that women aren't interested in football for the sake of the game, but for the sake of the man or the social occasion.

But there are a good many women, as everyone knows, who do go to ball games and prize fights. They go because it's the thing, these days, to be interested in all sport. Society wears evening gowns at fights and hobnobs with professional fighters and ball players and gets a thrill out of it, just as out of any new fad. In these days also, women, in the effort to share in their husbands' interests, go with them to ball games. And as a result some women have come honestly to enjoy the game for itself, and would rather watch good baseball than go to the movies. But few, if any, would go regularly by themselves if their husbands were n't connected with the sport or in any way interested.

Fashion also takes women to the championship tennis and golf matches. But there's another difference here. One enjoys good tennis or golf with one's intelligence, not with one's emotions — that goes for both men and women. Women, who play so well themselves, are naturally no less keenly appreciative here than men. But the gallery does not play with the players; it applauds, it is intelligently critical, pleasantly partisan. There is none of that fighting frenzy which demands victory in a professional and alien struggle, which women do not and cannot understand or share, but which is the breath of life to your true sport fan.

So golf and tennis draw their thousands, but baseball and prize fights

draw their tens of thousands and big stadiums are built for them.

There were, it is true, a good many women at the last World's Series who set the alarm clock for an early start and joined the long lines waiting for the unreserved seats to go on sale. That meant nearly the whole day in the stands and considerable devotion either to the game or to the men who took them to see it.

But when the crowd in the bleachers got excited and began throwing paper — showers of it, pretty to watch; wads of it, not so comfortable to feel, — East spoke to West again, and the women irritably demanded of their escorts why they did n't ask the police to make those rough men quit — their hats were getting knocked askew.

And, come to think of it, did you ever see a woman at a game throw her hat into the air — toss it to the wind in the ultimate gesture of tremendous satisfaction? I never have. Plenty of men would sacrifice brand-new head-gear to the greatness of the moment, but can you imagine a ball game meaning more to a woman than a hat? Even if it was an old hat, and she never had liked it, and she was just terribly glad St. Louis had won, her grown-up self, her real woman self, would be gently whispering, 'Even if you don't want the hat, dearie, you can't go home through the streets without it, you know. Why, what would people think?'

YEW TREES

BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

It is the loveliest tree I have ever seen, that yew tree at Stoke Poges. A cathedral of a tree, full of fan traceries

and mullioned windows where birds look in; its trunk a stalwart column, its branches architraves; not Gothic, tapering to a spire, but squat and strong like a Norman tower; thickly leaved to its very foundations; a monument to the unheadstoned dead who have gathered in its shade. The old fellow, the sexton, said it was mentioned in the Domesday Book. Perhaps it was. It has an air of immortality about it. The calm magnificence of eternity.

The old fellow urged me into the church. He was not a tree worshiper like myself. He was more concerned with the pew that had held the members of the ancient and honorable Pitt family, with their small traffickings in comfort, the cushions that had eased their backs and the stones that had warmed their feet; with their private entrance through the vestry to save them from exposure to snow or rain, and even more from exposure to the common folk who came in at the front door.

This was September, golden, ruddy, bright. A still sun glossed the dark green leaves of the yew tree and inked them again in gigantic shadow on the grass. In the fields beyond, grain was being harvested. Here in the churchyard was harvest, too. And endless quiet. There was no sound at all to break the repose of that sleeping company. The place made death seem infinitely desirable. I looked back to the church beside which Gray lay in his red brick tomb, unshaded and unlovely. He seemed, like the sexton, to have drawn apart from the yew tree. Yet, I think he would have preferred to lie with the 'unhonoured dead' in the mouldering turf, soil of its soil, dust of its dust. Instead of the storied urn with which Stoke Poges sought to do him honor, the yew tree should have been his headstone. I began to think about yew trees. Why are there so many in the English churchyards? I thought

I had the answer to my question when I was told that a statute of Edward I states that the yew trees were planted in churchyards to defend the church against high winds. So they were gallant trees, defenders of the faith, protectors of God and architecture.

Another year in another churchyard at Ifley, where age-old graves undulate about the old Norman door with its dogtooth and its signs of the zodiac, last relic but one of its kind, I saw again a lovely yew tree. Another ancient sexton presided over the place. Why are sextons always old? Is it a bit of dramatic harmony that those who are almost done with life are drawn irresistibly to the service of the dead? This particular ancient looked as if he were steeped in tradition, and as if he might have fancies. So I was moved to ask him my question about yew trees.

'Well, you see, young lady, it's this way,' he began. 'There's very elastic wood in the yew tree, and they do say in the old days it were used for making bows. Sometimes they'd call a bow a yew, for the wood it were made of. But the trees all belonged to the gentry, the earls, and the lords of the manor, and the like. The only land the poor folk owned was the bit of ground they was to be buried in. And, however doughty they was, they dast not strip the trees of their betters for wood for their bows. So they set to and planted their own yew trees in the churchyards, which was common property, and many a stout weapon the peaceful graves gave up, I warrant you.'

The old fellow liked the idea. He started and told it to me all over again. I liked it myself. It went further than my notion that the yew trees were defenders of the property of God against His elements. It made them warriors in their own right. I was glad that, after all, yews were planted not, like the cypress, for the dead, but for the living.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. Edward Newton is at home in London and Lichfield. When he travels he prefers to follow the footsteps of Dr. Johnson. But — 'I don't think we could do better than to go to Norway and Sweden this summer,' said Mrs. Newton. And so to Scandinavia they went. Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, in addressing himself so frankly to business men, had in mind, as he tells us, 'the tremendous power which the relatively new and almost unregulated forces of credit have placed in the hands of the banker, the political danger both to finance itself and to the nation if this power is not wisely and beneficently exercised, and the duty of the banker to recognize the political responsibilities which this great power has imposed upon him.' 'Head of an advertising agency of national prominence, Theodore F. MacManus of Detroit has received high honor from the Pope for his civic achievements. The recent discussion of Catholic policy in our columns prompted him to send us his article, which has long been in preparation. Paul Shorey, for over thirty years head of the Greek Department at the University of Chicago, is known wherever the classics still linger. His present paper is derived from an address delivered at the University of Colorado. Maristan Chapman makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a story written in and about his homelands, the Tennessee mountains. Largely self-disciplined, he tells us in a letter of the principles which guide his work:—

I try to get soundness and sureness into simple stories of the mountain people as they are. They have strength and simplicity and much fun, self-reliance, and complete lack of self-pity. Mostly they have fun, and no happening of life can disturb them. My object is to show a class of people, too long looked upon only as a class, to be live and knowing individuals; to make their eyes the eyes through which the outlander may see their world, and, thus seeing, experience an understanding kinship with them, and at the same time feel a sense of adventure for himself in

seeing an unexplored corner of life. My only effort has been to get the idea across to the outland, and to do this I have only the language we use. This I have bent to the pattern of stories to give voice to a people yet unheard. We have been looked at and talked over, and brave things have been made to put words into our mouths but we have never yet spoken.

* * *

Edwin Muir is Scotch, of course. A versatile man of letters, he has to his credit a volume of verse, two volumes of critical studies, and a novel, while in company with his wife he has translated from the German several popular books, among them *Power*, by Lion Feuchtwanger. 'Apart from her teaching at Smith College, Mary Ellen Chase is, as she says, 'willfully reminiscent' about the Maine uplands, the scene of her recent novel and essays. Alfred North Whitehead, eminent in philosophy as he is in mathematics, has transferred his sphere of influence from the old Cambridge to the new. 'Walter de la Mare says that what he admires most in Henry Williamson's work 'is his intense love of the English country, and all things closely bound up with it—its people, their customs, its wild things, weather, scenery, and mysterious life.' Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson was personal physician and friend to Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson during their days in the White House. 'From the demands of a busy household Rosalie Hickler saves a portion of the night or day for her verse. 'More than a generation of *Atlantic* readers have loved the Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers. He is gone now, but fortunately a few essays remain which he planned to publish and which, through the kindness of Mrs. Crothers, we shall print during the summer and fall. It chances that this first paper in the series is very short, but it is much to the point. 'The author of the articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has already been described in earlier issues.

Morton Harrison has witnessed the scenes whereof he writes. Stephen Cabot, formerly headmaster of St. George's School, Newport, is organizing trustee of the new Avon School, Connecticut. As Russian correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, William Henry Chamberlin has had six years of atmospheric contact with the more stormy figures of modern times. Ivor Brown is an English journalist of distinction, following the arts in the interests of the *Manchester Guardian*.

* * *

A friend has sent us for our readers this letter from a Moro chieftain, which has been translated from the Arabic, and which tells its own remarkable story. It should be explained that the Maharaja was taken sick while at work with his men on an American plantation, far from his home.

From Maharaja Jandi to Lieutenant Commander Price of the U. S. N. Aviation Corps, ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO, P. I.

In the last part of the month of Rabbil Awal, as I lay in a friend's house at Pundung on Darm-dung Islands, I was very sad, for I felt that my days were numbered, and it is hard even for a strong man to die of sickness, far from his home and from his wife and sons. For a moon and a half my sickness had grown upon me until my body had become like that of a child, and so great was my weakness that my legs would not bear me and my mind was often clouded. The hadji had told me that he could not cure my sickness and I had sent for my wife and oldest son in order that they might be with me when my day came. But it would take three days by vinta and five if the wind was not good, and they had not yet come.

While I was thinking these things, I heard far away a little sound. 'It is a motor boat,' my friends who were in the house said. But after listening I, who had lived in Zamboanga, said, 'No, it is an aeroplane.' The sound grew louder and everyone except my cousin ran out of the house. And then I heard the people shout, 'They turn, they turn!' and out of the sky two aeroplanes came down to the water and stopped there, near the house where I was, like white birds of the sea resting from the storm.

When you and Mr. Worcester came into my house you saw my tears. They came because I was happy to know that I had American friends who were so strong.

But when Mr. Worcester told me that you would take me back to my home in Recodo with the aeroplane I was afraid. I am not ashamed to

tell you this for it was only because my body was very weak, and my mind also. It is true that I was with Jikiri before, and if you ask any American officers who knew about him they will tell you that he had brave men only.

Mr. Worcester told me that you were the first of those who drove the aeroplanes and that with you there would be less jumping than in an auto. So I went. And what he said was true. And by the time that a sapit would go with a light wind from Recodo to the dock in Zamboanga we came to Caldera Bay. To me it was like a dream. And the people at Recodo would not believe that we had come from Pundung that morning. But that was true also.

I am in the hospital now. I cannot walk, but the doctor says that I am better. If I get well now I owe my life to you and Mr. Worcester. If I die it will be at home with my wife and children. Money cannot buy these things.

I will remember what you have done until my day comes. My four oldest sons, Talbang, Majili, Sabturani, and Abdurasa, will remember it also because they saw. And they will tell their children: 'Your grandfather was the first Moro who flew from Jolo to Zamboanga, and it was the American officer, Mr. Price, who took him.'

So that you also will remember, I am sending you for a present a barong which belonged to my family in Jolo. This barong is old and it is known as a lucky weapon. It has never fallen from the hand of a dead man. I hope you will take it with you to America when you go and keep it always. I think it will be lucky for you.

I regard you as my son.

That you may have a long and happy life is the wish of

MAHARAJA JANDI

* * *

'I like the *Atlantic*,' writes Mr. William H. Holliday of Philadelphia. 'Its articles are swept often with the same terrible storms as its great vis-à-vis and namesake.' No storm has ever poured in upon us so steady and striking a stream of correspondence as our recent articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind.' This month we have space for but these two contrasting statements: —

FALLSTON, MARYLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

The significance of your Catholic symposium, which you shrewdly entitle 'What Is Catholic Opinion?' is, I suspect, far greater than may at first appear. It is not that your temerity has ruffled the Bishop of North Dakota, though it brought the priceless suggestion that 'our

Catholic Church has her diocesan synods, her provincial councils, and, most of all, has the Holy See — that is, the Pope with his counselors — to discuss and decide matters of religion.' It is not that you have thrown a humorous light on the Catholic attitude toward anonymity. It is not even that you have demonstrated the loyalty and devotion of intelligent Catholics toward their Church. It is that you have proved beyond a doubt that there exists in the Catholic Church, unknown to the majority of its members, even to so well informed a man as Michael Williams, a potent leaven of Modernism. It is that this American Catholic Modernism, inarticulate till now, has found its voice in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is the assurance that — some day — the Catholic Church of America will be American.

But that day is, I fear, more distant than the ardent priest imagines. In the Protestant churches, where every opinion may be freely expressed if one chooses the right church, the forces of reaction seem to be gaining some ground. What chance, then, has a young priest, however ardent, against diocesan synods, provincial councils, and the Holy See!

The only hope of the Catholic Church in America would seem to be the education of its laymen — from without. It is commonly said by Catholics, and with justice, that Protestants are absurdly ignorant of things Catholic. It may also be said, with equal justice, that even intelligent Catholics are extraordinarily ignorant of what is going on in their own Church.

What is commonly known as the Catholic Modernist Movement is a case in point. That movement was embraced by the choicest spirits of the Catholic Church in England, France, Italy, Germany. It reached articulate expression in George Tyrrell, Albert Houtin, Antonio Fogazzaro, Baron von Hügel. It was ruthlessly suppressed by Pius X before the end of our first decade, and it seems to have had little effect upon Catholic opinion in America. How many American Catholics have read Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads* or his impassioned appeal to Cardinal Mercier called *Medievalism*? How many American Catholic priests have read Houtin's *L'Américanisme*? The cause of religious toleration in America would be incalculably advanced if both Protestants and Catholics knew more of the literature of that movement. No Protestant would fear the bright vision of Catholicism that led Tyrrell on through disillusionment and despair; no Catholic would tolerate the language of the Bishop of North Dakota. Would it not be possible for one of the 'younger clergy' — anonymously, of course — to give us the true history of that movement, show us what manner of men these were that feared neither diocesan

synod nor provincial council nor even the Holy See, deeming Truth more sacred than them all?

RAYMOND D. MILLER

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

If the Mississippi River were all printer's ink and the Rocky Mountains all roll paper and you ran your presses day and night till Boston became a suburb of Chicago, you could n't get ahead of us 'good' Catholics: we are the damndest prevaricators this side of Hell; you can't catch us.

Our 'major premise' is of reinforced granite: 'The Catholic Church is the only true church; outside its pale there is no salvation.' 'He who is not with me is against me.' Then we have the most complete arsenal of defense: 'He was a bad pope,' or 'a bad priest,' or 'an unfrocked priest,' or 'a bad Catholic,' or 'he left the Church,' or 'that's the human side of the Church,' or 'that's not an article of faith,' or 'that's a bad book,' or 'some infidel said that,' or 'half Catholic, half Protestant.'

Of course your articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' give us food for thought, and you are to be commended and will be commended by some Catholics for 'giving us a look in on our own affairs,' a gospel preached by Wilson, a man dearly loved by 'bad' Catholics. Personally I did n't know there was so much 'infidelity going on.' Like my having 'bad thoughts' years ago, I thought I was about the only kid so afflicted until a blessed (and to me the first consoling) missionary drew me to his knee (it was one of those out-in-the-open confessional, *prie-dieu*, Mr. Michael Williams) and said, 'My child, that's just as natural as sleep — don't worry about them.' And now, like this good missionary, the *Atlantic* is consoling: I realize I have 'queer ideas' in common with a vast number of truth-loving souls, 'hell bent for election,' if you may, but sustaining company. I'd rather go to confession to that unknown priest who knows more than his breviary or to good Ben Lindsey than make newspaper clippings with Mr. Williams.

You may do as you like about running your presses: it is probably true that nothing is really lost or wasted, and yet also probably true that everyone must find out the truth of things for himself. Many searchers for truth, like Renan, Anatole France, Dean Inge, and George Bernard Shaw, all 'renegades,' went crazy trying to get from us a straight out-and-out answer to some one aspect of the Catholic Church. A man can go 'dippy' searching for truth as he can searching for work. Or, as the Chinaman said to me, 'Same tea, different company.' And to discover that 'our enemies' are 'a little off' is one of our

best ways of confounding them before the world. If not this, then to show that they 'lost their faith,' or had some sex complex (either sex). So we are not overly interested in any statement of apparent facts that your anonymous priest sets forth. But we are religiously curious to know about him personally: who his ancestors were; whether he did n't have 'some trouble with the bishop'; or whether he did n't have 'a weakness for women.' If we can get him along one of these lines, his facts and arguments go for naught, and 'his name is Dennis.'

A. LAYMAN

(*What's sauce for the goose looks good to me.*)

* * *

A postscript to 'Pop's Ploughing.'

MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A strange coincidence that I should just have picked up the February *Atlantic* to read the story of 'Pop's Ploughing' of forty years ago.

A mile and a half from my home is a little white farmhouse with a green roof. It stands a hundred feet or so back from the road, in front of it two large far-spreading pepper trees and behind it a tall and wide acacia. The acacia is in full flower. One scents the fragrance of its blossoms from far off.

Until lately I have passed the little farmhouse every day while taking my morning walk. Who the man is I don't know. I've never seen him. Nor have I ever seen the woman. But often, when I have passed by, two small girls have run out to watch me. With them there was always a large black-and-white mongrel dog. Less shy than the children, he often came out to the road, and sometimes nosed my hand. When the elder child called to him he always left me at once and bounded back to the end of the driveway where they stood.

Owing to rainy weather, my daily walks were discontinued a week ago. Three days ago I passed the house again. The children were not there to see me. The dog came out alone and followed me for a little distance, till I bade him go home.

Two days ago I passed the farmhouse again. The children were not there. The dog came to the edge of the road and sat down to watch me by. I wondered why he took no notice when I spoke to him. A mile up the road I met an old thin woman hurrying.

'Did y' hear about them children?' she asked. 'What children?'

'Down there to the white house w' the green roof,' she answered. 'The one of 'em died last evenin'.'

'Died?' I exclaimed. 'How? What from?'

'T looks like the diphtery to me,' she replied. 'T'other one's sick, too. I'm a-goin' down there now.' And she hurried on.

Yesterday I passed the farmhouse again. The dog was sitting on the front step. He took no notice of me as I went by. A mile and a half up the road I stopped at the house where lives the thin old woman.

'How's that sick child?' I inquired.

'They're a-buryn' of her this afternoon.'

'What doctoring did they have?'

'They did n't have none,' she answered me. 'Their folks' religion's agin' doctorin'.'

This morning I passed the green-roofed house again. The dog was lying on the front step, his nose between his paws. A mocking bird was singing, as a mocking bird is often singing, in the top of the acacia tree.

A little way up the road from the green-roofed house I stopped. A dog was howling. A little way farther on again I met the thin old woman.

'How are the folks at the green house?'

'They're a-movin' out to-day,' she answered.

To-morrow morning I am going to walk a different road.

B. G. A.

* * *

To meddle or be comfortable.

NEW BEDFORD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

With very much that the Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas writes in the March *Atlantic Monthly* on 'Nonconformity, the Protestant Kaleidoscope,' some of us who are in steady contact with churches of all grades in many denominations find ourselves in thorough agreement. What is said in this article about drifts in the direction of what is purely outward and mechanical among leaders in Protestant churches is none too severe. The noisiness about which just complaint is made also may be a more or less natural corollary of the mechanics.

Only, when Mr. Douglas comes to talk about meddlesomeness, we pause. Curiously enough, within a few months the Right Reverend Charles Fiske, Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, in an outpouring called 'The Confessions of a Troubled Parson,' sounds the same alarm in strikingly similar terms.

Unfortunately there are meddlesome societies, meddlesome secretaries, meddlesome ministers, and meddlesome churches. Very often it seems as if the degree of meddlesomeness were in inverse ratio to the importance of the matters pressed. The latest arrival upon my desk is a ten-page appeal to redeem St. Valentine's day by making it an occasion for sound instruction in social hygiene!

But it looks as if wholesome reaction against all this may have led the Bishop and our Nonconformist of the article into rather too sweeping banishment of social thinking and social endeavor from the sphere of the church and of the minister.

Forever the Christian Church is on the side of the great human values and must defend these under all conditions to the end, or the Church's position of spiritual leadership is forfeit. It is perfectly true that Jesus upheld the claims of God over against those of Caesar, as he refused to accept a retainer in a case where covetousness was involved. But it is equally true that without hesitation and with some show of vehemence he condemned those who devoured widows' houses.

Following this example, there is not a line in the recent joint report of Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant commissions on labor conditions as they prevailed a few years ago on the Western Maryland Railroad that should stir the Bishop's fears or that justifies Mr. Douglas's misgiving and strictures. Seasoned opinion is likely to accept the pioneer report of the Federal Council of Churches on the Twelve Hour Day in Industry as both epoch-making and liberating. The very wide-flung education of our generation through the churches concerning the real forces and motives back of armaments would appear to be a refreshing return to the spirit of the Nazarene. If efforts such as these and many more that might be mentioned are open to the charge of meddling, perhaps the Church would do well to accept the epithet. That would be better than to lay herself open to the counter charge of undue timidity or even cowardice.

As much as we admire the straightforwardness and vigor of the Nonconformist, there remains the lingering fear that in his thinking he has not quite escaped that unfortunate separation between the earth and religion, between the State and the Church, between God and the world, that we call dualism, which inflicted so many grievous wounds and left so many rough scars on the life of the nineteenth and preceding centuries.

And it must never be forgotten that social issues are troublesome issues, not to be adjusted without those unpleasant reactions always aroused by creative thinking and constructive endeavor. So far as his own peace of mind is concerned, happy is the man who can keep away from such issues! So there is always a very subtle temptation, often almost completely concealed, to seek refuge in cloisters of our own making and to magnify the importance of what is congenial — in other words, as it has been rather strikingly put, to escape trouble 'by joining the Cult of the Comfortable.'

JOHN MOORE TROUT

Willis E. Collins, of Asheville, N. C., sends us this tale of the poor mountain blacks, told in their own vernacular.

'No suh, ah's a city nigga, ah is. Ah doan want no kentry in mine. Dey's too many ghoses an' hanted houses in de kentry. Hit's a maghty lonesome place — de kentry.'

'How come? What yo' know 'bout de kentry? You ain't fotch up no pints yit agin it. Ah nebber seed no ghoses dere. Whatcha talkin' 'bout?'

'Well, ah knows what ah's talkin' 'bout all right. Ah seed a daid man come to life one night in de kentry an' ah ain't been back since. Hit was dis-a-way. Dey were a man pilin' logs back in de woods and a big log rolled ober him an' mashed him right smart. Dey put him in baid an' fotch de doctor, but hit wa'n't no use. He got wusser an' wusser, an' attar a while he died. Den dey ax me eff'n ah would set up wid him an' ah says no, but a yaller gal says she would, so ah says we bof would. I gib her a little poke full o' goobers and we wuz settin' afore de far eatin' um when all of a sudden de daid man jump out o' baid an' yell like he wuz seein' de debbil after him. Ah high-balled right outen dat place an' ah ain't been back an' ah ain't goin' back.'

'You fool nigga, dat wa'n't de daid man wot jump outen de baid. Dat wuz anoder man. He tole all about hit hissef. He come to dat house lookin' fur a place to sleep. Dey tole him dey wuz full up, but he say he's obleeged to stay caze dey ain't nary house fur miles aroun' and he's skeered to be out attar dark anyhow. So de boss man say eff'n he wants to bunk wid anoder man hit's all right wid him. Den he tuk him to a room an' dere wuz a baid wid deoder man in hit, but dere wa'n't no light in de room cep' in de farplace. So he crawls in de baid an wuz jes' res'n easy when he walks you an' de yaller gal. He seed you-un-a-settin' 'fore de far eatin' goobers outen de poke, but you want bodderin' him, so why should he worry? Purty soon he seed you wuz co'tin de gal an' den he tinks he better stay awake an' git some pinters. He says you wuz a fas' worker an' wuz enjoyin' hissef a heap, so he jes' gib de oden nigga a dig wid his elbow so's he could help him enjoy de fun, but he could n't wake him up dat a-way. Den he kotch him by de han', an' bress Peter, hit were as col' as ice. Den he seed he were snugglin' up to a daid man an' hit kinda skeered him. He jump outen dat baid an' yell like de debbil, but hit wa'n't de daid man what jumped up an' you is entirely mistook 'bout dat. An' doan you go runnin' down de kentry. Hit's all right. Eff'n you fool city niggas would 'have yousefs you wouldn't git skeered so quick.'

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1928

WHITE MAGIC

BY RALPH LINTON

I

TSIOMBÉ is a typical Madagascar frontier post, with the inevitable clay fort and prison, two or three houses built in European style for the use of the French officers, and a number of dilapidated shacks housing Hova and Betileo traders. Aside from the fort, the most pretentious structure is the house of an Arab merchant, a big square building that looks more like a block-house than a dwelling. Its owner established himself here several years before the coming of the French and is now a very rich man and a power among the local natives.

The day following my arrival was the official market day, but when I reached the square I saw few signs of life. About a dozen dispirited-looking native women crouched behind little piles of sweet potatoes or melons, but the only crowd was around the butcher's booth, where an ox had been killed. The Antandroy did not take kindly to the market idea, which was new to them, and although the Commandant had ordered each clan to send in a certain amount of produce, or an animal to be killed, they seemed to shun the place themselves.

As I was returning to my quarters, I met the Lieutenant's little daughter

out for her morning walk. She was not more than three years old, had frightened brown eyes and skin of the opaque whiteness one often sees in persons who have a touch of dark blood, and was dressed in the French style, with a vestigial skirt that stood out from her waist like a frill. With one hand she clasped a large pink-and-white doll to her bosom, while the other firmly gripped the middle finger of her nurse, a gigantic, very black young man, nude except for an embroidered loin cloth and heavy silver bracelets. A white canvas cap with a large 'P' stenciled on it was set jauntily on the side of his head, sole indication that he was a prisoner. When the child saw me she hung back, and he swung her into the curve of his arm and carried her past, explaining with a laugh that she was afraid of strange white people.

The man's face stayed with me, for his features were as regular as those of a classic bronze, but marred by a certain hard recklessness and by wild eyes that made me think of a thoroughbred stallion. That evening, when I had tea with the Lieutenant and his wife, I saw the pair again. They were sitting opposite each other across an elaborate drawing in the sand, and were so deeply

engrossed that they did not even look up when I paused beside them. The drawing represented a native kraal, and they were playing family, with a long splinter of red glass for the husband and buttonlike beads of different colors for the wives. At the moment they were discussing—in Antandroy, of course—the advisability of another marriage. The child was urging it, but the man seemed to think that the three wives already provided were quite enough.

When he noticed me he nodded in a friendly fashion, but made no move to rise or salute. The Lieutenant told me that he was a chief's son, then doing his third term for cattle stealing, and that he had been the child's nurse, with a short break when he was discharged at the end of his second sentence, for over two years. His present term would be up in a few days, and the little girl's mother was in despair at losing him. Of course, she said, he would be back in jail in a month or so, but she would have a hard time in the interim. The servant situation was serious, for hired ones were hard to get and quite unreliable, while prisoners were usually released about the time you got them properly trained.

The talk naturally turned on cattle stealing and the Government's efforts to stamp it out, which had so far been quite unsuccessful. Among the Antandroy ordinary theft is regarded with horror, and the habitual thief is punished with disownment and expulsion from the clan. This penalty is worse than death, for it condemns a man to vagabondage and beggary, here and in the next world. Cattle stealing, on the other hand, is a legitimate occupation favored by young men of spirit. In the good old days, say fifteen years ago, it was customary for whole villages or even clans to engage in cattle raids. The raiders would lie hidden near a village until the herd was driven

out at dawn, then swoop down upon the drowsy guards, and drive the cattle off to the accompaniment of a lively rear-guard action in which much ammunition was wasted but few lives lost. Now the thief plies his trade by stealth, creeping up to the kraal under cover of darkness, quietly cutting a hole in the fence, and driving out as many cattle as he thinks he can get away with. If he succeeds in taking them to a place of safety, he is a winner by the established rules of the game, and his glory is only slightly dimmed if the Government takes them from him afterward. That he should be jailed as well is only another evidence that the mental processes of the *vazaha* (white man) are inexplicable. Everyone wishes him better luck next time, and even the loser will rarely appeal to the Government, for he usually knows that his own record in that line will not stand too close inspection.

The Commandant told of one occasion when he had picked up a young man who was driving eighteen head of stolen cattle, the rightful owners having given up the pursuit. The thief confessed at once. 'Do you know,' said the Commandant, 'when that man had served his sentence he came to me and wanted a government certificate to show he had eighteen cattle when I caught him. Said he wanted to get married when he went home, and it would give him the pick of the girls in his village. *Espèce d'un cochon malade!*'

II

I remained at Tsiombé over a week, working with native informants and planning the next leg of my journey with the help of the Commandant. To the south and west of the post lay a long stretch of practically unknown country, crossed, near its western end, by the vague and once bitterly disputed

march between the Antandroy and their neighbors the Mahafaly. The clans of this region were reputed excellent fighters and, although they had nominally submitted, the Government had not tried to bring them under real control, thinking it better to let sleeping dogs lie. There was a rough map of the territory, drawn from native reports, but experience proved this to be worse than useless. After some discussion I decided to make a day's march due south to Faux Cap, a settlement on the coast which boasted an abandoned fort, a few fishermen's huts, and a miniature harbor safe for very small craft. From there I would go westward along a broad valley which paralleled the coast, four or five miles inland. Another day along this would bring me into the unexplored territory. It seemed unwise to try to take soldiers into this region, so I left my guard at the fort.

Trouble threatened at the very outset of the trip, for the bearers were unusually slow in coming in, and the Commandant seized the son of one chief who had failed to send in his quota and pressed him into service, insisting that I use him on my own *filanzana* (sedan chair). The chief threatened reprisals, and after talking it over with the boy I agreed to let him go if he would provide a good substitute. Another bearer pleaded to be released on the grounds that he was a minstrel by profession, not a *borijano* (laborer). He had his instrument with him to prove it—a clever imitation of a European violin, hollowed from a single block of wood and with a row of dancing figures carved along the back. The chief of the village where he was staying at the time had pressed him into service as a vagrant without visible means of support, from which I gathered that the lot of the artist is as hard in Madagascar as it is elsewhere. I could not let him go, but promised

to give him an extra gift at the end of the trip if he would fiddle and sing to keep the men in good spirits.

The Commandant himself was going as far as Faux Cap on a tour of inspection, so we set out together. After two or three miles the chief's son's substitute appeared, and I thought he had kept his promise to provide a good one, for the man was the largest native I had ever seen. He might have stood as a model for Hercules, complete even to the thick curling beard and oxlike expression. The young chief dived into the brush without as much as a nod of farewell, and I saw that the Commandant was not sorry to have him go. It soon developed that the substitute, although willing enough and as strong as any two of the others, was feeble-minded and had to be manoeuvred somewhat as one would handle an elephant.

We passed a number of villages, and I wondered what the people found to live on, for we saw no cultivated fields and the soil was a fine white sand. At one of these we found everybody busy building a new tomb, a big platform of rough masonry at least forty feet square and five feet high. A long line of men and women came trotting out of a sort of tunnel in the brush, moving in single file and carrying big gray stones on their heads. As each reached the tomb he placed his stone and trotted on, disappearing down another tunnel. Although we halted and watched them for several minutes, the line was never broken and they paid no attention to us, going about their work as steadily as big ants busy about their nest.

A little later we came to a place where narrow pits, about two feet deep, had been dug across the road to catch young locusts. The bearers explained that though the locust swarms traveled on a wide front they were always thickest on the road, where the

bare ground made travel easy. In all the villages we passed we found quantities of the insects laid out on mats to dry, and late that afternoon we caught up with the swarm itself, a seething mass of dark brown wingless hoppers about an inch long. The bearers fell upon them gleefully, scooping them up in their hats and packing them away in their *lambas* and rice bags, so that for the rest of the day we moved in an aroma of crushed grasshoppers. That evening my cook came sidling into my room with a grin and presented me with a bowl of dark brown fluid, crusted an inch deep with them — locust soup. It proved too highly flavored for my taste and I threatened to throw it at him, at which he fled, laughing.

As we approached the village where we had planned to halt for lunch, we heard shouting and the sound of drums and conches. A ceremony of some sort was going on, and the bearers began to grin and talk about *hena* (fresh meat). When we entered the clearing we saw a herd of at least two hundred cattle milling about, and farther on a mob of yelling men who surged back and forth, the sun gleaming on the heads of their spears. When they saw the Commandant the shouting stopped suddenly, and after a moment of confusion the chief came forward with a rather sheepish greeting. Theoretically his people had been disarmed, and he knew that the Government could make trouble for him if it wished. The Commandant put him at his ease, and after a few minutes' friendly talk about the crops and the birth rate, during which the spears disappeared as if by magic, asked what was going on.

It appeared that they were trying to drive off a malevolent ghost which had frightened away a man's soul and was consuming his body. The chief led us to the sufferer, a tall, yellow man in the last stage of some wasting disease.

His skin had shrunk tight to his bones and his face was the face of death itself. He hung limply, with sagging knees, in the arms of a young woman who watched him solicitously and sprinkled him from time to time with water from a little bowl. We told them to go on with the ceremony, and the men formed in a crescent about twenty yards from the sick man, then came charging down, shouting, waving clubs, and yelling threats against the ghost. When they reached the victim they stopped short, stamping and howling, but he did not even notice them. The girl tried to lift his head, but it fell forward again the moment she took her hand away. Time after time they reformed and charged, but he gave no heed. At last the men began to straggle off to their food. The girl carried him away, his feet trailing, and laid him on a mat in the shade, seating herself beside him. Whenever I glanced in that direction I saw that she was still there, quiet as a statue except that one arm moved steadily and mechanically, fanning away the flies.

When we had eaten and were ready to go, the chief came to us hesitatingly. Their own magic had failed, but should we be willing to fire a volley from our guns to drive the ghost away? Ghosts were very much afraid of guns. 'Certainly,' said the Commandant, crisp and businesslike. 'Tell your men to get their spears, and we'll drive it away once for all. The man may not get well, for I can see that his own soul has been away for a long time,' — at this the chief nodded, — 'but we'll teach that ghost to obey government orders.' The chief shouted and the woman dragged the sick man to his feet. If it had not been for the looseness of his joints I should have thought him already dead. The warriors came running with their weapons, and the Commandant marshaled them into a ragged line,

a little farther off this time, to get a better start. I passed my gun to my interpreter, drawing my pistol, and the three of us took the centre. 'Allons!' cried the Commandant, and we charged down, feet pounding, spears waving, and all of us yelling at the top of our lungs. Within a yard of the sick man we pulled up short and fired a volley into the air. Somehow it broke through. He straightened, shook off the woman's hands, took a single wavering step, and then began a hideous dance macabre with tight-shut eyes, and yellow teeth gleaming between his shriveled lips. Round and round he spun, his head wagging horribly and his skeleton arms and hands flopping as though they had been disjointed. Round and round, while the warriors yelled and clapped in a frenzy and something like a cold wind touched the roots of my hair. Then he crumpled suddenly, as a man falls when shot through the brain. . . . Looking back as we rode away, I saw him lying on the mat with the girl beside him, fanning away the flies. I suppose he died that night, but ghosts and men alike had been taught the power of the white man.

We had lost a good deal of time at the noon halt, but the bearers were quite willing to push on to Faux Cap that night. They had all got a share of the oxen that had been sacrificed, and were in high spirits. When the sun began to sink they struck up a song, with a fine deep-throated chorus. The Commandant played orchestra conductor, keeping time with wide flourishes of his walking stick, and the minstrel trotted up and down the line making inconsequential noises on his fiddle. A red sunset flared up and died almost as quickly as the light from some great explosion, and a flat, blue-white moon rode overhead, so bright that it pained the eyes to look at it. Its cold, fierce

light struck furtive gleams from the sand underfoot and filled the brush with hard, clear blacks and an infinite variety of grays that hinted at richer tints, as though they were the ghosts of dead colors. As we went southward the brush grew thinner, the massed thorn giving place to low bushes, stunted trees that leaned all one way, and coarse dry grass that squeaked underfoot. There was a steady wind in our faces, faint at first, but growing stronger as the hours passed. Looking down from the filanzana, I could see that the whole surface of the ground was moving in little whirls and eddies, like deep, swift waters seen from a bridge. The bearers still chanted, but under and through their voices I began to catch another sound, faint but insistent as the drones of a bagpipe — the whisper of the moving sand.

A line of gleaming white appeared where the pale gray earth met the blue-gray sky. It mounted slowly, and little indentations began to notch its top. Up and up it went, until we stood at the foot of a great rampart of dunes, the land's defenses against the sea. The bearers toiled upward, sinking to the ankle at every step, with no breath left for singing. A deep throbbing note began to mix with the dry rustling of the sand, coming in sudden puffs, then dying away again. We topped the crest, and for a moment I caught the full roar of the sea and saw a long line of spouting reefs, then we dipped down into a grove of ironwoods, planted long ago to guard the fort from the sands. We plodded through these, over ground laced with shadows as fine as spider webs, and came out on the upper platform of the fort. The guardian was on hand to welcome us, and I slept that night in one of the old casements. This was ordinarily used as a shed for drying fish, and smelled accordingly, but I was too tired to care.

III

I had promised the bearers a day's rest, because of the hard trip ahead, and passed the time in strolling along the beach and bathing in a pool shallow enough to be safe from sharks. The little harbor had a natural breakwater, a long ledge of rock which rose two or three hundred yards offshore and ran parallel to the beach for nearly a mile. A single narrow break at the eastern end gave access to the quiet water inside. The wind was still blowing a gale, and the great rollers came marching in from the south in orderly procession, striking the reef with a noise like artillery and throwing up great columns of white spray. The harbor seemed to be several feet lower than the sea outside, and water was pouring over the barrier in a steady clear cascade. The beach was the color of ivory and the harbor water a clear, cool green, barred at one place with rays of light that seemed to strike upward from the bottom. As I walked, I picked up tinted shells and wave-worn fragments of giant eggs, while little gray sand crabs fled like puffs of dry seaweed driven along by the wind.

To the west of the harbor I came upon a mass of piled-up rocks jutting out into the ocean. Flying sand had carved them into shapes as fantastic as the mountains in a Chinese landscape, and I soon found a nook where I could sit sheltered from sun and wind and renew my acquaintance with the sea. Waves were breaking within a few yards of me, and I wondered again why only the Japanese have been able to see and draw them properly. I watched how each wave mounted up, curving like a drawn bow, then crashed, not into the ineffectual white fluff our artists show, but into a strange glassy foliage, thin flying sheets of water notched at the edges and pierced with

holes, like gigantic lichens. I suppose that few white people ever find time really to look at the sea, but simple races who live with and by it are more fortunate. I knew a girl in Tahiti once whose name, a single short and musical word, meant: 'The thin white line that runs quickly along the crest of a wave at the instant it begins to break.'

When the waves began to pall a little, I turned my attention to the rightful owners of the rocks, a cohort of olive-green crabs. They had all taken cover at first, but as I sat perfectly still they concluded that I was harmless and might even prove edible, and began to come out one by one. The younger members of the community were, as usual, the more daring. I watched one little fellow crawl cautiously to the mouth of his cave and stand there poised for retreat. His black button eyes were thrust up to the very limit of their stalks, and his mouth worked furiously. After watching me for several minutes he concluded that one eye was enough for that, and while his right held me with an unmoving stare his left began to revolve slowly, sweeping the horizon for other dangers. Convinced that the coast was clear, he began to sidle toward me, with many halts, and had almost reached my foot when a sudden fit of nerves sent him scuttling back to his doorway. He recovered almost at once and began another advance.

A number of his neighbors had come to their own doors by this time, although none had ventured into the open, and I suspected that from their coigns of safety they were cheering the hero on in quite human fashion. He reached my foot and stood there, apparently straining his eyes to see the top of this enormous white object, then slowly reached out a claw and gave my toe a judicious nip. I knocked him two or three feet with a quick

movement, and he landed on his back, spun around for an instant with his legs waving frantically, flopped over, and fled in such panic that he tried to enter the wrong house and received a warm welcome from the indignant owner.

The others had all ducked under cover at the movement, but were soon out again. As I did not assume the offensive, they slowly moved away from their holes, taking care to give my foot a wide berth, and began to go about their regular business, sidling jerkily over the green slime that coated the rocks just above water line. Two or three of the larger waited until full normality had returned, then came out and calmly drove their smaller relatives from the best feeding places. At last even the hero appeared, but he seemed to be suffering from shell shock, for the least commotion sent him rushing home.

A glint of red drew my eyes to a hole just below tide line, its opening almost blocked by a large bright-colored claw that opened and shut hungrily. I went to investigate, thereby throwing the green crabs into spasms, and found that this individual was a regular anchorite, walled up alive in his cell. When I presented a small stick, by way of visiting card, he nipped it cleanly in two. I soon convinced myself that I should need a cold chisel to make his closer acquaintance, and as there was none within forty or fifty miles I strolled back to the fort, chuckling at the ramifications of crab society. I should have laughed more heartily if I could have rid myself of an uneasy feeling that we probably appeared equally humorous to some large intelligence sitting quietly in the background.

The fort had been built to guard the harbor in the days of small wooden sailing ships. It had been a part of those magnificent plans which once gave France, on paper, the largest

colonial empire in the world. Its usefulness had always been doubtful, and it had now been abandoned for many years. On the seaward side it towered at least fifty feet above the beach, a sheer wall of creamy-coral rock, etched and pitted by the sand. Elsewhere the dunes had encroached until they threatened to overwhelm it. There were no signs that it had ever been bombarded, but the years had reduced it to a half-ruinous shell in which only two or three rooms were habitable. The guns had long since been removed, and most of the wood and metal stolen by the natives. The only regular resident was a huge tortoise who, I was told, had lived for many years on the old gun platform facing the sea. I found him strolling along the parapet with the leisurely dignity of a general. He ignored my advances, even when I tried to stop him with my foot, and proved amazingly strong. Finally I managed partially to anchor him by sitting on him, but even then he seemed indignant rather than frightened, conscious, no doubt, of the rigid taboo that protected all his race among the local natives.

I turned in early, but found myself unable to sleep because of the wind. It blew steadily, sweeping through the empty walls with a deep vibrant note that tightened the nerves to snapping. At last even my bed began to quiver to it, and in desperation I dressed and went out into the moonlight. Everyone else, including the tortoise, seemed to be asleep, but as I paced up and down on the gun platform a quavering voice hailed me from somewhere in the shadows. My cook wanted to know whether I really was up at such an unearthly hour or whether he was seeing my ghost, which, as everyone knows, goes its own way while the body is sleeping. I reassured him and continued my walk, reflecting that the setting

deserved a ghost of some sort. It was strange that no earth-bound spirit haunted the empty casements. There must have been passions enough here once, for I could imagine the horrors of garrison duty in such a place, and the hates and intrigues that must have coiled like a nest of serpents among that handful of men cooped up between the hostile desert and the sea, and dependent even for food on ships that might come once a year. The wind began to die at last; I went in and slept fitfully until dawn.

IV

The next morning I said farewell to the Commandant with real regret. Like most of the officers of the French Colonial Army whom I have known, he was an honest and gallant gentleman who tried to deal justly with the natives and had their best interest at heart. He had won their respect and liking, and it grieved me to think that as soon as the work of pacification was done he would be sent to some other frontier, leaving these people, who had learned to honor France in him, to the tender mercies of civilian administrators, many of whom were men of a very different stamp.

I had found it impossible to get a guide for the whole trip, the natives explaining that the people of each clan remained in their own territory, except for occasional cattle raids against their neighbors. Finally a young man volunteered to take me a day's march west; beyond that I should have to trust to luck. However, I anticipated little difficulty in getting myself passed on from village to village, as I knew each chief would be anxious to make my stay in his territory as brief as possible. Even the guide was late in coming in, and it was nearly nine o'clock before we got under way.

The great storm which I had encoun-

tered earlier in my trip had swept across this corner of the island, bringing the desert to life here too, and I was amazed at the number and variety of the flowers. Both sides of the path were lined for miles with almost solid banks of some low shrub or bush which was studded thick with phloxlike flowers of yellow, salmon, or clear pink. The plants were so close and regular that it was hard to believe that this was not a planted border. Little blue-flowered vines sprawled across the path itself, and the big cactus bushes were ablaze with yellow and orange bloom. Here and there larger trees rose above the scrub, their dark green splashed with orange clusters of long tubular flowers not unlike those of the trumpet vine.

In several places I saw colonies of large white snail shells hanging from twigs two or three feet above the ground and swaying gently in the wind. I thought at first that it might be some curious hibernation habit of the snails themselves, but found that they were all dead shells which had been taken over by spiders, and that the filaments which suspended them were spider silk. The spiders I found in them were small, although certainly adult, and I still cannot imagine how they lifted these ponderous mansions, which were forty or fifty times their own weight. As I rode on through the banked flowers I had a vague feeling that something was lacking, and realized at last that there were no butterflies and no birds. The only wild things we saw that day were two or three huge tortoises, which my men carefully avoided, and little lizards which scuttled away half erect, their front feet clear of the ground.

After four hours' travel through a maze of cattle paths which became less and less distinct, we came to a little village, half a dozen tiny wooden huts in a small clearing. The people were friendly, but had no food they could

offer the white man, not even a chicken. At last I asked whether I could get fresh milk, and a cow was driven up in haste. A small boy led up her calf and held it in front of her, where she could lick it occasionally, and a girl rubbed her under the tail while a man milked. I had wished them to use one of my pans, but there was some taboo against this and we compromised on a new gourd. I dined well enough on milk and cactus fruit, but the bearers had only a few spoonfuls of sour milk apiece and grumbled considerably. Most of their wrath was directed against the guide, who had promised to bring us to a large village and now confessed that he was completely lost. The villagers offered another in his place, and I let him go with a reprimand.

As we went westward I began to understand why the country had remained unexplored. The thorny scrub was the thickest I had seen so far and was threaded by a network of narrow twisting trails, all of which looked unused. It was almost impossible to travel by compass, and unless one had the help of the natives one might wander for days without striking a village or water hole. Our new guide picked his way unerringly and brought us, late in the afternoon, to a town of about thirty houses. The chief, an intelligent-looking young man, ordered the women to bring food for the bearers, and they were soon gorging themselves from big bowls filled with a mixture of fresh milk and curds. He also presented me with two chickens, manioc, and melons, and indignantly refused payment. 'The vazaha,' he said, 'is my father and mother [a common form of courtesy]. If I feed his slaves for nothing, how can I take pay from him?'

One of the young men had an almost clean loin cloth, which at once caught my eye, and when I saw that he wore his hair cut short I concluded that he

must be a newly released long-term prisoner who had not had time to acquire the usual coat of dirt. When he saw I was looking at him he went into his house and came out wearing a trench helmet and a Croix de Guerre hung around his neck on a string. Advancing to within three paces, he came to attention, brought his bare heels together with a slap, and saluted smartly. I returned the salute and gave him 'At ease,' then inquired his regiment. He had served in France for three years, been wounded and decorated. 'I was a volunteer,' he said proudly; then, as he saw my look of surprise, 'There was no fighting here. I heard there was a great war *andafy* ["over the way," everywhere outside Madagascar], so I went.' When he found that I had also been a volunteer and that we had fought in the same battle in Champagne, he dashed back to his house and brought me three eggs, which he put into my hands. He accepted a cigarette and lit it with one of my matches, to the whispering awe of the other villagers, after which we were friends for life. By this time the chief had become restive, and it was plain that there was no love lost between himself and this seasoned man of the world. I did not dare to offer him a cigarette, for he would certainly have muffed it, but I let him fill his pipe from my pouch and lit it for him, thus re-establishing his supremacy.

The three of us strolled about the village until we came to a hut which was considerably larger than the rest and set somewhat apart. To the east of it stood a clump of heavy pointed posts about five feet high, relics of past sacrifices. This was the house of the village *ombiasy* (medicine man) and we found him inside, a withered, red-eyed old fellow, who crouched in the darkest corner and watched me like a trapped animal. He had heard that his trade

had been forbidden by the Government, and was afraid that I had come to arrest him. At first he would only grunt, but I finally reassured him, and then put him at his ease by proving to him that I was myself a member of his craft. I tried to question him, but he soon turned the tables on me, cross-examining me on European doctors, their methods, and particularly their fees. The soldier had brought back tales of their marvelous cures, done for nothing, and he felt that his own business might sometime be threatened. When I told him that only soldiers were treated free and that our doctors charged other people as much as they could pay, quite as in Madagascar, he seemed relieved.

I gave him some practical advice on the treatment of wounds and a little quinine to use for fever, after which he sold me several charms at professional rates. The talk finally shifted to religion, and he asked me whether it was true that the white man's God was satisfied if you prayed and sang to him, and did not demand sacrifices. He had heard rumors to that effect, but was much too shrewd to believe them. I finally convinced him that such was the case, and he remarked that it must be a cheap religion, but very poor picking for the priests. He then asked whether I was a priest myself, and when I denied it he nodded wisely, saying: 'I thought not. You are too fat.'

We started on at gray dawn, while most of the village slept. Only the chief and the soldier came to see us off, but I noticed that several of the older women were up, beating the bushes over gourds to collect the heavy dew. The nearest drinkable water was four hours' march from the village. Just as we were leaving, the soldier, speaking casually and in French, warned me to be on my guard at the next village, as there were bad people there. As I knew they be-

longed to another clan, probably hostile to my hosts, I thought little of this.

When we had covered two or three miles I began to hear a faint, rather high-pitched *tonk, tonk, tonk*, as though someone a block or two away were beating a large tin can with a stick. It was plainly a drum of some sort, but the rhythm was broken and irregular, quite unlike that of ordinary dance drums. It was impossible to tell its direction, and although it went on for nearly an hour, while we traveled steadily, its volume never seemed to vary. During an interval I thought I caught another and fainter drumming, but could not be sure. The bearers professed ignorance with such unanimity that I knew it must be something important and concluded that it was a signal drum, sending ahead word of my coming. I was rather elated at this, for 'drum talk' had never been reported from the island, and it was another proof that I was getting into the unknown.

V

The village where we halted that noon was even larger than the one where we had spent the night, and the people of very different temper. Nearly all the men carried spears rather ostentatiously, and the chief had to be sent for. There was a quarter of an hour's delay, and when he did appear he declared insolently that there was no food in the village, although I could see several chickens walking about and manioc drying on the roofs of most of the huts. His men began to grin and a number of them collected about my baggage, making sneering remarks to my unarmed bearers. The situation called for quick action, so without further parley I drew my pistol and shot one of the chickens, ordering my cook to go and pick it up and to help himself to as much manioc as he needed. The

chief started to take to his heels at the report, but came back meekly enough when I called him. I gave him a rather large price for the food, telling him to pay the owners later, and suggested that it would be better for him to stay with me during the balance of my visit, in case I needed anything else. He agreed readily, and seemed considerably impressed both by the size of my .45 and by the ease with which it came from its holster. The French usually carry diminutive popguns, strapped in.

There was no further trouble, but I cut the noon halt as short as I could without loss of dignity, and was glad when we were well away from the place. I took the chief along for the first hour or so, as a precaution against attack. The houses here were of a new type, wickerwork plastered with cow dung, on which designs had been modeled.

Fortunately, the guide whom we had gotten that morning knew his way to the next village, although it was a long march. A few minutes after we started I caught the throbbing of the drums, and knew that our late hosts were broadcasting an account of the visit. I could only hope that they were not arranging an ambush of some sort, for the country was ideal for it. The trail was so narrow that the filanzana men found it difficult to walk abreast, and twisted in and out through the impenetrable thorn scrub until I lost all sense of direction. When I finally released the chief he was somewhat the worse for wear. I had requested him to walk to the right and a little ahead of me, and the filanzana bearers took delight in shouldering him into thorn bushes.

The sun went down with tropical suddenness, and the men were soon struggling along in almost complete darkness. The bearers began to wish loudly for a light, and I debated whether it would not be wisest to halt and wait for moonrise. Remembering

that the chief had probably got home by now and might be organizing trouble of some sort, I decided against it. The men were having so much difficulty that I finally brought out a strong electric flashlight, which I reserved for serious occasions, and threw the beam ahead. I wondered what they would make of this new proof of the white man's magic, but the effect was disappointing. Even the wild guide took the cold light as a matter of course and danced before it, flapping his lamba and laughing at the grotesque batlike shadow he cast. All felt that it was natural for the white man to meet an emergency adequately, and would have been more surprised if I had failed them. A flare of yellow light behind us told me that my interpreter had also proved equal to the occasion. He had taken off one of his socks, thrust a candle into the toe, and lit its wick through one of the holes. In a few minutes the whole end of the sock was grease-soaked and ablaze, making a very serviceable torch.

At about eight o'clock, distant shouts told us that we had been sighted from the village. The brush had become thinner, with open glades, and I soon made out a bobbing mass of lights which was moving toward us. This set my mind at rest, for any attack would have been made in darkness. A few minutes later we were surrounded by a crowd of natives, men and women, who waved torches, danced, and shouted. It was a wild scene, with the flickering light reflected from the glistening black skins and throwing sudden gleams when it caught on some spearhead or knife hilt, or on the silver plaques the women wore on their breasts.

One man, whom I took to be the chief, shouldered his way through the press and dropped a live chicken into my lap. He had forgotten to tie it, and although I made a quick grab it dived

earthward, instantly becoming the centre of a regular football scrimmage. Finally the chief brought it back, squawking dismally and minus most of its feathers. I gave him a coin, and after much shouting and arm waving he managed to silence the crowd and to marshal them into two lines, one on either side of the path. Then he gave an order and they began to sing and clap, while three or four young women danced ahead of us toward the village. My interpreter said that they had heard the incidents of the noon halt, to the last detail, and were delighted that I had called the chief's bluff. The two villages were hostile, hence the warmth of my reception.

The largest house in the village had been hastily cleared out for me, and after I had eaten, the chief and two or three old men paid me a visit. He began by offering me company for the night, which I politely declined, pleading fatigue, and then launched into a long and complicated speech for which I had to summon the interpreter. The gist of it was that he and his people were much pained by the insult which the chief of the last village had paid the *fanzakana* (Government) in my person, and if I could spare two or three days we could go back and clean that village up. He had plenty of young men, and with a *vazaha* to lead them there could be no doubt of the outcome. I declined, showing the proper amount of regret, and basing my refusal on imaginary orders to go through this territory as rapidly as possible, without halting for private wars. My visitors sighed, for they had hoped for a profitable cattle raid under government auspices, but they understood that orders were orders, and we parted the best of friends. Next morning the whole village assembled once more and gave us a grand send-off, accompanying us singing and dancing for two or three miles.

The bearers had been well fed and were in high spirits. They did most of the morning's march at a dog trot, but when we came to the noon halt I found the village ready and waiting for us. The drums must have been at work again, although this time I had not heard them. The streets of the little town were swept clean, food was laid out for the bearers on mats, and the chief and medicine man were waiting outside the gate of the cactus stockade to receive me.

The chief, a dignified, middle-aged man whose hawk nose and light color proved some far-off mixture of Arab blood, carried his *lamba* over his arm, to show he was not concealing a weapon. He greeted me gravely, raising his right arm in the old Roman salute, and welcomed me to his village. I found it hard to give him my full attention, for the medicine man was the most amazing object I had so far encountered. He had somehow got the remains of two pairs of trousers, of very different size and material, and wore one leg of each, the balance being wrapped sash-wise around his waist. His shoulders were covered by a short cape, cut from an old green blanket and fastened in front with an enormous iron cinch buckle, and his hat was a clever imitation of a French trench helmet, woven from stiff grass and stained blue. Around his neck hung the red-lacquered can of a well-known brand of American pipe tobacco, and he leaned nonchalantly on a wooden spear and what I at first took to be a flintlock musket. Closer inspection proved this to be made of wood, sheathed in tin from old cans, but I was amazed at the cleverness of the reproduction. Even the lock was exact.

When the chief had finished, the medicine man strutted forward and began a long oration. From time to time he lifted the tobacco can and

flashed the sun into my eyes with it. Although I could only understand part of what he said, I gathered that he was comparing me to the sun in terms by no means complimentary to the latter. My interpreter whispered that he was an omibiasy of great power, but a little mad, like most people who have been on too intimate terms with spirits. After perhaps ten minutes of this he opened his tobacco can, drew out a folded paper, and presented it to me with a flourish. '*Taratasy volamena* [gold paper],' he said solemnly, and stepped back to watch the effect. It was a single page torn from some jeweler's colored catalogue, and showed watch chains on one side and bracelets on the other. I could imagine its effect on his countrymen, who believe gold is a supernatural being and consider all printed matter government orders.

I pretended to read it, returned it to him, and shook hands, then asked where he had gotten the can. He said it had been brought to him by his magic, and, remembering my early efforts to get American tobacco, I was inclined to believe him. Out of curiosity I asked whether he would sell it, and he offered to let me have it for two cows. The paper he would not part with on any terms, and I found that he had been exhibiting it for many years as an official permission to practise sorcery.

Formalities ended, we entered the stockade. The bearers dived for the food, but my cook kept them off until he had selected the two best melons for me and a bowl of curds and milk for himself. The last was a lengthy process, as he had to shake all the bowls, one after the other, to see which had the most curds. The moment he had taken my share, the men produced spoons and fell to. While they were eating I strolled about the village with the chief and medicine man. The women and children had taken cover in the houses

and I could see them watching me from doorways and around corners, but they refused to be enticed out. The chief explained scornfully that they were afraid, having never seen a white man, and offered to order them into the open, but it seemed best not to press the point. In one corner of the enclosure we came upon the signal drum, a wooden cylinder about four feet long with a slot in the side, but when I tried to get some details of the method of signaling my guides professed complete ignorance. It was plain that they did not want to have any foreigner listening in.

VI

At last we reached the medicine man's house and he invited me to enter, which I did with difficulty, lying down and wriggling through the tiny door. After the glare outside I could see nothing for a time, then I made out row after row of weird figures which lined the walls from top to bottom. He had carved these, he said, to represent things the ghosts showed him in dreams. Most of them seemed to be human beings or animals, but their attitudes and combinations showed a sort of insane humor that made me think of Goldberg's comic drawings. The effect was heightened by the outlandish colors with which they were smeared, and the light of the fire, on which he had thrown a handful of dry grass, made them waver and dance as though alive. I fancied that one glance at them must have been enough to put his clients in the proper frame of mind.

Across the rear of the house there was the usual shelf, piled high with odds and ends, but when I stretched out my hand toward it he warned me hastily that a spirit lived there and might injure me. He spoke to it, explaining who and what I was, and a faint whistling and cheeping seemed to come from

high up in the shadows, probably a clever bit of ventriloquism. Then he exhibited the contents of the shelf with the true pride of a collector. His most prized specimens were a broken mouse-trap, an old hatbox of sole leather, which bore the nearly obliterated name of some English firm, and a celluloid collar. When I explained the use of the latter he put it on over his cape, tying the ends together with a bit of string. He explained that, knowing the power of the white men, he had procured as many of their things as he could. I asked whether any of them had ever visited the village, and he said no, but he had seen one once, when he made a long journey to the north.

When we had emerged from the hut I felt that the circumstances called for a little magic of my own, so I filled my pipe and lit it with a burning glass. Both the chief and he carried pipes of some translucent green stone that looked almost like jade, and when they had filled them from my pouch I offered to light them in the same way. The chief hesitated, but his young men's eyes were on him and he stepped forward manfully, although his hand shook so that I found it hard to focus on the bowl. The medicine man came next and took it nonchalantly, quoting the old native proverb: 'If the white man could raise the dead, there would be no difference between him and God.' The other men then pressed about me, producing their pipes, but although I gave them tobacco I refused to light for them, saying the sun fire was too sacred for common people to use.

The chief asked, with some trepidation, whether I expected to stay overnight, telling me that at another village, only three hours away, there was a new house that would be free from vermin. He would provide a guide, and we could make it before sunset. I agreed, and after lunch we started on again.

When we had been traveling for about an hour the guide told me that it would take four hours instead of three, and finally raised the estimate to six. When darkness came he confessed that he had lost his way, but was sure he could find it again in daylight. I put him under guard, in case he had deliberately tried to lead us astray, and we made a dry camp in one of the glades.

The men did little grumbling, and from their talk they evidently thought the mistake was a real one. In any case they were now too far from home to bolt. I still had a melon and two or three carefully kept cans of meat, and the men had hoarded a little dried manioc, which they now boiled in cactus juice, taking turns at my aluminum cooking pots. They built half a dozen big fires to keep off the chill, and squatted about them, chattering contentedly. The minstrel even played and sang for them. I knew it would be bitterly cold before morning and did not try to put up my bed. Instead I scooped a hole in the still-warm sand and rolled up in my blankets.

As I lay there looking at the sky I could make out the faint cone of the zodiacal light away to the westward, and wondered idly whether our earth really wore a ring like Saturn's, and thought of the cold, silent immensity of space. Far to the north I could see Orion swinging low, but the other stars were all strangers. A wave of loneliness swept me, sudden and blind as the first terror of a trapped animal. I wanted to go over and squat with the bearers, to join in their sleepy chatter, and to hear again of little intimate things, wives and children and the gossip of village loves and hates. Then I remembered the words of the old ombiasy: 'If the white man could raise the dead, there would be no difference between him and God.' He had said it without a hint of jest or mockery, quietly, as one states a

well-known truth. I thought of all the men of my race who had labored and died to fix this rôle upon me, and knew that I must play it through or prove a traitor to my own blood. Poor, toiling, lonely gods, I hoped no memories came to break their rest, no dreams, no larger vision. They had been so blissfully certain, those who thought at all,

of the value and virtue of their work, that the gift of clear sight would have been the crowning irony.

The grass rustled as my interpreter came up. Two of the bearers had touches of fever and needed quinine. By the time I had attended to them the mood had passed, and I slept soundly until the dawn chill awakened me.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

WITH all her brilliancy and power, America's effort to cope with the ugly problem of crime has been for the most part tragic failure. A committee of the American Bar Association appointed to study existing conditions reported that 'the criminal situation in the United States so far as crimes of violence are concerned is worse than in any other civilized country.' According to the figures given by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison the average homicide rate for 1911-1921 for England and Wales was .76 per 100,000 of the population, for Canada .54, for Australia 1.88, for South Africa 1.79, for Holland .31, for Norway .82, for Switzerland .18; for the United States, in the registration area covered, it was 7.20. More robberies and assaults with intent to rob are committed in the single city of Cleveland each year than in the whole of England, Scotland, and Wales. A recent investigation showed that during the year the number of automobiles stolen in Liverpool, one and a half times the size of Cleveland, was 10; in London, ten times the size of Cleveland, 290; in Cleveland, 2327.

The actual present cost of crime in the United States has been conservatively estimated at two and a half million dollars a day. In a single year the property loss from thefts in the city of Chicago alone is reported to exceed \$12,000,000. Since the war the losses paid by burglary-insurance companies in the United States are said to have grown from \$1,686,195 in 1916 to \$5,670,760 in 1919, and to \$10,189,853 in 1920.

The United States Census Bureau recently stated that, in the returns received from 31 states, 'there has been a steady increase in the number of prisoners in state prisons and reformatories. . . . The number of prisoners in confinement per 100,000 of the general population increased from 66.6 on January 1, 1923, to 84.1 on January 1, 1927.' Although reliable statistics are difficult to secure, it seems apparent that each year crime is eating deeper into our civilization.

There is a popular tendency to dismiss all social responsibility by blaming the law and turning to the lawyers alone to work out much-needed reform.

I suspect that our shortcomings in home training, in our schools, in the church, in our use of religion, have more to do with the increase of crime than the shortcomings of the law. Moral standards cannot possibly be created by law. Yet our legal machinery cannot escape a heavy share of the blame. The administration of criminal justice is not what it should be.

Largely as a result of the frequent and generally well-meaning attacks upon the law, there has arisen a widespread popular conception that the existing form of our criminal law, developed to meet the needs of a society profoundly different from our own, is a present-day anachronism, and that all the problem needs is men with sufficient courage to storm the strongholds of entrenched judicial conservatism and with sufficient brains to frame a modern, adequate penal code, and the trick will be turned. Unhappily, the problem goes far deeper than that.

I

In the first place, let us not forget that in the prevention of wrongdoing the part played by the law must at best be pitifully small. For instance, the corruption of an adolescent's character constitutes the gravest kind of social injury; yet no law has ever punished such a crime. Even in those forms of wrongdoing which have become stereotyped as traditional and well-defined crimes, only a small fraction of wrongdoing can be covered. Not every wrongful killing is punishable as homicide; the predatory crimes allow some of the most heinous forms of theft to go unpunished; the sex crimes fail to touch some of the vilest outrages. In the words pronounced by the court in a famous English case where a husband was tried for the murder of his wife, whose death he had only too clearly

caused: 'Mere unkind or unhusband-like usage is not enough, and there must be violence, physical or corporeal. If the being treated so and turned out of her home had preyed upon her spirits and broken her heart, it is not a case of manslaughter; and human tribunals can take no cognizance of it as a criminal offense.' Those manufacturers who sweat and exploit labor and then fling it aside, broken, to spend the rest of its days at public expense in the poorhouses and city hospitals; the high financiers who make their fortunes on Wall Street by first securing voting control of large corporations and then proceeding to manipulate them at the expense of the other stockholders for their private gain—these are often of the worst type of predatory criminals; yet the law, because of its inherent limitations, can seldom touch them. Again, the ruffian who overpowers a girl and works his will on her is rightly given a heavy sentence; but he who not only gains his way, but also succeeds in so debasing her character as to win her consent to the outrage, ordinarily goes unpunished.

Under no possible scheme of reform can general wrongdoing be made, in the world of fact, legally punishable. The deepest wrongs are quite generally unsusceptible of proof, or too subtle for precise definition and official detection, or too much a matter of individual conscience to make possible common agreement as to their punishment. At best all we can hope to do is to concentrate our efforts upon the commonest and starkest forms of social injury, realizing always that much outrageous and open wrongdoing must remain forever untouched by the law.

Even within the confines of this narrowly restricted field the law can never be free from what the layman

must consider amazing and pettifoggish technicalities. For instance, Jim Jones, mistakenly believing that a certain opal ring in Mr. Scott's house belongs to him because of Mr. Scott's having promised it to him before they quarreled, decides to take the law into his own hands; and one night he breaks and enters into Mr. Scott's house and steals the ring. Next morning he discovers that the ring he stole is not the opal ring which he thought his, but Mr. Scott's diamond ring; nevertheless, he determines to profit by the situation, and proceeds to sell the ring and pocket the proceeds. At common law, and, indeed, under the statutes of many states, Jim Jones has committed no crime. It is not common-law burglary because the breaking and entry into the house was not with the intent to commit a felony therein; for the same reason it is not an attempt to commit burglary; nor, unless the very questionable doctrine of 'continuing trespass' is applied, is it common-law larceny, because there was no intent to steal at the time of taking the ring into his possession. Consequently, in spite of Jim Jones's very evident wrongdoing, in spite of his clearly manifest criminal propensities, so far as the common law is concerned, he goes unpunished even though society would seem to suffer precisely the same harm at his hands as at the hands of the ordinary thief. Or again, the burglar who enters by pushing open an unlatched door can be punished in many states by imprisonment for a substantial part of his life; but if he chanced to enter through a door left partly open, without further opening it, in most states he cannot be convicted of burglary at all. Can this be justice? If we are to go to the heart of the matter, must we not sweep away altogether the arbitrary distinctions and harassing technicalities of the law?

Ideas of this kind are widespread. The following extract from a letter published in the *Boston Herald* at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is typical of a large current of thought. 'Let us suppose, for the moment,' says the writer, 'that the two men now under sentence are not the ones by whose very hands the actual murders were accomplished; they were done by some ones who had the same objects, the same ideas of social life, the same beliefs and purposes in general. . . . In a word they were potential murderers all. . . . Then let the sentence be carried out without fear or reproach.' They were thoroughly bad men; therefore they should be convicted. Let's have done with technicalities and strike for justice.

Justice without law has ever been an alluring conception. It permits a judge to sacrifice ultimate principles to immediate ends; and this is always of popular appeal. Yet while it is true that justice without law has played a serviceable part and proved a liberalizing element during transitional periods in the development of law, nevertheless in our present society, except in the case of quite minor offenses, justice without law is unthinkable. Our modern economic interests are too vast, our society is too complex, to make it possible to entrust our liberty and our property to the caprice of individual judges unrestricted by law. Law is the price of liberty. Without it the fate of a Daugherty and a Fall would depend largely upon the political stripe of the judge who tried them; the liberty of every capitalist or laboring group without it would depend largely on the conscious or unconscious class bias of the particular judge before whom each might be made to appear.

Once we admit that criminal justice must be based upon law and established standards, how practically shall

individuals be singled out for penal treatment? Theoretically such a selective process should be based upon the results of exhaustive physical, psychiatric, and behavior examinations revealing defects of character, of body, or of mind. But science has not yet progressed to a point where the mentally and morally defective can be picked out with unerring or even substantial accuracy by means of clinical examinations. In the rough and tumble of our workaday world, therefore, the only selective process practicable is a judgment based upon isolated acts and a determination as to whether such acts, when combined with a certain kind of intent, do or do not violate fixed standards which we call law. To accomplish this we must establish in advance certain categories of forbidden acts known as crimes and convict all those who with criminal intent commit such acts. Conversely, if the law is to have certainty and freedom from the bias of the particular judge, everyone who abstains from committing such forbidden acts must be allowed to go free.

That is the 'pigeonhole' system of criminal law. It necessitates the precise definition of every crime. When one's life or liberty depends upon whether one's conduct falls within or without the line, justice according to law requires that the line be sharply drawn. Should one's conduct fall but a bare one thousandth of an inch outside of the line, a law of fixed standards must bar conviction. The murderer whose victim dies of the wound within a year and a day of the mortal blow is punishable for the homicide; if the victim dies a year and two days afterward, so far as the homicide charge is concerned, the killer goes free. One day makes the difference between life and death. The result may seem technical and highly arbitrary. But if we are to have justice according to law and are

to follow the pigeonhole system of criminal law, such arbitrary lines are absolutely inescapable. They constitute one of the fundamental features of the system.

Once the inherent and fundamental difficulties of the pigeonhole system are recognized, the evils resulting therefrom can be materially reduced. In the first place, one can redefine crimes so as to eliminate arbitrary and unmeaning lines drawn in the infancy of the law. Centuries ago, when the crime of theft was evolving, since land could not be carried off, larceny was confined to the taking of personal property of value. As a result no one could be convicted at common law of the larceny of growing crops or fruit picked from another's orchard or gold nuggets picked from another's mining claim, and such still remains the law in those states where change has not been wrought by statute. Since the early lawyers made the loose generalization that animals were property of value only if they were fit for food or domestic work, the crime of larceny did not include the theft of dogs or cats. An American case accordingly held that the defendant could not be convicted of larceny for having stolen a valuable dog unless the dog was wearing a collar. Thefts of electricity have given the courts considerable trouble. In truth, the common-law pattern of larceny is so out of date that in most jurisdictions it has had to be redrawn. The limits of other common-law crimes are similarly too cramped and narrow for present-day needs. Partly because of changed economic and social conditions, partly because of new forms of wrongdoing evolved by the inventive genius of the twentieth century, the pattern of each separate crime must be given fresh consideration, so that by simpler and more generalized

definitions the substantive law may be made more adequately to meet modern demands.

In the second place, certain analogous pigeonholes may advantageously be combined into single generalized crimes. Growing law always begins by a minute and particularized catalogue of forbidden and unrelated acts. Gradually related groups evolve into definite crimes. But the haphazard growth of the criminal law leaves much of the early tendency to particularize still apparent; it is only when law reaches a mellow maturity that large generalizations come. For example, since larceny was the crime of taking property out of the possession of another without the other's consent, it was held not to cover the case of the agent or factor who stole the goods which his principal had entrusted to his keeping; neither would it embrace the obtaining of another's goods through consent gained by misrepresentation and fraud. To cover the gaps thus left by the law of larceny, the separate crimes of embezzlement and obtaining property by false pretenses grew up. Many indicted for larceny escaped conviction by proving that they had committed embezzlement instead, and vice versa. Justice was thwarted, and courts and prosecuting attorneys placed under a serious and unnecessary burden. All three crimes are essentially of the same character and should be generalized so as to form a single pigeonhole. Many states have already effected this generalization; but others still retain the three separate crimes.

In the third place, and most important of all, many of the underlying doctrines and principles of criminal law need further study and development. For instance, with the growth of large corporations as the chief actors in the business world, it is of

great importance that they, like the individuals who carried on the business before them, be subject to the restraint of criminal law; yet the doctrine of corporate criminal liability has markedly failed to keep pace with this growth, and its limits to-day remain in the greatest uncertainty. The doctrine of criminal liability for the acts of an agent similarly needs development and precise formulation. Industrial conflicts have pushed the doctrine of criminal conspiracy into one of major importance; yet there is wide disagreement as to exactly what constitutes a conspiracy or what are its limits. Married women still escape criminal punishment in many places through the presumption that they act under the coercion of their husbands. One of the elementary requirements for criminal liability is a criminal intent or *mens rea*; yet courts are still groping to find exactly what constitutes this requisite intent. Courts are waiting for legal scholars to prune away such features of the old as are outworn, to rear on foundations which experience has shown to be solid such modern forms as are needed, to work over and develop and, at certain points, reformulate the existing vast body of legal principle and doctrine.

II

No one must suppose that the mere perfecting of the substantive law will very materially reduce crime. At best it is only a beginning. Of considerably greater importance at the present time is the reform of criminal procedure.

The essence of effective criminal justice is to make conviction following the crime swift and certain. In America to-day it is neither.

The usual procedure for the trial of felonies involves three distinct steps: first, a preliminary examination by a

magistrate; second, an entirely new examination by the grand jury; and, third, a trial of guilt before a petit jury. Each one of these quite separate stages necessitates delay; and a clever defense attorney can protract such delays to interminable lengths. Delay means loss of public interest, the fading away of the state's evidence, opportunity for fresh crime. Furthermore, each stage affords to the professional criminal increased opportunities to escape punishment through legal technicalities, through the indifference of public officials, through political or other outside influences.

The startling fact is that inherently these three separate steps are not necessary, but are largely reduplication and waste effort. The grand jury is a historical survival coming down from the Assize of Clarendon of 1166. Although under very different social conditions it formerly proved of inestimable value, in modern times it has degenerated into something very like a rubber stamp to validate the opinions of the prosecuting attorney. Its one-time function of preparing the accusation to be tried by the petit jury can far more efficiently be performed by the prosecuting attorney, who does the actual drawing up of the bill of indictment even under the grand-jury system; its function of determining whether probable cause exists for holding the defendant for trial can far better be performed by a trained judge or by the prosecuting officer himself. Although it may usefully be retained for investigating widespread criminal conditions or corruption, — the 'presentment' of the common law, — the grand jury, as a necessary step in felony procedure, has been abolished in eighteen states, and only good results have followed.

The preliminary examination by the magistrate was unknown to the early

common law. It was a step introduced at later times to avoid the hardship of holding one accused of felony until a grand jury was in session or could hear the evidence. Under rural conditions, when the grand jury sat only at stated periods, it relieved the defendant of considerable hardship. But the unfortunate result of its past development is that it remains to-day completely divorced from the later trial proceedings. It is ordinarily conducted by entirely different judges, by different prosecuting officials, generally with a totally different objective. In many places the oral testimony taken at the preliminary examination is not even preserved for the trial which may occur months later. When the time for trial is finally reached, evidence which might have been easily secured when the case was fresh has been allowed to leak away. A new prosecuting attorney, a stranger to all the initial proceedings, steps in to gather again the various state's witnesses for the trial.

The ineffectiveness of such procedure to gain either speed or certainty of result must be apparent on its face.

When it is remembered that in cases passing through these three separate steps the state's witnesses are made to appear and personally give their evidence on three separate occasions, that the serious difficulties of securing intelligent jurors are doubled by requiring examination of each felony by both a grand and a petit jury, that weeks and often months are allowed to elapse between the preliminary hearing and the first trial of guilt, that the costs and the growing evils attendant upon the bail system increase with every delay, when the slow-moving, cumbrous machinery, designed for an earlier age, is watched in actual operation, creaking and groaning and on countless occasions

missing fire, one begins to wonder how the results can be as good as they are. An actual count of some 4000 felony cases in Cleveland in 1919 showed that out of every 100 felony cases beginning in the Municipal Court 26 were nol-prossed, discharged, or for some reason failed to survive the preliminary examination; that out of the remaining 74 cases 16 never got beyond the grand-jury room; that out of the remaining 58 cases put on trial 21 defendants secured a nol. pros. from the new prosecuting attorney, were acquitted, or in some other way escaped sentence; that out of the remaining 37 found guilty and sentenced eight managed to secure a suspended sentence. Out of the original 100 cases, therefore, only 29 defendants actually were made to serve a sentence; and, of these, seven got off with a fine, seven with short-term imprisonment in the workhouse, and only 15 were sent to the state penitentiary or reformatory. In other words, a professional criminal in Cleveland might know that, even if he bungled so as to be caught and forced into court, in only 15 per cent of the felony cases would the defendant have to go to state prison. Who would not take the chance?

The Cleveland statistics do not stand alone. The Minnesota Crime Survey reported that for every hundred automobiles stolen in the city of St. Paul only five convictions were obtained (although, it is only fair to say, a high percentage of automobiles were recovered). The statistics collected by the New York Crime Commission showed that 'of all felony cases originating in arrests in New York City, about 2 per cent are eliminated by the police, 57 per cent in the preliminary hearing, 12 per cent in the grand jury, 8 per cent in the trial court, and 5 per cent after guilt is established. Putting

it another way, if we start with 100 per cent of arrests . . . 15.42 per cent are actually imprisoned or fined. . . . While it is not wise to use these percentages as measures of "efficiency," it is nevertheless true that either we are arresting many innocent people, perhaps altogether too many, or we are permitting altogether too many guilty people to escape through the meshes of our criminal procedure.'

A professional criminal might also know that the more serious the crime, the smaller the proportion apparently of those actually punished. In the words of the recent report of a New York State Joint Legislative Committee, 'for every ten murders committed in London, 160 are committed in New York City; and seven out of London's ten are hanged while only one out of New York's 160 is executed.' In the face of actual facts can anyone claim that criminal justice in America is either sure or swift?

Fruitful results probably depend as much upon corrective changes in the details of criminal administration as upon changes in the large. Space forbids discussion of such details, for these differ in every state. There are still jurisdictions where justice can be thwarted by simon-pure technicalities. There was a time when a California court set aside a conviction because in the indictment the letter 'n' was accidentally omitted from the word 'larceny'; a Texas court held fatal the omission of the word 'to' in the expression 'intent to kill and murder.' Such miscarriages of justice still occasionally occur. In most states the defendant has the right to delay the trial and increase greatly the difficulty of securing competent jurors by an excessive number of peremptory challenges. The not infrequent practice of requiring a new bail bond at every new stage of the case

exaggerates the evil of the professional bondsman who preys upon the innocent but stands ready as part of the 'system' to lend every assistance to the professional criminal. The surprising laxity in the enforcement of forfeited bail bonds bears evidence of the inefficiency with which we operate our criminal machinery. A careful examination revealed that in Cleveland only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the forfeited bail bonds were actually collected.

The privilege of a criminal defendant to refuse to give testimony survives from the days when in civil as well as in criminal actions a party was incompetent as a witness and when in felony trials the defendant was not allowed the benefit of counsel. Whatever may have been its merits at a time when torture was still in use in Scotland and on the Continent as a means for gaining self-incriminatory evidence, it is a privilege which under modern conditions cannot profit the innocent, but may prove very effective in preventing the conviction of the guilty. It is probably an important factor in encouraging the use of 'third-degree' methods by the police. Yet in many states the constitutions preserve with religious veneration the privilege against self-incrimination, and its abolition can be obtained only by constitutional amendment.

Constitutional provisions in most states similarly require the jury form of trial and prevent our experimenting with other possibly more efficient forms, such as tribunals composed of law experts and laymen, sitting and voting together, as adopted in certain sections of Europe. Indeed, so deeply rooted in our ideas of justice is the jury form of trial that in many states, even upon the express request of the defendant, the jury may not be waived. In states where this is permitted, however, the results have apparently more than

justified the practice. In Maryland actual experience has shown that the trial without a jury is so much speedier, cheaper, and altogether more satisfactory, that in the year 1924 over 90 per cent of all the cases in the criminal court of Baltimore City were tried in this way; and in the Hartford court in Connecticut, where the same practice now prevails, the defendants choose to be tried without a jury in some 70 per cent of cases.

'Trial by jury,' says Dicey in his *Law of the Constitution*, 'is open to much criticism; a distinguished French thinker may be right in holding that the habit of submitting difficult problems of fact to the decision of twelve men of not more than average education and intelligence will in the near future be considered an absurdity as patent as ordeal by battle. Its success in England is wholly due to, and is the most extraordinary sign of, popular confidence in the judicial bench. A judge is the colleague and the readily accepted guide of the jurors.' The glory of the English jury system rests largely upon the power invested in the judge, who, with the right to interpret facts and to give large guidance to the jury, is always an impartial and powerful force for justice. Yet in many of our American states to-day the judge has for various reasons degenerated into a mere mouthpiece of judicial learning; he is commonly robbed of all power to comment on the facts. Even in his vital function of instructing the jury, instead of framing his instructions in language of his own, free from all partiality or bias, it has become a common practice for him merely to read selections from ready-made instructions, requested by one side or the other, framed in a partisan way by astute counsel governed only by the desire to win.

The machine of American criminal

justice badly needs repair; it is antiquated, ill-suited to the demands of modern conditions, and very inefficiently operated. For the outcome we have only ourselves to blame. The most fundamental requisites of any system of criminal justice—speed and certainty—are conspicuously absent.

III

The work of detecting and apprehending criminals has been comparatively little emphasized in America. Our minds are so engrossed in the defects of the law that we are inclined to forget that we must catch a criminal before we can try him. An absolute perfection of law and procedure can yield no results in the case of an unarrested criminal. The Baltimore Crime Commission reported that, for the 2825 serious crimes committed in the city during six months in 1923, only 734 arrests were made and only 440 persons indicted—less than one in six. The deterrence of penal treatment can have little effect if a prospective criminal believes that, even if his crime is discovered, there is less than one chance in six of his being brought to trial. It will not do to attribute such conditions to the corruption of the police, for the facts do not bear out any such sweeping indictment. The result must be sought rather in the crying inefficiency of American police methods.

Unlike Europe, we have not yet learned in this country, with one or two notable exceptions, to utilize the resources of science for police detection work. Under European methods the police are trained to examine with a high degree of skill every detail connected with the crime and to rely upon scientific experts at every turn. Nothing is too minute for examination and study. The investigating officer

therefore spares no pains to seek for the slightest clue—even a single hair caught on the hands of victims, lodged upon some piece of clothing, or fallen on the ground near by. Any such discoveries he promptly turns over to an expert microscopist. Thus, in a recorded case in Austria, a man was gravely wounded by an unknown person on a very dark night. The criminal dropped his cap in his flight, and inside the cap two hairs were found. After a careful examination the expert microscopist was able to describe the wearer as 'a man of middle age, of robust constitution, inclined to obesity; black hair intermingled with gray, recently cut; commencing to grow bald.' In comparison with such European methods one is reminded of the cap which figured in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial—found at the scene of the Braintree murder and alleged to belong to Sacco. Upon the identification of its wearer hung an issue of nation-wide concern. Yet, according to the testimony of Chief Gallivan of Braintree, he carried the cap around for ten days to two weeks under the seat of his automobile, and then himself ripped the lining to find identification marks before he ultimately gave it to Captain Scott. Under European police methods even particles of dust have proved of large importance in identifying unknown criminals. As Gross says:—

The coat of a locksmith contains a different kind of dust from that of a miller; that accumulated in the pocket of a school-boy is essentially different from that in the pocket of a chemist; while in the groove of the pocketknife of a dandy a different kind of dust will be found from that in the pocketknife of a tramp. . . .

One day, for instance, there was found upon the scene of a crime a garment from which no information could be obtained as to its owner. The coat was placed in a

strong and well-gummed paper bag which was beaten with sticks as vigorously and for as long a time as could be done without the paper tearing; the packet was left alone for a short time and then opened, the dust being carefully collected and submitted to a Chemical Examiner. Examination proved that the dust was entirely composed of woody fibrous matter finely pulverized; the deduction drawn was that the coat belonged to a carpenter, joiner, or sawyer, etc. But among the dust much gelatine and powdered glue was found; this not being used by carpenters or sawyers, the further deduction was drawn that the garment belonged to a joiner — which turned out to be in fact the case.

These random illustrations suffice to show the contrast between the expert and scientific methods in use in Europe and our haphazard amateur ways in America. When one also remembers that on the Continent the police keep careful registration cards for every person, that change of name is illegal and impracticable, that the police keep constantly adding fresh information on the individual registration cards, and that therefore at any moment the police have available a more or less complete history of each individual, one begins to comprehend why the chances of identifying and arresting those guilty of crime in Europe are in favor of the police, in America greatly in favor of the criminal.

In America we have as yet neither the training schools nor the police personnel to make possible such results as are achieved in Europe. The average training for police work in European cities involves a course of intensive study of from six months to a year; in Vienna a three-year course is given. Until we build up in America effective police-training schools it is grotesque to expect startling results in the detection or reduction of crime.

Furthermore, until we raise the police above the level of politics to the

dignity of a highly trained profession, we cannot expect first-rate men to enter police work. In Austria, not long ago, the nation's Prime Minister, after surrendering his portfolio, returned to his work as Chief of Police of Vienna. Such things cannot come in America until we can assure those entering the profession of a continuous career safe from the vicissitudes of politics and free from all political interference. It is much the same lesson which we have had to learn with respect to our national diplomatic service — that career men are necessary for expert work, and that expert work is a prerequisite for efficiency.

Police work of a really efficient character must include crime prevention as well as crime detection. Under conventional methods efficient patrol work may prevent holdups and assaults on patrolled streets, and good detective work may have a strong deterrent effect upon burglaries and 'inside jobs'; but at best these conventional methods are almost a negligible factor in reducing the volume of crime. Here again creative work is sorely needed. It should be the business of an efficient police force to gain a wide knowledge of individual lawbreakers and their companions, of suspects and 'bad risks'; and this intimate knowledge should be utilized as the basis for preventive work by bringing about contacts between individuals hovering near the danger line and the various social agencies or organizations best fitted to cope with the given situation. The underlying principles of probation work need not necessarily be confined to formal assignments covering only those who have already overstepped the line and run afoul of the courts. If the danger is due to defective physical or mental characteristics, steps should be directed toward the necessary treatment; if due to environment and

social conditions it may prove possible to change the environment or even to remedy the conditions. Again, in the case of convicts discharged from prison, the police have it peculiarly within their power either to hound or genuinely to help them. The preventive work of the police at such a time can be a very material factor in the reduction of recidivism and the prevention of the convict's return to jail. As Colonel Arthur Woods, the former Police Commissioner of New York City, puts it: 'The preventive policeman is the policeman of the future. However faithfully he does it, he can no longer fully justify himself by simply "pounding the beat."'

IV

The reform of the substantive criminal law, the reform of procedural machinery, the development of more scientific methods of crime detection and crime prevention, are in reality little more than playing around the edges of the real problem. What are we going to do with the human beings whom we have arrested, tried, and convicted? There we come to the heart of the problem of criminal justice.

For centuries we have assumed that crime is the voluntary choice of a free agent and that it will somehow benefit society to punish the criminal; and upon these two assumptions we have based our whole penal system. Modern scientific investigation has shaken to its foundations each of these assumptions. We have discovered that a large part of crime is inevitable, — the result partly of inherent physiological abnormalities and mental defects, and partly of social environment and economic conditions, — and that therefore any theory which bases punishment upon the moral blameworthiness of the wrongdoer must be open to very

serious question. Hard experience has shown us also that punishment as an end and aim in itself yields surprisingly little in the way of social gain, and generally hardens the victim beyond all hope of redemption. In actual operation our punitive or retributive theory is not preventing crime or saving those convicted from criminal careers. Modern criminologists are finding that over half of our prison populations are recidivists, men who have been convicted before. Glueck's study of 608 consecutive admissions to Sing Sing Prison in New York showed that 66.8 per cent were recidivists. An authoritative recent study reveals a similar percentage in New York county jails and penitentiaries. Investigations in other states have shown similar results. The venerable retributive theory, blue-blooded, sanctified by the ages, has gone down under the fire of modern criticism and scientific investigation. Yet upon this retributive theory is based the penal code of nearly every American state.

In place of the barren aim of punishment or expiation, modern scientific thought has sought more practical ways of conserving the social welfare and, as the bed-rock objectives of criminal justice, has concentrated upon the reformation wherever possible of the individual offender, the prevention of further crime on his part, and the deterrence of others from imitating the offense. This means the intensely practical problem of securing results in human conduct, a problem which the mere abstractions of penal codes will not solve. The task is not to fit the penal treatment to an abstract crime, but to a concrete criminal — to discover some method of social treatment which will register results in the consciousness of the offender himself. The objective changes from punishment as such to social reinstatement

of the criminal. Prevention and deterrence are to be gained wherever possible as by-products of social reinstatement. To attain such an objective, mass treatment is evidently futile. What proves immensely effective with one will be utterly unavailing with another. Individualization of treatment is the only way. From this there can be no escape. Emphasis must shift from the crime to the criminal.

The task, then, becomes a twofold one: first, that of guilt-finding, the sorting out of those individuals who need social rehabilitation; and, second, the finding of some practical means for effecting such rehabilitation. The real touchstone of success in criminal administration lies in the second part of the task; if this fails, the mere sorting-out process must be to a certain extent waste effort.

Trained experts are needed for each part of this twofold work. The sorting-out process — guilt-finding — is the work primarily of the lawyer and the judge.

Once guilt has been determined, however, the most delicate and critical part of the task of criminal administration begins. What will be the best form of curative social treatment to yield concrete results? The answer must evidently vary for each offender; for if vital results are to be had it must depend, not on the nature of the isolated act which constitutes the crime, but on the character of the criminal himself, as evidenced by his whole past history, his physiological and mental condition, his behavior reactions, his habits, his beliefs, his general outlook on life. Three individuals are separately convicted, each for the theft of the same amount of money. Under the old theories, criminal justice would require that precisely the same term of imprisonment should be imposed upon each. The first offender may be a

hardened professional who has been living a life of crime for twenty-five years and has served two or more prison terms already; the second offender may be a boy of fifteen in his formative years; the third a man of forty, industrious, but unable to get employment because of an oversupply of the labor market, with a clean, good record to his credit. Should all necessarily have the same treatment because all committed the same crime? Does not reason demand that after conviction prisoners be individually studied, sorted into social groupings, and treated according to the needs of each group and, so far as practicable, of each individual criminal?

Already we have made a beginning. In most states to-day juvenile offenders are no longer treated in the mass with other criminals, but are singled out for such individual social treatment as seems best calculated to save the particular child from the pathway of crime. Similarly, criminals found to be irresponsible by reason of insanity are ordinarily separated into another group, and committed to special institutions for the insane. So, a movement is afoot in many states to differentiate the group of hardened professionals, who, it is generally felt, should receive a different kind of sentence from that of first offenders. Thus the classical theory of imposing exactly the same punishment upon all guilty of the same offense is breaking down in practice, and we are beginning in a limited way to determine penal treatment according to social groupings and classifications quite irrespective of the nature of the offense committed.

Along this pathway lies the great need for future work and research. May it not be possible to define and set apart other social groups needing separate study and particularized treatment, as well as juveniles and insane

criminals? For instance, the group of alcoholics and drug addicts, who form a substantial part of every criminal population, present a problem of social reconstruction of surpassing difficulty, yet of the very greatest importance. Again, morons, mental defectives, the feeble-minded, constitute another substantial group, also requiring intensive study and treatment differentiated according to their special needs. For many of this group, training in a skilled or semiskilled trade and careful parole work are all that is necessary. Others, like certain types of the insane, need permanent care. Professional and hardened criminals form still another group who do not react normally to ordinary stimuli. To expect them to respond to stereotyped methods of treatment, or to keep them mingled indiscriminately in prison populations, is disastrous from every point of view. Through the failure to give them separate treatment many a prison has been turned into a factory of crime. Still other problems arise in connection with the psychoneurotic group, the physically diseased group, the old-age group. Improved forms of treatment wait upon improved scientific methods; and these in turn depend upon increased study and research with further individualization of treatment within each group.

The problem of social treatment is so complex, so beset with difficulties at every turn, that no one who has given it serious study will attempt to lay down the precise form which an improved machinery should take. There are, nevertheless, certain fundamental principles which would seem to indicate the general direction in which we must look if results are to be attained. If treatment is to be individualized, once the legal experts have determined guilt, the problem of separating those convicted into the

proper social groups and determining upon the most effective form of treatment in each case is one which legal learning will not solve. The lawyer must step aside in favor of the doctor, the psychologist, the psychiatrist, the sociologist. The simplest process for achieving such a result would seem to be that the court should turn over those found guilty to a specially appointed and carefully chosen group or board for determining, upon the advice of expert assistants and upon the basis of searching physiological and psychiatric examinations, in which social grouping each convicted offender is to be placed and to what kind of treatment each is to be subjected. The concentration of power and responsibility in such a board will bring about the coördination and regularization of the present rather haphazard efforts in the direction of social treatment; and by keeping in intimate contact with various social agencies throughout the state it could achieve a really effective piece of work. Needless to say, if it is to be made a responsible body, it must have the additional power to see that its orders are properly carried out, and subsequently to transfer offenders from group to group, to modify treatment in the light of concrete results, and to discharge finally or on probation those who no longer need institutional or social care.

After the setting aside of the more or less well-defined classes, as suggested above, there would remain a large number whose abnormalities would not be so pronounced or distinct as to demand group treatment of a differentiated or highly specialized nature. To devise for this large group forms of treatment redemptive rather than punitive is the final crucial problem of criminal administration. Here imperatively we need creative thought opening up new avenues of experimentation.

Whatever the system of treatment, whether in large central institutions or in detached units or not within institution walls at all, certain underlying fundamentals seem clear. If social rehabilitation is the objective sought it can never be finally attained by force and compulsion, for it is essentially a thing of the spirit. Discipline and enforced obedience in the earlier stages of treatment for the majority must be strict; but there is a difference between the discipline which subdues and makes sullen, and the discipline which enforces order so that other constructive forces can operate. The pathway toward social rehabilitation must evidently be a progressive one, the offender passing from stage to stage by dint of his own exertions. Voluntary effort must win its way over compulsion, and the will of the offender himself must be enlisted in a coöperative effort to achieve his freedom through making himself fit for his responsibilities as a member of society. Always the treatment must be individualized so as to evoke individual responsive effort. The final return to society must be through a gradual relaxation of restrictions and an extended period of parole. To imprison a social defective for years in a place where everything seems calculated to make him peculiarly unfit for freedom and then suddenly to disgorge him into blinding freedom, penniless and friendless, and expect him to go and sin no more, is almost grotesque.

In emphasizing the objective of social rehabilitation the preventive and deterrent elements of criminal justice are not to be forgotten. But the social rehabilitation of the felon, if successful, is almost sure to carry in its train prevention and deterrence. Those who would emphasize deterrence above all else must not forget

that our present system is conspicuously failing to deter. Mere savagery of punishment does not deter. The history of criminal law in England shows that during the eighteenth century, when one hundred and sixty different offenses were punishable with death, crime flourished. Even when pocket-picking was punishable by death, and public hanging, when everybody was looking upward, was a favorite place for pickpockets to ply their trade. Deterrence comes not through severity of punishment, but through certainty and celerity of conviction. The more severe the punishment, the fewer guilty persons will be convicted, as everyone who has worked with juries must know. The element of deterrence under the present system must be small when the prospective criminal may know that there is considerably less than one chance in ten of his being caught and forced to serve a sentence, and that, even if convicted, the mere lapse of a fixed number of years, irrespective of his own effort or character, will see him free once more. If he knew that there was at least an equal chance of being caught and convicted, if he knew that after conviction his right to freedom would be dependent upon his own conduct, and that after his discharge he would remain under partial surveillance for an extended time, there would be less crime.

Such are the signposts toward the way of reform of criminal administration. At every turn, creative thought and careful, patient experimentation are necessary. The solution can come only slowly, very gradually, as legal scholars, psychiatrists, sociologists, and other special workers make their peculiar contributions, each in his own field. In the end American civilization will prove equal to the task; but the battle must be fought on many fronts.

A POST-WAR DIARY

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

Friday, October 10, 1924.—Went to see Foch at 8, Boulevard des Invalides at 10.30. Some of his old hands are still with him, including one whom I remember at Cassel in 1914. The Marshal is aging. His step is less firm and his back is a bit bent. The old fire—but it comes and goes, and he seems occasionally to lose the thread of his ideas. But there is the same action with the words. I said that I had come to consult him about points of history and about the future. His last 'directive' to the Allied Armies was dated November 10, 1918. What was his directive to the Allied Armies today? 'L'union d'abord,' he replied, and then sent for the authentic text of three of his last speeches at Verdun, Boulogne, and Beauvais, telling me that I should find in them the information which I sought. I put them in my pocket. The Beauvais speech is the best.

'But what about the Official History?' I asked. 'It gets on; it is nearly ready,' he replied. I said that I had been told the same thing six years ago. He seemed dissatisfied about the history. He really did not know how it stood. It would be a very dull document, he said. But it would have all the essential papers and would be of serious value to the historians of the war, but of little interest to the public.

'Are we really to be left so destitute?' I asked. 'I am trying just now to write a little story of the first Ypres battle in 1914, and I can find nothing worth reading.' Was the Marshal

going to leave us nothing after such stupendous events? How could I, or anyone, write the history of the 1914 Ypres without his maps which he had shown me at Cassel in 1914?

'They are all there,' said the Marshal, pointing to a table near, 'and I am writing my own account.' I said that I was delighted to hear it; when would it be ready? 'I do a little every day, and it gets on,' he said. All the documents were there, and he worked at it when he had time. I said that he had an advantage which many women would like to have, because Marshals had no age limit; but would not the Marshal consider how important it was for him to complete the work before he began to grow old? He agreed that age would impair the clarity and force of his history, and was disposed to agree that he should hurry up his story.

I don't think the Marshal is very contented with his position, and he complained that he had never been invited to England since Henry Wilson's funeral. He got on all right at the Ambassadors' Conference, in which connection he praised Eric Phipps, but otherwise was not much consulted now. He told me several stories about the war. One was about August 8, 1918. The Canadian folk in London had made Lloyd George wire to insist that the Canadians should not be used, owing to their losses. Foch had told no one what was in the wind for August 8, neither L. G. nor Clemenceau. L. G. had grown anxious, and had demanded

that an officer should be sent over to inform him of the exact position not later than August 7. So Colonel Grant went. He was not sent for that day, but on August 8, at noon, went before the Cabinet. He told them, to L. G.'s angry disgust, that the Canadians were just then fighting a great battle. Fury of L. G. 'The battle has been a great victory,' Grant quietly added. Collapse of L. G. In the same way Clemenceau had been amazed and asked where Foch had found all the troops for the battle. 'I have rearranged them and we have won a victory.' The Tiger then ceased growling. Foch said that, when one was determined to attack, the dead recovered, the missing rejoined the ranks, the lost guns were discovered, and so on. 'It is with dead, missing, and lost guns that I have won victories,' he said.

I asked him if the Allied Generals had ever fallen out, for I knew no case except the Nivelle-Haig row. He said that all the Allied Generals were invariably in agreement and never fell out. The upheaval in the French Command at the end of 1916 was the greatest misfortune that had occurred to France. The war would have finished in 1917 but for that misfortune. That was a political decision. London had not trusted my report on the position of military affairs.

We had a long talk for an hour and a half. On leaving the Marshal I gave a lift to one of his staff, who told me that Foch kept a diary all through the war and after it, and had it always at his elbow. In it he noted all those whom he saw and his conversations with them, as well as scattered thoughts on events. It was of course a confidential document and would not be published. I ventured to differ. Why should posterity have the absorbing interest of reading and learning the truth, and not Foch's comrades and contemporaries?

I was sure that it would be published when Foch was dead. It will certainly be a gem. Foch said to-day that it was as possible to succeed in peace as in war, provided that all plans were made to ensure success in peace as they were in war. I think that diplomacy needs a Staff College.

I had been to the Sainte-Chapelle and the Conciergerie yesterday and completed the visit by Notre Dame to-day. Saw the vestments of the priests at Mary Stuart's wedding when she married the Dauphin. Only one is original, but is the most perfect specimen of sixteenth-century embroidery, with pictures of Mary on it of the greatest interest and value. Was her hair so fair — almost golden — and so long? We have never been told so, except by the Janet miniature at Windsor, which agrees on the point of color. Morton's portrait does not show the hair, if I remember rightly. But in later years Mary wore wigs of various shades.

In the afternoon I had a long talk with Marshal Joffre at the École Militaire. After compliments, I began by mentioning an allusion to Joffre in Lord Bertie's diary, published in the *Morning Post* on Wednesday last. Joffre does not understand or read English, and had not seen it. I told him one of Bertie's stories was that in 1914 Joffre had told Viviani that unless Messimy was unloaded he, Joffre, would commit suicide and leave a paper to state the reason. 'It is false, it is totally incorrect,' said the Marshal. I said that I was not surprised at the denial, as the Marshal was the last man in the world that I should have suspected of contemplating suicide. He said that Messimy caused him no disquiet and had been very helpful to him, going indeed further in Joffre's direction than anyone else had done. I said I supposed that Lord Bertie had

heard what seemed to be a good story and had jotted it down.

Then I asked about war history, and found that the Marshal was another candidate for literary honors. He would finish his account of the war in a few months. It was his *déposition* for the benefit of posterity and he would leave it to his wife and daughter. He would not pretend that it would please everyone, but he had been scrupulously exact in every statement. I said that I was delighted. I had no history of the war from the French side that was worth anything.

We talked all round a variety of military subjects, including the 'black troops' quartered in France, on which I gave the Marshal very serious objections. He thought that a nucleus of these troops in the South of France would not be a danger. I replied that it was not the *thèse boche* that I was advocating, but the question of the prestige of the white races, and the evil influence of any reduction of this prestige in Northern Africa. The whites had only a slight hold on Africa and a Mahomedan upheaval might spread far and fast. We seemed to forget how few whites there were in Africa.

Joffre is looking pale and softer than of old, but his brain is still good. He is aging, but may still go on for some time. He was most cordial, but will not let me quote him by name if I write. He has an honorific post and great worries, but nothing to do.

Maurice Pernot of the *Débats*, and soon afterward Georges Mandel, Clemenceau's War Chef de Cabinet, came to see me and we had a long talk together. Pernot is undertaking his trip to Persia and Afghanistan next spring, and I hope that the *Daily Telegraph* may take him on. He is tired of Rome and says that Mussolini has lied to him and made him lie, I assume by false statements. He says that Fascism is

in difficulties, not only from the Liberal revival, but from Fascism itself. He says that when he, Pernot, first occupied his rooms in the Via Giulio Cesare, where I have visited him, he thought it would be amusing to see incidents from the grand tier of the theatre, but that the continual shooting in his street was beginning to tire him. He declares that from Venetia to Ancona there is unceasing violence on both sides, and that it cannot go on.

Pernot goes for a month to Egypt and will then work up to Peshawar. He hopes to do Afghanistan in March and April 1925. He will be acting for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and will write a weekly letter for the *Débats*. He is bringing out a book on the Vatican and the war. He says the Vatican is the only institution that has realized that the old European colonial system will be dead in fifty years. They have transferred the bulk of their foreign missions to *native* hands with a view to the future, and only retain a general supervision in the hands of the whites. They are schooling the natives to initiate things. A very interesting movement, worthy of Cardinal Gasparri's sagacity.

Mandel says that Clemenceau has just finished a three-volume work on 'the place of God in world religions.'

Saturday, October 11. — Mandel had given me an introduction to the Conservateur of Fontainebleau, M. d'Esparbes, so I motored there to-day with some friends, saw the park and grounds first, lunched at Mme. Dumaine's Hôtel d'Angleterre and saw her great collection of nineteenth-century French and English prints, which are famous. I saw no specially excellent states, but the collection is unique and immense, and has been collected in the course of forty years by Mme. Dumaine and her husband. At 2.30 called for the

Conservateur, who very kindly took us over the whole palace and showed many rooms which are only shown to privileged visitors. Extraordinarily interesting, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. The rooms of Napoleon and Josephine and the washing, etc., arrangements were very strange indeed.

Marie Antoinette's boudoir is a dream, and Canova's head of Napoleon, aged thirty-six, is a great work of art. Boney's chairs in his severe little dining room are very perfect. Two very fine Bouchers and some perfect tapestries. There are two thousand rooms, and in spite of all the large area there are only ten caretakers! So many courts are becoming overgrown with weeds. This is almost the only royal palace in France which is furnished. Empire, of course, in the main. Napoleon began the restoration, and that is why it is all Empire. Louis Philippe's restorations are in bad taste. I wonder why the French neglect this palace so much. Diane de Poitiers's bedroom must have been lovely.

Much indebted to the Conservateur, who spent two hours in showing us round. He is a poet and an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, but not so great an expert on Boney's work with his Staff as Colonel de Philip, of whose work he had never heard. I managed before I left to get a secondhand copy and sent it to him. The little room where the abdication was signed and the Cour des Adieux, where Napoleon took leave of the Old Guard, are very impressive from their historical interest.

Tuesday, October 14. — Went to the Palais Bourbon to see M. Painlevé, now President of the Chamber. Heilbronner showed me over the reception rooms, which have some superb *boiserie* and ceilings, but the furniture and chimney-pieces are poor and comparatively

modern. The Chambers have no right to be called the Palais Bourbon. A pleasant garden. Met a nice Frenchman from the F. O. and afterward Franklin-Bouillon, whose appearance I did not much care for, as I am prejudiced against him, no doubt. He was very agreeable all the same, and said that France never forgot those who stood by her in dark days. He said that he and I might differ, but he was sure that we should each admit when we were wrong. I said I was perfectly sure that we should neither of us ever admit anything of the sort!

Found M. Painlevé much the same as in old days. Science keeps a man fit. After greetings he told me that he has not quite the scope he would like in his present post of Speaker, and does not mean to settle into it as a profession, but that he can do a good deal of good *dans les coulisses* and can even help this Government — and no doubt do the reverse to a Government of another color. We talked Army affairs first. P.'s view is that an *armée de métier* would cause fear in France. 'Why should it?' I asked. 'Our Army did not care a hang about politics and minded its own business. Why should it be different here?' France, said Painlevé, was not like England, with her old traditions. P. would like one year's service instead of eighteen months, and an extension of reëngagements. In fact he saw a conscript army *enracinée* in the soil, with long-service men in larger numbers. He thought that Pétain would consent to this. He would if a Government so decided, but it would be a worse army and dearer. . . . I told him my ideas about the next conference and that we should be better without, but he says it is *exigé* by our Government. . . .

P. thought it a real danger that we should all disarm, for then the nation with the largest population would have

the pull, especially if it had the industrial capacity for rapid arming, like Germany. He is very anxious about letting the Germans back into the Cologne zone.

Wednesday, October 15. — After doing some business, went to the British Embassy for a talk with H. E. Lord Crewe. He was very well and in good form. I told him of my mission and of what I had heard here. He was much interested in both the military and the civil side. He thinks that the Disarmament Conference cannot be avoided. I spoke to him of Jaspar's lecture summarized in the *Étoile Belge* of October 12. He has a respect for Painlevé and heard his views with interest. His view of our elections is that the Conservatives will either win or at least have the largest party in Parliament. But both Conservatives and Liberals hate coalition, and the Liberals may support the Conservatives by an agreement on general principles of policy. He thought that the combination of MacDonald and Herriot had been useful and had produced good results. He agreed with me that Germany is still the King Charles's head of French ideas and that it still absorbs them. He said our Labor politicians were surprised that Herriot had not gone as far as they wanted to go. No Frenchman, H. E. thought, could go a great distance in their direction. The feeling against Germany was still too strong. He thought that our relations with France were now pretty good. We wondered who would be Conservative Foreign Minister if the Tories came in. He said that Curzon and Poincaré had no relations and that it was hard to say who hated the other most.

Lord Crewe thought that an accord between us and France was not technically against the law, but he did not know in what form regional accords

had up to now been presented to the League of Nations.

Crewe thought aloud about the question of France and American friendship, and, without denying the importance of French amity, which he would be the last to decry, he was disposed to think an accord with America a more permanent interest to us. He also told me that the Bertie journals had been submitted to the F. O. and to Windsor and that a great deal had been cut out.

In the evening saw *La Crise*. Not wonderful. Can't find a topical piece like the one in which Loucheur and Mandel figured at King Edward's favorite theatre, the Capucines.

Thursday, October 16. — Saw M. Briand at 10 A.M. at 52, Avenue Kléber. His housekeeper admitted that Briand, who is a bachelor, is *très matinal* and gets up at 6 or 7 A.M. I found him in splendid form and good health. I should say that his powers were as formidable as ever. He has lost nothing of his old fire and charm. He is quite contented to be the representative of France at Geneva, because the League is *une très grosse question* and, as M. Bourgeois is far from well, Briand has almost complete power. But I think he would not mind being back at the Quai d'Orsay before long, and he spoke in a friendly way of Herriot and his Government and thinks it will endure because it represents the true spirit of France, which wants, above all, peace, and an entente with England, which is regarded by the mass of the people as the basis of peace. He thought that Geneva had been a great success in September, but was anxious, as I am, about the Disarmament Conference. His policy at Cannes had been to get the Anglo-French accord first, but now things had been reversed. All the work of obligatory arbitration, the definition

of the aggressor, etc., had been good at Geneva, but the Disarmament Conference was a great danger.

He, as Member of the League of Nations Council, admitted that the body was faced by a problem of almost insuperable difficulty — namely, how to prepare the coming Conference next autumn, and even how to formulate a questionnaire to the Powers for the November meeting, since postponed to December, which is to prepare this Conference. I said that my view was that such Conference should never have been called together, and that we should not go further than the terms of Article 8 of the League Convention, first paragraph. But he objected that Ramsay MacDonald had *exigé* the present plan, and agreed that France, England, and Belgium should have a regional accord in the West of Europe to meet the case. Such accords were only communicated to the League of Nations in very general terms — a few lines only — and such details as military arrangements were not included. He thought that this could be done, and that the Staffs should then examine the problem and eventualities and agree together. He told me that Germany would certainly become a member of the League this year. It would be an advantage for the Allies, for a war of revenge was much more difficult to arrange when Germany was surrounded by all the machinery of Geneva. (This point should not be mentioned publicly.)

Briand did not think that the U. S. could long remain outside the League, and he thought that the Pacific Treaties, the accords, and the Protocol could be linked together and made the bridge to bring the U. S. in. It was our duty to facilitate her entrance, and he thought the U. S. must be uneasy that so many American republics, eighteen in all, were already in the League.

He described as *enfantillage* the craze of our Socialist Government for disarmament, and thought with me that this would only come in time, when confidence in the League was established by practical demonstrations.

He felt that air forces had greatly inclined the people toward peace, for they felt that they were all in a war, and that now they were not even safe when asleep in their beds with a good cotton nightcap on their heads. Germany was still, for France, the great danger, and all her thoughts were centred on it. France had to lead affairs in the Centre and East of Europe because England was disinterested in these questions, and he allowed for the English point of view. He thought that the economical pressure of all States was a very severe form of pressure — for example, that of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden against Russia and Germany, even if these Allies of ours had no armies.

Briand agreed with Painlevé's ideas on an *armée de métier*. He thinks that finding a formula for armament reduction is like squaring the circle.

German nationalism is on the downgrade, he thinks. If Marx would face it, he would win, but he does not, and the Nationalists try to gain their ends by political menaces. I asked Briand about his sudden resignation after Cannes. He said that he had resigned to prevent a Presidential crisis and for no other reason. Poincaré had given various other explanations, but this was the true one.

Maurice Pernot and I lunched at Maxim's and discussed his journey. He told me much of Italy. He said that Mussolini had bribed foreign journalists right and left. The syndicate of the foreign press had been bribed through its president, and then he, Pernot, and three others had left it. None of these four was an Englishman.

but the others were American correspondents of English and American papers. Three Paris papers were also bribed. He drew my attention to two articles in the *Observer* (August and September) on Italian finances, both of which were mendacious and inspired from Rome. He thought the *Temps* was now run by a man with some name like Reux and that its attitude was slippery. R. had been tackled by someone who had asked why a position defined on the first page was differently represented on the second. R. said that the *Temps* had four pages and so this must be allowed for. There was no individual permitted to write his own mind now. All was done to order, and the result was chaos. Gauvain, in the *Débats*, though he had attacked England bitterly, was given a free hand. So was Pertinax in the *Écho de Paris*. It was better that people should be allowed to state their opinions than that opinion should be misinterpreted by a man like R., who had organized Kruger's journey through Europe in old days, and was a dangerous man.

Pernot would hardly believe my statement that English papers were not bribed. He said that we bribed also the French press. I said that I knew no case of it. He had met Dawson of the *Times* in Rome and found that he could speak no word of any foreign language and might have stayed at home quite as well.

Friday, October 17. — G. Mandel, 17, Avenue Mozart XVI, at lunch. We had a great talk on history and the press. We are agreed that, with the information that we had in 1918, the Armistice terms were good and favorable. The contrary theory was born long after the event. I have asked Mandel to give the *Daily Telegraph* the refusal of his

historical story when it appears. Clemenceau's forthcoming book (two years hence) is called *The Place of God in World Religions*. Mandel very severe on the Bertie diary which is appearing in the *Morning Post*. He thinks it trivial, undignified, and untrue. Any concierge in Paris could have written one in the war time which had more truth and exactitude. So thought Clive to-day.

We had a long talk on the French press. Mandel said that it rarely represented French opinion. The press was a house of commerce in which each man who had bought a paper was out to make money. Each Government squared the press by giving it large blocks of publicity, whether in advertisement or by other means. The Head of the Agence Havas ran this business and distributed the loot to the press, most of which was more or less in favor, not of one Government, but of all Governments in turn. Mandel himself said that he favored the protection of independent papers, because without them we might not know what people were thinking. Some foreign Governments followed the French system, notably the Russian and Mussolini! The Germans had bought the *Journal* even during the war.

I mentioned Isvolsky's book, *Un Livre Noir*, published by the Communists from the Russian archives. It frequently mentions large sums paid to the French press. We thought that Isvolsky had a policy and that it was quite consecutive. Mandel did not defend or attack his exposure of the bribes of the French press. Mandel thought that we bribed, too, but could not say where the sums expended were shown. French papers did not represent a *party* as ours do. He could collect articles of Sauerwein¹ which had supported many antagonistic policies.

¹ Foreign correspondent of the *Matin*. — EDITOR

(The diary will be continued in July)

PROMISED LAND

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'MR. BRANSK will see you for ten minutes,' announced the secretary. He opened the door to an inner office and Michael entered, conscious of a thrill of excitement at the prospect of seeing a man who had once lived under his roof now head of an important department of the government. A black bullet head was bent low over some papers. The visitor stood for several minutes waiting, and smiled a little at the pre-occupation of the new minister. Bransk made a notation on one of the papers, then looked up.

'This is the thousand-and-fifteenth petition that has been considered by me since the beginning of the year,' he proclaimed in his loud voice. 'I am swamped by papers.'

He motioned Michael into the empty chair. 'Sit down. Sit down. So you've come over to see how we are running the country.'

Michael nodded, and opened his mouth to speak, but the minister rushed on.

'Let me see, you are still living in New York. On East 12th Street? Yes, of course. And your daughter? Martha, was not that her name? Of course, I remember.'

Michael thought of a night when he had returned to find Bransk with Martha in his arms, and of the boy's arrogant gesture, as, with his eyes on his host, he bent and kissed the girl's neck.

'And your wife. She made mag-

nificent onion soup. It was a great loss when she ran away with her handsome waiter.'

He slipped a number of papers into a folder on his desk, and scribbled a few words on a pad. His right hand was terrible to look at. Two fingers were missing and the skin was livid with old scars.

'You will not be staying long, I suppose. Our winters are hard, and our houses cannot yet boast the steam heat of New York. I myself never feel the cold.'

'What do they think of our work in America?' he demanded, changing the subject abruptly. 'Only this morning I received a magazine containing a long article about myself and the work of this department. The writer — one of your professors, by the way — had to admit that we have shown them a good many things, even in their boasted field of education. Of course, he fails utterly to see the significance of some of the things we are doing. But let me show you our laboratory.'

He rose and, grasping Michael's elbow, pushed him into a long room lined from floor to ceiling with filing cases. A dozen young women were bent over typewriters and work tables, and in a room beyond Michael could see several others.

'We have thirty-five workers on our central staff,' explained Bransk. 'In this room you will find a record of every town and village in the country, the

number of its inhabitants, their ages, occupations, degree of education, and so on.' He opened one of the files and pulled out a large card. 'Here, see, is Trigov. Persons 127: men 37, women 40, children 50. Below you will see a summary of their occupations: blacksmith, one; teacher, one . . . then their school equipment — buildings, books, radio; the attendance; everything, in fact, that we need to know.' He pointed to a table at which five girls were busily cutting, pasting, and writing. 'They are at work collating all this information for our annual report. I am told it will be seven or eight hundred pages in length.

'There, you see,' he continued, pointing to a large chart which hung on the wall at one end of the room, 'that is a diagram of the organization of my department down through all its branches to the tiniest village. At a moment's notice we can put our finger on any individual in the country and see whether he is receiving the proper amount of instruction.'

He led his visitor back to the inner office and paused, waiting for some word of appreciation of the giant machine which he had created.

Michael smiled his grave smile and only said, 'And yet twelve years ago you and I were glad to set up the type of the *Torch* ourselves, in a rat-infested basement, and mail out the copies.'

Bransk waved his hand to indicate that all that was in the past and of no consequence. 'The rats, I remember,' Michael went on dreamily, 'one night got into the sausage we had brought down with us. We had no supper that night, nor breakfast the next morning.'

Bransk made an impatient sound in his throat. 'The revolutionist thinks only of the morrow,' he announced, and Michael recognized it as the concluding sentence of one of his speeches.

The minister looked at his watch.

'A delegation of trade-school teachers is to come here at three o'clock. I must have a few minutes to look over their matter.' He seized Michael's elbow and propelled him to the door, but the other put his hand on the knob and spoke a little hesitantly.

'I have left New York for good, Peter. I intend to spend the rest of my days here where I was born. I thought there might be some work I could do for the Government.'

Bransk's face stiffened and his eyelids drooped. 'Ah, you are returning? You have left New York. Ah, so. Perhaps we may be able to find something for you. Of course. Yes, of course we shall. Still, when a man has lived so long away from his country . . . You never revisited, I believe. I myself, as you know, came back several times in disguise, and lived for some months. But you must let me know where you are staying. If there is anything I will let you know.'

His secretary entered on silent feet. 'The delegation of trade-school teachers, Mr. Bransk.'

'Tell them I will see them at once.' He turned to Michael. 'We must have another talk sometime. Yes indeed. Still, I should advise you to return to America. You could do more for us there. We need friends to combat the lies that are being circulated against us. Besides, you would miss New York and the steam heat in the houses.'

Michael did not remind him that many a winter night in their gloomy tenement there had not been a stick of wood to warm the icy room.

'Steam heat breeds degeneracy. This is the country of the young. We cannot be bothered with comfort. Comfort stifles action.'

He was quarrying phrases for future speeches, Michael thought, and smiled faintly as the other shook his hand violently and closed the door.

The delegation of trade-school teachers, their eyes glued on the door, surged forward respectfully as he withdrew. He noticed several handsome young girls among them. One of them had the devout mystic stare of his daughter Martha, who had adopted a severely celibate life in one of the social settlements of East Side New York.

In the corridor outside he felt old and tired, and leaned against the wall for support. He wondered what he had expected when he went to see Peter Bransk, whom he had housed and fed for nearly three years while the youth, recently escaped from the prison to which he had been committed because of his revolutionary speeches, tried to make a living at journalism in America. Not just this, certainly, though he remembered a saying of Bransk's that the revolutionist should love nothing but his cause, and remember nothing but his wrongs. He could see the young Peter in one of the little restaurants they frequented, flinging his bolts. 'Love is an appetite, not an emotion.' Martha had been with them that night. 'The family is a tyranny. It must be broken down.' 'The man who owes allegiance other than to his cause is a traitor.' 'Gratitude is a vice of the weak.' They had all delighted in the spirit of this youngster on whom the prison scars had scarcely healed.

Michael wandered down the long corridors, where messengers were running busily to and fro, and finally found himself in the square, which as usual was crowded with sight-seers, come to look at the capital. Everyone who came out of the great fortresslike building was scrutinized by the people, on the watch for members of the government, who made it a point of honor to walk to and from their offices. Michael was amused to see a messenger, whom he had noticed in Bransk's waiting room, suddenly straighten his shoul-

ders and assume an air of preoccupied gravity as he crossed the square.

Every detail of the scene roused his interest — the peasant groups gazing solemnly at the forbidding façade, the boisterous companies of boys and girls swaggering possessively about the square, a knot of factory women examining a new poster, even a dog busily chasing his tail and getting under everyone's feet. And he felt a kind of satisfaction when a couple of workmen in heated debate pushed him against the wall.

He turned presently into a narrow street which wound down to the river. The houses, he observed, had not changed since he had fled for his life forty years before. If anything they looked more down at the heels. The sidewalks were littered with scraps of newspapers and torn handbills. 'That at least is new,' he said aloud. 'Forty years ago these people did not read.'

At the sound of his voice a group of children looked up curiously from their play in the gutter. He felt a comradely warming to their round-eyed stares, and sat down on the curb among them.

'What are you playing?'

The children drew back and whispered, and some of them began to titter. Finally a little girl, bolder than the others, edged up and fingered his watch chain. He sat still, smiling at her, and in a moment the children were swarming all over him. Their dirty little hands seemed to search every part of his person. He felt them in his pockets and tugging at his vest, and realized with a shock that they were robbing him. He rose suddenly and shook them off.

'Capitalist, capitalist!' they screamed, mingling their cries with obscene oaths.

Urchins swarmed from every doorway and pelted him with mud and filth from the streets. 'Shall I have to run?' he thought, in a kind of grim amusement.

A strong arm caught his, and a youthful voice roared to the children to be off. Michael looked round to see a young man of perhaps twenty in ragged coat and trousers. The children seemed to know him, for they shouted, 'Strigloff, Strigloff,' and a girl blew a kiss to him. He fell into step beside Michael.

'It's hardly safe yet for a foreigner to come into this quarter,' he explained in a comradely voice. Michael gasped a little. 'We can't transform the down-trodden of centuries into human beings overnight. I hope they have not hurt you.'

'Not at all,' Michael answered hurriedly. 'I remember this used to be the most dangerous street in the city.'

'You have been here before?' the other asked in surprise.

'I was born here.'

The boy's genial eyes clouded with suspicion. 'I took you for an American.'

'I have lived in New York for over thirty years, but I am returning here now to live.' He would have gone on to explain how he had happened to go to America and why he had come back, but a hail from across the street interrupted the conversation.

'Strigloff, Strigloff!' called a voice. 'Hurry or you will be late.' It was a girl in a red blouse.

The boy stopped. 'I must run. It is a committee meeting, and I am chairman. You will be quite safe now.' And he bounded away to join the girl. They swung down the street arm in arm, their heads close together. Michael heard them laugh, and his eyes followed them wistfully. He would have liked to talk to this young fellow who had seemed so carefree and confident.

His mind jumped back to his own twentieth year, and to the nights when he had crept along a deserted alley to the basement of a disused warehouse. Of the twelve who had met in that foul cellar only he and one other were left.

Ivan and Gregor had been executed. Gregor's young brother had perished miserably in a salt mine. Stefan had died an exile in Paris. Leon's dead body had been found one day in a questionable restaurant in Belgrade. Serge was living in comfortable obscurity in a London suburb where he taught French in a girls' school. He pulled himself up abruptly in the catalogue. He had not returned to his native city to relive the past. 'The revolutionist thinks only of the morrow.' Bransk was right. Memories only clogged the brain. Far down the street he could still see Strigloff and the girl, and he was proud of their careless self-confidence. 'We gave them that,' he thought.

II

He turned into another street and was presently lost in a network of alleys and festering courts. The squalor and ugliness filled him with sadness. The forty years of exile, the hundreds of martyrs, seemed to have counted for so little. Bransk and his companions suddenly became Titans, and their attempt to raise this huge sunken mass on their shoulders godlike in its daring.

He emerged at last into a small square where a fountain was playing in the middle. Feeling footsore and spent after his encounter with the children, he sank down on a block of stone which had once served as a carriage step. In the centre of the cobbled square were a number of wooden trestles topped with rough boards, and a group of women, hands on hips, were laughing together, while a few lingered over half-empty baskets. Michael straightened with a start. It was the old flower market.

'Dina, Dina!' called a shrill voice. 'Come here and help me with this basket. You are lazier than the priest's pig.' The woman called Dina separated herself from the gossiping circle, and,

still laughing and shouting over her shoulder, went to the tables where an old woman struggled with a basket. Michael did not see her; a mist veiled the present and he was twenty again.

It was a June morning and warm. He had just come from the fetid dampness of their underground meeting place. They dared not meet often, and they had talked all night. Plans of great moment were afoot, and the youth was still shaken by the solemnity of the oath he had taken, and he felt an overwhelming longing for warm human contacts. The scene before him seemed strangely beautiful. The flower girls had loosened their blouses, and were fanning themselves vigorously. Their faces were pink and flushed and glistened with moisture. To the young man watching them they looked like peonies. Their vigorous bodies seemed a thousand times more desirable than the delicate white-skinned women he met in his mother's house. One of the girls had climbed to the fountain and dipped her face down to drink. She lifted it to him all wet and smiling. Drops hung like diamonds from the ends of her blue-black hair, and others trickled down her brown throat.

'What is your name?' he demanded abruptly.

'Dina,' she replied archly, and seized a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her face.

Suddenly he caught her in his arms and kissed her. The girl pushed him away, and, throwing back her head, laughed boisterously, her splendid throat vibrating with mirth, her breasts shaking. 'You had better go home to bed, my little one,' she said, wagging her finger. 'It is evident that you have drunk too much.' And she ran off. To the weary boy she was the very incarnation of earth. He did not pursue her, but went slowly back to his home. The stately old house seemed dead and

tomblike after the brightness of the square. Painted generals in uniform gazed down on him from the high paneled walls. As a little boy he had used to tie a sword to his waist and strut up and down under their approving ranks. He began to laugh. What would they think now?

A voice called to him from the depths of one of the chairs. It was his mother, looking like a little white mouse in her voluminous shawl.

'Michael,' she said fretfully, 'where have you been?'

'Walking, Mother.'

'Why do you walk in this hot weather? It will give you a sunstroke. You may fan me if you like.'

He took up the delicate ivory fan and fanned her gently. All the while she watched him keenly from her sharp blue eyes. 'My son, it is time you married. Nothing settles a young man like marriage.'

He thought of the laughing Dina.

'You do not say anything.'

'No, Mother.'

'It has come to my ears,' she went on, 'that you are seen in strange company. In fact, General Schulkoff, your godfather, came in here only yesterday greatly troubled to tell me that already there is suspicion of you. You are known to have been with a certain Shonski who has twice been in prison because of his dangerous views. I told your godfather that you were young and restless and merely seeking excitement.' She paused and looked steadily at her son. He returned her gaze gravely; the fan dropped to his knees.

'Shonski,' he said slowly, 'is my greatest friend. I would die for him.'

'Do you know that he is suspected of being a Nihilist?'

Michael was very pale as he replied, 'I too, Mother, am a Nihilist.'

'If I believed you, Michael, I would kill you here in this room with my own

hands so that no one else would know your shame.'

There was a long silence except for the confused ticking of clocks, of which there were more than a dozen in the room. Michael rose and looked down from the height of his six feet three to the tiny woman in the chair.

'It is true, Mother, and I have no right to be living under this roof. I will go now.' He turned and strode swiftly from the room.

An hour later he was in Shonski's attic. The man was lying almost naked on a rotting straw bed. He scarcely turned his eyes when Michael entered.

'I have told them, Gregor.'

'It was time,' said the other sternly. 'The comrades could not trust you while your soul was divided.'

'Talk to me, Gregor,' pleaded the boy. 'I don't understand myself yet. One moment I am lifted to the clouds by the thought of the brotherhood of man which we shall bring about. The next I am cast down because of all the beautiful in the old which must die.'

Shonski looked with something like affection at Michael's bent head. 'You are young,' he said. 'Your eyes cannot bear the light. You have not seen the beauty of humanity. Humanity as it may be when men shall dare to stand erect, look into themselves instead of into the heavens, dare to seize what they dare to dream, and proudly know no strength but their own. What beauty is there in our present order with its sufferings, its inequalities, its incredible cruelties, but the iridescence of decay?'

Michael listened with all his soul while Shonski, lying naked and dirty upon his bed, preached the godhood of man. Presently he turned and looked into the young man's shining eyes and fever-burning cheeks. 'I have given you strong wine to drink, my wolf cub. Now I must sleep. You shall give me some money, for I shall presently want

to eat,' and he rolled over with his face to the wall.

Michael went out into the afternoon sunlight, his head whirling, and, hardly conscious of where he was going, turned his steps to the flower market. The square was nearly empty and the women were gathering their bundles together. He saw Dina immediately where she was standing alone, one finger on her curving lips, her brows a little bent. He thought of an archaic statue from the Greek which stood in the entrance hall to the museum. Dina had the same repose and sufficiency. He came swiftly to her side and picked up the wicker basket at her feet. She looked at him in surprise. The university students sometimes followed her home, but none of them had ever offered to carry her basket. She even felt a little scornful of the young man beside her; nevertheless she smiled, and he followed her, reading in her calm acceptance of his presence the untroubled strength Shonski had glorified in his writings. A thousand words trembled on his lips, and Michael would have liked to pour out his soul to her, lighting in her the flame Shonski had kindled in him, but he was awed by her stillness, and they walked in silence side by side along the hot dusty road.

Presently the fastening of her shoe became loose and she stooped to tighten it. The boy was on his knees in an instant, and as she straightened slowly he flung back his head and a long searching look passed between them. How gloriously the black hair swept back from her serene brow, and how superb her shoulders and deep bosom. He caught her hands in his. 'Dina,' he said tremulously, 'you must marry me.' At the expression of utter amazement in her eyes he laughed triumphantly, and, feeling strong and confident, led her to the roadside bank and made her sit beside him. Smell of sun-warmed

grass, pungent reek of weeds, should he ever forget them? . . .

III

Suddenly the clangor of bells from a near-by steeple broke in on his memories. Michael rubbed his eyes. The past had become too real, and in the light of later years too bitterly ironic. He rose stiffly. The square was deserted and half of it lay in shadow.

He put his cap on his head and wandered on again, but he felt now as though a door were closing between himself and these countrymen of his, and that those whom he passed eyed him with hostility, as they might a foreigner. His cheap, ready-made American suit looked out of place amid the studied negligence of the dress about him, and on an impulse he went into a shop and bought a red handkerchief, intending to knot it about his neck. But with the clerk's eyes curiously upon him he could not, and, stuffing it hastily into his pocket, went out into the street again, and bent his head that he might not meet the glances of the passers-by.

It was nearing supper time, and the people were coming home. A rich odor of stew floated on the air, and from opened windows came the clatter of pots and the shrill voices of women in dispute over the stoves. But Michael did not lift his eyes from the hurrying feet. His whole body ached with the wish that one such pair would pause and fall into step beside his own.

'I always insist on an egg with my supper.' A harsh authoritative voice broke distinct from the confusion of sound. Michael looked up with a start. It was Bransk, and with him a fat little man who trotted at his heels. The minister paused long enough to kick into the gutter a piece of tin which was lying on the pavement. Michael

could have touched his sleeve, and half reached out his hand, then drew it back quickly. Bransk and his companion passed on.

Michael moved wearily, and his lagging steps wove themselves into a refrain. One, two, three, four, forty years. Gregor, Stefan, Leon. Dina, Martha, Peter.

The houses became fewer and the street almost deserted. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and looked up. Before him rose a little hill on which grew a few wind-bent trees. Seeding grasses rippled under the breeze and a few late flowers starred the turf. He knew it as well as he had known the house in which he was born. As a little child he had clambered breathlessly up it, clinging to the skirts of his father's military cloak. He had played among the rocks, and later, as a young man hot with love of mankind, had wandered alone or with a friend along its paths.

He left the road and followed a trail which wound up beside the birches, till he found a smooth hollow, still warm with the glow of the evening sun, and sank down to rest. In the long sloping rays the city spread out at his feet was very beautiful with its gilded domes and slender needle spires. From a neighboring hill came the sound of singing, and below him in a field a group of children were shouting and playing. In the clear yellow light the houses seemed near enough to touch. His whole spirit was caught up in a flame of love, and he stretched out his arms in passionate longing to the unconscious millions below him, as though by that gesture he would draw them to himself. But the glow faded on the roofs, and the evening mists settled like a veil over the capital. Michael remained motionless in the gathering gloom, brooding above the promised land which he might look upon but never enter.

He was aroused presently by a voice that mumbled something in his ear. Looking up, he saw a beggar whom he remembered to have passed in the streets. The man was dirty and unshaven, and his yellow eyes were blood-shot, but he spoke in fairly correct English. When Michael answered him in his own tongue the man drew back and would have taken himself off, but the other motioned him to sit down.

'You shall sit with me awhile. I need company.'

The beggar seated himself at a little

distance, and both men gazed down upon the city, where lights were beginning to prick the dusk. From the great barracks spread out at their feet came the sound of a bugle call. The beggar raised his head.

'Twelve years ago I was an officer in those barracks. I can see where my room used to be.'

Michael took a few small coins from his pocket. 'This is all that I have left,' he said, almost gayly, 'but let us dine together.' And he rose and took the beggar's arm.

THE WORM TURNS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

FOR some time there had appeared in the newspapers vague reference to a mysterious personage known as the Grand Vermicularius. He was the head of a secret society which had sprung up very rapidly and had ramifications throughout the country. Its objects were unknown and its membership carefully concealed. It was supposed to be strong on propaganda and to be boring from within. The new organization held no public meetings, announced no programme, made no threats. But it was hinted that the members of the I. O. T. W. might be found in all churches, parties, labor unions, colleges, public schools, and chambers of commerce. The minister of your church, the senior warden, the editor of your daily newspaper, might be affiliated. Even the wife of your bosom might be enrolled as an auxiliary without your knowing it. For, while the initiated had their secret signs

and passwords by which they were known to each other, they were pledged to silence as to the order when they were in the presence of outsiders. This secretiveness was terrifying to an open-minded democracy. Even the Grand Kleagle was alarmed over an empire more invisible than his own. Of late several elections had turned out differently from the way they had been planned by astute party leaders. It was suspected, though not proved, that the Grand Vermicularius had something to do with these political mishaps.

The title of the potentate had led many people to consult the dictionary. 'Vermicular,' as an adjective, was defined as 'like a worm in form or movement, tortuous, sinuous, writhing or wiggling.' This threw little light upon the nature of the society, but conveyed the impression that its chief officer was a dangerous character.

Various patriotic orders became alarmed and began to send warnings through the mails that there was a vast society doubtless financed by foreign gold and aimed at the very heart of the Republic. They did not know just what it was, but that made the peril more imminent.

All this aroused my curiosity and I determined to have an interview with the Grand Vermicularius. How this interview was finally brought about it is needless for me to relate.

I confess that it was with some trepidation that I came into the presence of this formidable personage of whom I had heard so much. I had formed an idea of what he was like. I had pictured him as a dark saturnine man with black hair and bushy eyebrows, and eyes, such as I had often read about, that bore you right through and reveal your innermost secrets, while all the time retaining their own inscrutability. I had rather expected to be seated in such a way that a single ray of light would fall upon my telltale countenance while he sat in semidarkness.

But when the Grand Vermicularius received me in the sitting room of his modest house on Elm Street all my preconceived notions were shattered. There was an air of imperturbable domesticity in his surroundings. There was not a suggestion of the conspirator or the autocrat. His appearance was that of the ordinary business man of the better type. His manner was frank and friendly, and he entered into conversation like one who has nothing to conceal. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that you want to know about our new order. If you want to find out about our passwords and ritual I have nothing to tell. But if you want to know about our objects and principles I am glad to give you information. The I. O. T. W. — which, being interpreted, is the

Independent Order of Turning Worms — is made up of people who have been ignored and trampled upon and misrepresented till we can't stand it any longer. We have become class-conscious. We demand redress of grievances. We have turned!'

'So I have understood,' I said; 'but what class do you represent?'

The Grand Vermicularius went to his bookshelf and, taking down a volume of Milton, read, "'That hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding.'" 'That's us!'

'Oh, I see what you are driving at,' I said. 'You represent the militant intelligentsia. You think the intelligent minority should assert itself against the stupid majority. It is too bad that, where there are so few men of superior ability, they should n't be allowed to rule over the other kind. I suppose you agree with Mr. Mencken about the unconscionable number of yokels and morons and nitwits who can always outvote the men of understanding.'

'You have totally misapprehended my meaning,' said the Grand Vermicularius with a touch of asperity in his voice. 'When I identified myself with the men of understanding you don't think that I set up for a superior person! The class I represent is the majority in this country. We are people of plain understanding. We are neither morons nor yokels; neither are we geniuses, bigots, or fanatics. We are people who mind our own business, accept our responsibilities, and are more or less aware of our limitations. We support the churches and schools, and at the same time try to improve them; we pay our taxes, not without some grumbling; we serve on time-consuming committees, and do all sorts of chores for the public. We believe in Progress, but when we get on the train we go only as far as

our ticket allows us, for we don't believe in beating our way to Utopia. We get our opinions as we get our household supplies, according to our daily needs, and on the cash-and-carry plan. We are the kind of people whose existence in large numbers is taken for granted in every scheme of democratic control. Without us trial by jury or universal suffrage would be impossible. We make free institutions work — so far as they do work.

'Our job is not spectacular, but we keep everlastingly at it. We are aware that our modest endeavors do not make an exciting theme for oratory. You have read the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Wendell Phillips in the Boston Public Gardens, "Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories." This may be true, but most of the time when we have seen Liberty she was neither in chains nor in laurels, but in working dress. She was not having her victories, but in great need of reliable assistants. We are the kind of people who are not above helping her with her chores. Some of us have been working like slaves for free institutions, and mighty little recognition do we get for our labor.

'The trouble with our class is that nobody takes us seriously. There are so many of us that we can't get a fair hearing. When people discuss what they call the Social Unrest they always talk about the grievances of minorities. The intellectuals don't have all the appreciation they deserve; the unemployed don't have all the work they demand. If a man is a bigot or a crank or an obstructionist, if he is a superman or a pseudosuperman or an underdog, he will be heard. Minorities have a way of organizing effectively, and they adopt more or less terroristic methods. People pay attention to them because they have a way of

making themselves dangerous. In the most frigidly polite circles nobody would ignore the presence of a rattlesnake with nine rattles.

'It's because we are so patient and make so few unreasonable demands that we are treated so shamefully. We are looked upon as negligible quantities by the very people who would n't know what to do if we were to go on a general strike. They think we will go on doing our various duties no matter how we are treated. Everyone who wants to get a reputation for cleverness picks upon us. The intelligentsia taunt us for our mediocrity. When we try to cheer up and make the best of a hard situation our critics call us smug. When we are interested in our local community we are called provincial. The eager radicals scorn us because we don't go far enough. The high-and-dry conservatives chide us for going at all. The cocksure reformers scold us whatever we do. Even the publicity agents chide us because when they try to sell more new ideas than our market can absorb they encounter what they call "sales resistance."

'Here is an advertisement which appeared in a popular magazine: "Ninety per cent of the population is behind the times. Eight per cent is ahead of them. Two per cent leads the way. Are you of the two per cent?"

'Of course we know the way one can qualify as a two-per-center: by paying two dollars and a half for the magazine. But I won't accept the offer. I don't admit that ninety per cent of the population is behind the times. We are the times.

'So far as the things that are most vital to democracy are concerned we are all right. We have good horse sense and love of fair play, and enough intelligence to make an interesting society. Ninety-nine out of a hundred

people believe in making this the land of the free and the home of the brave. Why don't we make a better job of it?"

"That has often puzzled me," I said.

"Of course it has," said the Grand Vermicularius. "You are an average man. You mean well. But with reasonable and tolerant citizens like yourself in the vast majority, what do we see? The most amazing outbreaks of intolerance and bigotry take place and you do nothing to prevent them. You seem to be helpless and do nothing but grumble over the excesses of narrow-minded minorities. In every group, social, political, or religious, there are the bigots and the nonbigots. The nonbigots have the numerical preponderance, but they seem to be lacking in backbone. They allow themselves to be misrepresented. It's because they are unorganized. People of good sense and good temper, I believe, ought to be organized in one big union. Then they would have some influence.

"I thought of many forms of organization, but they were all too amiable to be effective. One day I had a talk with a friend of mine who was an ex-Dragon. "The trouble with your friends," he said, "is that nobody is afraid of you. You put your trust in great moral principles. But a great moral principle never scared anyone. It does n't jump out at a fellow as he is going through the woods, and clutch him with its skinny fingers and make him promise to be good. Nobody thinks about it as an old witch who will catch him if he does n't watch out. And the consequence is that he does n't watch out. He makes a polite bow to the great moral principle, and then thinks no more about it. I believe you fellows," said the ex-Dragon, "could put us all out of business if you understood more about human nature."

"That set me thinking. I saw that

plain common sense must n't be made too plain, and I made up my mind to found a new organization. Our organization, to be effective, must have something cryptic about it. As the ex-Dragon said, we must keep people guessing. There must be a salutary mixture of publicity and secrecy. Hence the I. O. T. W.

"The first thing was to get a totem and a slogan. All the larger quadrupeds like the Moose and Elk and Lion had been already preëmpted. Then I remembered Shakespeare's remark that "the smallest worm will turn being trodden on." In a flash the whole thing came to me. I would organize the Independent Order of Turning Worms. Our insignia would be a worm rampant, with the motto "I turn." Again I turned to Shakespeare and found "A certain convocation of politic worms." Just the name for the Supreme Council which would meet in the Thrice-Hidden Burrow of the Great Awareness.

"This Great Awareness is the fundamental principle of our order. The modest man who asks only to be allowed to think his own thoughts and go about his business is often imposed upon by his aggressive associates. But when his rights as an individual are trampled upon the humblest member of the I. O. T. W. is not only aware of it, but is able instantly to make others aware of his awareness. He has only to give the secret sign of our order to be sure of sympathy and assistance in his chosen work of minding his own business, for, as I have said, we are everywhere.

"The phenomenal growth of our order is explained by the transparent simplicity of our aims and the well-calculated mystery of our proceedings. You will notice a change that takes place wherever we establish our Burrows. I was talking with an efficient

salesman the other day. He was complaining that he had lately encountered a great deal of sales resistance. I smiled because I knew the reason. He had taken a course in psychology and had learned the art, by the right appeal to the subconscious ego of his prospect, of making him buy any amount of goods that he didn't want. But psychology is a game two can play at. We have established classes in our Burrows of preventive psychology.

'Our order cuts across all the lines to which people are accustomed. But there is one thing which unites us in a far-flung brotherhood. Each one is prepared to assert his individuality against the tyranny of the little group of which he is a loyal unit. Our members do not renounce any of their old affiliations — they only make new ones. We are all we used to be and something more. We are Jesuits, Jews, Baptists, Republicans, Middle-Westerners, Socialists, Down-East Yankees, realtors, motorists, behaviorists, vegetarians, professors, capitalists, single-taxers, Congressmen, ministers, archæologists, and simplified spellers. We allow ourselves to be classified and card-catalogued and psychoanalyzed in all sorts of ways, for the benefit of statistical science. We answer the questionnaires that are sent to us.

'All members of the order are pledged to keep an open mind. The Commandment which we promise to obey is one that has been much neglected by overzealous persons who are anxious to reform everybody but themselves. It is the Ninth Commandment — "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Our Chaplain, who is officially known as the Worshipful Glowworm, preached a sermon on the Great Commandment which is placed in the hands of all initiates. In this sermon he upheld the

thesis that the best way to avoid bearing false witness against your neighbor is to be willing to listen to your neighbor when he is bearing witness to his own opinions and manner of life. You should be willing to hear him out. You bear false witness against him when you draw inferences from his statements and attribute them to him. He is not responsible for your logic. You should also learn, said the Chaplain, that it's bad manners to call names, but if you must do so you must know what the names mean. This is a rule of the order. It is enforced by an officer known as the Formidable Nomenclator. He conducts the much-dreaded Ordeal of the Dictionary. Above his tribunal is a Shakespearean motto — "Define, define, well-educated infant." Words like "syndicalist, socialist, materialist, anarchist, bolshevist, puritan, Christian, pagan," and the like, must be defined before they are used. Adjectives derived from collective nouns, like "Jesuitical, Methodistical, Jewish," and the like, are closely inspected to see that no pestiferous associations are attached to them.

'We do not allow members to indulge in wholesale accusations such as are to be found in Alexander Pope's couplet: —

Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour.

In each case the indictment must be so drawn up as to point to a single individual and not to include all the members of the group to which he belongs. One sour Presbyterian must not be allowed to destroy the reputation of a whole presbytery which, but for him, may be all sweetness and light. You have no idea how many letters I receive from persons in all parts of the country who have been braced up by our order. Here is one from a high-school teacher: —

'Blessings on you, honored Vermicularius, for what you have done for me. I am one of that hopeless race of men whose misfortune it is to teach American history with some understanding of the subject. Moreover, I was rash enough to try to make my pupils understand it too. In making the attempt I got in wrong with some of the most influential persons in the community. One of my pupils reported that I had said that George Washington was a revolutionist. His angry parent came to me and said that I was no fit person to teach children—I was putting ideas into their heads. I very tactlessly told him that that was what I was here for. I afterward explained that I was referring to the American Revolution and not to the Russian, but the harm had been done. He replied that it was not what I said but the way I said it that made the mischief. His children came home and reported the way Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry talked, just as if they were real people. It sounded seditious. There must be some kind of propaganda behind it.

'Now if there is anything that makes the cold shivers run down the spines of some of our citizens it's that word. Tennyson tells how the Northern Farmer riding to the mill heard his horse's hoofs beating out a single word. (I give the word as our own generation would probably understand it.)

Property, property, property—that's what I hears him say.

These nervous citizens hear another refrain which has to them a sinister sound:—

Propaganda, propaganda, propaganda—that's what I hear them say.

Now I was n't interested in any propaganda. I wanted to teach American history and make it a live subject.

'Just as I had made up my mind to give up teaching and go to raising chickens, I told my troubles to a member of the school board whom I had most feared because he was spoken of as belonging to the old guard. I told him that I had no ulterior motives. I was n't trying to influence the next election. My pupils won't be of voting age anyway for four or five years, and by that time there will be a new set of issues. All I wanted to do was to teach American history.

"That's what we hired you for, was n't it?" he said. Then he gave me the mystic sign of awareness and told me about the new order.

"More than half the school board belong to it and a lot of the parents," he went on. "When your persecutors bring your case before the board they'll get a big jolt. We have agreed among ourselves to give up the attempt to make education safe for ignorance. We have turned."

'Of late,' said the Grand Vermicularius, 'there are evidences that the professors in our colleges are giving up their attitude of lofty detachment and are joining us. They have found that that academic freedom of which they were so proud cannot be maintained as a matter of course and by their own unaided efforts. They need assistance from the community.

'It's hard for the learned to meet the new conditions. Up to within a few centuries academic freedom meant that scholars could say anything they pleased so long as they said it in Latin. The difficulties of an unknown tongue protected them from the attacks of their enemies, as the Alps protect the Swiss. With the grammatical passes strongly held, the learned in their linguistic fastness preserved their freedom during ages of barbarism. But now that they must speak in the vulgar tongue their protection is gone.

'Academic freedom is seen to be a part of the general struggle against meddlesome tyranny. As Longfellow puts it, against all that hinders or impedes the action of the nobler will. The professor is a man who professes; he must make common cause with business men, plucky politicians, conscientious plumbers, market gardeners, and all other persons who insist on actually doing what they profess to do. If a gas fitter professes to make a tight joint, he resents the interference of a boss who orders him to do poor

work. If a member of our order professes to teach biology, he teaches simon-pure biology. He refuses to have anything to do with biology with a string tied to it. And it's so with all the other arts and sciences. The professors these days are with us to a man. Our Burrows are full of them.

'If you have always lived in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom you have no idea of the loneliness of hapless men who have the misfortune to be born with a good understanding without any opportunities for cultivating it, and who live in a community hostile to the interchange of ideas. They are often ostracized for opinions which they do not hold.

'Here is a letter from a man in Arkomesoropolis, Arkansas:—

'I have long been known as the Village Atheist. You know what that means. It came about through my reading a sizable book, a rare incident in our neighborhood. The author said he was a deist, and I said that I agreed with his views. So I was at once dubbed an atheist. I did n't mean to go that far, but it was n't any use for one man to go against the crowd in the matter of a name. It won't do in our town to make too nice distinctions. It is not our way. I got to feel pretty much alone. But since a Burrow of the I. O. T. W. has been formed here I've had, for the first time, what might be called intellectual fellowship. It's been a real treat to talk things over with people who don't expect you to agree with them. I find that I do agree with them more than I thought and I'm not so queer as I prided myself on being.

'The other night the Deputy Nomenclator—who, by the way, is a Deacon in the Fundamental Church at the Four Corners—sprang the Dictionary Test upon us. We all recited in concert the ritual, "Define, define, well-educated infant." This put us in the right mood. He discovered that the word "deist" meant a person who believes that there is a god, and an atheist is one who believes that there is n't. "If that's the case," said the Deacon,

"it makes quite a difference. If you are a deist I don't see why we should keep on calling you an atheist."

'After that we got to be quite chummy. We found we had a lot of ideas in common and he took quite a shine to me. After a time I found that he was making a deep study of the dictionary. One day he came to me and said, "I've found fifty-seven varieties of Christians, and I have n't got more than half through the book. You are probably one of the kinds I have n't found out about yet. If you don't mind, I'm going to take a chance and call you a Christian—at least you'll let me put you on the waiting list." I said I did n't mind and I'd like to catalogue him as a liberal, of a hard-shell variety. He said he did n't mind. So he keeps on going to his kind of church and I keep on not going—but we get along first-rate.

'Some of the more zealous members of the Klan thought we were going too far in taking everybody in and breaking down the usual antipathies, and thought they would run us out of town. So one night they put on their hoods and broke into our Burrow. They thought they were going to intimidate us, but when they looked around and saw a lot of their big men seated with us and wearing the insignia of the worm rampant, they changed their tune. You see, we in Arkomesoropolis are great joiners, and there was nothing to hinder anyone from enjoying the hospitality of both the Klan and the Burrow. Some thought the double membership did them good—that it kind of steadied them. So we asked the young fellows who had come to run us out of town to take off their hoods and stay for refreshments. They did so, and, as the saying is, a very enjoyable time was had.

'I could read to you a great many more letters,' said the Grand Vermicularius, 'but I think you have got a general idea of what we are up to.'

'Your idea,' I said, 'seems to be a very reasonable one, but could n't you get it over to the public without so much mystification?'

'The ex-Dragon thinks not,' said the Grand Vermicularius.

A BISHOP LOOKS AT THE CHURCH

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

ONE of my favorite stories, hoary with age but still a favorite because it happens to be true, tells of a genial clergyman named Taylor, who loved to travel in mufti and, while thus fairly well disguised, talk with the men he met in the smoking compartment. He had been joining in the conversation of a group who were all traveling men, giving their views on business and matching experiences in salesmanship. A remark by the clergyman led someone to ask for what firm he was traveling, and he replied, 'For Lord and Taylor,' and promptly relapsed into silence, without explaining his little joke. No one knew but that he, too, was a traveling man.

And, indeed, he was a member of a class who are always traveling. It is a little more than twelve years since I became a bishop. My diocese numbers a hundred and twenty-four ministers on its clergy rolls. When I made up my list this year, I saw that more than two thirds have come into the diocese in the past twelve years. Only thirty-four of the names on the list are of men who were here when I came, and of these thirteen are the names of retired clergy. Of the other twenty-one, only eleven are in the same parishes in which they were serving when my episcopate began; the others are still in the diocese, but they are in charge of other work than that in which they were placed a dozen years ago. There are one hundred and fifty-six churches and chapels

in the diocese. Only one out of every fourteen is served by the same minister who was in charge twelve years ago. A like condition obtains elsewhere. Other dioceses are no more stable than mine; in some the changes are even more numerous and conditions are more discouraging.

Nor does it appear that these conditions are peculiar to the Episcopal Church. In some Protestant denominations changes of pastorates are much more frequent. This fact is not, of course, recorded in a spirit of self-satisfaction. I am not rejoicing in the comparison, as when a visitor in a certain village, which had four churches and adequately supported none, asked a pillar of one congregation, 'How is your church getting on now?' and received the reply, 'Not very well; but thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better.'

With some of the Protestant ministers this restlessness is appalling for a further reason. Last year I had interviews with some thirty-six or thirty-seven ministers who consulted me about reception into the communion and priesthood of the Episcopal Church. For one reason or another they were not only anxious to leave their parishes, but desired to change their church affiliation. A few — a very few — of these and others who have come to me could be received. For the most part they would never have fitted into a new environment, and it would have been

tragic to encourage them to try. But the stories they told let in some light on the general problem I was studying. Why did they want to change? A few showed some real change of convictions. Some came because they felt that Protestantism is disintegrating; that it is suffering from the lack of central administrative oversight; that it has no recognized source of authority; that there are no definite creedal requirements and no acknowledged discipline. Others desired such a central authority, with episcopal oversight, because they felt they were at the mercy of their congregations and were not free to preach the whole truth as they saw it. Some even looked longingly to Rome and, had they been unmarried, might possibly have fled from the lay popes, who they said ruled over them, to the tender mercies of an Italian prelacy. Some were seriously seeking for a better way; they felt the loss of reverence in the methods of modern Protestantism; they were attracted by the sacramental teaching of the Roman Church and the Episcopal communion; they were men of devotion who hoped to make reality of worship the keynote of their ministry. Most of the applicants were weary of the nervous strain of competition—with the sermon exalted to the place of first importance, they found it impossible to run a race with the pulpit Babbitts who flourished all about them. Not a few, alas, were misfits and failures in their present positions, yet fondly convinced that their condition would improve elsewhere.

As I have said, we were obliged to discourage most of the applicants. They were too old to change. They were too 'set' to make readjustments. They were too optimistic about conditions in the new church of their choice. They were fearful when told plainly of our own internal discomforts. Had

they been encouraged to change, some of them would have felt that they had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. It was an adventure into the absurd to picture what might happen to those who would have 'gone to Rome'—to let the imagination play on their experiences when they tried to submit to the regimentation of thought and practice that would have been necessary, once they had taken this step into the great unknown.

But they were all pathetic. Those who were misfits could not see that they were in any way at fault. The men who were considering a change too late to make it successfully were often tragic in their distress. In almost every case they were sure, so they said, of their call to the ministry. They had entered upon it hopefully and enthusiastically. But they had traveled 'farther from the East,' and though for a time by 'the vision splendid' they had been 'on their way attended,' at last they were perceiving it 'die away and fade into the light of common day.'

Convinced, as I am, that the tales these men told are evidence of a sad disintegration of American Protestantism, the conviction is accompanied by no pharisaic impulse to thank God that I am not as other men are. For in my own church the evidence of the clergy rolls proves that all is not well in our Israel. There is little inclination, among the clergy of the Episcopal Church, to change their ecclesiastical affiliation. The much-heralded transition of an occasional convert to Rome is the exception, not the rule. And for one of the clergy of the Episcopal Church to give up his priesthood for a more Protestant ministry is almost unheard of. But the list of those who decide to return to secular life, and ask to be deprived of their ministerial functions at the heavy price (almost disgrace) of an open renunciation of

the ministry, is quite appalling. Only the bishops realize how many such cases there are, and only the bishops know the heartaches that lie behind the record. I have been told by some in authority in the Roman Church that, in spite of their *esprit de corps*, restlessness, dissatisfaction, and occasional rebellion are on the increase, and that the tragedies would more often come to a head were it not for the inherited tendency toward submission and the acceptance of a disciplinary system which at the same time allows for much flexibility in the transfer of men, not only to new work, but to new kinds of work, where they more readily adapt themselves to conditions and find peace and satisfaction in congenial service.

Much as we may dislike the very idea of Prussianism, — regimentation, over-submissive obedience to authority, standardization of thought, unquestioned acceptance of regulations, — we know that in the ecclesiastical system, as in government, autocracy does work at times. There are many in my own church who wish to have a larger power of mission conferred upon the bishops. They forget that the Roman rule works with a celibate clergy who may easily be moved about, whereas it would not work so smoothly when wives and families must be moved with them. They forget also that too large a measure of authority usually leads to abuse. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church (whose bishops, in this respect at any rate, are bishops indeed!) has found, on occasion, that authority can become harsh. Methodist ministers are not always happy. Rome is Rome. In church, as in civil government, the rest of us are endeavoring to work out our salvation as a democracy, convinced that in the long run democracy will outwear autocracy. Even for the sake of smoothness in operation we are not willing to give up our freedom of

initiative and independence of action. Much less are we willing to admit, despite its failures, that the ideal of a married ministry, living the normal life in close contact with the congregation, is not an ideal sweet and true and beautiful, and worth sacrifices to maintain.

And so the minister travels. On and on he and his family move, ever hoping for happier conditions, ever being disappointed. Even if the minister were to stay, our problem would not be solved. For, if he does not change, the congregation does. Once he could remain a score of years in one parish, ministering to the same parishioners and to their children after them; now his congregation is a rapidly moving procession. They come and go. In the villages and small towns many of the ablest and most progressive and adventurous of the people move to the cities. In the cities they move from apartment to apartment, never abiding long enough to convert steam radiators into hearthstones. There, too, success often means a longer move to a larger city and a more important position, until abundant success carries the happy traveler to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, or to the Glorious Babylon of the New World, whence the only move to a higher place comes with death — and one is not quite certain that even this will mean for many a translation to the Blessed Isles.

II

Moving America, which has lost almost all conception of the meaning of the word 'home,' may in part account for a moving ministry. But the explanation leaves much still to be explained. Why are the clergy not only restless, but discontented, sometimes miserably unhappy, often hopelessly faded from their early enthusiasms?

One of the most effective sermons I

ever preached owed its success to an accidental piece of good psychology. It was in no way an extraordinary bit of homiletical persuasiveness, but the congregation liked it, and I was fortunate in having one keen listener explain why. It was a sermon on reality in religion, designed to show that Christ is impatient — divinely impatient — of anything that savors in the least of mere careless and conventional acceptance of His teaching, a sickly sentimental attachment to His religion, or a nonchalant belief in Himself. In His presence we must be perfectly honest with ourselves and perfectly straightforward and unaffected; He despises cant. I had a great deal to say about downright sincerity among Christian people, but by good fortune I said none of this until I had first made public acknowledgment of certain clerical shortcomings. I pictured the man outside the church who stayed outside because of a certain smug professionalism in some of the clergy which irritated and annoyed him. I confessed that our immunity from friendly criticism had been disastrous. I acknowledged that our words do not always ring true; we find it only too easy to drop into a habit of ready moralizing that is wholly perfunctory and smacks of pious cant. My friend told me that the congregation recognized the picture and gladly acclaimed the facts as to my confessed sins. 'Having won them to complete accord in your portrayal of clerical faults,' he said, 'their innate good sportsmanship made it impossible for them to deny their own sins when you pointed them out. It was good psychology to begin with yourself.'

And so it may not be unkind to look for the faults in the clergy themselves, if we are to find the full explanation of their restless dissatisfaction. Indeed, it may not be amiss to begin with bishops;

and herein are included not only bishops like myself, but the 'higher clergy' of all denominations — presiding elders, archdeacons, heads of ecclesiastical departments, bureaucrats in general. Perhaps we might be more sympathetic and helpful to the clergy if we had someone to criticize us; but we too are immune — that is, from face-to-face criticism. Many people talk about our faults and failings, but always behind our backs; we have few friends who are courageous enough to talk to us plainly, as man to man. In consequence we are apt to 'put on side' and become impatient of disagreement with our plans or policies. We do not hear much about our blunders, and usually succeed in keeping our own eyes shut to their consequences. A bishop gets a large idea of his own attractive powers, because he is usually greeted by a splendid congregation and sees a church at its best. He is credited with unusual preaching ability, because someone hears a sermon which he has had ample opportunity to try out in little mission chapels before preaching it in the big church. He gets a glorious idea of his own wisdom, when the fact is that he may have been chosen bishop because he was regarded as safely and harmlessly conservative. He does not know that some irreverent folk consider him colorless. Nor does he realize how his character has been changed by his work. The inability to seize opportunities, when handicapped because of the church's meagre resources, chills his early enthusiasm; he relapses into self-satisfaction, indifference, or despair, and does nothing. Or the dignity of his office, and its responsibilities, increase the sense of his own importance; he becomes dictatorial and autocratic. Every day, and in every way, he gets worse and worse, because he never hears what the clergy or the laity think about him.

And the clergy do not know what he thinks about them. There are very few bishops, archdeacons, presiding elders, or rural deans who are so cruel as to tell all that they do think. Had they the courage and at the same time the grace to speak out frankly, though considerably and with due kindness, some of the clergy might learn that many of their troubles begin on their own doorsteps. If there is anything unpalatable in what follows, let the clerical reader remember that it is written to help, not merely to condemn.

Why do the clergy find it necessary to move so often? They will say that small salaries pinch them so desperately that they cannot be blamed if they grow discouraged. But — they do not always move to parishes that can give them more. And it is a fact, which those 'higher up' observe, that congregations often gladly and of their own accord vote an increase of salary when the pastor is found specially deserving such appreciation. May not the real cause be found in the fact that the ministry offers desperate chances of slumping down into a lazy, inactive life? In business there is always someone to 'jack up' a man; the minister is his own overseer. There is no one to keep a record of his pastoral calls, no one to note whether he does an eight-hour-a-day job, no one except his bishop — who, good, kind man that he is, does not always want to complain — to know that he does not answer letters, that he does not keep accurate parish record books, that he fails to make reports, and, worse yet, fails to read suggestions. There is no one but the choirmaster who knows how little thought he gives to the arrangement of services — and even the choirmaster does not always realize that this is why the services fail to make a definite impression. No one knows whether he has done any honest work on his

sermons, though the congregation may frequently make a close guess as to the diligence of his thought and study. The temptation to indolence — bodily, mental, and spiritual — is always there, and not always courageously fought. Often the man gets what he is worth. Not always, nor in the majority of cases, but often.

The minister wonders why it is he does not attract better congregations. Would that he had married a wife who could and would tell him that his sermons are rambling discourses; that he never takes one idea, develops it carefully — and stops. Would that he could realize how often he skips about, or maunders on, leaving the congregation with nothing definite; perhaps only with a vague notion that the parson has been reading a new book and has not yet learned that nobody should talk about a book until he has at least read it through. Of course this is apparent to most people, save himself, when he preaches on the problems of the day, without special knowledge, or on modern doubts and difficulties, only to show that he has not made an honest effort to understand the point of view of the layman, or done enough hard thinking to prove that he really knows what he believes, and why. We hear much of the failure of the clergy to present religion in terms of present-day thinking. The failure is usually attributed to theological narrowness. Actually, is it not the result of intellectual sloth, and the consequent failure to understand, or sympathize with, the difficulties of faith for men who know the new universe and the modern world?

Again, the minister wonders that the congregation does so little work; perhaps he complains now and then at their lack of coöperation. But he does not realize his own lack of administrative effort, or his maddening inability to do things in a businesslike way.

He does not plan his own work, and he is hopelessly inefficient in planning work for others. He has no new ideas as to organization. He has no ability to inspire others to effort. He does not even display ordinary sound judgment in choosing his workers. He expects to get church-school teachers by casually suggesting from the pulpit that there are vacancies. When people offer their services in parish work he has not the faintest idea how to use them. Imagine a young girl, just graduated from college, offering herself for some useful service — and the best he can do is to suggest her arranging the flowers on the altar.

He complains that the congregation does not give him the respect due to his office, while unaware that the hard-working business man next door regards him as a diddling and doddering old woman, pottering around the house instead of hustling out to work. I knew one young minister who made a tremendous success in his first parish in a simple way. He lived in a suburban town and most of the men in his congregation took an early train for the city. He was always up early himself, out on the street, down at the station, and between 7.35 and 8.42 had a word with almost all of his male parishioners. It gave him a reputation for alertness; everybody knew he was 'on the job.'

Worst of all, the minister — and especially the young minister — suffers from a 'priestly complex.' Ordination is supposed to endow one with autocratic authority. He expects to have his every word accepted as law. He goes to a new parish and acts as if history began when he arrived. He gives the impression of being an 'I, I, I' man. He resents disagreement with his words, whether in 'teaching' or 'ruling.' He has a profound contempt for diplomacy. (Of course there are 'yes men,' whose diplomatic efforts lead to spinelessness.)

Nowhere is this lack of tact more apparent than with some of the younger ministers who preach the 'social gospel.' Socialists of every stripe among lay protagonists have an aggravating tendency to begin their addresses by thoroughly antagonizing their audiences. They are hot-headed in denunciation. They make no effort to present their appeal with charity and winsomeness. And some of the worst offenders are clergymen who seem to have a fatal facility for preaching even the truth with needlessly offensive aggressiveness. They are so fearful of sounding a cooing note that they never utter a wooing one.

Tact! In smaller matters, how easy it is to offend! I knew of one man who began an announcement: 'It will be like a red rag to a bull for many of you, but hereafter we shall,' etc., etc. A vestry committee came to one of our bishops not long ago to complain of their rector's lack of tact. He had noticed an inch of petticoat hanging below the skirt of the elderly president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and called her attention to it. 'You don't regard such conduct as tactful, do you?' the vestrymen asked the bishop — and the latter replied that for a clergyman he considered it an astonishing evidence of rare diplomacy; the rector might have said, 'Mrs. So-and-So, I did not know well-dressed women wore such things nowadays.' Let it be said that the vestrymen did have sufficient sense of humor to depart a little shamefaced, though not yet strongly convinced of the general good sense of ministers.

'Priestly complex!' One clergyman whose complaints were vociferously voiced in a neighboring diocese closed his career with a sermon on the text which tells how Herod 'gave not God the glory' and 'was eaten of worms' and died. The lesson was plain: he himself was the Lord's anointed, and

those who opposed him would presumably be smitten with disease, and in all probability it would be fatal!

III

Enough! Let it be understood that I am not wholly lacking in the tact which I look for in others, and that I have wisely refrained from singling out any of my own clergy in these examples of clerical failures. But I have made diligent inquiries elsewhere, have listened to the complaints of the laity, have heard in confidence many tales from other bishops, have had most interesting talks with a dear Methodist friend who is a presiding elder, know rather intimately a Methodist bishop and a Presbyterian moderator, have noted on the tablets of memory many things which occurred in my own circle of clerical acquaintances when I mingled with ministers in freer intercourse than they will permit now — and, even as I know the special temptations of the bishops in the way of megalomaniacal delusion, so I know some of the faults of the clergy, which alienate their congregations, ruin their ministry, and account for their loss of influence and their consequent discouragements. Indeed, their failures are due quite as much to petty faults, such as are here catalogued, as to lack of vision to discern the possibilities of the Christian ministry in modern life.

But the laity! Ah, brethren, you have been waiting for this, have you not? Close study of the clergy reveals much that is unpleasant. How did they get that way? A close study of laymen may help us to answer the question.

Well, first, in the matter of salaries. It is often true that the average layman is pitifully small-minded about church support, with glorious exceptions in certain city churches, notably Presbyterian and Congregationalist. In spite

of my defense, the fact is that it does not usually occur to the critical layman that he actually contributes to small-mindedness in the ministry by compelling his pastor to live a petty life, full of petty economies that cramp work and thought. He sees no injustice in paying his chauffeur more than he pays the minister, though not all chauffeurs are shining examples of faithfulness and efficiency. Nor does he understand that his attitude, and that of other men like him, are keeping many promising candidates out of the ministry. However anxious they may be to serve, their robust common sense makes them realize that they and their families must live decently. Allowing for all my admissions in confession and avoidance, there can be no denial of the seriousness of the minister's money problem.

What is there about Protestant Christianity, by the way, that makes so many church people small-minded in other things? Does the minister lack tact? Let Heaven be his witness that there is no profession in which larger demands are made upon one's patience. We cannot imagine a leader in business listening to small complaints such as come to a clergyman from his fellow workers. If the head of a corporation had to deal with the rivalries of jealous women employees, he would go mad, unless he were empowered to fire as well as hire. The minister must not turn anybody out. He must smooth every wrinkle, or be turned out himself. The only other position in the world that offers a like opportunity for sainthood is held by his sexton, who must keep the church warm enough for Mrs. A and not too warm for Mrs. B. I remember one of my own parishes, where Mrs. A came in one morning, shivered apprehensively, and then arose and opened the register; whereupon Mrs. B fanned herself violently and

arose and closed it. They kept it up alternately, each comfortable until the other had her turn, until finally one of them was restrained by her husband. Was I lacking in tact when I told them afterward that the furnace fire had not been started that morning, and that open and closed registers had influenced their comfort only on Christian Science principles? Of course, in speaking I remembered the Virginian's advice, 'When you say that, smile!'

Amusing? Yes; but terribly trying, if that is the sort of thing one must deal with day after day. A clergyman comes to his work in love with the radiant personality of Jesus Christ, anxious to make others see the beauty and splendor of service offered to such a Leader. He starts to work and preach and pray, *con amore*. But he cannot keep it up forever if always enduring the pin pricks of captious criticism or the discouragements of stolid unresponsiveness. He suffers. Does anyone suffer more than he, unless it be his wife? Of course she is rarely satisfactory to the women. She does too much, or she does n't do enough. Like her husband, she has no infallible instinct which tells her when parishioners are ill, if they neglect to notify her husband or herself.

How can the clergyman keep his own spiritual fires burning when others are lukewarm? I remember, in my early days, preparing a sermon which I was all aflame to preach, only to wait four consecutive Sundays for the congregation to get over the evil effects of leaving God alone during summer time; then finding that the flame had cooled; at last preaching as pious platitude what might have been a real message.

What is the minister to do if he finds few of his people willing to inconvenience themselves in order to give regular and faithful service in church organizations? What is he to do when, in spite

of real effort, the church is half empty? What shall he say if it is almost impossible to get congregational worship, and he tries in vain to make the people sing or take part in the responses of the service?

'Do you have music in your church?'

I asked the country squire.

'Oh, no,' the old man quick replied, 'Just singin' by the choir.'

What is the minister to do if he cannot, in good conscience, become a 'live-wire preacher,' a 'go-getter,' or any of the other things in the way of good mixing, — which some of his men, it is true, do consider the marks of an effective ministry, — and yet cannot make his people see the value of religious habits? Most of our actions are habitual. If we always had to stop, think, and reason out our next move, we should never get anything done. Our lives, in large measure, are regulated by habit and directed by instinct. How can the clergyman who knows all this make his people see clearly that this points to the value of public worship? 'The church is for religion what a social order is for civilization; it is an environment.' The minister knows this, but he is bound to be discouraged if his golf-playing vestryman or trustee does not know it and complains when the church is not filled, though doing little himself to help crowd it. After all, a few really converted laymen might, conceivably, convert even bishops and clergy.

IV

We discover many evidences that our laymen are not converted and that this is the real reason for the church's loss of prestige. Religion does not always play a large part in their lives. It is not that they have 'views'; they do not think much on the subject in any fashion. The conscientious clergyman

often finds them all too ready to compromise with the world. Possibly he has convictions about marriage, for example, and they object to his offending influential parishioners who have lax views and cannot be made to understand that what is legal may not be Christian. Difficult Christian standards may not be accepted by a majority of his people, and they are impatient if he seems uncompromising. If he has decided views on modern business, or preaches on certain national problems or international duties, or expresses doubts as to the permanency of the present world order, he is regarded as a hopelessly idealistic doctrinaire, whose words are weighted with dynamite — as perhaps they are.

There *are* men in the priesthood who are anxious to lead, who wish the church vitally and efficiently to minister to the needs of humanity. They feel sure they could win to the church's work many who are now outside, unattached followers of Christ who are doing His work and yet have not the stimulus of fellowship in His society, men of strong religious feelings and convictions whose absence from our ranks is their loss as well as ours. What is the minister to do when he discovers that he cannot win these men because they are bored by the people who already make up his congregation? For undoubtedly many people do stay out because of the character of those who are in. They have an uncomfortable realization that church people have little more than a code of conventional respectability, its outlook narrow, its temper puritanical, its orthodoxy sectarian, its morality prim and prissy. The truth is that the churches are full of people whose religion is static.

What is the minister to do, then, if he begins in a spirit of heroic adventure and later discovers that for most of his

people this spirit has been lost through the stolid and stupid misinterpretation of commonplace men? What is he to do if he finds that all his congregation expects of him is that he shall go on teaching them to meet life in a spirit of celestial resignation, submitting to every duty with exemplary forbearance and meeting the little inconveniences of life with patient piety — for this is all that many of them expect or desire in sermons, and even this they are apt to consider excellent spiritual advice for others, while actually rejecting it when they come to wrestle with their own problems. What is the minister to do who tries to quicken his church into life and learns that most of his people are not anxious to scale heights, do not wish to be set on fire with a quest for adventure, or reality, or joy, are satisfied to enroll as fellow Christians and church members all and sundry persons who have not been guilty of scandalous disregard of the social code? Is it any wonder that his sermons lose vitality when he finds everybody satisfied with a religion that makes no demands, sets no challenge, requires no resoluteness of will, no perseverance of discipline, no determined purpose, no largeness of sympathy and understanding?

Sometimes I catch the gleam of a new faith which the younger generation may bring to the churches. Many of us think they are 'hard boiled,' whereas perhaps, they are only anxious to appear so, in their revolt against what they consider 'hokum' in all social institutions, the church included. Youth has no enthusiasm for the church as an aseptic sanatorium where the ills of life are to be healed. It has no enthusiasm for a religion concerned largely with the salvation of meagre little individual souls. This present age is like youth — wayward and conceited, but lovable; perhaps, in time, it may turn to religion as a social force.

Without hopelessly antagonizing youth by attributing to it an idealism not always in evidence, we may offer a religion definite and challenging. We have been attempting, in a feeble fashion, to bring about a new world order without the inspiration, motive force, and driving power of faith. It cannot be done. We have been trying to base our morals on something else than faith. That cannot be done. Except as a preliminary to life with God, ethics are meaningless. The real reason for decent living is that in obedience to moral standards we liberate our possibilities of spiritual life. Therefore, without religion as a basis, our ethical system has no necessary sanction. I don't know that we shall make youth see this for a long time, but I am unwilling to give up trying to make it clear.

Nor do I know that many of the clergy have thought this out, but, despite the weakness of some of the brethren, I know that a number are beginning to think about it and are anxious to 'speak out.' How many of the older laity have the faintest idea of the problem involved? Is it any wonder, then, that there are weaker men in the ministry who feel they are beating their heads against a stone wall and give up despairingly? What are they to do if they sympathize with youth more than the younger generation has ever guessed; know that the spirit of freedom, with all its confidence and hope, can meet its true Leader only in Jesus

Christ; and yet find in their congregations parents who desire for their children only social success, are even less unwilling than are their sons and daughters to risk unpopularity, are themselves slaves of the Goddess of Folly and deliberately blind themselves to facts about which they are too timid to pass judgment? With all its faults, the new generation is intolerant of weak compromise. Perhaps its chief criticism of the church and of social institutions is that we find in them too much of compromise.

Yes, we clergy are a tiresome lot. We are often dull. We have little training in high-power salesmanship. We have small administrative gifts. We are no better, as orators, than the average lawyer or politician. We are cramped by poverty. We lack social graces. We too are not overbrave in our defiances; we feebly compromise. Many of us lose the first fire of faith. Some of us fall by the wayside.

But who is to blame? After all, the only material out of which to make a clergyman is lay material. And look at the laity! Perhaps they are responsible, more than they know, for many a clergyman's loss of faith. Will someone tell us how to make them different? Will someone from the ranks of youth, if not too annoyed at the slightest hint that he cares for ideals, give us a clear criticism — not simply a smashing and destructive bombardment, but constructive ideas as to what he wants and how he thinks he can get it?

SPARROW'S LAMENT

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

THE Great Shrike put me on a thorn
Too near the house where I was born.
It's made of straw I thought so fine.
I see that heaven-pointing pine
I sang in, scrag against the sky.
No singing now for such as I.
Poor I — he must have marked my crest
(Or that strange spot upon my breast)
To fancy me from all the rest.
Good Cankerworms! The tree's possessed!
These other hop-in-hedges loop
Their necks like robins with the roop.
Don't lollop around so sour and still,
Grimalkins . . . fly to Thirsty Hill!
I hear my blood drip on a stone.
Oh, Birds, how bright his bent beak shone!

A PEDAGOGIC SUNSET

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

Forty years' teaching in one women's college! It is a long retrospect. The face of civilization can be changed in forty years. People tell the impatient radical not to be in a hurry, but history is sometimes in a hurry. It has its accelerations and retards. During the last fifteen years it has been so accelerated that we have been swept from our moorings into seas unknown.

Forty years have carried the higher education of women from the pioneer stage into the full heyday of external success. Has the success been more than external? Has the concentration of one's first energies on that cause been justified? There were many summoning possibilities — 'life's business being just the terrible choice.' Should one turn away from them all, abandon personal aims, and dedicate one's self to the coming generations, making the surrender which only two people, teacher and mother, are called to make? More or less casually, that was my decision. Most of the forty years have been spent in the semicloistral seclusion of a women's college. Am I glad, or not?

I think I am. Certainly my choice has yielded much happiness, and that is something. Nobody is disinterested enough to consider only whether one's achievement has been worth while: human nature asks also whether one has had a good time. Yes! It is delightful, at least for a woman with a bent that way, to belong to a college faculty. There are the mixed joys of

the classroom, of which hereafter; there are libraries, laboratories, the pleasant apparatus of learning; and, best of all, there is the sense of intellectual fellowship. Community life has its exasperations, but an affectionate disposition and a sense of humor go far to find sources of satisfaction even in these. What pleasure not only to follow a private line of study or research, — everybody on a college faculty has one, — but to listen to others when they come back from their summers or sabbaticals, bringing — what do I know? — reports on 'Exultet' scrolls in southern Italy or on recent researches into the brains of ants, talks on Roman toys, old prints of eighteenth-century landscape gardens, or some recondite formula which may revolutionize our conception of matter! Quite apart from the stream of undergraduates flowing through a college, the life of a faculty among its own members is fascinating in variety and stimulus. Probably it is especially fascinating to women, to whom this sort of group activity is comparatively new.

And to share this great adventure has been not only fascinating but fruitful. To defend a losing or a threatened cause is a romantic privilege — one, incidentally, which every liberal can enjoy to-day. But there is solid comfort in devotion to a cause which succeeds, and certainly no cause has this hall mark, if popularity measure success, more than the higher education of

women. The modern world is strewn with fiascoes. Perhaps — though I don't believe it — we are passing into that cyclical stage which has usually preceded the scrap heap. It is cheering to feel that the aim to which one's private powers have been dedicated has been attained.

When I was an undergraduate in the eighties of the last century, echoes of Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education* still sounded. Women's physiques would never stand the combined strain of Greek, of examinations, of community life. The great Dr. Eliot also shook a disapproving head, and his disapproval rankled. Put on our mettle, we watched our physiques with amused anxiety, though it did not take us long to feel reassured. Only daring girls tried the new adventure, and they knew the delicious exhilaration of the pioneer. Health did not suffer, and we had a beautiful time — better perhaps than any young women, except a favored few, had ever enjoyed before. Not only had we received the freedom of the city of the mind, but we rejoiced in the expansion of our feminine horizon beyond our old limits of the domestic circle and the social clique. Emotional enrichment is no merely sentimental gain; it liberates. Devotion to Alma Mater, with the intricate and rich relationships it carries, is ennobling to the *alumnæ*. With men this devotion to the fatherland of the mind has long been potent. With women it is new. I often think we do not adequately realize how much modern colleges for women have added in many ways to the joy of the world.

Girls have appreciated the fact. They have knocked in increasing hordes at the college doors, till to-day all the chief colleges have ruthlessly to limit their numbers. So far as popularity goes, the 'higher' education has obviously arrived.

But let us rise above the level of mere pleasure. Let us ask the significance of the movement. Apart from the happiness it brings, what is the higher education of women meaning to society?

The most important immediate change it has brought is doubtless the introduction of purpose into feminine life.

Purpose! Central need of every life which is to attain stability and peace. We forget how completely the lives of women lacked it a hundred or less years ago. In Victorian novels and other social records, marriage and motherhood are assumed as the one interest and *raison d'être* of women. Some people still so assume, and they are right, in the same sense that marriage and fatherhood are the *raison d'être* of men. Marriage is normal; most women crave it, though not all. But the normal is rarely the sufficient. It is well that modern girls can no longer be described as 'ladies in waiting.' Apparently as large a proportion of college graduates as of their sisters marry; but deliberately to aim at marriage is no longer an ignominious necessity, and the married state, no degraded by being viewed as an occupation, becomes to women, as to men, the crown of a life which has its own adequate centre.

It goes without saying that these summary remarks do not cover the ground. No one denies that children interrupt other pursuits more with women than with men, and one does not want to hear college-bred wives adopting what Shaw cites as the habitual phrase of the honest mother, 'Run away now, darling.' The situation bristles with difficulties, and basic readjustments are in order. At these colleges and *alumnæ* are working practically, summers as well as winters, with some prospect of success. There is long experimentation ahead. But

the demand of some women to possess both a home and a profession has come to stay. Meanwhile, as vocational guidance improves, and as one by one the last barriers fall separating women from the free range of human pursuits, we may expect to see more and more effective results from the release of their trained powers into the general life.

To predict these results would be premature. But after watching girls sympathetically for forty years I am inclined reluctantly to endorse the ideas about their specific ability expressed some time ago by an *Atlantic* essayist. I see small indication that women are likely to excel in arts or letters. They are so sensitive and so quick in imaginative response that the absence of high creative power comes as a surprise, and I earnestly hope that I am mistaken, and that we may yet see a woman Shakespeare, Beethoven, or Michelangelo. And that women have a distinctive if secondary contribution to make in sculpture, poetry, and other arts seems proved. In fiction, especially, they already hold their own with men, and the revelation of life from the feminine angle has increasing freshness and value. But in general I think that the strength and worth of women are less on the side of the arts than on that of executive work. Women are going, I believe, to make great statesmen. They will be busy shaping civilization itself. And this is natural. We all hope that the fostering statesmanship of the future will concern itself less with defending the nation against external enemies than with enabling the citizens to live in harmony. That is to say, it will be a sublimation of motherhood. The father has defended and supported the family, but on the mother has devolved the task of furthering the intimate coöperation on which it depends. Her powers, developed in domestic privacy, can now be put to

wider use. She must, as she has always done, regulate consumption and secure internal unity, but on a larger scale. Women, with their new training, emerge into public life precisely when the need for their special gifts begins to be acutely felt. I believe that the maternal State of the future will trust its destinies to them to an extent as yet unimagined, of which the appointment of police women, of women probation officers, and still more the considerable share of women in starting and conducting social enterprises, afford a foretaste. The article by seven presidents of women's colleges in a late *Atlantic* gives an enumeration of some of their activities that bears out my idea.

II

But to return from these far flights to the adventures of a pedagogue among the colleges of to-day.

Every professor who breaks into the magazines is expected to attack or else to defend the rising generation. What can be said by a rueful person whose first instinct is to think it very like its forerunners? Hair, to be sure, is bobbed, though I observe that the fashion is passing. Skirts are short — let us hope that this fashion will remain. To watch bygone class pictures on the screen at commencement time is to enjoy a merry hour. Nor can it be denied that reticences have ceased and standards have altered. This is not all the fault of youth, as anyone can testify who has tried to comfort a distressed girl recoiling in distaste from the prospect of a vacation to be passed either with the divorced mother and stepfather or with the divorced father and stepmother. Small wonder that old values become confused, that youth is quite outspoken, that, for instance, a girl will frankly avow — I have known it done in the classroom

— that motherhood often appeals to a woman when marriage does not, or vice versa. Yet, in spite of lip stick, of 'petting parties,' of immunity to shock, of occasional graver things, what chiefly impresses me is the curious sameness down the years. In essentials, I find the girls of to-day as sensitive of perception, as morally fastidious, as clean-minded and clean-living, as were their mothers. The talk that goes on round my study fire echoes the talk of the past; for each generation rediscovers ancient problems, and the sometimes taxing business of the teacher is to listen with unflagging sympathy as each supposes that it breaks new trails.

Ordinary remarks concerning the decline in manners and morals do not worry me much, though the manners have changed more than the morals. I am inclined to discredit most of the superficial criticism of the rising generation. On the other hand, I wish I could regard it more confidently as the hope of the world. Youth is always that, of course, but I wonder if the present generation is any more likely to save society than its parents were. When I hear sentiment about the Youth Movement, I always remember that there was a Youth Movement in the time of Disraeli. Youth Movement in side whiskers!

But I should be the last to deny that serious and interesting changes are going on — involving, as changes always do, both good and bad. I seem to reach the heart of them best by notes on my own teaching. One can watch the swing of the current by watching the curve of banks as well as the swish of waters, teachers as well as taught. I find that my objective has altered. I used to work by my own secret methods with primary desire to set young minds free from convention and orthodoxy; of late, my attempt has been to keep them loyal to tradition. . . . No, this is not

because I have become more conservative myself. I have n't!

The two aims are not incompatible: an institution of learning has precisely the function of equal solicitude for both. It must put the student within reach of his full rich heritage, and it must so quicken and train his critical and creative powers that, if may be, he can add new wealth. Neither end is ever neglected by a genuine teacher. But he should be alert to perceive when his emphasis should change. Enslavement to formulæ is a persistent curse, with groups and with individuals. All half-educated minds are under it, and pretty much all young people come to college so enslaved. Our job is to discredit the habit and to shatter the formula, whatever it may be. Rarely have I known a sweeter moment than when the saying was reported to me in the early days of my teaching that a student going into my class orthodox would probably come out a rebel, but one going in unorthodox was quite likely to turn Christian.

Formulæ change. Those which too often hold modern youth in a cold and lifeless grip are formulæ of negation. The enslaving code, in relation to authority, is one of resentment rather than appeal. It does not bid, 'Think this because your ancestors thought it,' but 'Think this because it would surely shock your grandfather.' The one form of slavery is as bad as the other, but I am inclined to think that the modern is the more vulgar. At all events, I have been fighting it hard, trying all along the line to rouse recognition of the force and worth of our racial heritage, and to instill reverence for ancient sanctities. And I am quite unafraid, just at present, that the escape from inhibitions or the rampant desire for self-expression — often before there is much self to express — will be unduly imperiled by my policy. When

a mature set of students refuses to respond to Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty,' and remarks to me after class, 'You see, we learn in our Ethics that those old notions of duty are obsolete,' I know that for me at least the time has come to stress the immutable law in a mutable universe.

As I have said, all change involves both good and bad, and, in spite of the need for a corrective, I think that the rise of a challenging spirit of independence among young people is mainly to the good. If only it can be real independence, and not insolent defiance of restraint, or, which is worse, mere parrot chatter, faint echoes of simian critics among the magazines. Direct thinking is desperately needed among young women. The chief discouragement I have personally met in teaching them is that they are so docile; and this, I fear, is an almost constant quality. They follow their professor like little sheep; and, while a lamb is supposed to be an endearing object, a sheep is not. They persist in giving one's own thoughts back to one. Now, unless the teacher can arouse a spirit of challenge and criticism, he is defeated; I have often wondered whether, if it had fallen to my lot to teach young men, I should not have met more of this invigorating spirit.

I do not mean that students should not be amenable to guidance. But they should never know that they are being guided. The teacher should create in them the illusion of freedom, as the Almighty creates it in the human race. There is a passage in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* on which my pedagogic mind has often brooded. In it he describes how a 'plume-uplifting wind' drives all spirits on their secret way, while they believe that their swift wings and feet obey the sweet desires within. Yes! The teacher must furnish the 'plume-uplifting wind,'

but the student must feel self-impelled, and when he does n't, when his plumes won't be uplifted, but slump, he might better be anywhere than in college.

Of course, independence of mind can never become general. Some students will to the end of time say on an examination paper what they think you want them to say, unaware that by so doing they pass on themselves the relentless judgment reported to the office as C or C—. They have always behaved like that; they will always so behave. The majority acquiesce in the system in which they find themselves and the instruction they receive. But I think this majority grows smaller. The distrust of tradition brings with it a slight rise of student initiative on intellectual lines. Intellectual lines, observe. I do not allude to student self-government, for on that subject I am paradoxically a heretic. I think that it robs young students of essential freedom to expect them to manage their own community life, and that the system places too heavy a burden of responsibility on an inexperienced and shifting body and distracts their minds from the real interests for which they come to college. No, the initiative I mean appertains to the use of those minds. And here I hail improvement. It appears in the student committees on curricula, springing up here and there; it controls an institution like Brookings. And it seems to me, though I hesitate, that my later classes have had a little more authentic life than the earlier.

The manifestations of this life are sometimes disconcerting, and I repeat that they call for regulation. But I have always preferred the rebellious to the acquiescent or the lazy. Well I remember one clever girl the other day who had slipped out of the classroom illegally and was being dealt with as woman to woman. Should I have liked it better, she asked, if she had

stayed in the room writing a private letter? Was such her classroom custom? I countered. Yes. Whereupon I expressed an ironical fear lest my rapid and sometimes emphatic utterance prove distracting to her. 'Not at all,' she reassured me frankly. 'I have excellent concentration.' We became capital friends, that student and I. Her initiative was real, if a little misapplied. Seldom have I received a better final paper.

But I was sorry that my lectures had not held her. I wish I had pursued the method more of having the class quiz me, instead of quizzing the class myself. When I do it, it works. I open a course by collecting written statements of the questions the students want to discuss, and I assure you that these statements are drawn up by able minds. Through the year the class discusses them, while I often withhold my own views, and at the end I try to ascertain what has happened in our thinking. Whether students know it or not, and they know it better than they used to, their supreme desire is neither for information nor for the ideas of the professor, but for self-expression; and the successful teacher is the one who opens a way 'whence the imprisoned splendor may escape.' 'For each word she said, she made me say ten,' said an alumna to me about a beloved teacher.

Of course I am thinking of those students for whom the colleges really exist, who have at least a potential passion for the things of the mind. There are plenty of others, fine girls some of them. It is with these I suppose that most of the magazine articles about women's colleges are concerned. But why pay much attention to them? From the college point of view, their importance is secondary. We were all troubled some time ago by the complaint of a professor of repute that the education which at great cost he had

given his daughters had not been worth while. It would be cruel to make the obvious retort. But the truth is that college is a discipline in selection, and not all people choose wisely. So it has always been for men. Recalling what English universities have meant to English life and letters, one recalls also the indifferent lads who stroll through Thackeray's Oxbridge. Among the young listeners to Socrates were some who became dull citizens, capable of condemning him to death. Probably they were attracted, for the moment less by the pure idea than by the 'life' of that merry group, with their country walks, their good jokes, and their high-spirited enjoyment of one other. It has been the fact that any decently intelligent girl could slip through college with an almost invisible amount of information, culture, or purpose.

But the colleges are entering a new phase. As was hinted earlier, they can now afford, indeed they are forced to winnow their candidates more carefully. And it is a mooted question what principle of selection to adopt. Are all girls better off for going to college? Ought we to welcome students to whom the 'life' is consciously or not the chief inducement? My answer to both questions would be categorically in the negative.

And I think the authorities agree with me. For the second change I note, as significant as the growth in student initiative, is the tendency to abandon our conscientious and, I think, fallacious habit of concentrating effort on the average student. That has seemed to many teachers a democratic duty. But one can be a passionate believer in democracy, and yet perceive spheres in which aristocracy works better. Education is such a sphere, unless democracy and mediocrity are to become synonyms. We have patiently adapted ourselves to the mass, and

have shown tender solicitude for the laggard. What if the swifter minds meantime have been neglected? Differentiation is in order; there should be varied types of schools for girls. But in some the policy should be deliberate concentration on the abler students, who are probably no more valuable to the State than others, but whose needs are different. A salient American lack is met by the present effort of the leading colleges for women to secure a higher intellectual standard, both in choice of students and in classroom policies. The honor courses everywhere multiplying are a cheering sign.

No one can hope that, even when Utopia arrives, all our graduates will be liberally educated. In the interim, critics would do well to realize the obstacles in the way: chief among them, the abysmal ignorance of most girls of eighteen, appalling to our English visitors — natural result of early years spent in the Ford car (or the Rolls-Royce, if you prefer), which has been not inaptly described as 'the American home.'

Why worry? Why not ignore the failures — the callous, the untouched, the light-minded? They lose their chance. It is their own affair, and I have no words to say how little the fact concerns me. For are there not always those others — rapt young spirits, burrowing into ideas, greedy for their inheritance, eagerly seizing on one's every point, whether to challenge or agree? Is there not the memory of those classroom hours when the clock seemed to fly, while fire flashed from mind to mind — hours when 'the inert were roused and lively natures rapt away'? Never have I known a year in all my forty devoid of such hours; never failed to find in every class students alert and brilliant, whose seeking intelligence has reassured me as to the quality of the American

future. How they respond! Ours it may be, as our day stoops to evening, to watch through our own dusty atmosphere young minds rediscovering ancient truths till those truths glow in the light of an eternal dawn. It is a glorious thing to be a teacher! For unless one had first seen the vision, those others might not have caught its light.

I have not taught many foreign students. I confess that when one has come my way, as does happen now and then under the present excellent system of student exchanges, I have been mortified to find her better equipped than our own girls, whether from the point of view of method or of knowledge. And how those students do work! How amazed they are at the amount of time American girls spend on 'the non-academic'! But I remind myself that these foreign students are a picked lot. And in the American girls I find a wholesome breadth and freshness, an instinctive drive of the whole nature toward efficient and productive womanhood. They seem years younger than their European contemporaries, and beyond measure more gay. They convey an impression of less intellectual earnestness, to be candid, but of equal moral earnestness, and of more reserve force. But these generalizations are dangerous.

III

On the part of students, a disquieting distrust of tradition carrying with it a slight increase, cheering as far as it goes, of genuine intellectual independence. On the part of teachers, escape from false obsession by democracy. One more change I note, and it starts with the third group constituting the organism of the college. I mean the trustees. I recognize with pleasure a gradual advance in their idea of the function of the faculty.

At the outset, the women's colleges

had to take what they could get. The article already referred to, by the seven presidents, shows that to-day they dare be satisfied with nothing but the best. And to secure the best more is necessary than generous salaries.

Funny things happened in the early days. The little new colleges drew some brilliant teachers, but some queer ones, too. Well I remember how we fared in English studies. A large lady — an accredited woman of letters, by the way — had reached Milton in a jumpy general course. '*Paradise Lost!* Supposed to be a great poem,' said she. 'I doubt if you will ever read it through. I've done it myself, but it was on a bet from my gentleman admirers.' That lady departed, her place taken by an exquisite Southern gentlewoman whose burden was: 'What would you like to read, young ladies? I am quite at your service.' Her only positive preference I remember was for Tennyson's '*Geraint and Enid*.' 'The most perfect treatment I know of wifely fealty — a virtue I trust every one of you will be called to practise.' Needless to say, 'wifely fealty' became the slogan of the class. . . . In all modesty, we do better than that now. I believe no one need feel ashamed of the quality of the teaching force in the main women's colleges.

But to maintain and raise the standard of excellence it must be realized that the value of a faculty does not consist only in its work for the students, but also in the direct contribution it can make to creative scholarship. Our teachers need more leisure.

Earlier I spoke of the teacher's joys. But there are sorrows, too. And I do not allude to the little annoyances incident to the profession, as to most group activities — the antagonisms, frictions, suspicions, rivalries. Discount them; they are the useful school of democracy. The difficulty is deeper.

An ambitious man or woman, with some touch of intellectual passion, suffers when so pressed with teaching routine that no time remains for personal work. That, till lately, has been the normal situation in our colleges for women. Now people drawn to the teacher's life are not mercenary. As a rule they would be happily content with a rational living wage, plus assured provision for old age. But the truer scholars they are, the more they want to supplement that instruction of youth in which they delight by advanced study of their own. We shall not for generations reach the standard in these matters of European universities, where only three to six lectures a week are expected from the professor. I am too superficially American in my ideas of efficiency to wish even to see these measurements obtain. (In the Middle Ages, I read the other day, teachers were not allowed to give more than one lesson a day!) But that our emphasis has fallen too exclusively on duty toward the student is patent to me. Especially since the Carnegie Institute has, doubtless inevitably, been forced to change its system from pensioning after twenty-five years of service to pensioning at the age of sixty-five, the prospects of our scholars being able to reap their harvests when their teaching is done grow faint. It is now or never with them.

Not every teacher worth his salt is writing a book or pursuing an investigation. Heaven forbid! There are differences of gifts in the service of Lord Truth. But the college sinks to the level of a secondary school unless it is by and large a community of scholars; and this means that some of its members cannot always be putting primary stress on pedagogy. From the great foundations of the thirteenth century down, contribution to knowledge has been as important a factor in

the institutions of higher learning as instruction of youth. One would be ashamed to write such platitudes were it not that in the colleges for women they have been virtually ignored. Perhaps related to this overvaluation of pure teaching power is the chief criticism that, with some hesitation, I pass on the colleges — their dominant drive rather toward practical efficiency than toward the disinterested enrichment of life. Among both teachers and students one finds the deadly impulse to finish a job: in case of the student, to pass those examinations and be free to forget that old subject; in case of the teacher, to put through that course and be done with it. And perhaps here also is unfortunate reinforcement to the natural but unlucky tendency to measure the value of the teacher by his power to entertain and excite the immature mind rather than by his solid equipment. Sometimes it seems as if animal magnetism were the chief key to student appreciation. Personally, I measure the promise of a student largely by the extent to which she chooses courses independently of the fascinations of the teacher, and 'takes' a subject rather than a person.

The situation improves. We even begin to see positions created in which stress is explicitly laid on research rather than on teaching, and a time is in sight when the balance in this matter will be as fair as our practical civilization can expect. That will be a good time for undergraduate as for professor, since the whole tone of the college will be raised. It is a capital thing for students to realize the dignity and importance of the creative work of their teachers, and to have the fact rubbed in that the institution does not exist exclusively in the interests of the undergraduate body.

On the whole, then, I think the situation of the colleges for women full of

promise. The larger liberty given the faculty for its own life, the rise of student initiative, the growing sense of responsibility for specialized service to those exceptional minds on whom the future must so much depend, are all good signs. Add gratitude for the wholesome spirit of educational experiment abroad, leading to sundry intellectual adventures on which we have not been able to touch, and the retiring veteran feels of good cheer.

IV

Yet, on the note of facile optimism who would dare to end? This is a difficult age for truth-seekers. I pointed out at the beginning that the chief result of the freer education of women had been to arouse in them a keen desire for purpose. That is the achievement. But the tragedy is that our situation in these strange years makes purpose increasingly hard to discover.

Not so much in practical surface ways. More occupations are opening to girls every day, and any serious young woman can find her niche after a little fumbling. And perhaps nothing more should be asked. But youth craves faith as well as occupation. And clearly to conceive the goal toward which one would fain help civilization press grows harder and harder. Yet the impulses roused by the higher education will be satisfied with nothing less.

Getting educated is not an end in itself, unless to a minute number of potential scholars; nor indeed to all of those. In graduate work, above all, our students clamor for some vital use to which their training can be put. Intelligent women are coming to regard with restless distaste the meticulous or commercialized pursuit of the Ph.D. too common in America. I, for one, cannot blame them. It is not unknown for a

professor to set his students on bits of research entirely profitless to them, but helpful to him in writing his book. That callous proceeding has never come under my own observation in a women's college. But it exists. And I think that to pursue study with enthusiasm under such circumstances calls for rare faith in the book of the professor.

In more fundamental ways, however, the direction of energy baffles us all. With what forces shall we invite our students to ally themselves? We do not know; small wonder if they grope, unable to find their bearings. Forty years ago it was different. Formulæ shining clear clamored for allegiance, and youth heard the call.

Democracy was such a formula. Old Carlyle helping, the teacher had always tried to shake American youth out of cocksure satisfaction with our country, but only to restore deeper faith, and to suggest new avenues of chivalric service. But events have dimmed the formula, and the deeper faith is still to seek. Who can thrill to democracy to-day? Or socialism? There was a word charged with magic for some people thirty years ago. To-day it means not one thing but fifty, and the magic has faded. Where are the new formulæ? Not stirring young America. To find either an ardent Fascist or an ardent Bolshevik in a college is extremely rare.

In religion the situation is worse. Youth moves through a fog. A definite attitude was easy in the last century. One could be fervently evangelical; Christian Endeavorers, student volunteers, and others clung to their creedal formulæ with passion. Or one could vehemently deny those formulæ and gain great support from the denial. For a destructive campaign has positive inspiration so long as your enemy is alive, and active, and hurt by you. But attack on an inert foe holds no

inspiration, and creeds are too languidly held to-day — *pace* Bishops Barnes and Brown — to make repudiation of them exciting. Youth, incurably religious, is hard put to it to know where to rebel and where to cling.

The majority of young intellectuals, though not all, have ceased to regard institutional Christianity with either expectation or interest. From creeds in any form they shy away. My students used to write Utopias for me, after reading many Utopias by other people, from Plato and More to H. G. Wells. We had good fun over those ideal states. But one thing in them that struck me year by year was the absence of any churches. The remark would be complacently — and inelegantly — made that there was 'nothing creedy' about these perfect citizens. The only provision for corporate religion I recall was in one paper where the happy Utopians sat on their doorsteps in the evening and listened to music in the air. Man was apparently not to use his mind in his religion except to bid it not bother him.

Such papers reflect undergraduate impatience under the mild expectations of the college as to attendance on religious functions. It is a shame to see the congregations fall off, for strong men give their best in the college chapels, though it must be confessed that they too often slay the slain. Alas! Those who would profit most won't come.

Yet no one knows the colleges intimately without being conscious of intense stir of spiritual desire. Witness the vogue of such an author as Blake. Mysticism is a word to conjure with, till one uses it with caution in topic captions, while its first cousin, our old friend Personal Religion, is viewed with scorn. It is touching to see how minds once directed to the old conceptions are refreshed by them. In the college where I taught, the eagerness for

mediaeval studies is striking just now. Here a new course offered on request in mediaeval Latin; there a student who feeds on Aquinas 'as if he were bread,' says her professor; big classes for study of Middle English and Arthurian romance. And, along with all this, hunger for the ultramodern, in philosophy, in art. And for genuine religion anywhere. To be noted is the troubling effect of a man like Bill Simpson on some students. Conviction grows that what leaves these young people cold is never religion, but the conventional garb which even sincere religious faith too often wears. Should there be a change in religious institutions corresponding to the change in feminine dress? Should they become franker and more revealing — that is to say, more outspoken concerning the revolutionary implications of Christian creeds? At all events, the strong spiritual impulses seething among our young people demand a fresh expression. For them the religion of the future must

mean not a creed but a Way; or, rather, creed must point out the Way, imperiously summoning its votaries far from the beaten track.

Youth will be satisfied all along the line only by something unconventional, adventurous, heroic. This is true in the sphere of arts and sciences, in music, sculpture, poetry, where you will. Everywhere appears the restless instinct to press toward a faintly descried future. And the spheres in which this instinct appears most strongly are those of conduct and faith. The ideals which shall gain allegiance must be far beyond the range of accepted creed or domestic virtue. They cannot yet be defined, but it is natural to suppose that they will bear relation to the keen if skeptical interest in bold social experiment, to the search for new forms of personal or corporate sacrifice, and to the repudiation of war.

The rising generation waits. But while it waits it seeks. Who can doubt that it shall find?

NIGHT ON A GREAT BEACH

BY HENRY BESTON

I

OUR fantastic civilization has fallen out of touch with many aspects of nature, and with none more completely than with night. Primitive folk, gathered at a cave mouth round a fire, do not fear night; they fear, rather, the energies and creatures to whom night gives power; we of the age of the machines, having delivered ourselves of nocturnal enemies, now have a dislike of night

itself. With lights, and ever more lights, we drive the holiness and beauty of night back to the forests and the sea; the little villages, the crossroads even, will have none of it. Are modern folk, perhaps, afraid of night? Do they fear that vast serenity, the mystery of infinite space, the austerity of stars? Having made themselves at home in a civilization obsessed with power,

which explains its whole world in terms of energy, do they fear at night for their dull acquiescence and the pattern of their beliefs? Be the answer what it will, to-day's civilization is full of people who have not the slightest notion of the character or the poetry of night, who have never even seen night. Yet to live thus, to know only artificial night, is as absurd and evil as to know only artificial day.

Night is very beautiful on this great beach. It is the true other half of the day's tremendous wheel; no lights without meaning stab or trouble it; it is beauty, it is fulfillment, it is rest. Thin clouds float in these heavens, islands of obscurity in a splendor of space and stars; the Milky Way bridges earth and ocean; the beach resolves itself into a unity of form, its summer lagoons, its slopes and uplands merging; against the western sky and the falling bow of suns rise the silent and superb undulations of the dunes.

My nights are at their darkest when a dense fog streams in from the sea under a black, unbroken floor of cloud. Such nights are rare, but are most to be expected when fog gathers off the coast in early summer. This last Wednesday night was the darkest I have known. Between ten o'clock and two in the morning three vessels stranded on the outer beach — a fisherman, a four-masted schooner, and a beam trawler. The fisherman and the schooner have been towed off, but the trawler, they say, is still ashore.

I went down to the beach that night just after ten o'clock. So utterly black, pitch-dark it was, and so thick with moisture and trailing showers, that there was no sign whatever of the beam of Nauset; the sea was only a sound, and when I reached the edge of the surf the dunes themselves had disappeared behind. I stood as isolate in that immensity of rain and night as I

might have stood in interplanetary space. The sea was troubled and noisy, and when I opened the darkness with an outlined cone of light from my electric torch I saw that the waves were washing up green coils of sea grass, all coldly wet and bright in the motionless and unnatural radiance. Far off a single ship was groaning its way along the shoals. The fog was compact of the finest moisture; passing by, it spun itself into my lens of light like a kind of strange, aerial, and liquid silk. Effin Chalke, the new coast guard, passed me, going north, and told me that he had had news at the halfway house of the schooner at Cahoon's.

It was dark, pitch-dark to my eye, yet complete darkness, I imagine, is exceedingly rare, perhaps unknown in outer nature. The nearest natural approximation to it is probably the gloom of forest country buried in night and cloud. Dark as the night was here, there was still light on the surface of the planet. Standing on the shelving beach, with the surf breaking at my feet, I could see the endless wild uprush, slide, and withdrawal of the sea's white rim of foam. The men at Nauset tell me that on such nights they follow along this vague crawl of whiteness, trusting to habit and a sixth sense to warn them of their approach to the halfway house.

Animals descend by starlight to the beach. North, beyond the dunes, muskrats forsake the cliff, and nose about in the driftwood and weed, leaving intricate trails and figure eights to be obliterated by the day; the lesser folk — the mice, the occasional small, sand-colored toads, the burrowing moles — keep to the upper beach, and leave their tiny footprints under the overhanging wall. In autumn skunks, beset by a shrinking larder, go beach combing early in the night. The animal is by preference a clean feeder and

turns up his nose at rankness. I almost stepped on a big fellow one night as I was walking north to meet the first man south from Nauset. There was a scamper, and the creature ran up the beach from under my feet; alarmed he certainly was, yet was he contained and continent. Deer are frequently seen, especially north of the light. I find their tracks upon the summer dunes.

Years ago, while camping on this beach north of Nauset, I went for a stroll along the top of the cliff at break of dawn. Though the path followed close enough along the edge, the beach below was often hidden, and I looked directly from the height to the flush of sunrise at sea. Presently the path, turning, approached the brink of the earth precipice, and on the beach below, in the cool, wet rosiness of dawn, I saw three deer playing. They frolicked, rose on their hind legs, scampered off and returned again, and were merry. Just before sunrise they trotted off north together down the beach toward a hollow in the cliff, and the path that climbs it.

Occasionally a sea creature visits the shore at night. Lone coast guardsmen, trudging the sand at some deserted hour, have been startled by seals. One man fell flat on a creature's back, and it drew away from under him, flipping toward the sea, with a sound 'half-way between a squeal and a bark.' I myself once had rather a start. It was long after sundown, the light dying and uncertain, and I was walking home on the top level of the beach and close along the slope descending to the ebbing tide. A little more than halfway to the Fo'castle, a huge, unexpected something suddenly writhed horribly in the darkness under my bare foot. I had stepped on a skate left stranded by some recent crest of surf, and my weight had momentarily annoyed it back to life.

Facing north, the beam of Nauset becomes part of the dune night. As I walk toward it, I see the lantern now as a star of light which waxes and wanes three mathematic times, now as a lovely, pale flare of light behind the rounded summits of the dunes. The changes in the atmosphere change the color of the beam; it is now whitish, now flame-golden, now golden red; it changes its form as well, from a star to a blare of light, from a blare of light to a cone of radiance sweeping a circumference of fog. To the west of Nauset I often see the apocalyptic flash of the great light at the Highland reflected on the clouds or even on the moisture in the starlit air, and, seeing it, I often think of the pleasant hours I have spent there when George and Mary Smith were at the light and I had the good fortune to visit as their guest. Instead of going to sleep in the room under the eaves, I would lie awake, looking out of a window to the great spokes of light, revolving as solemnly as a part of the universe.

All night long the lights of coastwise vessels pass at sea, green lights going south, red lights moving north. Fishing schooners and flounder draggers anchor two or three miles out, and keep a bright riding light burning on the mast. I see them come to anchor at sundown, but I rarely see them go, for they are off at dawn. When busy at night, these fishermen illumine their decks with a scatter of oil flares. From shore, the ships might be thought afire. I have watched the scene through a night glass. I could see no smoke, only the waving flares, the reddish radiance on sail and rigging, an edge of reflection overside, and the enormous night and sea beyond.

One July night, as I returned at three o'clock from an expedition north, the whole night, in one strange, burning instant, turned into a whitish day. I

stopped and, questioning, stared about. An enormous meteor, the largest I have ever seen, was consuming itself in an effulgence of light west of the zenith. Beach and dune and ocean appeared out of nothing, shadowless and motionless, a landscape whose every tremor and vibration were stilled, a landscape in a dream.

The beach at night has a voice all its own, a sound in fullest harmony with its spirit and mood, — with its little, dry noise of sand forever moving, with its solemn, overspilling, rhythmic seas, with its eternity of stars that sometimes seem to hang down like lamps from the high heavens, — and that sound the piping of a bird. As I walk the beach in early summer my solitary coming disturbs it on its nest, and it flies away, troubled, invisible, piping its sweet, plaintive cry. The bird I write of is the piping plover, *Charadrius melodus*, sometimes called the beach plover or the mourning bird. Its note is a whistled syllable, the loveliest musical note, I think, sounded by any North Atlantic bird.

Now that summer is here I often cook myself a camp supper on the beach. Beyond the crackling, salt-yellow driftwood flame, over the pyramid of barrel staves, broken boards, and old sticks all atwist with climbing fire, the unseen ocean thunders and booms, the hollow breaker sounding hollow as it falls. The wall of the sand cliff behind, with its rim of grass and withering roots, its sandy crumbings and erosions, stands gilded with flame; wind cries over it; a covey of sandpipers pass between the ocean and the fire. There are stars, and to the south Scorpio hangs curving down the sky with ringed Saturn shining in his claw.

Learn to reverence night and to put away the vulgar fear of it, for, with the banishment of night from the experience of man, there vanishes as well

a religious emotion, a poetic mood which gives depth to the adventure of humanity. By day, space is one with the earth and with man — it is his sun that is shining, his clouds that are floating past; at night, space is his more. When the great earth, abandoning day, rolls up the deeps of the heavens and the universe, a new door opens for the human spirit, and there are few so clownish that some awareness of the mystery of being does not touch them as they gaze. For a moment of night we have a glimpse of ourselves and of our world islanded in its stream of stars — pilgrims of mortality, voyaging between horizons across eternal seas of space and time. Fugitive though the instant be, the spirit of man is, during it, ennobled by a genuine moment of emotional dignity, and poetry makes its own both the human spirit and experience.

II

At intervals during the summer, often enough when the tides are high and the moon is near the full, the surf along the beach turns from a churn of empty, moonlit water to a mass of panic life. Driven in by schools of larger fish, swarms of little fish enter the tumble of the surf, the eaters follow them, and the surf catches them both up and throws the mauled and confused ashore.

Under a sailing moon, the whole churn of sea close off the beach vibrates with a primeval ferocity and intensity of life; yet is this war of rushing mouth and living food without a sound save for the breaking of the seas. But let me tell of such a night.

I had spent an afternoon ashore with friends, and they had driven me to Nauset Station just after nine o'clock. The moon, two days from the full, was very lovely on the moors and on the channels and flat, moon-green isles of

the lagoon; the wind was southerly and light. Moved by its own enormous rhythms, the surf that night was a stately incoming of high, serried waves, the last wave alone breaking. This inmost wave broke heavily in a smother and rebound of sandy foam, and thin sheets of seethe, racing before it up the beach, vanished endlessly into the endless thirst of the sands. As I neared the surf rim to begin my walk to the southward, I saw that the beach close along the breakers, as far as the eye would reach, was curiously atwinkle in the moonlight with the convulsive dance of myriads of tiny fish. The breakers were spilling them on the sands; the surf was aswarm with the creatures; it was indeed, for the time being, a surf of life. And this surf of life was breaking for miles along the Cape.

Little herring or mackerel? Sand eels? I picked a dancer out of the slide and held him up to the moon. It was the familiar sand eel or sand launce, *Ammodytes americanus*, of the waters between Hatteras and Labrador. This is no kin of the true eels, though he rather resembles one in general appearance, for his body is slender, eel-like, and round. Instead of ending bluntly, however, this 'eel' has a large, well-forked tail. The fish in the surf were two and three inches long.

Homeward that night I walked barefooted in the surf, watching the convulsive, twinkling dance, now and then feeling the squirm of a fish across my toes. Presently something occurred which made me keep to the thinnest edge of the foam. Some ten feet ahead an enormous dogfish was suddenly borne up the beach on the rim of a slide of foam; he moved with it unresisting while it carried him; the slide withdrawing and drying up, it rolled him twice over seaward; he then twisted heavily, and another minor slide carried him back again to shore. The fish was about

three feet long, a real junior shark, purplish black in the increasing light, — for the moon was moving west across the long axis of the breakers, — and his dark, important bulk seemed strange in the bright dance of the smaller fish about him.

It was then that I began to look carefully at the width of gathering seas. Here were the greater fish, the mouths, the eaters who had driven the 'eels' ashore to the edge of their world and into ours. The surf was alive with dogfish, aswarm with them, with the rush, the cold bellies, the twist and tear of their wolfish violence of life. Yet there was but little sign of it in the waters — a rare fin slicing past, and once the odd and instant glimpse of a fish embedded like a fly in amber in the bright, overturning volute of a wave.

Too far in, the dogfish were now in the grip of the surf, and presently began to come ashore. As I walked the next half mile every other breaker seemed to leave behind its ebb a mauled and stranded sharklet feebly sculling with his tail. I kicked many back into the seas, risking a toe, perhaps; some I caught by the tails and flung, for I did not want them corrupting on the beach. The next morning, in the mile and three quarters between the Fo'castle and the station, I counted seventy-one dogfish lying dead on the upper beach. There were also a dozen or two skates — the skate is really a kind of shark — which had stranded the same night. Skates follow in many things, and are forever being flung upon these sands.

I sat up late that night at the Fo'castle, often putting down the book I read to return to the beach.

A little after eleven came Bill Eldredge to the door, with a grin on his face and one hand held behind his back. 'Have you ordered to-morrow's dinner yet?' said he. 'No.' 'Well, here it is,' and Bill produced a fine cod

from behind his back. 'Just found him right in front of your door, alive and flopping. Yes, yes, haddock and cod often chase those sand eels in with the bigger fish; often find them on the beach about this time of the year. Got any place to keep him? Let me have a piece of string and I'll hang him on your clothesline. He'll keep all right.' With a deft unforking of two fingers, Bill drew the line through the gills, and as he did so the heavy fish flopped noisily. No fear about his being dead. 'Make a nice chowder.' Bill stepped outside; I heard him at the clothesline. Afterward we talked till it was time for him to shoulder his clock and Coston case again, pick up his watch cap, whistle in his little black dog, and go down over the dune to the beach and Nauset Station.

There were nights in June when there was phosphorescence in the surf and on the beach, and one such night I think I shall remember as the most strange and beautiful of all the year.

Early this summer the middle beach moulded itself into a bar, and between it and the dunes are long, shallow runnels into which the ocean spills over at high tide. On the night I write of, the first quarter of the moon hung in the west, and its light on the sheets of incoming tide coursing thin across the bar was very beautiful to see. Just after sundown I walked to Nauset with friends who had been with me during the afternoon; the tide was still rising, and a current running in the pools. I lingered at the station with my friends till the last of sunset had died, and the light upon the planet, which had been moonlight mingled with sunset pink, had cleared to pure cold moon.

Southward, then, I turned, and because the flooded runnels were deep close by the station, I could not cross them, and had to walk their inner shores. The tide had fallen half a foot,

perhaps, but the breakers were still leaping up against the bar as against a wall, the greater ones still spilling over sheets of vanishing foam.

It grew darker with the westing of the moon. There was light on the western tops of the dunes, a fainter light on the lower beach and the breakers; the face of the dunes was a unity of dusk.

The tide had ebbed in the pools, and their edges were wet and dark. There was a strange contrast between the still levels of the pool and the seethe of the sea. I kept close to the land edge of the lagoons, and as I advanced my boots kicked wet spatters of sand ahead as they might have kicked particles of snow. Every spatter was a crumb of phosphorescence; I walked in a dust of stars. Behind me, in my footprints, luminous patches burned. With the double-ebb of moonlight and tide, the deepening brims of the pools took shape in smouldering, wet fire. So strangely did the luminous speckles smoulder and die and glow that it seemed as if some wind were passing, by whose breath they were kindled and extinguished. Occasional whole breakers of phosphorescence rolled in out of the vague sea — the whole wave one ghostly motion, one creamy light — and, breaking against the bar, flung up pale sprays of fire.

A strange thing happens here during these luminous tides. The phosphorescence is itself a mass of life, sometimes protozoan in its origin, sometimes bacterial, the phosphorescence I write of being probably the latter. Once this living light has seeped into the beach, colonies of it speedily invade the tissues of the ten thousand thousand sand fleas which are forever hopping on this edge of ocean. Within an hour the gray bodies of these swarming amphipods, these useful, ever hungry sea scavengers (*Orchestia agilis*; *Talorchestia mega-*

lophthalma), show phosphorescent pin points, and these points grow and unite till the whole creature is luminous. The attack is really a disease, an infection of light. The process had already begun when I arrived on the beach on the night of which I am writing, and the luminous fleas hopping off before my boots were an extraordinary sight. It was curious to see them hop from the pool rims to the upper beach, paling as they reached the width of peaceful moonlight lying landward of the strange, crawling beauty of the pools. This infection kills them, I think; at least I have often found the larger creature lying dead on the fringe of the beach, his huge porcelain eyes and water-gray body one core of living fire. Round and about him, disregarding, ten thousand kinsmen, carrying on life and the plan of life, ate of the bounty of the tide.

III

All winter long I slept on a couch in my larger room, but with the coming of warm weather I have put my bedroom in order — I used it as a kind of storage space during the cold season — and returned to my old and rather rusty iron cot. Every once in a while, however, moved by some obscure mood, I lift off the bed clothing and make up the couch again for a few nights. I like the seven windows of the larger room, and the sense one may have there of being almost out of doors. My couch stands alongside the two front windows, and from my pillow I can look out to sea and watch the passing lights, the stars rising over ocean, the swaying lanterns of the anchored fishermen, and the white spill of the surf whose long sound fills the quiet of the dunes.

Ever since my coming I have wanted to see a thunderstorm bear down upon this elemental coast. A thunderstorm is a 'tempest' on the Cape. The quoted

word, as Shakespeare used it, means lightning and thunder, and it is in this old and beautiful Elizabethan sense that the word is used in Eastham. When a schoolboy in the Orleans or the Wellfleet High reads the Shakespearean play, its title means to him exactly what it meant to the man from Stratford; elsewhere in America the term seems to mean anything from a tornado to a blizzard. I imagine that this old significance of the word is now to be found only in certain parts of England and the Cape.

On the night of the June tempest, I was sleeping in my larger room, the windows were open, and the first low roll of thunder opened my eyes. It had been very still when I went to bed, but now a wind from the west-nor'west was blowing through the windows in a strong and steady current, and as I closed them there was lightning to the west and far away. I looked at my watch; it was just after one o'clock. Then came a time of waiting in the darkness, long minutes broken by more thunder, and intervals of quiet in which I heard a faintest sound of light surf upon the beach. Suddenly the heavens cracked open in an immense instant of pinkish-violet lightning. My seven windows filled with the violent, inhuman light, and I had a glimpse of the great, solitary dunes staringly empty of familiar shadows; a tremendous crash then mingled with the withdrawal of the light, and echoes of thunder rumbled away and grew faint in a returning rush of darkness. A moment after, rain began to fall gently as if someone had just released its flow, a blessed sound on a roof of wooden shingles, and one I have loved ever since I was a child. From a gentle patter the sound of the rain grew swiftly to a drumming roar, and with the rain came the chuckling of water from the eaves. The tempest was crossing

the Cape, striking at the ancient land on its way to the heavens above the sea.

Now came flash after stabbing flash amid a roaring of rain, and heavy thunder that rolled on till its last echoes were swallowed up in vast detonations which jarred the walls. Houses were struck that night in Eastham Village. My lonely world, full of lightning and rain, was strange to look upon. I do not share the usual fear of lightning, but that night there came over me, for the first and last time of all my solitary year, a sense of isolation and remoteness from my kind. I remember that I stood up, watching, in the middle of the room. On the great marshes the lightning surfaced the winding channels with a metallic splendor and arrest of motion, all very strange through windows blurred by rain. Under the violences of light the great dunes took on a kind of elemental passivity, the quiet of earth enchanted into stone, and as I watched them appear and plunge back into a darkness that had an intensity of its own I felt, as never before, a sense of the vast time, of the thousands of cyclic and uncounted years which had passed since these giants had risen from the dark ocean at their feet, and given themselves to the wind and the bright day.

Fantastic things were visible at sea. Beaten down by the rain, and sheltered by the Cape itself from the river of west wind, the offshore brim of ocean

remained unusually calm. The tide was about halfway up the beach, and rising, and long parallels of low waves, forming close inshore, were curling over and breaking placidly along the lonely, rain-drenched miles. The intense, crackling flares and quiverings of the storm, moving out to sea, illumined every inch of the beach and the plain of the Atlantic, all save the hollow bellies of the little breakers, which were shielded from the light by their overcurling crests. The effect was dramatic and strangely beautiful, for what one saw was a bright ocean rimmed with parallel bands of blackest, advancing darkness, each one melting back to light as the wave toppled down upon the beach in foam.

Stars came out after the storm, and when I woke again before sunrise I found the heavens and the earth rain-washed, cool, and clear. Saturn and the Scorpion were setting, but Jupiter was riding the zenith and paling on his throne. The tide was low in the marsh channels; the gulls had scarcely stirred upon their gravel banks and bars. Suddenly, thus wandering about, I disturbed a song sparrow on her nest. She flew to the roof of my house, grasped the ridgepole, and turned about, apprehensive, inquiring . . . *'tsiped* her monosyllable of alarm. Then back toward her nest she flew, alighted in a plum bush, and, reassured at last, trilled out a morning song.

THE GOLFER'S EMOTIONS

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

ALL games have their moments of anguish, and golf can certainly claim no monopoly. Not for the most enduring but for the most acute agonies I am inclined in my insularity to claim pre-eminence for an English game, cricket. I feel the profoundest pity of all for the young batsman going in to play his first innings in his first big match at Lord's. It is such a terribly long walk out to the wicket, he is such a terribly small speck in the big arena, there are so many people looking at him, and at nothing but him, and he feels in the very marrow of his bones that they are looking. And then if he fails there is that same long walk back, this time not with mingled hope and fear in his heart, but only despair. Cricket is such a cruel game because it does not, unless you are lucky, give you another chance. You have been tried and found wanting, and you will probably have nothing to do for several hours but sit and ponder over it.

The football player waiting for a ball high in the air, conscious of his enemies' fierce rush coming ever nearer; the runner poised on the mark in a hundred yards' race wherein a good start or a bad one will make all the difference; the baseball player, as I should ignorantly imagine, running under a mountainously high catch (though to be sure they never seem to miss them) — all these and several others must have a horrible cold sensation at the pit of the stomach, and feel as if their knees were

made of brown paper. Their misery, however, is momentary; it comes and goes in spasms and is swallowed up and forgotten in violent exertion, but the golfer's suffering is long drawn out; it may endure from the first tee shot to the last putt and there is no swift movement to make him forget it; he is on a slow fire. Those who gloat over his tortures — the hard-hearted spectators — are quite close to him all the while; there is scarcely a twitching nerve they cannot see, not a stifled groan they cannot hear. Thus the student of game-playing psychology finds his richest field in golf, and there is probably no game in which temperament plays so important a part or is so constantly discussed.

Especially is it quite openly discussed by the ghoulish clan of reporters, of whom I am one. It was not ever thus. I remember when we used to read such a sentence as 'At this point (perhaps all square with one to play) X unaccountably missed a short putt.' Now if the man who wrote such a sentence really believed what he wrote, he must have been an insensate idiot. 'Unaccountably'! Why, there is nothing that could be called unaccountable at all square and one to play, no act of terror-stricken folly of which a golfer would be incapable. However, I prefer to believe that the writer was not an idiot but a kind-hearted man, who did not want to hurt the player's feelings. To-day the pendulum has swung the other way

with a vengeance, and we read how the unhappy X approached that critical putt 'trembling like a leaf.' Perhaps it has swung too far, for after all it is as well to remember that to miss a putt is not a criminal offense and does not prevent a man from being an excellent husband, father, and citizen.

II

Still, this brutal frankness does make accounts of golf matches more interesting, and does present a truer picture. If the reporter has some experience and imagination he can nearly always put his finger on the event which was the turning point of the match, the thing which caused one player to strike the stars with uplifted head, the other to feel a broken man. It may come quite early in the game or it may come late; it may be a piece of pure good or bad luck, or it may be some one tremendous thrust not to be parried. Whatever it may be, it is not easy to mistake. An experienced watcher looking at a match will generally be able to say at a certain hole, 'That's done it; it's all over now,' and he will seldom be wrong. The strain of a hard match is for most people a very severe one. Something happens which lightens the strain for one side and makes it unendurable for the other. That something counts two and indeed much more than two on a division.

I remember a friend, who was once in the Oxford eight, telling me of a certain sculling race which he won. He was behind and so could not see how his enemy was faring, but he himself felt as if he were in his death agony, as if he could not pull more than another half-dozen strokes to save his life. Suddenly someone shouted to him from the bank that the enemy had capsized. Instantly he sat up, feeling perfectly

at ease, and finished more or less as fresh as paint, sculling in excellent form. The same thing happens at golf. The strain suddenly lightens and we play as if we were walking on air, having but a moment before felt leaden-footed. It is interesting, — horribly interesting sometimes, — but it is not in the least 'unaccountable'; the reason of it is plain for all to see.

Some golfers collapse easily under the strain, others have great powers of endurance, but none are immune; there is no one who has not 'cracked' at some time or other in his career. In particular there is no one who has not been overwhelmed by the 'holes dropping away like snow off a dike.' To have what appears a winning lead and to see it dwindle and dwindle — this is what no one can bear with perfect equanimity; and it is all the harder to bear just because the adversary's spirits, which but a little while since were at zero, are now so obviously and rapidly rising. When one of these sudden landslides of holes has occurred, it is not infrequently said, or implied that the leader had become slack or overconfident. Generally speaking, I do not believe a word of it. No doubt there are some who feel pleasantly lazy when they are four or five up at the turn, but they are not many and they are not of the kind that collapse when one or two of those holes slip away. Overconfidence may have slain its hundreds, but overanxiety has slain its tens of thousands. We are in such a desperate hurry to win quickly and so be spared the strain of the last few crucial holes. We are not content to let victory come gradually in its own good time; we want to accelerate it, and there is no better way of putting it off forever. We look too far ahead; we hear in imagination the band playing 'See the conquering hero' and feel our friends patting us on the back.

When things go wrong and we realize that after all the match is going to be what the Duke of Wellington called the Battle of Waterloo, 'a d——d close-run thing,' the disappointment unnerves us altogether. If once we can arrest this panic rout, we may recover ourselves, and the enemy's counter-attack may die away, but it is so difficult to arrest it. In such moments our ambition seldom soars beyond a halved hole; we play too cautiously, and the half just escapes us again and again. Sometimes the best thing for us is to lose all our lead and be done with it. As long as one hole remains to us we are still banking to some extent on our reserve, feebly trusting to the chapter of accidents rather than to our own efforts. When the last hole is gone, we awake to the fact that our back is against the wall, and then at last we fight.

This particular phenomenon is often noticeable when a match in a tournament is halved and the players have to proceed to the nineteenth hole. A has been perhaps three up with four to play; he has hurled victory away with both hands. B, on the contrary, has fought with a tigerish courage of despair and has pulled a hopeless match out of the fire. Surely and obviously, you would say, B must be the man to back at the nineteenth hole. Yet, in fact, A wins it quite as often as not. It is his now to experience the blind courage of despair, whereas B has begun to think. During those last four holes B did not really think or hope, he just fought. Now he realizes that after all he has a chance—a great chance—of victory, and it often unmans him.

What is the cure for this horrible tendency to collapse on the threshold of success? I know of none save to try to play each hole as if it were a new and separate match, looking neither

forward nor backward; and that is advice easy enough to give and—ye gods!—hard enough to follow. As a corollary may be quoted a remark of General Briggs, not a great golfer, but a great character, who used to play for many years at St. Andrews. 'When I am six up,' he said, 'I strive to be seven up. When I am seven up, I strive to be eight up.' These are brave words and contain a piece of sturdy, 'common-sensical' wisdom—not to be content with halves when we have got the lead.

III

If this game of golf is so severe a trial of the nerves, what is the right kind of man to play it successfully? The obvious answer seems to be, 'The man who has no nerves.' 'The more fatuously vacant the mind,' wrote Sir Walter Simpson, 'the better the play. Alas! we cannot all be idiots. Next to the idiotic, the dull unimaginative mind is the best for golf. In a professional competition I would prefer to back the fallow, dull-eyed fellow with a quid in his cheek, rather than any more eager-looking champion.' There is much in what he says. The word 'eager' implies that dreaming of triumph before it has arrived which I have already reprobated. Yet I do not believe that Sir Walter's is altogether the right answer, and I do not believe in the man with 'no nerves.' He, the 'dull-eyed fellow,' may do steadily, but he will not do the great things. I do not know how it may be with other people, but I distrust myself most profoundly on the days when I feel that I do not care. It is an unnatural lull before a brain storm and I feel sure that on a sudden I shall come to caring too much. As far as outward appearances go, there has never been quite so apparently

phlegmatic a golfer as James Braid, but I have heard him say that he likes to feel 'a little nervous' before starting a match. Give me the highly strung man with self-control, the nervous man who can conquer his nerves.

Of this truth, if it be a truth, American golf can supply some admirable illustrations. There was the late Walter Travis, for instance. When he was playing he looked cold, calm, inscrutable as the Sphinx; there was something positively inhuman about him; yet those who knew him best always declared that he was really wrought up to a high pitch of tension. Then — a still better example — there is Bobby Jones. Here is a highly nervous player who has had to conquer not only his nerves but a fiery temper as well. As we know from his own delightful account of his sensations in *Down the Fairway*, he still longs now and again to throw his clubs about. Yet he is at once a model of outward suavity and a most gallant fighter. I do not believe that there is a golfer alive who suffers more over the game than he does, partly from nervous tension, partly from his own extreme fastidiousness as an artist, which makes him rage inwardly at any stroke not played with perfect art. He has told us that he regularly loses I don't know how many pounds in weight in the course of a Championship. Yet he has conquered himself and he has conquered the world. Had he been placid and lethargic I do not believe he would have accomplished half as much.

Yet another example is a golfer whom I should rate as at least as good a match player as I ever saw — Jerome Travers. He too had to conquer something in himself and has confessed that sometimes his nerves were so 'raggedy' that it was all he could do to keep them under control. Yet his

frozen calm and his power of pulling matches out of the fire were proverbial; they not only won him many matches but frightened many other people into losing them. If I had to pick out one of Mr. Travers's 'temperamental' qualities for praise, it would be his power of putting aside and forgetting. He was never afraid of showing momentarily his annoyance over a bad shot, just because he was so sure of himself and knew that he would instantly regain control. But the best example of this power of forgetting was shown in his wrestlings with his wooden clubs at a time when they betrayed him so seriously that he had to drive with an iron from the tee. When I saw him win the Championship at Garden City in 1913 he was constantly trying his driver, losing his lead in consequence, and then putting the peccant driver away again and taking to his iron. Other people might possibly have won while driving with an iron, but they would have had to stick to the iron from first to last. To be able to try those antics and then settle down again, not once but several times, in the course of a match, seemed to me a miracle of concentration, of obliterating from the mind everything but the one hole, nay, the one stroke to be played next.

There is another very great American golfer whose temperament seems to demand some analysis, and that is Walter Hagen; but him I do not profess to understand. Does he feel nervous? I imagine that he does, because I cannot believe that he could rise to such heights if he did not; but I certainly have no evidence to bring forward in support of my views. He impresses one beyond everything else as really enjoying the fight. Because he is a great showman as well as a great match player, he has clearly cultivated this quality in himself for all it is

worth, but it must, to begin with, have been a natural one. There are two kinds of fighters: those who actually want to be in the ring and those who will fight bravely when they find themselves there, but would instinctively prefer to keep out of it. The former is the happier class, and Hagen is at the very head of it. With this rejoicing in the battle he seems to have cultivated another quality, that of an eminently sane philosophy. He has not the point of view of Bobby Jones, as he has not his flawless art. He is always likely to make a bad mistake or two in the course of a round, and accepts them as natural and inevitable, not to be resented, only to be compensated for. Bobby is always trying to do *the* best; Hagen tries to do his own best.

IV

I feel that patriotism demands of me that I should give at least one example of great fighting qualities from among British golfers, and there is one at any rate ready to my hand. That is the now veteran champion, J. H. Taylor, and never was there a better example of a highly strung man capable of keeping a hold on himself and rising to the occasion. It has been said—and perhaps rightly, on the whole—that the poetic temperament is a bad one for golf; but there never was a man with a more palpably poetic temperament than Taylor. He is a man of strong emotions. When I think of him I always remember some words from Mr. Jarndyce's description of Lawrence Boythorn in *Bleak House*: 'It's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man. . . . His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. . . . He is a tremendous fellow.'

Taylor is a tremendous fellow and so a tremendously exciting golfer. He fights himself and the fates and furies of golf and every other man in the field, all at the same time. He confesses that he has tried the plan of 'letting up' between whiles and then concentrating fiercely on the stroke in hand, but it is not in him; he must be boiling and bubbling all the time. All this pent-up or partially pent-up emotion takes it out of him most prodigally, and yet no man can last better in a crucial finish up to the very last putt. However great the agony, wild horses would not draw from him the admission that he hates it. He would despise himself if he did. No, in his own way he loves it, and if there is one thing that rouses his ire it is a young golfer who professes not to enjoy the fight.

Such a temperament has the defects of its qualities, and occasionally, very occasionally, 'J. H.' may have beaten himself; but much more often he struggles and wrestles with adversity until he overcomes it, and then, when a great stroke or a piece of good luck has turned the tide for him and things begin to go right instead of wrong, he is far more dangerous than any more placid or phlegmatic person. I remember sometimes to have watched him when things have been going badly and to have felt that I should not dare speak to him for a thousand pounds. I have wondered what would happen if some ill-advised spectator did speak to him, half hoping, half fearing that it might happen, like a small boy who knows that there is a firecracker in the fireplace behind his master's coat tails and wonders when and how it will go off. I remember particularly one such occasion in an Open Championship at Deal years ago now. For nine holes or so Taylor, who had started favorite, was pursued by every kind of adversity and he

looked like a powder magazine about to explode. Then, I think at the tenth hole, a long putt went in for three and from that moment he was positively scintillating, a man inspired; there was no need to look any further for the winner of that Championship.

Perhaps the most famous match player we have ever had in England is John Ball, who won the Amateur Championship eight times. He is of a different type, outwardly dour, silent, unruffled — a man, you would say, made of granite. Yet I have seen Mr. Ball before the beginning of a big match stripping the paper off a new ball, and his fingers almost refused their office. Assuredly his is no 'dead' nerve.

The interesting thing about him as a match player is that, though he is so doughty a fighter, he does not seem to make a personal fight of a match. He tries, I think, deliberately to forget about his enemy, bending his whole mind to doing his own duty and getting the hole in the right figure. He has one mood for both medal and match play, and one simple object — namely, to do his best. To-day this principle is called 'playing against par,' and the adoption of it is said to have strengthened the one slightly weak place in Bobby Jones's harness. Obviously it is a good plan, but much determination is needed in order to adhere to it. The best of plans can be too inexorably pursued and there are occasions in which it is a tempting of Providence not to pay attention to the enemy's plight. When a five will certainly win the hole no sane man takes a very big risk in pursuit of his par four. On the other hand, hundreds and thousands of holes have been thrown away by thinking too much of the adversary and so playing overcautiously. Once we begin to approach the green too consciously on the installment system,

to take irons from the tee and to putt round bunkers for fear of pitching into them, there is no end to the strokes we can fritter away. It is the height of folly to credit our opponent with supernatural powers, but at the same time we must not forget that the most utterly crushed and downtrodden enemy *may* hole a long putt. Carefulness has lost infinitely more holes and more matches than have ever been lost by temerity.

I have been talking chiefly of match play because it is the more clearly dramatic: it possesses the elements of a battle; it provides an interesting clash between two diverse temperaments. But in any article which tries to deal with the emotions of the golfer it is quite impossible to be altogether silent on score play. The card and pencil are infinitely more terrifying to the average golfer than any flesh-and-blood opponent. They can turn many a stout-hearted match player into a little whipped cur. Familiarity can breed a measure, not of contempt, but of passive endurance toward these twin engines of torture; but in England, at any rate, the average golfer does not play in enough scoring competitions ever to grow familiar with them. So every time a medal day comes round he is just as frightened as he was before.

At least one of the causes of this terror is this: that on a medal day golf loses, or appears to lose, one of its kindest and most charitable qualities. In match play it is always giving us another chance. The worst of errors can but lose us a single hole; but in medal play it is possible — or so it seems, at any rate, to our jaundiced imagination — to make an error of so appalling a character as to ruin us once and for all. This is seldom really so; the rules have always limited our liabilities even in the most hopeless

of situations and are more forgiving now than they used to be; but still on a medal day 'All hope abandon' seems to be written in the sands of great bunkers. Consequently strokes that in the ordinary way do not cause a twitter of the pulse become horribly alarming. The man who usually thinks nothing of the big sandhill with the black-timbered face says suddenly to himself, 'Heavens! Suppose I topped it!' Or he visualizes, long before the time comes, the splash of the ball where that simplest of little pitches has to be played across the corner of the lake. Hydrophobia is a disease that may attack almost any man on a medal day, and on no other day are there so many people to be heard simultaneously explaining in the clubhouse that they have done something which they have never done before in all their lives.

The worst thing, however, and the commonest that can befall us on a medal day, is an attack of shortness. The way to win a medal is, for most people, to say, 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus,' to recognize the fact that someone is sure to do a good score and that the only way to beat him is to go out for everything in reason. Yet in fact we do just the opposite. We carry the installment system to its extreme limit; we are most cramped just when we ought to be most free, and as to our shortness on the putting green — well, let any spectator count the approach putts that are past the hole on the first green on a medal day; his ten fingers will, it is likely enough, suffice him for all his reckoning even in a big field. There is some malign power that positively holds our putter back, and the brave ring of the ball against the back of the tin is seldom heard.

V

If golf is so dreadful a game, 'aye fechtin' against ye,' as the old Scottish golfer said, why do we go on playing it? I have often wondered, but I have never — no, not even for the bitterest instant — dreamed of giving it up. I can only recollect one man who quite deliberately thought the matter over, came to the conclusion that he would be happier without golf, and acted upon it. He was gifted as a games player altogether beyond the common run of men. He was a cricketer and a tennis player and took to golf like a duck to water. In about a year from his beginning, his handicap had come down to 'scratch,' which did not mean what it would to-day, but yet stood for a respectable standard of play. And then he found the game a cause of such intense exasperation that he gave it up and took instead to a little peaceful domestic practice with the bow and arrow. There must have been moments when he regretted it, but he never admitted this. It amused him to see other people play, and now and again at long intervals he would try a shot with a friend's club, much as a long-reformed drunkard might trust himself occasionally to drink one glass of beer. He knew himself and in that knowledge was probably wise, but for the rest of us, surely, both the manlier and pleasanter course is to go on trying and hoping.

For myself, I am convinced that were I to give up golf there would come to me a series of revelations, and I should know how to exorcise the chronic slice, the dancing of the toes, the shortness of the putts which had afflicted me all through my golfing life. And then it would be too late.

CANCER, THE SCOURGE OF GOD

BY WILLIAM H. WOGLOM

I

THE cancer cell, to borrow a phrase from Schopenhauer, has the will to live. That is to say, it is able to defy those forces which restrain the multiplication of normal cells and so preserve a just proportion among the various parts of the organism.

Growth is not a function of the adult human body, apart from what an engineer would call maintenance and repair, and it is a dramatic event indeed when some of its cells suddenly acquire the faculty of ungovernable proliferation. The new capacity may add itself in any degree, from that possessed by the lowly and benign wart, which increases but slowly in size and does no harm save to the æsthetic sense of its bearer, up to that of the most highly malignant cancer, which is capable of destroying life in a period so brief as to be reckoned in months.

No matter whether its character be malignant or benign, a group of cells that succeeds in escaping the restrictions ordinarily imposed is called a tumor. Many varieties are recognized by the pathologist, but only the sarcoma and the carcinoma need be kept in mind for the present purpose. These differ in source, the former developing from the connective tissues, which occupy the interior of the body, the latter from the epithelium, a protective layer of cells that covers the surface of the organism and lines its ducts and cavities.

Both the tumors just named are

malignant, and both are often included for convenience under the term 'cancer,' as they will be in the following article, although more specifically cancer is a tumor of epithelial cells.

Cancer was recognized centuries before the opening of the Christian Era, and endeavors were made to explain it; many of them not much more fantastic than some comparatively recent attempts. Thus, about the middle of the past century it was noticed that cancer was not so common in prisons as elsewhere, and it was proposed that this was because prisoners received less food, and less meat in particular, than other persons. The suggestion was heard with respect, and even to-day enjoys serious consideration in some quarters, though the true explanation of the discrepancy is that the average age of a jail population lies considerably below thirty-five, the period of life at which cancer usually begins to appear. Prisoners are protected by their youth rather than by enforced abstinence.

Furthermore, since that suggestion was advanced it has become common knowledge that cancer affects vegetarian races; nay, more, it attacks the lower animals, without predilection for the Carnivora. Meat can therefore be eliminated from consideration, as can all diets and customs peculiar to man, except in so far as these are associated with chronic irritation, while the frequent occurrence of the disease in fishes

ought to discourage the idea that soil or climate operates to cause it.

The germ hypothesis comes and goes, like the Cheshire cat, and, though not yet discarded, it is in disfavor at the present time. The cancer villages and cancer belts that have been so often reported can be accounted for by a disproportionately large number of inhabitants of the cancer age. As for cancer houses, a distinguished pathologist dismissed them years ago by appeal to the law of chance; for one house in a thousand may fortuitously show an excess of cases of cancer — or of twin births — over the ordinary run of houses. No single case has yet been reported which would prove beyond any doubt the transfer of cancer from one person to another, and when the high mortality of physicians and nurses from demonstrably infectious diseases is considered it is doubly significant that no attendant on a cancer patient has yet contracted the disease as a result of the exposure.

Most of the remaining efforts to account for the origin of cancer are so technical as to interest only the scholar, and may therefore be dismissed with but few words. They have been proved either wholly fallacious or, at the best, only partially true. To the single authentic cause already mentioned — namely, age — there can be added with reasonable confidence only two others.

One of these is chronic irritation, which has been shown time and time again to be closely associated with the inception of tumors. Thus there are cases of needlewomen who have developed sarcoma in a finger repeatedly pricked in sewing; of carcinoma of the skin among those who handle mineral oils, tar, pitch, soot, arsenic, and other irritants; but it is a curious fact that no cancer has yet come to light in connection with the ulcers covering the

hands and arms of those whose work exposes them to salts of chromic acid. Evidently chronic irritation, like age, is only a contributing cause.

The third factor so far known is some sort of susceptibility which, it has been conjectured, may be hereditary. Experiments with animals, where breeding can be so controlled as either to eliminate or to concentrate hereditary factors, show that there is indeed an inborn tendency to develop or not to develop cancer. But how widely these results, vouched for by Tyzzer, Murray, and the Misses Slys and Lynch, can be applied to man is still an open question. Marriages are not made in deference to the wishes of the geneticist, and it seems altogether probable that any inherited tendency is kept at a low level by the random manner in which human matings take place; in any case, the insurance companies, which deal not with theories but with dollars, have seen no reason to increase their rates to those with a cancerous family history. On the other hand, it may very well be that in a few unfortunate families, like the Bonapartes, a tendency to develop cancer has been intensified to a degree surpassing that in the population at large.

Statistical inquiry has been employed for years in the attempted settlement of such questions, and, though subject to serious limitations at present, it is not without possibilities. For example, the death rate from cancer of the breast and the uterus is approximately twice as high in England as in Holland. Careful analysis of the figures permits the inference that the disparity may be genuine, and it is to be hoped that further inquiry will lead to an explanation, though at present the difference is but one more in that interminable series of riddles that confronts the student of cancer. The circumstance has been mentioned only to

illustrate a situation where the statistical method may be employed with profit because reliable data are available. Unfortunately it cannot often be turned to account, as the figures relating to cancer are deceptive in the extreme. The highest death rates in Europe are recorded in the more progressive countries, and if the tables could be accepted at their face value we should have to agree that cancer is over ten times as common in Switzerland, say, as in Serbia. This it certainly is not; but medical skill and statistical accuracy are ten times as reliable in the one country as in the other.

Even under optimum conditions, such as obtain in the great hospitals of cities like Chicago, London, and Berlin, it has been shown by Wells and others that there is still an error of some thirty per cent, unavoidable at present because it is so difficult to recognize cancer when it involves the less accessible internal organs.

Records are vitiated still further by a curious reluctance on the part of surviving relatives to have cancer appear in the death certificate, so that the attending physician is persuaded to enter pneumonia or any other disease, depending on the taste and fancy of the writer. The position is exactly illustrated by the inquiry, during the exhibition of a new calculating machine, whether it would deliver the correct answer when the wrong figures were put in.

The reader will now realize why it is impossible to answer the question so often and so anxiously asked: Is cancer increasing? For, in addition to the inaccuracies just discussed, the situation is complicated again by the rescue of more people year after year from the infectious diseases, so that larger numbers survive to reach the cancer age, while, at the same time, constantly increasing skill in diagnosis discloses

cancer where twenty years ago none would have been suspected.

II

The statistical inquiry, one of the most venerable means of research, is thus one of the least useful. Indeed, it is almost without value in comparison with the experimental method, so new as to be largely the product of the present century.

Although a few pathologists had succeeded previously in transferring cancer from one animal to another of the same species, it was the work of Jensen and Borrel in Europe and of Leo Loeb in this country that established the value of the procedure. At once it became possible to plan experiments such as could not have been carried out on patients under any consideration. Within a comparatively few years the germ hypothesis was undermined through Jensen's observation, promptly confirmed by Bashford and Murray, that the small fragment of tumor introduced at transplantation did not infect its new host, but grew exactly as a grafted twig grows; comparisons between normal and malignant proliferation were instituted by Cramer; Russell, Haaland, Ehrlich Apolant, Schöne, Murphy, Gaylord, Clowes, Rohdenburg, and Ewing were enabled to investigate the immunity which sometimes occurs in tumor-bearing animals and to show that it differs fundamentally from the immunity characterizing the infectious diseases. Wood and Prime, as well as Mottram and Russ, took advantage of the new method to work out the necessary X-ray dosage; while to the transplantable tumors of the mouse and rat, from which a veritable mine of information was obtained, Rous added a propagable sarcoma of the fowl, which proved to be of unusual interest.

In consequence of the work of these and other investigators our knowledge of cancer attained within a brief period an accuracy such as could never have followed mere observation of the disease in man. Perhaps it would be safe to say that more has been learned in the past thirty years than in the three thousand which preceded them. Yet even the most enthusiastic realized that the transplanted tumor, consisting as it does of cells that have already undergone the malignant change, could never explain the cause of cancer. There were accordingly those who continued the efforts of their predecessors to effect the appearance of a spontaneous animal tumor by applying irritants known to be active in man; but, as failure continued to be their only reward, the attempt was about to be abandoned, when success appeared from a direction entirely unsuspected. As has so often occurred before, the problem was solved through a chance observation, arising in the course of experiments quite unrelated to the point at issue.

The late Johannes Fibiger, a pathologist of Copenhagen, who was awarded the Nobel prize in medicine for his discovery, was engaged in the study of tuberculosis, and during the course of his work had occasion to autopsy three wild rats. In the stomach of each one he found a pronounced epithelial thickening which had progressed in some places to the formation of warty outgrowths, and, associated with these changes, a parasitic worm.

Neither this disorder nor the accompanying parasite had ever been described, so, in order to learn something of their nature and the conditions under which they occurred, the stomachs of over eleven hundred rats were examined, but neither was found. As attempts to transmit the disease with the affected tissues were unsuccessful,

the possibility had to be considered that the parasite was not directly transferable from rat to rat, but required the intervention of another host. Now it had long been known that a certain cockroach (*Periplaneta orientalis*) is the intermediate host for a similar worm, and wild rats from a locality in Copenhagen that was swarming with this insect were therefore examined. Once again the search failed; and, although the rats consumed their smaller associates with relish, they remained in distressingly good health.

Not until rats from a large sugar refinery infested with a different cockroach (*Periplaneta americana*) were examined did success follow. Within about nine months sixty-one rats were caught in this building, in many of which the parasite and the disease that it sets up, probably as a result of some irritating secretion, were found. Furthermore, rats fed with *Periplaneta americana* developed the characteristic changes in the stomach, while in some of these animals the disease had progressed to actual carcinoma.

The experimental production of cancer had at last been achieved.

Questions could now be approached upon which the transplanted tumor could throw no light. Almost the first one to be investigated was the influence of age, a factor that turned out rather unexpectedly to be less decisive than had been supposed, for young rats proved as susceptible as older ones. Hence it would appear that the length of time during which the worm remains in the stomach is more important than the age of the rat when first infested, and that age is merely another way of expressing the duration of irritation.

Encouraged by these results, two Japanese pathologists, Yamagiwa and Itchikawa, determined to attempt once more the production of cancer with tar. The occurrence of carcinoma among

those whose work exposes them to irritating substances was a clue that had inspired a long series of experiments, and in Germany, France, and England the problem of inciting malignant growth in animals had been on the eve of solution at any moment during the preceding three decades, though this was unsuspected at the time. The effort had failed only because an insusceptible species of animal had been unwittingly chosen or because irritation had not been continued long enough. It was the good fortune of Yamagiwa and his associate not only to select the rabbit, but to be possessed of the infinite patience necessary for applying tar week after week, month after month, without any guaranty of success.

They were rewarded, however, by the appearance of cancer in some of their animals after the lapse of about five months. The white mouse was subsequently shown to be even more sensitive than the rabbit, whereas the skin of the rat, the guinea pig, and the domestic fowl proved to be resistant. An important clue lies concealed in this diverse response to irritation, but progress is slow and difficult because the reaction is of almost incredible delicacy; thus, while the skin of the rat and the fowl is immune to tar, their connective tissues are not, for sarcoma can be elicited by subcutaneous injection of this agent.

In a third type of experimental tumor, which we owe to the work of Bullock and Curtis in this country, the same narrow specificity has been observed. Their sarcoma, produced by infesting rats with the immature stage of a tapeworm that passes its adult life in the cat, originates in the liver, but from the connective-tissue framework only, the working cells of the organ being entirely exempt; and, although the same parasite is a frequent inhabitant

of the mouse liver, it never gives rise to a malignant growth in this species.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the point that these three methods of inciting tumors constitute one of the most notable advances that experimental medicine has yet seen, and no one has ventured to predict what benefits may ultimately accrue. In any case, a final solution of the question of heredity is in sight, for its settlement requires only that the response to irritation be tested in animals of known pedigree, while another task engaging the attention of many investigators is the isolation of that substance in tar which produces cancer. If this can be accomplished it may become possible to eliminate tar cancer as an industrial disease, though as tar is a mixture of several hundred ingredients, of which only about one hundred have been identified by the chemist, and as its composition varies considerably according to the coal from which it is distilled, the advance is discouragingly slow.

III

Still another means of attacking the problem of malignant growth is a minute investigation of the appearance and life history of the cancer cell itself. Even under the highest power of the microscope no difference has yet been discerned which would enable one to distinguish a single cancer cell from any other actively growing element, though the malignant tumor as a whole exhibits a loss of the normal architecture characterizing the organ in which it originates. As a German pathologist, more famous for his scientific than his linguistic acquirements, was in the habit of explaining to his English-speaking students, 'All dose cells are in very damn disorder.' This bizarre arrangement is so typical of malignant

disease as to be the criterion upon which diagnosis is made and the scope of operation planned. The long years of observation which uncovered it and proved its significance were, therefore, well spent, even though they brought neither an understanding of how cancer originates nor any clue to a nonsurgical treatment.

Intensive study of the life history of the cancer cell has been even more disappointing, for no useful difference has so far been disclosed between its activities and those of the body cells on their lawful occasions. When the diet of a tumor-bearing animal is restricted, even to the danger point, the cancer cell continues to grow; vitamin deficiency does not affect it; severe acidosis kills the host before the guest succumbs; high fever does more harm to the bearer than to the tumor; and so on.

It is this very similarity between the cancer cell and its normal prototype that delays the discovery of a specific cure. Obviously this must be some agent which will destroy the tumor without inflicting on the rest of the body, during the fray, the traditional fate of the innocent bystander. But in addition it must be able to exert its effect after subcutaneous or intravenous injection, as antitoxin does in diphtheria, for cancer so often involves a remote organ that a remedy which had to be introduced directly into the growth would be hardly worth the trouble of preparing.

The feature that makes cancer so difficult to cure by surgery, once the disease has become well established, is the way in which its cells wander out, one by one, invading the circumjacent tissues so diffusely that the margin of the growth is as hard to define as the edge of a drop of water on a tablecloth. The surgeon is expected to remove all the tumor, yet he cannot precisely

delimit it; if he cuts too widely he may harm some indispensable structure, yet if he does not go far enough cancer cells will be left behind to continue their growth and give rise to a recurrence which only too often cannot by any possibility be extirpated. Frequently his operation has to be a compromise, therefore, unless the tumor affects a part which can be removed in its entirety. Even then his effort may be vain, for during their invasion the cancer cells must ultimately reach a blood vessel and pass through its walls into the circulation, to be instantly disseminated throughout the body. If this has occurred before operation, what possible chance of recovery can there be?

But, in spite of the difficulties arrayed against him, the surgeon has even now a record of many brilliant cures, and the proportion of early cases coming to him for help is steadily rising, thanks to the educational programme of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, which for years has been pressing on the public the necessity for early diagnosis and immediate operation.

In a few fortunate cases surgical intervention will not be necessary, for certain types of malignant disease yield to the X-ray or to radium. It should never be forgotten, however, that possession of the necessary apparatus is no guaranty of skill or, unhappily, even of common honesty.

'Soothing, balmy oils' do no good, save to the pocketbooks of those who advertise them, and 'electrical treatment' is often a fraud of the basest kind. Apart from the X-ray, electricity is being used, certainly, by qualified men, but the method lends itself so easily to exploitation that the patient should be sure he is not in the hands of a charlatan before consenting to undertake it. An excellent rule in all cases of

doubt is this: Beware of those who promise to cure.

The injection of lead, introduced a few years ago by Blair Bell, of Liverpool, has been followed by some miraculous recoveries, though it has failed much more often than it has succeeded, and is not without danger even in skilled hands. Attempts are under way to prepare a less poisonous form of lead, but it is probable that the treatment will remain in the experimental stage for years to come. In the meantime it will be instructive for the reader to recall the manner in which it was introduced. It came from a surgeon of recognized standing whose experiments were conducted in a hospital of the highest repute; it was reported in the medical journals in a series of communications describing the method of preparation and scrupulously recording failures as well as cures; it was employed only with patients who were far beyond any help from surgery; and, finally, it was administered without charge more often than not.

Now let this dignified procedure be contrasted with the way of the quack. His 'cure' is a secret remedy that either has been in the family for years or has been obtained from an Indian chief, though it is hard to see why either of these sources should commend it to anyone over ten years of age; it is advertised in newspapers which are still not ashamed to admit such material to their columns; it is sold at an exorbitant price; and it is implied, if not explicitly stated, that only the jealousy of the medical profession withholds this priceless boon from humanity.

It passes understanding that anyone old enough to have cancer could believe such rubbish, yet there are hundreds of unfortunates throughout the country, their savings in the pocket of a quack, their disease in a hopelessly advanced stage, appealing for help which cannot now be given.

One of the duties of an institution devoted to cancer research is the investigation of such 'cures' as are not too preposterous, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that not a single one of all those that have been tested has proved of the slightest value. At the worst they have been equivalent to a barefaced robbery; at the best, the product of an ignorant enthusiast; and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that no drug, serum, vaccine, or other preparation is known that will select and destroy the cancer cell without detriment to the normal tissues surrounding it.

What are the chances that such a remedy ever will be discovered? Good; I think, remembering what man has already accomplished. Flung into this world naked and homeless, he has learned to build shelters and to subdue fire to his wishes; to ride first the wave and then the air; to weigh the stars and measure the atom. Much more essential to his comfort than these last, the infectious diseases are within his control and could be banished to-morrow, for the knowledge is there. Only ignorance and superstition stand in the way.

It is impossible to remain unmoved by these achievements, and I must confess to an optimism as incurable as the last stages of cancer itself.

THE ROSE OF LOVE

BY VALESKA BARI

I

'ROSE of Love, rubbish!' Gloria snapped the words at me. For the first time I saw her impatient, humorless, annoyed.

I picked up the sensational dodger advertising the charms of the witch doctor, the dodger which had caused her sudden flare of annoyance.

'Rubbish!' she repeated. 'That man is a faker. Ignorant servants may pay attention to his foolishness, but you ought to know better. He's a rank fraud. He is n't even allowed to use the mails. Anyway, he is n't a Porto Rican — he came here from Cuba.'

'Of course it's nonsense,' I agreed humbly, 'but I thought it was rather funny.'

'It is n't funny.' Her lips closed sharply, her tone was curt, and her eyes, which I had always found quick to light with amusement at even the twist of a word, were hard and humorless. 'And you have just as superstitious things in the States as anything we have here.' She turned to the filing cabinet at her elbow, jerked out a drawer, ran her fingers over the neatly labeled folders, and thrust into my hands a dozen clippings from American papers concerning weird and primitive occurrences.

'I know we have. Of course,' I murmured, blundering apologetic words as I tried to comprehend her surprising sensitiveness about this absurd advertisement of voodoo. It was so unlike all that I had seen of her. For

months we had worked together on a study of the social problems of Porto Rico; she had directed my attention to the shortcomings and handicaps of her people; we had worked up comparative figures of poverty, illiteracy, and disease, often not flattering to the island, but never had she flared at an unfavorable comparison. Her English, spoken from childhood, was instinctive, her sense of humor was Northern, and she laughed as readily as the latest-arrived Yankee at what was incongruous to the Northern eye. And now, at this cheap and ignorant announcement of the voodoo doctor, she had sprung, raw-nerved, to the defense of the islanders with a sharp-cut 'we' and 'you.'

'Let me look over these clippings while you finish your interviews,' I mumbled, taking them over to a vacant chair at the other side of the room.

On a bench by the door sat the 'cases' waiting for Gloria's attention, and as I pretended to read I watched her finely chiseled features relax from the impatient annoyance she had shown me into sympathy, forgetting herself in the problems of her people. Her people. A motley of mixed blood were these dregs of the city, broken bits of humanity who brought their miseries to her, whimpering. A bent old negro, sitting uneasily on the bench, as though his forefathers had not long known chairs. An old woman, huddled in a shawl, with one long yellow

tooth gleaming against the mahogany of her wrinkled face. A mother, middle-aged at twenty, with three babies of different colors, unpleasantly suggesting a mongrel breed. Her people. And Gloria, of Spanish blood, keenly proud of her own untainted white stock.

Behind the clippings I opened the dodger whose extravagant offerings had so annoyed Gloria, and again I translated:—

The Philtre of Lana Lani. To awaken affection and desire in the breast of the one you crave. Price, \$2.50

The Eye of Ko Ko. Will bring back to its rightful owner any missing article, whether lost or maliciously stolen. Has proved itself by restoring jewels of untold value. Price, \$3.00

The Phial of Nga Nga. For love which has grown cold and desire which has withered, this magic powder will rekindle fire and passion. Price, \$8.00

The Rose of Love. When administered in accordance with the ancient, sacred customs this philtre will create burning, blinding desire, making its object oblivious of age, ugliness, poverty, and all other obstacles to love and marriage. Price, \$12.50

The Lily of Vengeance. The flowers of wrath of the ancient protectors. A charm which will cause the strength to wither and the blood to run slow. With all rites, price, \$25.00

As I finished pegging out my translation I glanced up at Gloria. Sympathetic, but with rapier keenness, she now listened, now asked questions, adjusting to her native Latin background all that she had learned in the North of the technique of social work. Her fine eyes lighted as she talked to the old man beside her and his withered face shone as he fervently pressed her hands in farewell.

I stepped over to her desk before the next case moved into the vacant chair. On a stand behind her was a

paper parcel, tied but slightly split, disclosing a streak of orange. I was n't thirsty, but I thought that by this time her courteous Latin soul would be glad of a chance to make a gesture of hospitality as a means of passing over the impatience she had shown me. 'Don't you want to offer me one of those oranges while I wait?' I stretched out my hand toward the bag.

'Don't!' Gloria's face went deathly white. 'Don't touch those oranges!'

I stood rooted, speechless. At last I slipped into the chair beside hers. 'What on earth is wrong with those oranges?'

Indefinable fear was in her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was a dry, harsh whisper. 'A black woman gave me those oranges, an ugly black woman who has married a white man from Virginia, a lad fifteen years younger than herself.'

The fear in her eyes relaxed slowly into baffled weariness. 'I have lived long enough in the States,' she added slowly, 'to know that white men from Virginia don't marry old black women without some very strange reason.'

'Tell me later.'

I went back to my chair and pretended to read a magazine while I was waiting for her to finish her interviews, but before the printed page ran a blurred image of a white lad and an old black woman, and in my ears sounded a jumble of words—the Rose of Love, the Lily of Vengeance, the Philtre of Lana Lani.

II

Two months later I went to court with Gloria when she applied for an order of guardianship over Edward Ross, the white lad from Virginia, and his black wife, Mathilde.

Smiling, chattering, jabbering, the

pair shambled into the empty courtroom, a blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon and a primitive African, both pathetically, foolishly insane. The attendant seated them at one side, against the old masonry wall. In silence we watched them as we waited for court to open.

The facts in the case were brief. A veteran of the war, Ross had gone to Porto Rico to recover from the early stages of tuberculosis, and in the inland village of Acouji his allotment had provided a royally idle existence. Just why he had gone to that village of black people Gloria had not been able to find out. Acouji was pretty and picturesque, — that much I had noted once when driving by, — but it was off the main highway and I had not gone back, in spite of the fact that my curiosity had been aroused by an old-timer named Macpherson who had told me that the settlement bore a sinister reputation and that no white people had gone there for years.

‘I stayed there one summer,’ Macpherson told me as I was examining a curious image carved from green stone which he had acquired in the Acouji district — under what circumstances he refused to say. ‘Some of the blacks are from Haiti, a different people from the negroes of Porto Rico. I used to hear their drums at night, and once I saw one of their dances.’

What it was like he would not say, but his quiet refusal to explain left me with a sense of things creepy and unaccountable.

‘I think I’ll go to Acouji,’ I told him one day, more to try to make him talk than because I had any immediate intention of going there. ‘It would be worth some trouble to find an image like yours.’

‘You will see nothing and you will find no images,’ responded Macpherson curtly.

The little which he had said and the indefinable amount which his manner had conveyed came back to me as we waited in the old courtroom. At last the judge and his clerk entered and the case was called. No one but ourselves appeared. Ross, according to his papers, had no relatives, and Mathilde had only a mother, living in Acouji, who had signified her willingness that Gloria be appointed guardian of her daughter.

The clerk read the medical report. Ross . . . tuberculosis . . . both demented, but quite harmless . . . recommendations that they be settled in some quiet suburb where they could be visited occasionally by the charity office.

The judge’s eyes lingered on the jabbering, incongruous pair. ‘Tuberculosis.’ He took up the medical report. ‘Demented. Harmless.’ He laid down the report and turned to Gloria.

‘The allotment is sufficient for their needs?’ Gloria nodded. ‘You can collect it and supervise their living?’ Again she nodded. ‘You wish to assume this responsibility?’ Again she nodded, slowly.

The judge started to speak again, hesitated, and sat back in his chair with a curious suggestion of helplessness before primitive forces. Ross and Mathilde had become quiet, and in the sudden silence the crude walls of the old building asserted their domination. Built in the first ruthless impact of Spaniard on Indian, their very bricks cemented together with fierce race tragedy, the crude walls made a background against which the tragic figures of African and Anglo-Saxon shrank to mere miniatures on a long canvas of race conflict and misunderstanding.

Silently the judge reached for his pen and signed the order.

III

'I don't like this business at all,' I remarked to Gloria as we left Ross and his black wife at their little house in the suburbs. Beds, a table, a couple of strong chairs, a stove, and a few pots and dishes made up their household furnishings. Anything more than that they would break, Gloria had said as we noted its bareness. We looked back. Mathilde was standing in the doorway, singing, and Ross was idly scraping a heavy wire across a dried gourd, smiling as he produced monotonous sounds without rhythm or melody. We spoke to their next-door neighbors, a simple couple who saw in the demented pair only two persons in need of sympathy, and who volunteered to keep an eye on them and to let Gloria know if any special need arose.

As we left the neighbors' house Ross and Mathilde came down to their gate to wish us another friendly, childish farewell.

'Bring me some dulces the next time you come,' coaxed Ross.

'And bring me some dulces and a new pipe,' added Mathilde.

Back in my rooms I settled Gloria on the couch to rest. 'Of course I don't like it, either,' she confessed, 'but what shall I do? If Ross had any relatives I should feel so much more distressed.' She never mentioned the element of color in the tragedy, for the reason, I surmised, that she felt it too keenly; for I had watched her face as the two bade us farewell, the white lad hand in hand with the black woman. 'But it's a harmless form of insanity and apparently he is happy.'

'Suppose he recovers?' I asked.

Gloria shook her head. 'They never do recover.'

'Ross went daft a month ago and Mathilde a week later?'

Gloria nodded.

'See here,' I said, 'you scouted the Rose of Love and the Lily of Vengeance and said that man was a faker, but tell me, what was wrong with those oranges that day, and what made Ross marry Mathilde, and what made them both go daft?'

'Drugs, I think,' she replied wearily, no longer trying to evade the questions which, until now, she had obstinately turned aside. 'Of course I don't believe in witchcraft any more than you do, and most of the stories about voodoo are the worst sort of old women's tales, but there are some happenings that have to be explained. What is n't psychology must be drugs, I think. I can't see any other explanation. I know there are herbs and plants in our hills which Northern doctors don't know about. The old jibaros use them, although the young people now are so anxious to be progressive that the old knowledge is dying out. It stands to reason that there are plants in Africa which Northern scientists don't know about. Once I met an Italian explorer who had spent years in Africa and he told me about a number of plants which had strange and powerful properties. Our negroes don't seem to know much about those plants—it's the blacks from Haiti and St. Thomas who do the queer things. They must have brought plants from Africa.'

'That's reasonable,' and I waited for her to go on.

'We've all known a few curious experiences which are hard to explain,' she continued after a pause, 'but we don't like to talk about them.' She lapsed into silence and I waited. 'There was a girl whom my mother knew very well, one of the Fernandez de Sotos, whose fiancé had offended an old Haitian woman. When they were to be married the old negress asked

the groom to forget their quarrel and to accept a bouquet of flowers for his bride. She gave it to him wrapped up very securely, and when the girl opened it and smelled the flowers she went daft. She never recovered.'

I poured out some more lemonade for Gloria and waited.

'There was an American official named Marsden who had a cook from St. Thomas who everyone said practised voodoo, but she was a good cook and they would n't send her way. She used to steal from Mrs. Marsden and one day the house boy told on her.'

'And then —' I prompted.

'The boy disappeared, but they found him two days later, going from house to house, making scratches with charcoal on pieces of wrapping paper and trying to sell them for fifty dollars apiece. Quite off.'

Gloria was silent for a while. I almost thought she had gone to sleep. 'Anyone ever try voodoo on you?' I asked at length.

'Not exactly, but there was an old cook at the hostess house during the war who used to keep telling me that I ought to get married. Several times she offered to give things to different officers to make them marry me. She used to argue with me and I had hard work not to offend her by refusing, but at last I got her another job and got rid of her that way.'

'You did n't want to discharge her?'

'Oh no,' returned Gloria quickly. 'It may have been all nonsense, but I did n't care to offend her.'

We sat silent until the ticking of the clock became obtrusive. 'What really happened to Ross?' I ventured. 'Do you really think that the woman gave him some drug to make him want to marry her?'

'She — or her mother. Would he have married her otherwise?' parried

Gloria. 'A white man, from Virginia?'

'Most unlikely,' I agreed. 'And the drug made him crazy?'

She nodded. 'Or they may have given him something else to make him incompetent so that they could get hold of the allotment.'

'And what about those oranges you would n't let me have?' I came back to the question which she had evaded several times before when I had tried to fathom her fears.

'Mathilde brought them to you?' She nodded. 'And what had happened before that?'

'She had come the week before and asked for his allotment, and again the day before. It had n't come down from the States as promptly as usual and I told her so, but she may have thought that I was keeping it back, may have thought I was angry at her for marrying that white boy.'

'But what do you think she had done to those oranges?'

'I don't think.' The barrier tone crept back into her voice. 'I took them down to the incinerator and burned them up myself — without unwrapping the parcel.'

'But what made Mathilde go daft? She would n't take something intentionally, would she?'

'Of course not. It may be coincidence — a good many people go daft. Or she may have taken something by mistake. Or perhaps her mother wanted to get her hands on that allotment.'

'Has her mother come down here from Acouji?'

Gloria started uncomfortably and the look which came into her eyes made me realize that she was by no means at ease in her position as guardian of Ross and Mathilde. 'I don't know whether she has come down to the city, but I told those neighbors that

I expected her to come to see her daughter. I said that I wanted to see her as soon as she came and asked them to tell her that I had a present for her.'

'And what will you tell her when she comes?'

Gloria stood up and laughed uneasily as she picked up her hat and purse. 'I'll tell her that an inquisitive *Americana* wants to buy some oranges from Acouji.'

IV

Two weeks later when I dropped in at the charities office Gloria silently pushed into my hands the papers which she was examining — the death certificate of Edward Ross, veteran, United States Army, and the findings of the autopsy, signed by three physicians. 'Hemorrhage,' I read, 'unexpectedly rapid development of tuberculosis.'

Gloria's eyes were abstracted, and when she spoke it was not to me but as though she were thinking aloud. 'If I had found that old woman and told her that the allotment would stop if he died —'

'Do you think —'

Her eyes turned to me sharply. 'No, of course it was natural.' She pointed to the physicians' certificate. 'But if she had known —'

Her voice dropped and again she hesitated.

The door opened. Gloria rose as a uniformed captain of police entered the room and came toward her desk. 'Captain Rivera.' I looked up into a pair of serious eyes and a square-set jaw.

Gloria drew herself up very tall and self-possessed. 'Captain Rivera is driving me out to Acouji this afternoon to — to interpret for me to an old woman the provisions of the law concerning soldiers' pensions. Her son-in-law was drawing an allotment from the Government. He has just died, so the allotment stops. Her daughter will be entitled to a pension as a soldier's widow, but of course not nearly so much as her son-in-law was receiving. I want to be sure she understands.'

'She's a sensitive old soul,' added the Captain grimly. 'I shouldn't like to hurt her feelings, and I don't want her to think that reducing the amount is due to any action of the señorita.'

THUNDERSTORM

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

SANE folk are under cover, dry and warm.
Amid the crashing towers of the dark,
Where leap the spears of battle, blue and stark,
I call the deathless Riders of the Storm.

Good women lie contented by their men,
But I was virgin till I held my face
To their cold kisses, bore their wild embrace.
How shall I turn me to a man again?

Legions who sit the gaunt, black wind astride,
I have forsaken lamp and firelight
For my lost country of Gigantic Night.
O Lovers, bear me up and let us ride!

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN PARIS

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I FIRST visited Paris forty-three years ago. At that time I was a mad Napoleon enthusiast; this is tautological — to be a Napoleon enthusiast one must be mad. But, if my knowledge of French history did not begin at the beginning, it was not confined to Napoleon; nothing is more romantic than the history of that land which we now call France, and the good Sir Walter Scott introduced me to it in his excellent *Quentin Durward*.

But on the occasion of my present visit, after I was comfortably settled in the Grand Hotel, and had taken a seat at a little table in front of the Café de la Paix and had drunk my glass of black chicory, — which the French politely term coffee, — watching the endless surge of humanity pass to and fro before me, it occurred to me that if I were to get pleasure and profit out of a month's sojourn in Paris it behooved me to rub up my French history a bit. Time was when, had anyone mentioned Catherine de' Medici, I should have known that she was the wife of Henry II, and that he had come to his death by a stroke from the lance of Montgomery — but that was years ago. How could I best furbish up my faded recollection of who was who and why, without entering upon a long course of reading? These thoughts took me to Brentano's, where I bought half a

dozen books, including that excellent one, *So You're Going to Paris!* It is a delightful refresher: evidently Clara E. Laughlin knows her Paris as I know my London — only better. And so, after my morning cigar and a glance at the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, it became my habit to take a book for an hour or two and forget the prosaic present in the romantic past.

Paris is so beautiful and so modern that one sometimes forgets that it is an old, a very old city, and that every inch of it teems with history. It was a delight to read the famous story of the Diamond Necklace, and then loiter down into the old quarter of Paris and visit the house in which Cardinal de Rohan lived when he was made such a fool of; and, after a good long pull at *Les Misérables*, it was quite in order to take a taxi to the Place des Vosges and visit the house in which Victor Hugo lived when he wrote that great novel. But I determined that, if I took my sight-seeing somewhat seriously during the day, after a fine nap toward sundown I should be in good form for the pleasures of the evening.

For many years I have always stayed at the Grand Hotel; I like everything about it. It has a wonderful location, just across the street from the great Opera House (the critics of which always tire me a little); the rooms are

large, the service excellent, and withal one has a feeling of complete independence: no one seems to be watching you. Paris is a noisy city, but if one gets an inside room overlooking one of the courts he never hears a sound of what is going on in the streets, while just outside the door is the famous Café de la Paix, where, if one takes his seat on the pavement, he can — at the expenditure of a few francs for drinks and ices he does n't want — watch for hours one of the most varied and interesting panoramas in the world. Sit there long enough and you will see everyone you ever knew or heard of, and when you are weary you can retire to your room or stroll to your favorite restaurant.

I am in no sense of the word a *boulevardier*, but I confess that dining and wining in Paris is a delight; all you have to do is to have a good purse — to know what you want and go and get it. Paris is preëminently a city of restaurants and cafés. *Ciro's*, a world-famous establishment and one I like least, is only five minutes away; I wonder does anyone think he is really seeing Paris at *Ciro's*, or at *Philippe's*, or at the *Pré-Catelan*? These places are established for and maintained by rich foreigners, chiefly Americans, with more money than brains; I always hate to go to any of them. We went to *Ciro's* one night to dine with some friends, having taken the precaution to engage a table; and, upon asking the waiter if he spoke English, he replied flippantly, 'I have no occasion to speak anything else — except American.' The dinner was not too good, the waiter insolent, — because I would not take his advice, — and the bill terrific. I was ashamed of myself for having spent my money there, and I felt exactly the same way at *Foyot's* — that 'noted old house of the highest class,' as *Baedeker* calls it — on the other side of the river, near

the Luxembourg. *Foyot's* is supposed to be much frequented by French politicians when on pleasure bent, but the night I was there two school-teachers were showing a lot of American school-girls the way they should *not* go, and nothing was very good except the *filets de sole*, which a French chef can hardly spoil; the *artichauts* were cold, the *crêpes Suzette* distinctly poor.

A better place is the *Tour-d'Argent*, over by the *Jardin des Plantes*, said to be the oldest restaurant in Paris, having been established in 1582, — if one can believe what one is told, — and it is renowned for its duck. My good friends, the *Crummers* (book-collectors always speak of them as 'the *Crummers*') from *Omaha*, took us there on a night to be remembered. The *Tour-d'Argent* is very tiny and very new in appearance, but with customs all its own. As one leaves, in exchange for an enormous tip one is given a card whereon is written the number of the bird he has consumed; the number of mine was 87,287 (since 1890); seemingly the numbers gave out that year and they started fresh. The awe with which one head waiter, one plain waiter, and one acolyte watched a bespectacled and bewhiskered old gentleman carve our birds must have figured largely in the bill, which was paid by our host with magnificent abandon, as who should say, 'I never dine for less than ten or twelve dollars a cover in *Omaha*; why should I expect to spend less in one of the most famous restaurants in the world?' And, admittedly, a man thinks more highly of himself after receiving a genuflection from the manager of the *Tour-d'Argent*: at last I am appreciated, one thinks — and I owe this feeling of satisfaction to the *Crummers*. No one would suspect from seeing the gayety of *Mrs. Crummer* in a world-renowned restaurant that she had just finished making and publishing

a catalogue of her husband's medical books printed before 1640 — and it will be understood that in those days most medical books were published in Latin! The most serious people in the world become gay in Paris: that is one of the city's many charms.

We got our revenge one day by giving a dinner party at Poccardi's, where, in company with many of the countrymen of Mussolini, we dined excellently for just about the price of the tip at the Tour-d'Argent. But we got no salute from Signor Poccardi upon leaving his establishment: there were still three or four hundred diners there and our host may have been worried over the amount of food they were noisily and voraciously consuming — for dining is not an art at the enormous establishment in the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Favart, which runs alongside the famous Opéra-Comique. This, by the way, is the place of amusement I enjoy most in Paris. It is no fun for me to go to the theatre: they speak French so rapidly that I only understand one word in five, and this is not enough to enable me to follow the story; and the musical comedies are very poor, and of the variety shows the less said the better. But at the Opéra-Comique they give by no means what we call comic opera, but the lighter operas by such recent composers as Puccini, Charpentier, Mascagni, and the like — and if one is going to the Comique, Poccardi's is just the place to dine. The prices are not high, and, if the dish of the day is usually *italien*, it is always excellent: every day is *ministrone* (accent on the final *e*) day — a vegetable soup at fourteen cents for a large basinful — and there is an elaborate menu proportionately priced. I like everything about Poccardi's, from soup to nuts, as the saying is; especially I like the *cassata sicilienne*, which is a sort of glorified ice cream at twenty cents a slice.

But there is another restaurant farther down the boulevard to which I have been going for forty years, and others forty years before that, and to which others will be going forty years hence, which I like better — Marguery's. The specialty of this house, *filet de sole Marguery*, is famous all over the world. All the food is excellent, and if you are told it is not as good as it used to be, don't believe it: nothing is as good as it used to be, and, anyway, Marguery's location is unsurpassed. I can sit for hours in one of those glass-fronted rooms overlooking the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle watching the crowd surge along, especially at the right hour on a fine Sunday afternoon. One sees lovers — the world forgetting — arm in arm, sometimes he with his arm around her, and it is not very unusual to see such a pair stop occasionally and kiss each other, not once but several times.

'Disgusting,' said my lady.

'Why, no,' replied her husband, 'we paid good money to see such things done at the theatre last night, to see an exhibition of imitation passion, and now where we can see the real thing for nothing you call it disgusting. Be consistent, my dear.'

Looking out of the window one rainy evening, we observed with interest a youth and a pretty girl hugging one another under an umbrella, which seemed rather to cramp their technique than afford protection from either the rain or the curious. But the curious indeed were few; in general, people in Paris mind their own business. One day I saw a man asleep on a bench in a heavy rain. In Germany he would probably have been arrested; in England he would certainly have been cared for by some royal society organized to care for people who go to sleep in the rain; but in Paris a man, observing him, merely remarked to his companion, 'That is the way he takes his pleasure,' and

passed on. One is permitted to do pretty much as he will in Paris, and the crowded streets are as interesting as the museums, which are among the finest in the world. Personally, I get greater pleasure out of people than out of things: inanimate *objets d'art* in a museum are fatiguing; people are always interesting. Who was the wise and witty Frenchman who remarked, 'I love all mankind except those I know personally'?

The American is a very obvious person; the Englishman is reserved; the Parisian is himself, and quite indifferent to your opinion. The French are very intelligent, self-sufficient, and self-supporting. There are, speaking broadly, no charities in France. The people are thrifty to the point of avarice; from infancy they are taught to look after themselves, to provide for their old age, and they do; the people who die in absolute penury are, I fancy, very few.

II

But we were doing a round of the restaurants. Reader, have you ever eaten snails or horse meat? I have eaten both and I prefer snails; snails are, indeed, a great delicacy, and at the sign of L'Escargot d'Or, or the Golden Snail, a very old establishment near the Halles, they are always included in any very *recherché* meal; indeed, in the neighborhood of the Halles there are a dozen places which announce the interesting fact that snails are there served, by large effigies of the animal or reptile — or whatever it is — in gold, swinging from brackets over their doors. People not accustomed to eating snails must not assume that the snail is a sort of first cousin to the caterpillar, — either the fat or the fuzzy one, — for the edible snail, the snail of commerce, however closely connected with the common or garden snail, from the first

moment of its life to its last has but one ambition — namely, to satisfy the appetite of the epicure. They are raised on snail farms — just as terrapins are with us — and they are usually served, in the shells which once afforded them shelter, in a thick, vivid-green sort of mayonnaise. Free yourself from the idea of 'Snails!' and you will find them delicious. Horse meat is another matter.

Admittedly, the horse is a noble animal, but that does not make it appetizing. Over the doors of butcher shops where horse meat is sold a golden horse's head indicates the fact, as is indeed required by law. Horse meat is almost the only meat that the poor Frenchman allows himself. We ate it first, unknowingly, at a little restaurant in Versailles; we had missed the train which was to take us back to Paris and were hungry, and, surrounded by little eating places, we selected what we hoped was a good one, but I had my misgivings from the start. As we took our places at the table, a waiter brought a dish of ragout to a party seated near us, and, as we liked the appearance of it, we ordered some — and found it horse! Horse meat is rather sweet and very tough and stringy, but it is good food. Why should it not be good? The horse is a grain-fed animal of cleanly habit, but it does not come to the table until by years of hard work its flesh has turned to sinew. The British export immense numbers of horses to the Continent, where they are killed and eaten in spite of the well-meant efforts of English humanitarians to prevent the traffic. Now that we know what becomes of the old horses, tell me what becomes of the old vehicles — the French are much too thrifty not to make use of them in some way. I don't mean to suggest that they eat them — but if they did, they would make an excellent dish thereof.

The difference between French and English character is suggested by the cooking. The English will have no disguises; the French disguise everything. The English have but one sauce, 'bread sauce,' — and it's nothing to be proud of, — the French have a hundred, every one a work of art. The English throw a cabbage into a kettle of boiling water — and serve; the French look at a frog on the side of a stream and say, 'Let us cook and eat it.' Even so wise a man as Dr. Johnson got a pleasant reaction by referring to 'the frog-eating French,' but anyone who has enjoyed frogs' legs as served in any good restaurant in Paris will suppose that he is regaling himself upon a particularly delicate and succulent piece of chicken.

I doubt if a man can be more pleasantly occupied than in seeking out good eating places in Paris. I, who at home eat just enough to sustain life, found myself going miles to indulge in a famous *soupe à l'oignon*, or waiting patiently for a seat at Prunier's for a dozen oysters and a glass of an amber-colored wine — which has been permitted to remain for a moment in the crimson rays of the setting sun and into which some fairy has squeezed a drop or two of lemon. And here I would remark that, once one has become accustomed to the European oyster with its strong and, at first, rather coppery taste, he comes home to find the large American oyster lacking in flavor. Charles Dickens — I think it was Dickens — once said that he never ate an American oyster without thinking he had swallowed a baby. Renowned for its sea food, Prunier's is also famous for caviar. What would I not give for a portion this very minute, with some hot toast and something more than a suspicion of onion chopped fine, and half a lemon. And if it is August, and Prunier's is closed, there is Fauchon's

just behind the Madeleine, where the caviar is as good if not better, and much cheaper. Fauchon is a large delicatessen dealer, a glorified grocer who runs a restaurant on the side. I don't think it is open at night; I patronized it only for luncheons; and, looking out of his second-story window one day into his great store on the opposite side of the street, I saw a huge stack of 'Superior Bordeaux at forty-eight francs per dozen' for quarts — and francs at four cents each, mind you. But why stimulate a thirst which you cannot satisfy?

But perhaps of all the restaurants in Paris the best for freedom from fuss and feathers, famous for serving bountiful portions of exquisite food, is the *Bœuf à la Mode*. It began doing business just after the French Revolution, and it was a favorite eating place of the great Napoleon. It is in a side street, near the Palais-Royal, but it is necessary to go early to get a good table. Try a portion of the *bœuf* from which it took its name, with *pommes soufflées*, or *homard thermidor* and a bottle of *Cliquot, goût américain*, followed — if you feel up to it — with *crêpes Suzette*, made one at a time under your eyes by an artist who expects and deserves a reward; and, as a *chasseur* chases a taxi, you will, or at least should, murmur to yourself the well-known couplet: —

'Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day.'

III

Paris is famous for so many things that it is difficult for the tourist to know how best to spend his time. To enjoy one's food one must exercise, and of all exercise walking is the best. And so I found myself strolling leisurely all over Paris — here, there, everywhere, always bewildered by its beauty. Very high buildings, so popular with us, are

not permitted, but every important building is placed with due regard to every other building; its fronts upon either a square or a circle, or is at the end of a broad avenue. There are, in Paris, no accidental happenings of loveliness as there are in London, and it has always been a beautiful city. A hundred years ago the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Élysées and the great Arc looked very much as they do today, but the magnificent streets that converge upon the Opera House, and the Opera House itself, Paris owes to the wave of extravagance which swept over it in the time of Napoleon III. He gave a favorite, a politician by the name of Haussmann, a free hand, and a new Paris arose. It was done imperially; there was no voting or anything like that — it is only very occasionally that anything important is accomplished by the ballot. The Emperor wanted to make Paris more magnificent than it was and he gave the order; there was tremendous speculation, — men were made and ruined overnight, — but the desired result was attained. And the end is not yet; only within the last year or two has the Boulevard Haussmann been cut through a few solid blocks of houses, so that it now runs — under one name or another, as it was originally planned to do — in practically a straight line from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la République.

They take things slowly in Paris, but they get results. For fifty years they have been at work upon the Church of the Sacré-Cœur on top of Montmartre. It occupies one of the finest sites in the world; from it one looks down upon the whole of Paris. But the most amazing view of the church itself, with its immense white dome and its towers and turrets glistening in the sun, is up the Rue Laffitte where the street crosses the Grand Boulevard; from this point the whole mass seems suspended from

the sky. I had not visited this church in many years, and I determined to do so. One can go in a taxi, but it is very roundabout, and I decided one day to walk and I started out bravely; when I got to the Place Pigalle I thought I would taxi the rest of the way; but it was the noon hour and all the chauffeurs I hailed were just about to eat their *déjeuner*, so I kept on walking. At last I came to a steep flight of steps — and steps are to me as difficult as the way to Heaven — and I balked. An old Frenchwoman, seeing my trouble, remarked, ‘Monsieur will perhaps take the *funiculaire*,’ pointing it out to me. Without a doubt I would, but I spoke too soon, for when I got there I found a little notice reading, *Le funiculaire ne marche pas pour cause de* — something, *je ne sais quoi*. Maybe the railway had gone to lunch too. At any rate, I continued my climb until I reached the top, by which time I was tired and hungry — but one is never hungry very long in Paris. Right on the top of Montmartre is a tiny and very old-fashioned square; I have forgotten the name, but there are restaurants all around, and tables set in the middle, at one of which I got an excellent *déjeuner*.

My object in climbing to the top of Montmartre was to get the view and see the church, which is indeed magnificent. The churches in Paris are not too interesting; for the most part they are very large and dirty and in poor repair. The superb cathedral of Notre Dame is, of course, in a class by itself, but I get no thrill out of Saint-Eustache, or Saint-Roch, or the Madeleine, or a hundred others. I except always Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, with its fascinating rood loft, totally unlike anything else I know. But, in any event, I much prefer churches to museums; to loiter in an old church, its architecture mellowed by age, to watch in its dim religious light men and women come and drop

upon their knees and for a few moments repose their souls, — if that is what they do, — is to me preferable to hoofing it over the hard floors of a picture gallery or museum.

Why are the floors of museums harder than any other floors whatever, and slipperier? They seem especially designed for roller skaters. The Louvre, with the exception of the Vatican at Rome, is the most fatiguing place in the world. Its size is beyond belief, and the exhibits, especially the pictures, are so arranged as to make it necessary for one to pass through acres of canvas before one reaches the masterpieces he wants to see. If I were the custodian of a museum, I should provide visitors with skates, which would enable people who want to say they have 'done' the Louvre — or what not — to clean it up in half an hour; or wheel chairs, in which one could be propelled by men to whom fatigue is unknown. I really think that the fatigue which overtakes one in a great museum is due very largely to the poor arrangement of the exhibits; a plan some day will be devised by which each separate object will not rise out of its setting and strike you a blow in the face, as it were.

IV

I was sitting in front of the Café de la Paix late one afternoon when I was joined by a friend who said he supposed I was watching Paris — female Paris, that is — put its best foot forward; to which I replied that I had n't noticed any particularly good feet being put forward. The fact is, French women can't walk — in the English sense. They have stout legs and bad feet; high heels have caused French feet to be thrown forward, with the result that they have become very broad. An American woman cannot easily be fitted with a shoe in Paris — at least,

so I am told. But if French women don't exercise and can't walk, I have nevertheless great admiration for them — they are the backbone of the nation. While the men sit around and talk politics, the women work, and with keen intelligence. The Frenchman has always been a pampered animal, and since the war, when practically everyone of military age went to the front and got killed, those that survived have become worse than ever. There are two or three marriageable girls in France to every man, and no girl can get a husband without a dot, and where is the dot to come from? The savings of the people have largely been swept away. I suspect that three girls out of every five in Paris are playing *Louise* without Charpentier's music.

A hard blow was struck at the grissettes of Paris when nice American and English girls decided to adopt their style of dress and manners. They resent the assumption by the women of the world, not of their profession, but of their manners and of their style of dressing; the behavior of the American girl in Paris is, they say, 'shocking,' and where a French girl smokes one cigarette an English girl consumes ten. And, except on Sundays, one never sees long queues of women waiting at eleven o'clock in the morning to get into a theatre where a silly play is running, as one does in London. French women are the most industrious women in the world, and when they get old they toil harder than ever; always having been accustomed to shift for themselves, they work till they drop, finally at the most menial offices. Watch them in a French theatre. By now they have become veritable harpies; anyone who gets between them and a tip of a franc, or half a franc, will get hurt; but give them what they are entitled to — and it is n't much — and they are very thankful, poor dears.

It never seems quite right to me that children and poor miserable men and women in the streets of Paris should speak French so beautifully, while I, with all my good fortune and intelligence, speak it so miserably. I understand almost nothing that is said to me, but I speak it fluently enough. I speak a French at which strong men weep; I murder it; I cause the streets to run with blood — no new thing in Paris. I have a small vocabulary, and my verbs have but one tense, which is neither present, past, nor future, but irregular in the extreme sense of that word; however, it serves my purpose and is better than a Frenchman's English. The French do not care a hoot either for us or for our language. You will frequently find in shops which cater almost altogether to the American trade a man or a woman without a word of English. But they are wiser than we in that they do not rush so; they take time to live and they have a special instinct for finding out what their own business is and minding it. France is a free country, literally that: the French are permitted to live their own lives and are expected to take care of themselves. They have no passion for uplift or reform, and our type, represented by such men as Carnegie or Rockefeller, is not understood by them; withal they are the best-educated people in Europe, and those who think of the Parisian as sophisticated, always eating of forbidden fruit, should watch the men play croquet in the Luxembourg Gardens. And I can sit for hours and watch the French boys and girls play tennis; they are not hampered by rules, as we are; seemingly they have no net and no bounds, but the game provides amusement, exercise, and companionship even if emulation is lacking.

In all important matters the French are serious and farseeing; we select our wives with scarcely more thought than

we give to the selection of a cravat. In France the sobering judgments of the girl's father and the boy's father are considered, and a 'marriage of convenience' is more likely to end happily than one marched into to the tune of 'I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.'

V

Paris is a city of light: to say that it is the most beautiful city in the world is but to repeat a commonplace. Old Paris, of which the Musée Carnavalet is the centre, simply overflows with history; indeed, the word is interchangeable with the word 'romance.' Modern Paris is out toward the Arc and far beyond; the Parc Monceau is very lovely and the Jardin des Tuileries is superb, but my favorite spot is the Jardin du Luxembourg, where there is always something to watch. I watched one day that wonderful thing, the way of a man with a maid, until his love-making became so ardent that I was forced to move my chair and bury myself in the book I was reading — I forget whether it was Hugo or Balzac; either author reads excellently in Paris, as I have known these forty years.

The French have not the slightest interest in any people except themselves, but they are extremely emotional, not to say hysterical, and are ready to fly off the handle at any moment. We were in Paris during the Sacco and Vanzetti affair. Now if there is a man that a Frenchman hates worse than an Englishman, it is an Italian; yet the press and a few agitators got the French so stirred up over the execution of two Italian murderers that one might have supposed that a group of French angels were being done to death by a mob of devils. The night after the news of the execution reached Paris, mobs formed in the streets and the police knew that they were in for trouble; in

spite of all the precautions, for a time the mob got the upper hand. In the Boulevard de Sébastopol and the Rue Réaumur, crowds bent on mischief gathered. Visitors to Paris will remember that on many of the wide streets there are trees planted, and in order that water may reach the roots of the trees there are circular iron grids or gratings formed of relatively small sectors around their trunks, which, when taken up and wielded by two or three angry men, form excellent hammers. A tap with one of these iron hammers against a big plate-glass window instantly brings the window in fragments to the ground. What fun! And then there were the contents of the windows themselves. In less time than it takes to tell it, all the windows were smashed on both sides of several busy streets, and the mob was really getting the upper hand when the mounted police, who had been guarding the American Embassy, put in an appearance, and in a short time the crowd was dispersed. But it was in an ugly mood. Why? Why should a lot of French shoe and clothing shops be rifled because two Italian criminals had been executed in America? That is exactly the question the proprietors of these shops asked themselves; and there was no satisfactory answer. Trouble was feared with the coming of the second night, but just then someone had the bright idea of telling the crowd that some agitator had spat upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who rests under the Arc de Triomphe, and the emotion of the mob was turned in another direction; quiet was restored, and Sacco and Vanzetti were no more heard of.

It was rather distressing to an American to observe the way in which this disgraceful case was presented in practically the whole European press. The fact is — as was admitted sometime

since by an English journalist — that a disgraced, impoverished, and humiliated Europe loses no chance of scoring off America. When anything goes wrong over here, Europe is delighted, we are entirely without friends; and something went very wrong in the management of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. In Italy these men would have had no trial at all; in France or in England, on the evidence submitted, they would have been convicted and promptly disposed of; but over here, thanks to the miserable administration of the law and the power of money, the men were given a chance to pose as martyrs. And at last America was made to figure before the world as a nation in which no innocent man could feel secure of his life. It is not often that I find myself in accord with Senator Borah, our Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, — who has qualified for this position by never going beyond the borders of this country, — but I entirely agree that it would have been a national humiliation and a shameless, cowardly compromise for us to pay the slightest attention to mob protests either at home or abroad.

VI

I am not, and I do not pretend to be, in any respect better than my kind, but I get no 'kick,' as the saying is, out of what is called the night life of Paris. There are a great many naughty places in Paris, and when one speaks of them to the Parisian he is invariably told that these places are chiefly patronized by foreigners; and no doubt there are people who go to places and do things in Paris that they would never think of doing at home; but with all that, there are always plenty of French people about and they seem to be enjoying themselves. Indeed, it has always seemed remarkable to me that the French could get any thrill out of many

of the entertainments they stage for themselves and for us. I have never been amused — I have frequently been bored to extinction — in the famous night cafés of Montmartre; they may be amusing to one in his childhood, — first or second, as the case may be, — but to an adult in his right mind the affected gayety and *abandon* are pathetic rather than otherwise.

Paris is always alive and always beautiful. I love to walk in the Place de la Concorde at night to see the electric illumination of the Eiffel Tower, which is beautiful beyond words. It is not merely a crude blaze of light, as our electric lighting is, but lamps like stars come and go on the tall tower; they change their form and color and die away, and blaze up again and finally take the form of Citroën, which, in Paris, has the same significance as Ford with us. And then, returning to one's hotel, one hears the thud of horses' hoofs and the tinkling of bells, and a line of great two-wheeled carts comes into sight — carts loaded with beautiful vegetables packed with as much taste and skill as though they were destined for a florist's window. Do they come from far, I wonder? I know where they are going — to the Halles, which is the great market place of Paris.

But it is time to go to bed; all is as quiet as it was on that night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse — when suddenly in the next room a man begins to use the telephone.

Now the French do not use the telephone as a scientific instrument; rather, they use it as if it were a speaking tube; and when my neighbor finally got his party — he was talking to Berlin — and got through his business, I was as much pleased as he was. I suppose there is a worse telephone system than that of Paris, but it can't be much worse. French numbers, too, are very puzzling to the foreigner; it always bothers a man accustomed to say, 'One nine seven,' for example, to have to do a little sum in mental arithmetic while talking, and say, '*Cent* (one hundred) *quatre-vingts* (four twenties) *dix* (that's ten) *sept* (that's seven),' and the total is the number you are trying to get. It takes time and adds to the hazard of telephoning; but if you are in a hurry, and your party is only a few miles away, you can take a taxi.

Just before we reached Paris there was a strike of all the girl telephone operators. They had, seemingly, no special grievance; they merely wanted to show the power of their union or something. Anyhow, they all went on strike one day and stayed out for an hour, then returned; but no one in Paris knew there had been a strike until he read of it next day in the papers — he just thought that the service was a little rottener than usual. But if the telephone system is awful, the Paris subway is the best in the world — after you have learned how to use it, which I never had any desire to do. I shall be a long time underground; while I live, let me live on top of the world and see and enjoy the sights of Paris.

THE FIELD WHERE THE SATYRS DANCED

BY LORD DUNSANY

THERE is a field above my house in which I sometimes walk in the evening. And whenever I go there in summer I always see the same thing, very small and far off, the tiniest fraction of the wide view that one has, and not appearing until one has looked for it a little carefully — a field surrounded by woods, a green space all among shadows, which suggested to me, the very first time I saw it, an odd idea. But the idea was so evanescent, and floated by so like a traveling butterfly, that by the time I went again a few days later to look at the view at evening I barely remembered it. But then the idea came again, coming as suddenly as a wind that got up soon after sunset, bringing the chill of night a little before its time. And the idea was that to that field at evening satyrs slipped out of the woods to dance on the grass.

This time I did not forget the idea at all; on the contrary it rather haunted me, but down in the valley it grew to seem so unlikely that one put it away as one puts away lumber of old collections, scarcely counting it any more, though knowing that it was there.

And then one evening, the nightingale's song being over for many days, and hay ripening, it struck me that if I wanted to see the wild roses I must go soon or they would all be over, and I should have to wait another year to see what we can only see for a limited number of times; so I went up to the field again behind my house, on the hill. It is a perfectly ordinary field, even though at one end the hedge has

run a bit wild and is one bank of wild roses. I do not know why one calls it an ordinary field, nor why one sometimes feels of another field that it lies deep under enchantment, yet ordinary it was; one felt sure of that as one walked in it.

On my way to the wild roses at the far end of the field, with my back to the view of the valley, I almost felt as though something behind me and far away were beckoning. For a moment I felt it and the feeling passed, and I walked on toward the wild roses. Then it came again, and I turned round to look; and there was the view over the valley the same as it ever looked, rather featureless from the loss of the sunlight and not yet mysterious with night. I moved my eyes left-handed along the far ridge. And soon they fell on the field where the satyrs danced. Of this I was certain: they danced there. Nothing had changed in the view; the far field was the same as ever, a little mysterious around its edges and flat and green in the middle, high up on the top of a hill; but the certainty had grown and become immense. It was just too far to see if anything moved in the shadows, too far to see if anything came from the wood, but I was sure that this was a dancing ground for those that lurked in the dark of the distant trees, and that they were satyrs. And all things darkened towards the likely hour, till the field was too dim to see at that great distance, and I went home down the hill. And that night and all the next day the certainty

remained with me, so that I decided that evening to go to the field and see.

The field where the satyrs danced was some way from my house, so I started a while before sunset, and climbed the far hill in the cool. There I came by a little road scarce more than a lane that ran deep through a wood of Spanish chestnut and oak, to a great road of tar.

Down this I walked for a bit while the twentieth century streamed by me, with its machinery, its crowds, and its speed; flowing from urban sources. It was as though for a while I waded in a main current of time. But soon I saw a lane on the other side of it that ran in what should be the direction of my field; and I crossed the road of tar, and soon I was in a rural quiet again that time seemed scarcely to bother about. And so I came to the woods that I knew surrounded the field. Hazel and oak they were and masses of dogwood, on the right, and on the left they were thinning down to a hedge; and over the hedge I suddenly saw the field.

Ahead of me, on the far side of the field, the wood was dense and old. On my right lay, as I have said, oak, hazel, and dogwood, and on the left, where the field dipped down to the valley, I saw the tops of old oaks. It was an idyllic scene amongst all that circle of woods. All the more so by contrast with the road of tar. But the moment I looked at the field I realized that there was nothing unearthly about it. There were a few buttercups growing in a very sparse crop of hay; dog daisies farther off and patches of dry brown earth showing through, and unmistakably over the whole field an ordinary air of everyday. Whatever there is in enchantment is hard to define, or whatever magic is visible from the touch of fabulous things, but amongst these buttercups and dog daisies and poor crop of hay it certainly was not.

I looked up from the field over the

tops of the oaks that grew on the slope of the valley, to be sure by looking across that I had come to the right field. If I could see, and only just see, the field of the wild roses, then this field and these woods must be the ones that I sought. And sure enough, I saw the unmistakable hills from which I had come, and the woods along the top of them, and above these woods a field. For a moment I could not be sure. So strange it looked, so haunted, — not by shadows, for the sun was long set, but by a certain darkness gathering under the hedges while the gloaming still shone on its centre, — that I did not immediately know it. And, as I watched it and recognized it by many landmarks as my very ordinary field, the mystery deepened and deepened, until before the gloaming faded away it was obviously touched by that eeriness that is never found far from the haunt of fabulous things.

It was too far to get there to-night, and I looked once more at the field by whose edges I stood, to see if anything lurked at all of the magic that it had had. No, nothing; it was all gone. At this moment a rustic boy skipped out of the wood and came over the field towards me. And something about him made him seem so much at home in that field and so knowing of all its neighboring shrubs and shadows that, clinging still to a last vestige of my fancy, I hailed him, and he pricked up his ears. Then I asked, just as I might have asked if the buses were running: 'Do the satyrs dance here to-night?'

'Here? NO!' he said with such certainty that I knew for sure I was wrong.

I mumbled something like that I thought they were going to.

'No,' he said, shaking his head and pointing away to my field of the wild roses, gleaming only faintly now, a dim gray-green before nightfall, 'they are dancing there to-night.'

THE FARMING BUSINESS

BY ROBERT STEWART

I

AGRICULTURE is a mode of living, a business, or something for the politicians to talk about. If farming is to be regarded purely as a mode of living, it then becomes strictly an individual problem and the individual has a perfect right to choose that form of existence if he cares to, and there is no real farm problem as it affects the public welfare in this country. If farming is a business which is in distress, it is a matter which vitally concerns us all, since there are ten million people gainfully employed in farming and twenty-eight million who are dependent on agriculture for their livelihood. Anything which reduces the purchasing power of this vast group vitally affects the prosperity of the entire country, since they normally consume large quantities of manufactured goods. Farming as a business is subject to the same economic laws as other types of business. If agriculture is sick it ought to be possible to determine what ails it and apply the necessary remedies.

In the early days of our national life farming was purely a mode of living. The farm produced all of the requirements of the farmer and his family in the form of food, shelter, clothing, and fuel. The industrial revolution of the past two hundred years, however, has created new conditions the like of which have never existed before. The industrial revolution was made possible because of the development of modern machinery whereby the manufacture of

goods has been taken from the home of the farmer and artisan and concentrated in the city. The growth of the modern factory and the marked development in modern methods of transportation have permitted concentration of consumers of food products in large centres of population. The modern city is the result of this development and has had a marked influence upon farming conditions by offering a market for farm products.

As a result, farming has slowly evolved from a mode of living into a business proposition. It is no longer a self-sufficing unit. The farm supplies the farmer with some of his necessities, but many are purchased from outside sources. The farmer is, therefore, interested in markets, methods of transportation, interest rates, taxes, and the tariff as they affect his business. It is now a manufacturing industry in which the farmer uses raw materials from the soil and air and converts them into finished food products. In the evolution of farming from a mode of living to a business proposition, farming has also been markedly influenced by the growth and use of farm machinery. There has been greater development in the use of power machinery on the farm during the past fifty years than in all the previous history of the world. Farming as a business, however, still labors under serious handicaps. It is just now having severe growing pains. The farming industry lacks dignity in

the eyes of most people. To many people the farmer is still a 'hick' and a 'hayseed,' as the cartoonist often depicts him. The banker looks askance upon requests for farm loans, as he is not sure of the stability of this investment. The banker feels that the risk is great, and consequently farm loans bear a high rate of interest. Farming is regarded as a gamble with very uncertain returns. Capital for the farm business is not available in such quantities and at such rates as it is available for almost every other type of industrial endeavor. The sale of share stock in farming enterprises is practically unknown. Without this device for raising capital in other industrial operations, they also would have been seriously handicapped and their growth retarded. The great growth of the Bell Telephone Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad System, or any other industrial organization that might be mentioned, has been dependent upon the raising of large-volume capital in this manner by the sale of common and preferred stock and the issue of bonds. Owing to the lack of dignity, the great risk assumed to be present in the farm business, and the lack of management in farming enterprises, capital in this form for the growth and development of the farming industry is practically unknown. Farming is largely, therefore, a one-man affair where the individual farmer labors under serious handicap; while he is an excellent laborer himself, he frequently lacks capital and frequently is not a good manager.

A high executive in the General Motors Corporation recently said that efficient management was the rarest and most difficult form of labor to secure. It is therefore unreasonable to expect that the majority of the six and one-half million farmers in the United States are in possession of this rare

attribute so necessary for success in any business proposition. Working under the direction of another or in some other occupation, they might be highly successful, but as managers of a business proposition they are woefully lacking.

Food is one of our most essential requirements. Its production affects the welfare of every single individual in the country. It is of vital importance to all that the production of this commodity be placed upon as stable and sound a basis as other industrial pursuits. There is no greater risk for capital invested in the farm under able management than there is in any other well-organized business. There is just as great an opportunity for good returns for capital invested in this type of business if that investment is placed under as careful a management as it would be, for example, were it to be invested in the production of automobiles. Whenever, and as soon as, this fact is recognized by the financial interests of the country, there will become possible a real solution of the farm problem that now confronts us, and its solution will not be of a political nature at all, but will be found on a purely business basis.

II

Instances are abundant throughout the country of successful farming enterprises being carried on as business propositions. One such instance is that of the Campbell Farming Corporation in Montana.

When the United States entered the Great War in April 1917, Thomas B. Campbell, a graduate mechanical engineer, offered his services to his country. Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, knowing Campbell and recognizing his ability as a mechanical engineer, suggested to him that he could best serve his country and the cause of the Allies by using his mechanical

ability in helping to increase the food supply for the Allied armies.

Campbell's imagination was fired by the suggestion and it was at first thought desirable that the farming operations be established in northern Africa, in Algiers, but the difficulty of transporting farm machinery through the danger zone to that country was finally recognized as being so great as to prohibit the undertaking. Secretary Lane then suggested that Campbell endeavor to develop and use the unused land on the Indian reservations in the far West. A modest beginning was made on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana in accordance with this suggestion. At first seven thousand acres were planted to wheat, and Campbell in various ways raised a million dollars in capital to finance the undertaking. During the war period he was successful in producing much wheat which contributed in a measure to the success of the Allied forces.

After the close of the war, Campbell was so interested in the proposition of wheat production as a business matter that he took over the holdings and formed the Campbell Farming Corporation. This corporation now farms ninety-five thousand acres of land, largely in Montana, with some small holdings in North Dakota and California. The corporation owns and operates one hundred and nine tractors, which develop five thousand horsepower and are capable of ploughing one thousand acres of land per day. Not a horse or a mule is present on this vast holding. A few chickens and pigs are found on the farm, but they are used purely as a means of producing eggs and pork for home consumption. They are regarded as a nuisance rather than a vital part of the equipment.

The Campbell Corporation owns one hundred planting machines capable of planting three thousand acres a day.

It has eighty binders capable of cutting from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres per day. It has six combined harvesters which cut, thresh, and sack three hundred acres per day. The corporation also owns eleven threshing machines capable of threshing twenty thousand bushels of wheat a day. It owns and operates big fleets of cars and trucks for use in transportation of commodities to and from the farm. It has fireproof steel storage bins for holding the wheat until such time as it can be disposed of at the elevator or shipped to other points of consumption. It is reported that in 1927 the Campbell Corporation threshed a million bushels of wheat.

Twenty per cent of the stock of the Campbell Corporation has been distributed as a bonus to the skilled labor upon the farm. While the average farm laborer commands three dollars a day, the Campbell Corporation pays a minimum wage of six dollars a day with a bonus. This bonus consists of ten cents a mile for every mile which the worker's machine travels per day. This makes the average wage paid by the corporation about eight dollars a day.

The Campbell Corporation is producing wheat in exactly the same manner that other large industrial corporations are producing other types of commodities and with equal success. It has now been a going concern for ten years, meeting with a larger measure of success each year.

When an inquirer expressed astonishment at the high wages Campbell was paying his farm laborers and suggested that in the event of a marked decline in the price of wheat Campbell would be forced to make a serious cut in wages, Campbell made a characteristic reply. 'No,' he said, 'we will raise wages and cut our operation costs.' Thomas Campbell is a real captain of the farming industry.

III

The possibilities in farming, when it is conducted along the lines of a real business enterprise, are clearly demonstrated by the actual experience of two small farmers in a good farming section of Indiana. They are neighbors, their farms being separated only by a fence. The soil is identical and their opportunity should be the same. They owned the same-size farms, eighty acres, had the same soil, rainfall, market prices, and other conditions. They differ only in their managerial ability. Yet at the end of the year one man, Earl Foster, found that his farm had paid him \$1676, while the other, John Peterson, found that he was in debt \$198! The difference in the returns of these two small farms, \$1874, was due entirely to the exercise of good business management on the part of Foster, just as the success in any type of business enterprise is largely due to efficient management. When the records of the two farms were studied it was found that the same general type of farming was followed on both. Each had about the usual amount of live stock. Crop yields were about the same. The farms differed largely in the methods of feeding the live stock.

Foster's live stock paid him \$2.12 for each dollar's worth of feed, while Peterson's stock returned only \$1.02 for each dollar's worth of feed consumed. Peterson would have been better off had he sold his crops and not attempted to feed live stock. The two cents above the value of the feed did not go very far toward paying costs in connection with the live stock, such as labor, shelter, taxes, interest, and veterinary services. It would have been necessary for Peterson to receive at least \$1.30 for every dollar's worth of feed he fed his live stock to break even and, as he got only \$1.02, he lost money. Foster, however,

got \$2.12 for each dollar's worth of feed his stock consumed, so he made money on his business. Foster was enabled to do this simply because he used a balanced ration well supplied with protein. He used soy beans, tankage, and linseed meal as supplementary feed. Peterson did not use either one or the other.

By the exercise of good management Foster made money on his farm in 1924, while Peterson lost money because of lack of management and a desire to skimp along on what the farm produced alone as feed. The businesslike records kept for these farmers by aid of the Extension Service enabled them to detect the leaks in the farming enterprise, just as similar cost accounts in any other line of business enable the successful manager to detect leaks. There is not much of a farm problem for Foster, but I have no doubt that Peterson thinks there is something vitally wrong with things in general.

Perhaps seventy-five per cent of the farms of North Dakota are in favor of some form of government farm relief to get them out of their difficulties, and most of the local banks in North Dakota are in difficulty because they cannot realize on the commercial paper taken from these farmers.

John W. Scott of Gilby, North Dakota, however, is not concerned with the various proposals for farm relief. He owns nine hundred acres in the Red River Valley of North Dakota. While eleven bushels per acre is a good average yield of wheat for his neighborhood, Scott's fields average twenty-one bushels per acre. Every year during the past seven years of agricultural distress, except one year when hail destroyed his crop, Scott has made good money in farming. In 1922, a most trying year for the farmers of the wheat belt, Scott made a good profit. In 1923 the total income from his farm was \$6000. How does he do it?

He has a diversified farm, which includes live stock. Live stock in the wheat belt! Each year he has wool, barley, potatoes, live stock, and cream to sell. He keeps up the fertility of his soil by the abundant use of manure and also by ploughing under legumes and all crop residues. By the use of legumes, rotations, and live stock he has been able to make good money, while his neighbors, who have adhered to a one-crop system of farming, have been in serious distress and have been loud in their demands for farm relief.

Scott has two well-defined systems of crop rotation. One runs for six years and consists of wheat, oats or barley, clover for pasture, and corn. The second rotation consists of clover or alfalfa, two crops of wheat, flax or other grain, and finally potatoes. The alfalfa is cut for hay, the clover is pastured, and the corn used for silage so as to have green succulent feed for his live stock during the winter.

He buys five hundred Western ewes each year from which he raises and feeds two carloads of lambs. The sheep furnish him two cash crops — wool and mutton. He clips his sheep once a year and ships direct to the woolen mills at top prices. He also ships his own potatoes, barley, wheat, and live stock. A surplus of the commodities does not concern him at all, as his individual cost of production is much lower than that of his neighbors because of his high yields, due to his efficient farm management.

IV

Frank I. Mann has been farming in Illinois for nearly a half century. Mann is a college graduate, majoring in Greek. While at college he was on the staff of the college paper. Newspaper work became his first love, and after graduation he and his brother, Jim Mann of Congressional fame,

started a weekly newspaper at Chenoa, Illinois. At the end of a year they were so badly in debt that Jim quit the newspaper and went to Chicago to study law and later became one of the outstanding leaders of Congress. Frank sold out his interest in the newspaper business and went back home, where he bought his father's five-hundred-acre farm, Bois D'Arc, near Gilman, Illinois. The farm was badly in need of drainage and soil improvement, and as a result was not producing good crops.

Frank drained the farm the first year he owned it and planned a definite system of rotation, including clover, corn, wheat, and oats. Like Scott in North Dakota, Mann was a firm believer in the value of clover as a means of building up the productive capacity of his soil. He used it both for live-stock feed and as green manure for his soil.

During the first few years of life on the farm, Mann had a large number of live stock, including colts, hogs, and cows. At one time he had the second largest herd of pure-bred Holsteins in the State of Illinois. But when the price of pure-breds became so low that there was not much difference between them and grades, Mann sold out his herds. Since then he has had only a few cows, horses, and hogs and has produced wheat, oats, and corn for the market.

He follows a definite system of crop rotation, including corn, oats, wheat, and clover hay. He makes a liberal use of limestone and raw rock phosphate for improving the productive capacity of his soil. He constantly plans to return to the soil more plant food than his crops remove from the soil each year; he does this at a low cost of \$2.50 per acre per year, and has more than doubled the crop yields of his farm. His average yields are fifty bushels of wheat per acre, seventy-five to eighty bushels of corn, eighty-five bushels of oats, and five to six tons of

clover hay! His wheat yields have been increased from twenty-one bushels to fifty-four bushels per acre and the increased yield has cost him only seven and one-half cents per bushel!

A recent government survey in the wheat belt of Kansas, North and South Dakota, showed that it cost farmers of that district from \$.85 to \$.840 per bushel to produce wheat. The reason for the high cost was the low yield of wheat per acre. How can the farmer in North Dakota who produces wheat with an average yield of eleven bushels per acre hope to compete with Frank I. Mann in Illinois who produces wheat with a yield of fifty-four bushels per acre?

Mann's method of soil improvement is very simple. He has a definite rotation of corn, oats, wheat, and clover. He spreads from two to three tons of finely ground limestone over his entire field, leaving a check strip untreated so as to obtain information as to the effect of the treatment. One ton of finely ground rock phosphate is applied every four years to the treated soil. In addition he ploughs under clover and all crop residues. This simple treatment is his whole system.

During the first four years of experiment the untreated soil gave a yield of twenty-six bushels of wheat per acre, while the treated soil yielded thirty-four bushels of wheat per acre. During the second rotation period the check strip yielded twenty-five bushels per acre, while the treated soil gave a yield of forty-two bushels per acre. After the third application of the soil treatment the yield of wheat went to forty-eight bushels per acre, while the untreated soil yielded only twenty-one bushels. The treated soil is rapidly increasing in productivity, while the untreated soil is slowly decreasing in productivity and is approaching the normal yields obtained by a majority

of the wheat growers of North Dakota.

One year his treated soil gave a yield of sixty-three bushels of wheat, for which he received a gold medal for producing the highest yield of wheat per acre ever recorded in Illinois.

He has also produced a yield of oats of one hundred and fifteen bushels per acre and of corn one hundred and six bushels per acre. The average yield of corn, oats, and wheat in Illinois is as follows: corn, thirty-four bushels per acre; oats, twenty-six and five tenths; wheat, eighteen bushels per acre.

The world's average yield of wheat is ten and one-half bushels. Wheat will never sell high enough so that the farmer who produces only the world-average yield of wheat can make a profit. No agency on earth can do anything for such a farmer. He must do as John Scott in North Dakota or Frank Mann has done. He must plan a definite system of economic soil improvement whereby the yield of his crop must be increased so that a profitable return may be obtained. Frank I. Mann is an efficient farm manager; he is another real captain of the new farming industry.

Arthur J. Mason is another Illinois farmer who is making good money at farming by reduction of production costs on his farm at Flossmoor, Illinois. Mason also is a university graduate, his major being mechanical engineering. His method of approaching the problems of the farm was somewhat different from that of Mann. Like Mann, however, he believed thoroughly in improving the productive capacity of the soil. He does all that Mann does to increase the productivity capacity of his soil, but goes further in reducing production cost by the use of new and better farm equipment.

He believes also that clean cultivation of the soil, as practised in corn cutting, is wasteful of the soil, as the

loss of the soil by erosion is too great. He prefers growing sod-producing crops such as alfalfa. He has solved the problem of successfully growing alfalfa in the humid regions by the perfection and development of special machinery and methods for harvesting alfalfa hay, whereby the costs of production are materially reduced and the element of human labor largely eliminated. He produces alfalfa on six hundred acres of land and he obtains from two thousand to three thousand tons of alfalfa hay per year. His average yield is about four and two tenths tons per acre. The average yield of alfalfa hay in Illinois is two and seventy-one hundredths tons per acre. Mason produces hay fifty-five per cent above the average of his neighborhood.

Mr. Mason does not follow the traditional method of harvesting hay. He has designed entirely new machinery for harvesting his hay crop. The special type of mower has an elevator attached which delivers the green cut alfalfa to trucks which accompany the mower. The green alfalfa is taken at once to a dryer, where it is dried by artificially heated gases, being mechanically unloaded on to a moving belt which transports the green material contrariwise to the current of hot gases produced from burning coal. Forty-five minutes after the alfalfa is cut, it is dry, finished alfalfa meal, of very superior quality. It is very high protein, making it a high-quality stock feed which commands top prices in the markets of the country.

The cost of installing such a plant as Mr. Mason has devised for producing alfalfa meal is approximately \$21,000, under Illinois conditions, for a six-hundred-acre alfalfa field. The cost of operating such a plant, including labor, coal, power, land rental, and maintenance, is \$22,250 annually. With an annual average yield of hay of twenty-

five hundred tons, the production cost is only nine dollars per ton. Alfalfa meal of this type finds a ready market on the Atlantic seaboard at thirty-eight dollars per ton. Even when the cost of marketing and transportation to the seaboard has been deducted from the sum, there is a good profit left for the producer.

Of course such a method of producing hay is not adapted to the traditional small farm in America. It requires at least six hundred acres. But money can be made in such an operation, and when this opportunity in the farming industry is fully realized capital will be attracted and become available for such farming just as it is available in other types of business operations.

In fact this process has been adopted by the Walker-Gordon Milk Farms of Plainsboro, New Jersey, which supply New York City and northern New Jersey points with high-grade certified milk. They have a sixteen-hundred-cow dairy farm and require large amounts of concentrated feed. They formerly imported alfalfa hay from the West, but now produce it all on their own farms by the Mason process. Arthur J. Mason is a real pioneer in the new agriculture which is slowly evolving out of the present slough of depression.

V

Out in California an interesting plan has been perfected for making capital available for agricultural production under efficient management. Twenty-eight professional men of San Francisco, Berkeley, and Reno who are interested in farming have banded themselves into an association for the production of olives. Each member of the association owns his own tract of land and may treat or sell just as he pleases. Their holdings are adjacent and the owners are associated to reduce

the expense of cultivation, irrigation, and general care. The whole tract is operated as a single orchard under one management.

The Berkeley Olive Association thus controls five hundred and two acres of olives. The members of the association are by this means enabled to secure efficient management for their tracts and to have them cared for more economically than would otherwise be possible. In fact, it would be impossible for them to handle their individual tracts in any other manner. Assessments for the normal care of the orchards, such as irrigation, cultivation, and pruning, are made on an acre basis, distributed throughout the year, and are divided into twelve payments of two dollars and fifty cents per acre per month.

Out of these assessments the association has, during the fourteen years of its existence, constructed its own farm buildings, including a ranch house, barn, and machine sheds, and has also acquired teams, tractors, ploughs, cultivators, trucks, and other equipment necessary for the successful care of an orchard of this sort.

By such an arrangement the association has accomplished all of the objects ordinarily sought by industry in the issue of share stock. Capital is available for production and efficient management is obtained to direct the expenditure of the capital. The orchards of the Berkeley Olive Association are now valued at over one half million dollars. The association also processes and packs its finished product, the ripe olives, for the market. This is done by a subsidiary organization, the Wyandotte Canneries. Since this is a coöperative farm organization, it is enabled to take advantage of the provision of the Intermediate Credit Banking Acts, which provide for the loan of money to such groups on ware-

house receipts at a low rate of interest. The successful effort of this group of men marks an important milestone in the development and growth of the new agriculture.

VI

The few illustrations of successful farmers presented here are not isolated instances, but are typical of hundreds of thousands of similar successful farmers in every part of the United States. Farming is now a business enterprise, subject to the same economic laws that affect other types of industry. When capital is available in sufficient quantity and able management can be obtained, the rewards in farming are comparable with those obtained in other, manufacturing lines. John Scott in North Dakota, who produces twice the yield of wheat obtained by his neighbors, and Frank Mann in Illinois, who also produces better than twice the yield of wheat produced by his neighbors, are not alarmed by the cry of surplus production.

They realize fully that we have produced a surplus of wheat every year during our national life, except in 1836. During all this time the farmer who produced wheat efficiently at a low production cost always made money. The bugaboo of surplus production has no terror for the efficient producer of farm products by good business methods.

With the increasing demands of a rapidly growing population, also, it will be only a few years until the surplus we now produce will be a thing of the past. A surplus of farm products is no more significant to the farming industry than is the surplus production in any other industry.

The efficient producer will become successful and make money, while the inefficient will fail and slowly disappear from the field of competition.

AMERICA AND SCIENTIFIC LEADERSHIP

BY WILLIAM M. JARDINE

I

IN the United States, containing less than seven per cent of the population of the world, there are more college and university students than in all other countries put together. American institutions of higher learning have more living graduates than have similar institutions in all other parts of the globe. One great American university boasts of nearly fifty thousand alumni.

Further, the average American is possibly better educated, in the conventional sense of the term, than is the average citizen of any other country. He possesses more information about a greater number of things. That is worth while, especially in a country that upholds a system of popular government. It means a certain degree of solidarity.

It does not, however, mean leadership, or even marked progress. The average person participates in progress, but the discoveries and the impulses which are responsible for progress come from leaders, men and women who are notably above the average and who utilize their superiority for the purpose of aiding the advance of the race.

A great deal of modern progress is based on science. It is science, more than anything else, that has transformed the world in which we live. It is science that in the immediate future will still further alter the circumstances of human life, and of civilization.

With all our educational institutions, with all our university students and

graduates, how do we of the United States stand in respect to scientific progress?

In applied science we stand very high. 'Yankee inventions,' for one thing, are proverbial and respected the world over. Our factories have attained a remarkable degree of efficiency. We have devised not only new machinery, but new processes, new methods, and new systems of management. In agriculture we have made advances that have no parallel in the history of any nation. We have accomplished our results in industry, agriculture, and other fields by applying the conclusions of fundamental research.

When we come to consider that fundamental research itself, our record is not so flattering. The awards of the Nobel prizes in sciencesince their establishment in 1900 suggest that European nations are preëminent in this field. These prizes are awarded for outstanding achievement in physical science, in chemistry, and in medical science or physiology. Of the eighty awards made to date (November 12, 1927), American scientists won only five — three in physics, one in chemistry, and one in medicine. In 1907 A. A. Michelson received an award for his work on the length of light rays. Five years later a prize was given to Alexis Carrel in recognition of his achievements in the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs. Theodore Richards received

the 1914 chemistry prize for his researches on the atomic weights of elements. The most recent awards to citizens of the United States went to R. A. Millikan for isolating and measuring the electron, and to Arthur H. Compton for the discovery of the Compton Process. These achievements won physics prizes in 1923 and 1927 respectively.

The record of a number of other countries is much more impressive. For the same period, twenty-three of the eighty prizes went to Germany, twelve to Great Britain, eleven to France, six to the Netherlands, five to Sweden, four to Denmark, three to Switzerland, three to Austria, two to Russia, two to Canada, two to Italy, and one each to Belgium and Spain. On the basis of population, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland received one prize to every million inhabitants; Austria, one to every two million; Germany, one to every two and a half million; France, one to every three and a half million; Great Britain, one to every three and a half million; Canada, one to every four and a half million; Belgium, one to every eight million; Italy, one to every twenty-one million; Spain, one to every twenty-two million; the United States, one to every twenty-three million; Russia, one to every seventy million. Among countries that won any awards, only Russia ranks below the United States.

II

These figures, of course, should not be taken as implying that no fundamental research of high quality is being carried on in the United States. Such a view would be far from the truth. There are devoted, capable scientists in this country carrying on investigations of great importance. The fact remains, however, that our nation,

when it comes to scientific achievement of the highest grade, ranks below many of the nations of Europe. What is the reason for this situation?

Partly, the reason is to be found in our emphasis on the average. Our college and university courses are designed chiefly for average boys and girls. The exceptional young man or woman can obtain high grades and the prestige of scholarship with very little effort; the stimulus of competition on the part of a large number of equally gifted students is lacking. This fact, coupled with the common ideal of merely 'getting by,' makes for indifferent attainments on the part of a great many who under more favorable auspices might develop a really fruitful scientific interest.

This condition is not found to the same extent in the graduate school as in the undergraduate college. Even in the most reputable graduate schools, however, it exists in some degree. Moreover, the habits and ideals formed in undergraduate days are likely to be carried over into graduate work.

As I have pointed out before, I am no disbeliever in the education of the average boy or girl. The average student should obtain as sound and useful and extensive an education as he has the capacity to absorb. This does not mean, however, that he should be allowed to hold back the exceptionally able student. There are no insuperable obstacles in the way of providing the right instruction, the right competition, the right atmosphere, for the student who has the capacity and the ambition for genuinely productive scholarship.

After all, however, our emphatic desire to serve the average boy or girl does not constitute the most important cause for our relatively low position in fundamental science. Our practice of valuing everything according to the amount of money it will bring is a

more significant factor. Not only is the youth urged to enter occupations that afford opportunities for immense profits, but the view is constantly held before him that success in any occupation can be measured in economic terms. The price which a painting brings on the market, the probable financial saving to be obtained through a scientific discovery, the amount of money which a university president adds to the endowment fund of his institution, are emphasized by press and public as measures of real success. Some of the very men engaged in these supposedly noncommercial occupations lay stress on such financial achievements in the autobiographical sketches which they submit to *Who's Who in America* and similar publications. It is not surprising that even such young people as are looking forward to intellectual careers are turned in the direction of an economic evaluation of success.

When the young man gets into his career, the economic motive is even more powerfully presented to him. Specifically, the young scientist, if he has shown ability and promise, will be strongly tempted by offers from great corporations, or from organizations supported by great corporations, for industrial research. The National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences lists nine hundred and ninety-nine industrial research laboratories in the United States. What these institutions want, for the most part, is immediate, or near-immediate, returns. Which, from the commercial standpoint, is proper enough. The application of science to immediate industrial ends possesses undoubted value. The point is, it should not be confused with something altogether different — namely, fundamental research.

Not as much as this can be said for those corporations and organizations which profess to engage in fundamental

research, while in reality they simply are collecting data for advertising and propaganda. In such institutions a scientist seldom is given opportunity to carry on research to a scientifically sound point. The effort, moreover, is not to discover, but to prove something already believed — the negation of true research.

A further reason for the failure of the United States to make in pure science the same progress that it has made in applied science is that this is a relatively new country. In any new country there are immediate demands for applying science in opening up undeveloped lands and other resources. Moreover, the concentration necessary for fundamental research is favored by a stabilized condition of society. In the past the constant influx of immigrants from abroad, the great shifts in the population, and the common changes of occupation have produced the opposite of stabilization.

No doubt there are some who will say, 'What of it? What good does this fundamental research do? Have n't we got more money, more automobiles, larger factories, bigger newspapers and magazines, than any of these countries that waste their time on what you call fundamental research?'

Persons who raise these questions are actuated in their thinking by strictly economic motives, and the only answer that will convince them is a strictly economic answer. Such an answer can readily be given.

Every application of science is dependent on science available to be applied. For example, the law of gravitation is basic to many modern inventions. The law of gravitation, itself a discovery in pure science, is in turn dependent upon other discoveries in pure science going back ultimately to Apollonius of Pergæus, who lived in the third century before Christ.

Apollonius worked out the laws of conic sections solely as a contribution to pure mathematics. Indeed, for nearly two thousand years the curves which were the subject of his study were merely objects of mathematical curiosity. Suddenly they became of the utmost importance to our knowledge of the universe when Kepler identified them with the orbits of the planets. On Kepler's discoveries Newton based his determination of the law of gravitation.

The purification of water supplies by chemical means, resulting in the saving of untold millions of dollars and countless human lives, dates back to a discovery made by Karl Wilhelm von Nägeli in his studies in pure botany. In studying the life processes of *Spirogyra*, he found that one part of copper in fifty million parts of water was sufficient to cause the death of the cells. This phenomenon, which he described as the oligodynamic effect of copper on *Spirogyra*, opened the field of the selective physiological effect of dilute poisons, on which the modern processes of destroying bacteria and other organisms by means of copper or chlorine solutions are based.

A more modern example of a discovery in pure science, the applications of which have paid large economic returns, is the phase rule, enunciated by Dr. J. Willard Gibbs. This rule enables one to ascertain what conditions of temperature, pressure, and volume determine the solid, liquid, and gaseous phases of matter.

The rule is applied industrially in a vast number of ways, since all the operations of chemistry concern states of matter in solid, liquid, or gaseous phases. Among processes in which the rule is applied are the manufacture of metallic alloys, the separation of mixtures of various liquids (such as gasoline, kerosene, and other products of

the petroleum industry) by fractional distillation, the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, the crystallization of potash salts from complicated mixtures for use as fertilizer, the manufacture of soap, and the vulcanization of rubber. Innumerable industrial processes are thus simplified and improved. Were it not for this rule, the effect of changing temperature, pressure, or concentration in heterogeneous systems would have to be considered a special industrial problem for every system investigated.

III

The examples which I have presented are, of course, only a few out of a vast number. Fundamental research has been going on since man first began to display intelligent curiosity, and the progress of our civilization, at least so far as material accomplishments go, is based on the scientific discoveries that have been made. Stop fundamental research, and you stop material progress. A striking recognition of the economic importance of such research is found in the fact that a committee under the auspices of the League of Nations is now endeavoring to work out a plan whereby the discoverer of a scientific principle shall have rights to his discovery comparable to the privileges bestowed by patent and copyright.

From the standpoint of the highest interests of the race, however, research in pure science requires no economic justification. These interests are intellectual and spiritual interests — the broadening of our horizons, the banishment of superstition and fear; the mastery of ourselves and our mental environment; freedom and happiness for our spirits. The attainment of knowledge itself is an intense satisfaction to the enlightened, civilized man. Indeed, no nation can rightly call itself enlightened

unless it is concerned with additions to the sum of human knowledge.

Primitive man is governed primarily by his fears. A long list of taboos, based not on knowledge but on ignorance, determines his conduct. An individual of a primitive tribe might be persuaded to live in a modern house, to drive an automobile, to make use of all sorts of inventions, but his fundamental attitude toward himself and toward the world might be changed comparatively little. We are superior to primitive man, not chiefly because we have better material surroundings, but because we have a sounder understanding of ourselves and our environment. We are governed less by fear and more by confidence in our ability to control our own destiny. This comes largely from our increased knowledge of fundamental facts in the sciences. These facts are applied, on the one hand, to improve our economic welfare; on the other, to enlarge, clarify, and intensify our mental life. Both are important, but the latter ranks higher.

Manifestly, progress in fundamental research is essential to the economic and spiritual welfare of the world. We cannot properly, we cannot honorably, refrain from contributing our share, as a nation, to this all-important work.

The problem of extending fundamental research in the United States has two sides. On the one hand, there must be adequate physical opportunity for the research worker. There must be better financial support for research that has no industrial connections. Research in pure science must be put on so solid a foundation as to dispel completely the common feeling on the part of investigators that practical applications must be shown in order to ensure the continuance of the work.

This adequate physical opportunity means laboratories and other equipment. It includes the necessary funds

for carrying on the research. It involves sufficient salaries for the investigators. The true scientist is not interested to any great extent in money, but he does expect adequate support for himself and his family. Further, a suitable physical environment for the scientist embodies freedom from duties that distract from his main interest. Teaching is to many, though not all, research scholars a distracting obligation. Executive work is such to practically all genuine scientists. There are few customs more absurd than the practice, common both to universities and to commercial organizations, of rewarding success in research by promotion to executive positions in which research is no longer possible.

That the physical opportunity necessary to the growth of fundamental research in the United States is impossible of attainment I do not for a moment believe. I believe that, living in an industrial age, we have jumped too readily to the conclusion that interest in other than industrial matters does not exist or cannot be developed. Increasing sums of money are being devoted to encouragement of the creative arts, from which no economic return is expected. This is the result of education in the significance of the arts to civilization. Similar education in the importance of pure science will provide both the funds and the point of view which are essential elements in a favorable environment for fundamental research.

The second part of the problem of extending research is the human side. The right environment for research is useless without competent scientists to work in it. Such scientists cannot be provided by modern methods of mass production. These methods turn out flour, soap, automobiles; they may perhaps be applied in education to the extent of turning out standardized

accountants, printers, salesmen. When applied to the problem of supplying research workers, mass methods are a total loss. Certain inborn qualities — notably curiosity and imagination — are essential to the real scientist. All that education can do is to develop and utilize these qualities. As I suggested earlier in this paper, American education should provide a better competitive environment for boys and girls who give promise of achievement in science, just as it should for those who give promise of achievement in other fields of great human importance. Also, it should uphold more vigorously than it now does the ideal of intellectual and spiritual, as distinguished from

financial, attainments. In referring to education, I mean not merely the schools, but the homes, the press, the Church — in short, every institution which has an educational influence on the thinking of our youth.

The problem of fundamental research in the United States is thus at bottom a question of our point of view. The only thing that will provide either adequate environment or adequate personnel for investigations in pure science is the development of a conviction, not merely a conventional theory, that intellectual progress is at least as important as economic advancement and that in intellectual progress pure science plays an essential part.

THE SHERMAN ACT TO-MORROW

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

I

IN the March issue of the *Atlantic*, in a paper entitled 'The Sherman Act To-day,' I made an effort to point out some of the baneful effects of our so-called antitrust laws, due almost wholly to the perverted economic philosophy that has been set up as a basis for the administration of these laws. Chief among those effects was a direct responsibility for that prevailing 'profitless prosperity' so amply disclosed by official statistics, and for furnishing the incentive for a large part of the increasing tendency toward 'horizontal' combinations of capital that would otherwise be unnecessary. It is therefore the purpose of this present discussion to focus

attention more fully upon the type of remedy needed, and to consider the principal objections that have heretofore been advanced against efforts to bring about this long-delayed solution.

Perhaps this delay has in no small measure been occasioned by the fact that until lately this question has been generally treated as primarily a legal one, and therefore as a question involving that nicety of definition, based upon the heritage of legal lore, into which the economist or the lay practitioner of business may not safely venture. It is perhaps for this same reason that most of the remedies that have been suggested have failed to find substantial favor, even with those who have most

felt the need for relief, since they have usually been based upon existing legal tradition rather than upon the demonstrated experience of the past or upon their probable economic consequence in the future. There is therefore a distinct prophecy of hopefulness in this pungent statement from the 1927 report of the American Bar Association's Committee on Commerce: 'The Sherman Law is economic legislation. It can only be helpful if it is subservient and not in opposition to economic laws,' for recognition of this fundamental fact by the legal profession, and hence by public opinion, will be essential in accomplishing a form of relief dictated by economic requirements.

It is a self-evident fact that men of business have no greater right to enter into discussion of the mysteries of legal technique than they accord to the legal fraternity to settle complicated questions of economic import. But just as lawyers, in common with all other elements of the social fabric, have a right to insist that the laws under which business operates shall not destroy the incentive to business efficiency, so has business, in common with these other elements, a similar right to insist that the laws shall be so drawn and interpreted as to be clear and unmistakable in their meaning, for one thing, and to be such in their effect as will afford protection to the 'reasonable' requirements of business thus efficiently conducted rather than to the so-called nonconformist or disturber of sound business conditions. For it is the latter who is either unaware of or disregards the established principles of prudent business conduct in favor of the consumer's temporary interest and 'volume without profit,' and at the ultimate expense of himself and the future of the entire industry to which he belongs. As the cartoonist

would say, 'There is one in every industry.' With overcapacity still rampant as a war relic, fortunate indeed is the industry which counts but one.

Upon this theory, then, it would seem clear that further attempts to cure prevailing ills by tinkering with the existing structure will continue to be abortive. What is needed is not so much a change in the law as a change in the economic philosophy underlying the law. We shall therefore be forced sooner or later to let experiment give way to experience, complexity to simplicity, and to abandon reluctantly, but nevertheless definitely, the fetish that the consumer is entitled to his cut-rate bargain before either capital or labor *efficiently conducted* is entitled to its fair wage; either that or definitely to adopt for the 'land of opportunity' the principles of regulated monopoly applied to industry and distribution, where management will become exclusively the hired servant of absentee capital and the worker will always be known as No. 44,688. Having consumed itself in catering to the consumer, the 'industry' will then, of course, be in position to commune with itself and arrive at a price that will at least ensure the maximum profit allowed by law.—without undue concern for the efficiency required. In the intricate, although relatively simple, problems of railroad and utilities, supervision can find no parallel for the many commissions that would be necessitated to attempt the regulation of the myriad forms and problems of industrial activities. Subject only to tariff protection, our chief problem as workers will then be whether we wish to take our prosperity in our envelopes or at the market place! Chain manufacturing and chain distribution, followed presumably by chain financial control, arrived at last at the goal of

monopoly — regulated, to be sure, but without the stimulation of intelligent competition.

II

If only as a 'straw man' for the shooting gallery, let us therefore consider, before it is too late, one alternative the underlying philosophy of which has at least withstood the assaults of the consumers of all other civilized lands but ours, and which bids fair so to continue to do.

1. Retain in a new law the antitrust and antimonopoly provisions of the Sherman Act.

2. Change the phrase 'restraint of trade' to 'unreasonable restraint of trade,' and define the latter as a case where 'the restraint upon one party or upon the public interest is greater than protection of the other party's interest requires, giving due weight to the interests of capital, labor, and consumer.'

3. If it be necessary to retain the Clayton Act rather than merge it with a new Sherman Act, change 'substantially lessen competition' to 'unreasonably lessen competition' under the above definition.

4. Adopt the principle of the Australian Industries Preservation Act, which would transfer the burden of proof from the plaintiff to the defendant in case, upon receipt of complaint, the Federal Trade Commission feels justified in summoning the party or industry complained of to show cause why it is not guilty of an 'unreasonable restraint of trade' as above defined.

5. Provide that 'the punishment fit the crime' in accordance with the findings (giving consideration both to the effect and to the intention), which may result either in a warning to 'cease and desist,' a penalty, or even a criminal suit.

6. Repeal, not amend, the Sherman Act. Oil and water will not mix.

Whether or not the legal machinery could be simplified by including in one 'Business Regulation' or 'Industries Preservation' Act the business purposes of the present Sherman, Clayton, and Federal Trade Commission Acts; whether and how the triple damage, labor phases, and other present provisions should be tied in with the courts — these are, of course, purely legal and social questions that would have their proper consideration in the reduction of the changed philosophy to its legislative application. The vital thing is that past interpretations of the undefined provisions of the antitrust acts, past shadings of doubtful meaning, past perversions of the intended purpose, would all go overboard together; a definite, fair, and workable economic philosophy would be established upon which a governmental business body could gradually build anew as changing times and conditions in the uncharted future might necessitate. It is a significant corollary of such an undertaking that this business body would necessarily be mandated by this new philosophy to surround its hearings with an atmosphere of sympathetic neutrality toward the legitimate aspirations of industry such as has not often characterized similar occasions in the past.

Not the least of the benefits of this new Magna Charta for business would be the permanent scrapping of the present illogical practice of definitely proscribing an action that is often capable of beneficial effect, without even permitting consideration of either the actual or the probable extenuating consequence of the act thus outlawed. For, to quote again from the Bar Association's Committee on Commerce: 'The facts constituting unreasonable restraint of trade cannot be

catalogued. What is clearly an unreasonable restraint of trade in one case may in another case be a reasonable restraint.'

One example of varying circumstances will serve very clearly to illustrate the truth of that statement. The meat packers, owing to the nature of their business, require a profit margin of only something like 2 per cent upon their sales in order to net 10 per cent to 20 per cent on their capital, such is the possible frequency of their turnover. Many other industries require heavy investments relative to volume of sales and can do little, if any, better than one turnover of capital per year; thus each sale has to bear the same percentage of profit as is fair for the annual return upon capital invested. The question, therefore, that such a government business commission would have to decide is whether any price that might be questioned is extortionate in the light of the particular conditions affecting that industry, and whether the act complained of is contrary to a broad view of the true public interest.

Another evil of growing tendency would also be avoided by such a broad remodeling of the Sherman Law — the necessity for perpetuating and extending the list of exemptions. The truth is that the law as enacted has been recognized even by its parents to have been so unworkable as to have required a number of specific exemptions. Recent modifications by the houses of Congress have granted exemption from its workings to the following privileged classes: railroad corporations financially interested in competing water lines; labor, producers of farm products, and associations of farmers; national banks in respect to their foreign operations; American steamship lines; persons and corporations conducting an exclusively export business. And many other

classes of interest have sought similar exemptions.

With the problems of the coal and oil industries pressing for solution, the necessity for additional legislative exemptions for the special benefit of these industries has been suggested, and if granted others would inevitably follow. Therefore the wisdom of revamping the entire structure of the law all at once can scarcely be doubted. It is possible, as has been frequently said, that mere relaxation of the 'restraint of trade' provisions of the Sherman Law will not suffice to solve the coal problem. Where such a degree of maladjustment exists and so radical a deflation is required, it may well be that additional measures will be needed, but it is at least certain that no substantial solution can be accomplished without the inclusion of this precise relief, since reduction of capacity and sacrifice of property require mutual and voluntary concessions that are clearly inhibited by that law. And the same thing applies to-day to every industry where overcapacity exists; therefore the law must be broad enough to permit each case to be dealt with on its merits, for only chaos would result from an attempt to frame an all-inclusive list of 'unreasonable' restraints of trade. That has already been sufficiently demonstrated by our experience with 'interpretations' even where no nice distinction between 'reasonable' and 'unreasonable' was involved.

According to this changed philosophy, then, there would be no broad or general prohibitions in the new Sherman Law other than antitrust, antimonopoly, and 'unreasonable restraint of trade.' Just as in our social lives, within broad limitations, this new law would let conscience be our guide, with the Government assuming the prerogative of determining whether

conscience guides us within limits compatible with the public interest — this prerogative, of course, supplying the necessary deterrent against willful or detrimental abuse of the freedom conferred. And since in the solution of this question economic demands so far outweigh legalistic considerations, it is meet again to observe what simplicity of definition, fact finding, and enforcement underlies the objectives of a law so conceived.

III

In view of the cumulative effects of the workings of mass psychology that have been building for a generation past upon a false hypothesis which was never intended, and certainly never demonstrated by proof, it is not to be expected that such a philosophy can be advanced at this late day without encountering objections of no small proportions. To many, especially to the more recent accretions to the ranks of economic thought, such a programme will inevitably seem like harking back to the limbo of forgotten things. It would, however, require only a steamer trip — in almost any direction — to permit a first-hand inspection of that limbo operating to the general satisfaction of even the omnipresent consumer. 'Ah, but that would not be workable as we are organized in America' is a familiar refrain — although one has yet to hear a convincing reason why. That our forty-eight states without tariff or racial barriers, one against the other, afford us a primary market which permits mass production, that we have carried machine power to its greatest development, that the combination of these facts has permitted us to secure the greatest production at the lowest cost while paying the highest wages known to civilization,

and that these wages have in turn further enlarged our consuming power as a result of the highest standard of living existing anywhere — how can any or all of these facts alter either the dictates of economic law or the uniformity of human nature the world over? Are not these accomplishments as applied to America merely 'children of a larger growth'? Must we, because of the very ingenuity and natural endowment which caused this growth, choose now between 'profitless prosperity' and 'consolidation,' or both? If so, will someone plausibly tell us why?

Again, it is said — and by lawyers, too — that the conception of the Sherman Law which brings forth so widespread a demand for revision no longer exists in fact, that the more liberal construction recently given to the law by the Supreme Court makes further relief unnecessary. Most all alert business men are, of course, keenly aware of every crumb of comfort that a sympathetic court is permitted to cast upon the waters. But when almost in the same breath the court tells one crowd of 'conspirators' that the nature of their agreement 'looks good,' to use the vernacular, but that they are 'out of luck' for agreeing at all; and then, at the same time that they liberalize further, they are careful to point out to the 'defendants' that they must not 'reach or attempt to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or otherwise restrain competition,' regardless of the reasonableness thereof, one may be pardoned for assuming the court's prerogative of a 'reasonable doubt' as to how this liberalization is going to retard either 'profitless prosperity' or the capital consolidation incentive!

This same liberalization with respect to the recently extended scope of permissible trade-association activities

has led more than one official and semiofficial spokesman for the governmental philosophy to point to the further development of the trade association as a necessary condition — precedent to any logical expectation of legislative relief on the part of business. The promotion of 'more intelligent competition' through trade-association activities is the suggested panacea, on the ground that 'a preponderance of producers and distributors do not know, *or at least do not take cognizance of*, their costs. It is the continuance of this unintelligent competition that is responsible for most of this business mortality to-day.' The italics have been inserted to emphasize the very reason why legislative relief is so universally needed. Again, 'there is one in every industry' — or more. It is the 'will to volume' that causes even some of the cost-knowing to disregard their costs. Those who do not know their job costs should know them at least collectively through their profit-and-loss accounts. But the combination of overcapacity in the industry, of misleading information from the purchaser, of inability under the law to verify such information, of absentee capital relying upon the excuses of the very management which often created the existing price levels complained of, of oversanguine hopes of 'outsmarting' competitors, and of learning just enough about cost-keeping to think every additional job an overhead burden reducer regardless of price — all these factors together are simply far too strong for human nature in most industries.

As a closely related phase of the same subject, how few managements in industry to-day realize what their service to their customers should be worth in relation to the skill and risk involved in their particular industry, the need for reproduction and improve-

ment of their equipment, and the various other reserves which prudent management and assurance of survival require, and then act upon that knowledge by figuring a profit sufficient to cover such charges over and above taxes and a moderate dividend! Again the cartoonist might well wonder 'what some managers think about'!

There is therefore a very obvious confusion of thought in the suggestion of the development of the trade association as a panacea for industry's troubles under our present laws. The trade association can do much toward reducing costs for the industry by research often too expensive to be conducted by an individual unit; it can do much to increase markets, to improve and unify cost-finding methods, and to function in other respects that will constitute a public benefit, and to that extent an industry benefit in improving the position of the industry relative to other competing processes — as, for example, coal versus oil versus gas versus electricity; but, as that co-operative benefit necessarily accrues to the entire industry, it must inevitably be passed on to the public. In a sense, therefore, it will not improve the earning capacity of that industry except indirectly, as stated. For this reason trade associations under existing law are not, and never can be, a cure either for increase of the capital consolidation incentive or for that 'profitless prosperity' which means satisfactory volume of sales for an industry at prices yielding little, if any, profit; and it is therefore difficult to understand how the contrary can be claimed by anyone acquainted with their workings, notwithstanding their ample justification along other lines than those concerned with distribution. This distinction as to the possible accomplishments of trade associations cannot be overemphasized and is

one flaw in the philosophy so prevalent at Washington.

IV

What industry desperately needs, therefore, is protection for the efficient leading units in the smaller industries — the companies which spend money to know and to reduce their costs and insist that no sale is worth making that does not yield a fair profit, which will not only pay a reasonable return to the shareholder consistent with the risk and skill involved, but will also provide a surplus profit for necessary reinvestment in improved facilities, research, and such other requirements of conservatively managed companies as will ensure their survival in business for the future service of the public. This fair margin of profit is to-day denied to most industries because the law encourages the selfish or inefficient unit instead of the industry. If it were the fact, as is casually supposed, that these low prices are usually the reflection of a greater efficiency that enables a fair profit to be realized at a price level with which the less efficient cannot compete, then there would be no economic justification for any complaint on the part of those who might find themselves in that unfortunate position. Nor would it be in the public interest to permit artificial interference with the law of survival of the fittest.

But 'profitless prosperity' is not the complaint of the defeated competitor; it is, on the contrary, in many cases the complaint of an entire industry, whose members without exception are suffering identically and almost equally from an excess of supply and a shortage of competitive information that give an unwarranted advantage to the consumer, as represented by the organized buyers. It is also quite

commonly the complaint of the more efficient units, who can make the product just as cheaply, or more so, than the 'volume without profit' devotee, but who are not willing to work without a profit, because they know that to do so can serve no useful or permanent economic purpose. The complaint against 'profitless prosperity,' therefore, is that those who create and perpetuate this condition are invariably the very ones who fail to show earnings. Is the existence or perpetuation of this condition in the public interest? And is it a sufficient answer to cite the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, if in the eliminating process the efficient are thus denied a fair reward for their efficiency — except as the gradual attrition of the offending units may be termed a reward?

It is sometimes asserted by the advocates of the prevailing 'exclusively consumer' philosophy that to permit financially independent competitors to do together what they are permitted to do immediately they pool their financial resources would result in 'profiteering,' for one thing, and also in undue protection of the 'high cost' units. This might be true if it were economically practical, but obviously it is not. The efficient have never yet conceded that the world owes a living to their less efficient brethren, and it is safe to say that they never will do so voluntarily. Nor are either the efficient or the inefficient anxious to keep prices up to a point so far above cost that new capital will be attracted to the competitive opportunity. These factors would of themselves constitute a slow but sure balance wheel to rapacity even if the 'public interest' were not the concern of the law. On the other hand it is well to remember that the law itself compels the competitor of outstanding low-cost efficiency to beware

of giving too much of this benefit to the public, lest his competitors be unable to follow him and he therefore become a monopoly, and hence a menace instead of a benefactor. This, it will be recalled, was the dominant factor in the United States Steel Corporation dissolution suit.

How do the exponents of 'competition — the life of trade' reconcile these antithetic hypotheses which prevail in to-day's philosophy? And why did not the Steel Corporation lose all incentive to further progress, since it was not permitted to use its lower costs to put its competitors out of business? For the obvious reason that the more it can reduce its costs, the more it can earn, and the better it can protect its prestige and enforce its power to control its own policies, should survival so require at some time in the future. And that is exactly what any other outstandingly efficient unit in any other industry will continue to strive to do whether prices are uniform or not. In sum, if the advocates of *laissez faire* are right in their reasoning, then Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, the majority of economists, and the thousands of business men who have had practical experience of these conditions in industry in all countries, are so eternally wrong that compelling proof of their error should be a simple matter.

It would therefore be not only enlightening but of vital interest to business generally to be informed of truly valid objections to this broader economic philosophy that can be founded just as fully upon the demonstrated experience of the past as upon that confusion with the trust question with which exchanges of information and 'agreements' have heretofore been surrounded. But, given a system of law embodying prohibitions of trusts,

monopolies, unreasonable restraints of trade, as well as unfair trade practices, and making detriment to the public interest the yardstick by which specific acts are measured, it is difficult indeed to imagine, even should a few short-lived abuses occur, how a law so conceived could possibly work as adversely to the public interest as has this 'Sherman-Consumer' Law for these many years.

With every reason to assume that a proper settlement of this question is one of the chief concerns of business interests to-day, how can that long-desired result be brought about? Obviously only by the pressure of public opinion induced by a campaign of public education. The percentage of individuals who are familiar with the effects of to-day's conditions is small indeed. Various means of bringing the facts out from the cellar of prejudice into the sunlight of truth have been discussed for years, but without result, chiefly because such plans have contemplated the random voluntary contributions and efforts of the inadequate few.

If, then, only leadership and faith in the justice of conviction be required, should not the larger basic commodity associations, representing such staples as oil, coal, steel, wool, cotton, rubber, lumber, and the like, whose sales run into billions, assume their proper initiative in organizing a national trade-association sponsorship of a movement for revision of our antitrust laws, to be accomplished by a widespread campaign of education and based upon a suggested remedy adopted in advance? If in this way the facts could be sufficiently spread abroad to receive the light of sunshine, misunderstanding and prejudice would have to give way to the facts — and economic law would be crowned king.

A PREMIUM FOR MEDIOCRITY

BY MURRAY T. QUIGG

I

COMMITTEES of civic organizations, bar associations, and what not are sitting to consider the abolition or amendment of the Federal antitrust statutes. It is said that the Sherman Act was passed to save the little man from the power of big combinations, and that it has not done so. It seems, therefore, that something must be done. The little man must be saved.

Whatever the purpose of the Sherman Antitrust Act and subsequent legislation enlarging the antitrust laws may have been, the wise effect of these laws is that no one may lawfully fatten behind the protection of price-fixing agreements, boycotts, and discriminatory practices which coerce the market places, or set an artificial burden upon any trader, or erect an artificial barrier against him. Whereas before the passage of these laws men might stay in business or increase their business by the aid of agreements fixing prices, allotting territory, discriminating against retailers carrying competitive articles, or by the employment of interlocking directorates and the ownership of stock by one corporation in a competing corporation, by underselling and by boycotting raw-material dealers or retail dealers trading with competitors, these practices are now unlawful. The business which would now succeed and grow must prepare to meet competition in a market that is not coerced. Otherwise, the effect of the antitrust laws has been to leave business alone.

Of course, those organizations which, either by the genius of an individual leader or by the merger of several enterprises under the single control of men of superior ability, are able to produce more cheaply than their competitors have taken a large part of, if not the entire market, in their respective lines. It is wholly reasonable that the producer who can prosper on a low price should wax strong at the expense of those who cannot profit so well at so cheap a price. A good profit at a low price means a large turnover, a large enterprise, and bespeaks superior business leadership. This is what the country needs. This is what the laws should encourage.

Yet now it is said that the man who cannot produce so cheaply, but who wants to stay in business for himself, should be allowed to fix prices with others of his kind. The people are asked to pay a premium for the support of the five to ten thousand dollar a year self-employer, in order to help him compete with the fifty to one hundred thousand dollar a year large-scale corporation industrial leader. This is, of course, both bad economics and bad law.

II

To say, as it has been said, that it is necessary for the photo-engravers' union to force their employers to charge a fixed price for photo-engraving, because otherwise the competition among

them will drive them all out of business, is merely to say that there are too many people and too many dollars trying to make a living out of the photo-engraving business. Why the consumers should go to the rescue by passing a statute which would permit the photo-engravers to fix prices and enforce their agreement is hard to imagine. If the present photo-engravers are so ground down by competition that they cannot make money, it means, of course, that too many of them are bidding for the work. Shall they be artificially protected in the right to earn a definite return upon the labor and capital now employed simply because it is employed, and regardless of whether it is economically employed or not? Shall any photo-engraver in the future offering improvements and leadership to his industry, which would permit him to make a handsome return and yet reduce materially the cost of photo-engraving, find himself entangled in the mesh of a price-fixing agreement based upon existing costs? With such a situation, a man who tried to reduce the costs would be driven out of the business at all hazards, for what impulse could there be to seek or accept improvements when reasonable profit is ensured upon an uneconomic basis?

It is said that something must be done to permit the bituminous-coal people to get together and take measures against the ruinous competition which is destroying all values in the coal industry, and is keeping the unhappy coal miner on starvation wages. The facts, of course, are that nothing in the law prevents mergers of bituminous-coal properties and their management upon a more economic basis than at present. Much saving in the cost of engineering, selling, and management could be effected. Several of the large coal companies are the

results of mergers, and from time to time mergers are effected. But most of the mergers which have been discussed have failed, not because of the force of the antitrust statutes, but simply because, after an appraiser had gone over the properties to be merged, the total assets of the properties did not equal the total debts. There was nothing to merge but minus numbers. Yet it is solemnly proposed that bituminous operators be permitted to make, and presumably enforce, an agreement to sell coal only upon a basis which will permit of fair return upon their investment.

Their investment, of course, is based upon the expansion of the business to meet the coal traffic of 1918, some sixty to a hundred million tons over and above the subsequent needs of the country. Their proposal to permit price fixing, if it could be made workable, is nothing more than a proposal that the consumers of coal shall pay a return of seven or eight per cent on the value of millions of dollars once employed to produce a hundred million tons which are not now needed. Certainly the solution of a bad economic problem is not to permit mediocre business leadership to lay a tax upon the American consumers intended to support one hundred dollars in an industry where only seventy-five dollars are needed.

Again it is said that it is a queer world and an unjust one in which Cadillac, Buick, Pontiac, Chevrolet, and Oldsmobile may combine under the broad shelter of General Motors and fix the prices at which they shall sell, whereas Nash, Chrysler, Dodge, Willys-Knight, and Hupmobile, standing outside of the combination, may not fix prices and must compete, not only with General Motors, but with one another.

This may be queer, but wherein is it

unjust? It does not presently appear that any of these independent motors are not doing well, but even if they could fix prices among themselves, how would that reduce the competition which they must meet with General Motors and Ford? And if, with or without price fixing, they cannot meet the competition of General Motors and Ford, what will happen under legalized price fixing if Ford and General Motors decide to agree upon prices? If the element of price is to be taken out of competition in the automobile trade, and agreed price charges are to be legalized, based on existing costs or any other criterion which may be good today, of what value in the future is business leadership in the automobile industry?

The second-grade manager protected in his share of the trade by a price agreement is just as valuable to the investors and the employees in his industry as a first-class manager who might double the business for his investors and employees in an unprotected market. Such a stroke might go hard with his competitors, but surely in the long run the country is better off with more and cheaper cars than with fewer expensive cars.

III

There are, of course, those who contend that a situation in which only a very small number of large corporations are earning profit, and thousands of little ones are earning no money or losing it, must be bad for the country. It is not clear, however, that because a small corporation is not showing profits it is not a profitable business. There are thousands of small corporations which are owned by the officers. They are careful to see that the profits are entirely absorbed by the salaries paid. No one would be more surprised to

find them earning profits than the revenue officers.

The statement so frequently made, that it is bad or unfortunate that the law should permit large corporations to absorb an increasing share of the business of the country at the expense of small corporations, is not demonstrable. It is purely a question of opinion, upon which at present there are not sufficient data to form an intelligent opinion. Business enterprise is in a state of tremendously rapid evolution. It is to be remembered that the discovery of how to utilize steam and electricity has changed the environment of man in the past one hundred years more radically than it was changed in any thousand years of history before the commencement of the nineteenth century. The changes of the last twenty-five years are most astounding of all. We do not know, and we have not yet the data to form an intelligent opinion as to what business should be large and what should be small for their most efficient management.

But we do know that it is unwise to protect the control of existing management if more efficient management is to be had. To allow somebody who finds himself in straits to impose a price or any other condition upon the industry, on the ground that the price or condition is 'reasonable,' is merely to block the course of business evolution by an opinion which is probably out of date by the time it is uttered. The law cannot justify the erection of any such barrier against change. The alleged business man's right to 'self-protection' should not be converted by law into a right to charge the public for his mistakes, or to deny the public the advantages of business evolution which develops most rapidly in a competitive market.

Through trade associations, business men are free to collect that information

which will permit them to make their plans with a knowledge of the conditions which they must or are likely to meet in the immediate future. Through trade associations and the Federal Trade Commission, the honest man may protect himself against fraudulent practices to a greater degree than heretofore. Now, because the market is not as good as it was, or as it might be, he should not ask the Government to allow him to shift the burden by assuring him a definite return on the necessary minimum of business. We have enough tax collectors.

Society does not owe every man a wage every day, no matter at what he works. It does not owe every dollar interest no matter how it is employed, and regardless of the current demand for its services. Yet the plea for legalized price fixing proceeds upon the notion that capital should be allowed to do anything it can which may tend to ensure that it will at least make its expenses, including, of course, interest on bonded debt, taxes, depreciation, salaries fixed by the receivers thereof, and what not. But why should the consumers allow business to be rigged to impose this burden on the minimum demands of the consumers when, as a matter of fact, the business may

be grossly overmanned, overcapitalized, and managed without vision and courage?

Either way the question is examined, the solution of a bad economic condition is not to give it protection. The solution of a bad economic condition is to open it to the severities of competition in which wise and courageous leadership will be free to function.

The necessity for great mechanical power and a high degree of mechanization in industry makes large-scale operation in an ever-widening field of industry imperative. The savings of many thousands of people must be pooled, and the labor of many thousands of people must be brought under one direction, in order to advance enterprise upon an economic basis. For the great tasks implicit in this situation, the country is in need of business genius. The law should encourage it by offering a reward for able leadership. The most dangerous thing that could be done is to discourage forethought, courage, and intelligence by offering a premium to mediocrity. Every suggested amendment to our antitrust laws would lay freedom of enterprise open to attack, or grant a protective tariff to second-class management.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CAPITAL LETTERS

'WORDS which are spelled with a capital letter,' says Joseph Wood Krutch recently in the *Atlantic*, 'are peculiarly dangerous to thought.' But less dangerous, I submit, with the capital than without. The effect of writing 'Nature,' as Mr. Krutch does, is to mark the word as designating what he wisely calls 'a complex of ideas which has never been adequately analyzed,' whose 'meaning varies from age to age as well as from person to person.' However dangerous such a complex may be, to be warned is to be fore-armed. 'Stop! Look! Listen!' cries the capital. Here, admits the capitalizing author, stepping modestly aside, is a large, dangerous word of unknown limits, of two-edged content, whose boundaries vanish in mist and star dust. Handle with care!

This use of the capital is, perhaps, of recent evolution. There was a time — still surviving, it may be, in literary hinterlands — when the capitalized word was hurled as a crusher and clincher. 'Against Nature' was supposed to end the argument. At present this is n't being done — at least, among Those who Know. (It must have been the humorists who started the capital's *dégringolade*.) We have to do with a meaning which varies from a recent age to this, and from the less to the more literate. The initial capital, aside from mild burlesque, now denotes not arrogance but humility. Its writer no longer triumphs in the bigness of his word; he apologizes for its complexity. He desires not to bludgeon his reader, but to bow to his idea.

The bludgeon words of the present are ostentatiously uncapitalized. They avoid upper-case display as strictly as those poets who eschew all capitals — missing an effect of humility by the same wide margin. For the capital offense (pardon!) is not a device of punctuation, but a state of mind. It is using an unanalyzed complex to stifle thought. It imposes on the reader's conscious ignorance a blanket authority which he has no means to question. 'Against Nature' no longer cows us. We have seen too many things that were against Nature. But 'contrary to biologic fact' — who are we to question the alleged findings of unimagined laboratories? We share the meekness that once dared not question the priest. How could it? He knew Latin! In our days biology has put on the black cap — but not the capital — Theology used to wear.

We beat the devil around a stump. 'Defiance of God's will,' 'against Nature,' 'contrary to biologic fact' — they all mean exactly the same, don't they? Each enunciator believes he has the universe behind him. So he has — up to a point. But the Universe is so big! And always around that stump slyly grins the devil of Thinking we know What we do not know. I'm not saying the biologist does n't know, — or the Theologian, — but that they try to make me think I know when I don't. They play upon my ignorance, and they play the same tune. (The tune? Oh — 'There is none great but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.')

The menace of capitalism (in letters) is deadliest when implicit. It is a rattlesnake that does n't rattle. We

step on it unaware in the fair fields of speculation and receive in our veins the venom of assumptions unproved by — or to — ourselves.

What can we do about it? We must speculate, and we cannot, alas, know everything. We can spot those gliding, reptile words and hit them on the head with a capital. Here, we may admit to ourselves, is a word that means I-Don't-Know-What. Or a collocation of words as unsubstantial (to me) as a cloud-castle. It is an unheroic gesture, I know. It lacks altogether the careless sophistication and gallant bluff that sit so well upon us. But should n't we be humble where we are vague? Is n't Truth painfully and doubtfully wooed?

Moreover, the capital letter is a two-edged sword. Along with reverence cuts burlesque. If we must be painfully humble toward Truth, we must also be painfully perky toward her ministers. Against the prophets of skepticism we ungraciously turn skepticism. We remember that a Biologist is only a man; and a Psychoanalyst as psychic and analyzable as another; and the behavior of a Behaviorist as truly behavior as any.

No longer the sign of a closed system of thought, the capital letter now symbolizes refusal to accept a closed system. It is a fool's cap and an altar to an Unknown God. It is mockery and genuflection, and, in the heart of each, it is challenge.

THE LEMMINGS

MAN has always been advised by his prophets to meditate upon the stars that he may know the true measure of his strut and fret. He has walked by the sea when his trouble seemed larger than the universe, and in vastness he has sunk the mote of his desires. Yet these were the rare experiences, the

unusual moments. For the most part he went about healthily concerned with his own deeds. Alexander, contemplating infinite space too long, would never have issued out of Macedon; the greatest of our poets would have remained dumb, in perpetual surveyal of the wind. The moralists of the past urged an occasional shuffling off of identity because every mortal was so founded upon himself.

But there are other magnitudes than those of space, not comparable in size, but almost as awful. I am thinking of the machine, and the overwhelming complication of its cogs. We know that the derangement of one of them would bring chaos upon us, and we live in their presence daily. In other words, our prevailing mood is the one formerly reserved for occasional chastisement and humility. Daily it becomes more evident that the individual counts for nothing, that the race itself counts for little, that we move in the shadow of a monster beyond any one man's control.

Do not generalize; notice the small but unmistakable symptoms of our thralldom. Watch youth — who should be striding freely over his own earth, occupied with his own thoughts — making his way down a city street: the pausing, the colliding, the slinking, dodging, and dashing to safety and another block. If he rides, he may appear more arrogant, but he is no less distracted. He has surrendered a very ancient right — the right to collect himself, to take stock of his ideas, while he is traveling. Few occupations leave the worker time to think, and therefore the passage from place to place has been man's prime opportunity for inviting his soul. In giving up this chance he has admitted, to all intents and purposes, that his importance as an individual is at an end.

The scoffer may well remark that the

slinking and dodging arose from the highly individualistic instinct for self-preservation. Of course; but, if that is to be our main concern, we have returned to palæolithic conditions. The mind of ancient man saw the world about him as a constant menace, partly imaginary, partly real. His identity was exercised only in self-preservation, and, curiously enough, he was thus impelled to seek his fellows and to form a herd, for he dared not face the terrors alone. As an individual, ancient man was almost negligible.

We too are living in the presence of powers which forever dwarf us, even though we have created them ourselves. All is vanity! — of that fact we need no memorandum now. We should be reminded that the human unit is of some importance. Like our remote ancestor, we dare not stand alone even for an instant. Commercial conditions may partly account for the rush to the cities, but an equally strong, though profound, cause is the panic that strikes us in the face of our ungovernable world. For, though the stars chastened the spirit of the egoist, they did not momentarily threaten to fall on him. The huge machine of our own making trembles in its place like a rocking stone, and we know that with one second of relaxed vigilance we shall be crushed beneath it.

Though the observation seem trite and perhaps ludicrous, I have noted, as a periodic visitor to New York, the increased momentum of this blind power within the last few years. Even a superficial mind must feel the horror of streets run amuck and individuals flung hither and thither like wheat beneath the flail. When the tides of

traffic are held back for a minute, we feel that a miracle has occurred. They were just held back, and soon, possibly the next time, they will only pause — then, no longer answerable to any power known to man, will rush forward of their own volition, driven no more, but driving crazily forward like a migration of lemmings toward no goal whatsoever. This seems too fanciful? But watch. The motion still ceases, but ever less willingly. And ever the pace mounts.

Who are you in this pandemonium? How many hours in the last week have been your own to devote to your own interests — not to money-getting, of course, for that is the pulse of the monster, but to your own identity, without which you are only part of a species? How many hours have you spent consulting your own desires and your own ambitions? Do you even know what they are? A little while before going to sleep you have dreamed vaguely, and your fagged brain has distorted your ideas more and more and finally braided them into darkness.

The dearth of great men is generally bewailed, and eugenists write books about it. But who would dare lay hands on even the smallest wheel when by so doing he might bring down the whole fabric from continent to continent? Who can emerge to greatness when all men live perpetually in contact with forces that are only just kept in control by the mass effort of the whole race and bid fair to break loose altogether? We shudder into a herd, dressed alike, thinking alike, breeding alike, because, like prehistoric man, we know that if we detach ourselves the terror will be upon us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

IN 1924 Ralph Linton was sent by the Field Museum as leader of an ethnological expedition to determine whether the Malagasy — the native tribes of Madagascar — were of Asiatic origin. The striking resemblance of peoples of the Pacific to those of Madagascar, despite the wide separation of these regions, has constituted a problem in racial science. During his stay on the island Dr. Linton discovered evidence of an Asiatic migration which he believes took place at least two thousand years ago, the movement originating in the region of Java and Sumatra. His paper is printed through the courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History. **Francis Bowes Sayre** is professor of law at Harvard University. It will be remembered that as Advisor to the late King of Siam he conducted an extraordinary and successful fight for that nation's sovereignty, the account of which appeared in the *Atlantic* for November 1927. ¶Up to the time of his death, **Colonel Charles à Court Repington** was the foremost military critic in Europe. To his contributions to the *London Times* and *Telegraph* he brought a singular knowledge of military science and men, and during the war this, together with his close liaison with Continental statesmen and soldiers, made him a potent if unofficial agent for the Allies' success. The present excerpts from his diary mark the occasion of a 'goodwill' visit to the Continent in 1924. ¶The wife of a history professor, **Lucy Wilcox Adams** has more than a personal interest in the past. 'My literary experience,' she writes us, 'consists chiefly in four years spent in London working for Mr. Francis W. Hirst on his Jefferson and on his life of Morley, as well as on his various economic and political writings.'

* * *

A few papers yet remain of that store which during his lifetime endeared the **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers** to

more than a generation of *Atlantic* readers. ¶This being a month of many church conventions, there is special timeliness in the analysis of church life made by the **Right Reverend Charles Fiske** of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York. **Dorothy Leonard** tells us that she is 'what used to be called a "home body," and has no record except three children.' But we also know that her home has always been the 'Oneida Community.' ¶For forty years a prominent member of the English department at Wellesley, **Vida D. Scudder**, now professor emeritus, is inviting her soul in Italy. ¶Winter and summer **Henry Beston** is at home in a secluded cabin on Cape Cod. ¶'The golfer's suffering is long drawn out,' writes **Bernard Darwin**, critic of the *London Times*; 'it may endure from the first tee shot to the last putt and there is no swift movement to make him forget it . . . there is probably no game in which temperament plays so important a part.' Amen!

* * *

Dr. William H. Woglom is the secretary of the Association for Cancer Research and assistant director of the Crocker Institute for Cancer Research of Columbia University. **Valeska Bari** writes 'purposeful things' for the State of California and the Government of the United States; for us she writes stories drawn from her experiences in Porto Rico. Here is her guaranty of the present narrative: —

The village which I have called Acouji is Loiza, and the little green god was shown to me by a missionary who stayed in the district some time and who was most tantalizingly close-mouthed about the African drumming and dancing which she saw there. Gloria in the story is known to me personally, as is her family. The dodger advertising a long list of voodoo charms I sent up to Washington along with many other bits of local color. The soldier was sent to Porto Rico by the Veterans' Bureau and his allotment was sent to him through the Red Cross.

Rosalie Hickler helps to persuade one that babies and poetry are not so incompatible as most people seem to think. ¶In the *May Atlantic* A. Edward Newton told of the adventures which he and Mrs. Newton shared in Scandinavia. In Paris his adventures are even more enviable. Lord Dunsany submitted his manuscript on the occasion of a recent visit to Boston.

* * *

Dr. Robert Stewart is Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada. ¶The Honorable William M. Jardine is Secretary of Agriculture of the United States. ¶A manufacturer of drop forgings, James Harvey Williams is president of the company bearing his name. In the *March Atlantic* Mr. Williams made a critical analysis of the Sherman antitrust laws, and in so doing voiced the dissatisfaction prevalent in many industries. In a postscript to his argument he suggests a concrete solution of the problem. Of an opposite economic persuasion, Murray T. Quigg is a member of the League for Industrial Rights and the editor of *Law and Labor*.

* * *

This sensitive and interesting letter has been forwarded to us by Dr. Carl Seashore, whose article on 'The Musical Mind' appeared in the *March Atlantic*.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

DEAR DR. SEASHORE:—

I have just finished reading your article. I have been deaf since about eight years of age, totally so, but have never lost my love for music and can enjoy a concert better than many who can hear, and it is the only thing that thrills me so I fairly have goose flesh or the thrills run up and down my spine though I cannot hear a sound, and the pitch of my feeling largely depends on the piece played or the player.

The last time I heard music was some forty years ago and I do not remember a piano tone, but can often tell, possibly by instinct, if a piece is suitable for piano or organ. In my younger days I had friends who talked music to me as though I could hear and often took me with them when selecting music at the stores.

Time has dulled my feeling by touch, but I still enjoy touching a piano when one is playing; but alas, so few I know play the piano these days and I am unable to feel the vibrations of the radio to any extent. Years ago I tried to get

the Edison Laboratories to experiment with something that would enable a deaf person to hear music by sense of touch, but they wrote back it was impracticable in connection with the phonograph.

I am always hearing music, if you can call it that. It is in the wind, the water, the rhythm of a train or steamer. To me the leaves still rustle, the limbs sigh, the rivulet seems to make a tinkling sound. Josef Hofmann calls it Mental Music, which I suppose is the same as your Mental Imagery.

I have had music teachers laugh when I said I could enjoy music even though I could not hear it. I have my own, and was it not Keats who said, 'Music that is heard is sweet, but music unheard is sweeter'?

When I get the music hunger I have my own concerts, and sometimes I play an imaginary violin or a piano or sing or lead an orchestra.

I often think I would like to plan a concert and show some people what a deaf person imagines music is—the only drawback being that the people who sang might not sing the way I would sing. Some are too mechanical. They look as expressive as a music box.

I used to be a typist and was often annoyed because there is no rhythm on a typewriter. I would write pages and not know what I copied, for one cannot dream and be practical too.

Many times I have tried to find a person who would tell me when a deaf person felt a jar and when a sound. It may not be connected with music, but I imagine some people hear music as I feel a jar. There is a vibration, but no sound.

My mother was always singing or whistling when I was a small girl. My grandmother sang old hymns in a quavering voice which I can still hear. Music must be born in us, as I have had friends who were deaf yet had heard music wonder how I got any pleasure out of it.

This is a very poor way of expressing myself, but possibly there are some who can understand how a person who is totally deaf can have a natural love for music—by which I mean Mental Music and music conveyed by the eye and not the ear, since I can sit so far from the musician or singer I get no vibrations except mental ones.

I would be glad to act as a subject for research were I only nearer New York or wherever a musical laboratory might be.

LEONORA HOAR

* * *

The modern American premise.

NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

SIR:—

Mr. James Truslow Adams has so lucidly set forth the faults and follies of our ancestors that

he must be heard with respect when he intimates in your April number that we are faultier and more foolish still. But there is perhaps more excuse than he would admit for the present confusion in political thinking, the grafting of Jeffersonian principle on Hamiltonian practice.

From past history Jefferson deduced that the poor were trustworthy; Hamilton, that the rich were on the whole less untrustworthy. Surely it is not too much to say that to the notion of our time both these doctrines have been completely exploded. If any lesson can be learned from history, post-Jeffersonian and pre-Jeffersonian as well, it is that no class, rich or poor, small or numerous, will prefer the general interest to its own. So we find ourselves enjoying a condition without a theory; we are living a conclusion (Hamiltonian, as it happens) which is justified by no major premise at all.

What then are we to do? Well, the English have managed to get along tolerably well without a major premise, but they are a utilitarian race, devoid of our lofty idealism! Your true American can no more live without a major premise than without a car of this year's model; and those who seek a starting point for political thinking may find guidance in other departments of thought. The major premise of contemporary American theology and economics is that whatever is comfortable, and agreeable to the contemplation, must be true. God is, because we need Him; prosperity will endure forever because we should not know what to do if it did not. Our political thinkers thus follow respectable precedent in taking over the Jeffersonian major premise; for surely it is more agreeable to believe that all men can be trusted than to reserve confidence for a few.

It is true, as Mr. Adams says, that our principle is Jeffersonian, our practice Hamiltonian; and that this antinomy may make trouble for America in the future. But surely the cardinal dogmas of Americanism are that principle need not square with practice, and that we can leave the future to Divine Providence.

I am, Sir,

ELMER DAVIS

* * *

Regarding a letter from Mrs. Leonard Wood which appeared in this column, stating that 907 out of every 1000 Hindu girls marry between the ages of five and ten, a correspondent refers us to the official census report of 1921, Volume I, Part I, page 159, in which it is stated that 907 Hindu girls out of every 1000 pass the age of ten unmarried, and 600 out of every 1000 do not marry before 15.

The census would seem the best available authority.

* * *

We are sorry to have done unthinking injustice to the largest Protestant body in America; which, aside from its traditional opposition to Calvinism, touches but lightly upon contentious theological questions. The *Atlantic's* incidental remark was based upon the attitude of certain Mid-Western Methodist congregations which seemed to the editor quite at odds with the prevailing spirit of liberalism in the Methodist Communion.

WORTHINGTON, OHIO

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR:—

In your March issue there is a statement which implies that you believe Methodists to be opposed to the scientific hypothesis of evolution. I am at a loss to account for such an impression. I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for thirty-three years. In that time there has not been a single official pronouncement against evolution, and during all of this time in the conference courses of study and in the curricula of our theological seminaries the theory has been accepted and the interpretation of our Christian doctrines has been based thereon.

It may be that you had in mind the Dayton, Tennessee, three-ring circus. In all likelihood, most of the laity and many of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South stand against the teaching of evolution. South of the Mason-Dixon line thought seems to advance very slowly.

In both the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South the Fundamentalists have not been able to muster a sufficient following to make any impression whatever on the two General Conferences. I was a member of our General Conference which met in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1924. Of the eight hundred and fifty delegates, lay and clerical, from all parts of the world, I am certainly safe in saying that not more than one hundred and fifty could have been induced to vote for any proposition which would restrict freedom of speech on any point. The Methodist Episcopal Church is almost the only evangelical denomination which has not recently been torn and rent by the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy. These questions were settled long ago by us in official declaration. The General Conference of 1872 declared against the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture. The General Conference of 1884, twenty-five years after Darwin's *Origin of*

Species, officially accepted the evolutionary hypothesis.

I do not recall ever having seen an error in the editorial parts of the *Atlantic Monthly* before. I therefore am greatly comforted in finding that even in Boston human weakness may occasionally be manifested.

Very sincerely yours,

E. R. STAFFORD

Minister, Worthington Methodist Episcopal Church

* * *

The advantages of American citizenship have seldom been more genuinely expressed than in the copy of this letter forwarded by a friendly reader. 'It was transcribed,' he explains, 'directly from one written in a cramped hand by an uneducated Lithuanian who, after many wanderings, came to the United States and is now employed as a mechanic in one of our shops. It has been my privilege to be of some assistance to this man, who is bringing up a large family, with an abiding respect for the United States and what its institutions have made possible for them. His letter is in acknowledgment of one of advice which I sent him.'

EAST MOLINE, ILLINOIS

HIGHLY ESTEEMED DEAR MR. —:

Accept my sincere thanks for your kindly, generous answer, advice, suggestions of 8th inst.

Need not to say, I am complying with your wise advice, am writing to my niece all about it — in fact, I am enclosing to her your wonderful letter, with instruction to study blessed English or ask somebody that speaks that great, grand language to explain to her.

I am sorry I am bothering you, dear Mr. —, great, good man, with such unsurmountable problems. Your wisdomful answer is of inestimable. It says, almost: 'Impossible to do it.' And yet in my life happened what seemed absolutely impossible. Too many to write here, it would take a volume. I was denied schools or anything that my children take for granted here, such like printed matter. One can pick here all he wants to for nothing. And yet, in addition, I had many setbacks, such like aiding others, compulsory army, five years services, etc., and succeeded in that I liked to study, to act, to investigate, and, most of all, to be honest, truthful, industrious.

It is true what prophet in Old Testament wrote and in New was confirmed: 'The rock that masons threw away as good for nothing and yet became corner stone of the temple.' And another

truth: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.' I am not Bible bug. My popular writer probably is most unpopular — Dante with his 'Inferno.' I shall confess, last summer, after forty-seven years, or since 1881, absence from that unfortunate Lithuania, for curiosity's sake, I made a trip there. Now, who likes to have a picnic in a cemetery, or rest with the dentist, or wealth in jail, or conversation advice from insane maniac, only that would read my 'Inferno' about Lithuania. So, dear Mr. —, to spare torment, I will refrain to write what is there.

Seeing those foreigners here disobeying laws, degrading themselves by gambling, drinking, bad company, etc., I believe not only what Abraham said to the Lazar's brother, but also if Abraham had lifted him to heaven he would in few days or weeks forgotten all about his experience and made his worst to make the heaven into hell.

True we have here some unemployment, even some poverty, hard labor, cheap wages, etc. But nothing could be in slighter degree compared to what I saw there. I often go to the shores of the Mississippi River, and on that shores piles upon piles of driftwood, excellent fuel for cooking food or warming shanty, take all you want to free. Even railroads with proper arrangement would give away old rotten ties. Even in big cities factories and wrecking companies are giving away free wood. Land companies and others are giving empty lots to those who desire to spade and have a real good garden of vegetables. Even unemployment: Any man, woman, girl or boy who would work hard ten hours a day for only lodging and meals, and perhaps few cents, always would have that job. Nothing like that in Lithuania. Why? It is not so overpopulated like China or India. True, there are no mines or factories, but I saw other lands with no mines, or factories, and yet people not so poor, nor impoverished to great extent. I was also in Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, and yet there not so bad. It is because while agricultural implements are ancient, primitive, neglected by the government, politicians and clergy are modern. Not having good roads, they buy expensive automobiles with public money. Not having own gasoline or oil or any metal, yet they buy military airships, guns, cannon. Have no own textiles, and yet uniforms of soldiers, police, and clergy are much more imposing and brighter than English or American. Taxation on everything, and high; while population have no bread and go hungry, yet government, for government revenue, does encourage whiskey drinking, cigarettes smoking and, third and worst evil — IDLENESS. Then, politicians, clergy, and officials treat people without any charity or mercy.

For the smallest business one has to go to few officials and each one official, to show his authority or expecting a bribe, makes one to waste day or two and come again and again, etc., etc.

Dear Mr. —, seems like writing drifted to my 'Inferno.' Forgive me kindly for much writing and much bothering your noble mind.

Very respectfully thanking you much, I beg to remain,

Your humble and obedient servant,

P. J. R.

* * *

'People of Refuge' might be an apt shingle for the Country Lawyer as described by Mr. F. Lyman Windolph in the April *Atlantic*.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If Lyman Windolph, attorney, feels that by such men and women as his farmer-client he, and his like, are saved hourly, one wonders with what 'celestial light' was not he appareled to the farmer.

Would the farmer have 'passed the time of day' in his lawyer's office unless he had felt sure that here he might bring his weariness, or his trifles, for consideration? A. S. M. Hutchinson has spoken about such People of Refuge. The aching thing in life is not to have where to take your weariness. Let who will receive your triumphs; to whom a man can take his heart-ache, that man walks near the Godhead! No. The farmer did not save the lawyer. Like all blessed redeemers, Lyman Windolph saves his universe — and himself — merely by being in it, so great is his charity.

And one may be sure that there is an unpassing glory about him and the world that he lives in. When his client went out of his office and touched April soil again, there had not passed away a glory from 'meadow, grove, and stream' because there was not the same steady satisfaction in his friend.

No 'beauty of human relationship' is at all possible where there is not a great charity in the heart of him, or her, who sits at the desk, be he lawyer, banker, doctor, or whonot. The writer recalls with deep gratitude the swiftness and concern with which a young trust officer pushed her into a private office: he was going to spare her the ignominy of weeping in public.

'It's the set of the sail,' as the old saying goes, that determines the course of the ship. Likewise, the profession has less to do with the character of any relation than the temper of soul in the

persons involved. A colleague of mine insists that there's no difference between a dentist and a barber. And yet I have remembered for years various quiet conversations with my dentist — yes, actually — who has great art, certainly, but a greater charity.

The late Dr. Root of Oberlin College told me of a colored man who walked into his library and asked for a book on architecture. Instead of showing him the card catalogue, or being indifferent to his request, Dr. Root asked him what phase of architecture he was interested in. Cathedrals, or public buildings? Imagine the shock he had when the man stammered that he wanted to build a henhouse! Yet the wonderful Dr. Root did not guffaw; instead he brought him a book on poultry.

If, when all things apparently have worked together for evil and one is suffering from the arrows of a particularly outrageous fortune, he has where to take his problem — real or imaginary (it's very real to him) — then things again make sense. Consultation about a plough, a tooth, or an investment may be sacrament,

To remember for years,

To remember with tears —

and who shall say how far either person is from the Vision Beatific?

Yours very truly,

RENA C. HARRELL

* * *

Tolstoy and death.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Robert Keable may have been reading Tolstoy. In chapter twelve of his *Confession* occur the following words: —

'Then I looked at myself, at what was going on within me, and I recalled those deaths and revivals which had taken place within me hundreds of times. I remembered that I lived only when I believed in God. As it had been before, so it was even now: I needed only to know about God and I lived; I needed to forget and not believe in him, and I died.

'What, then, are these revivals and deaths? Certainly I do not live when I lose my faith in the existence of God; I should have killed myself long ago, if I had not had the dim hope of finding him. "So what else am I looking for?" a voice called out within me. "Here he is. He is that without which one cannot live. To know God and live is one and the same thing. God is life."

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Dorothy Canfield

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declares William Allen White in his article on the retiring president in *August Plain Talk*. "But so was every other president since Washington" continues Mr. White, softening the indictment.

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Hudson Maxim

In *Plain Talk* for August appears for the first time this scientist's last testament which he directed to be published after his death.

This great inventor reveals, in *August Plain Talk*, the discovery and result of his lifetime of scientific and philosophical study. In his amazing article "Looking into Death" Hudson Maxim has established a common ground, acceptable to religion and science alike, that should end fundamentalist quarrels.

General Mitchell

This famous advocate of a separate air force writes his second of a series of startling disclosures in *August Plain Talk*. "Flintlock Defense" by General William Mitchell exposes the selfish personal interests that resist air-force improvement even at the cost of America's exposure to attack.

Methodist Minister Scores Prohibition

When a Methodist Pastor gives up, saying that 8 years' test of Volsteadism has proven the 18th Amendment to be a bad governmental blunder, it is time to sit up and take notice.

"Jesus was not a prohibitionist. He was a life-bringer, not a law-giver" says Rev. C. W. Tinsley, D.D., in *August Plain Talk*.

Beautiful and Nude

"When the Sweet Young Thing crosses legs that know no stockings and lays her notebook on flesh as bare as Lady Godiva's" . . . tut! tut! (Be sure to please copy) Read "A Plea for Beauty" by Louis A. De Bord in *August Plain Talk*.

Indian Bureau

Brutality

One reviewer has interest in Indian affairs with the nomination for vice-president of a man of clear Indian heritage. President James A. Frazer, Congressman from Wisconsin, in *August Plain Talk* ruthlessly



Why Married Women Hate Us

exposes Indian Bureau irregularities and scathing, but well-founded article.

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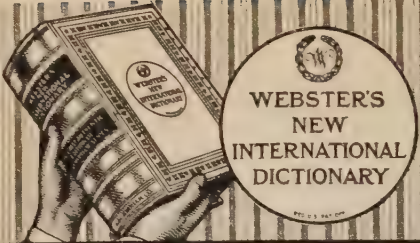
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"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that \$10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way to-day, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

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A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1928. 8vo. xvi+495 pp. \$3.00.

If Mr. Bernard Shaw, with his power of derision and his glancing wit, has been hitherto ranked among the cynics of the world, this reproach must be forever withdrawn. In his *Guide to Socialism*, which is addressed to women on the same principle that the apple was proffered to Eve, he proves himself to be a true believer in that most difficult of all creeds, the perfectibility of the human species. He says (and his whole system depends upon his being right in this one matter) that men and women will strive their utmost without the spur of individual ambition, without that normal desire for self-advancement which stands responsible for the progress of the world. 'No external incentive is needed to make first-rate workers do the best work they can.'

If this be true, if men of power stand ready to make what concessions are required by a process of scientific leveling, and if men of weakness can be 'jacked up' to take their share of a common burden, then the apparently insuperable obstacles to socialism come to nothing more than a change of government, which is simple as compared with a change in the human spirit. Mr. Shaw sees with clear eyes the fear that broods forever over a poverty-stricken world, the demoralization that follows all subsidies and doles, the sinister power of money that can clog the wheels of justice, shield the wrongdoer, and dominate politics and industry. Submission to wealth, he insists, is not submission to authority; it is submission to a threat. 'Even the mountains,' says a Turkish proverb, 'fear a rich man.'

It must be confessed that Mr. Shaw's arguments against the happiness conferred by wealth on its possessor are unconvincing, and reminiscent of similar arguments in the virtuous storybooks of my childhood. His views on religion have the peculiar thinness that comes of trying to divine the force of a current by standing on its brink. His views on peace and war are—save for a petulant word now and then like the 'insane spite' of the Allies—of the robustly standardized order familiar to us all. His views on Prohibition have the touching simplicity of one who loves it 'from afar.' But these are side issues. The main argument is presented with vigor and lucidity. The book is eminently readable, in spite of its merciless length and occasional repetitions, because of its incisive imagery, and because it is written in a style as

appealingly plain as Defoe's. Above all, it is assured. Mr. Shaw is able to survey a vast and complicated civilization without seeing a single cross vista. His belief in the possibility of indoctrinated and collective virtue stands the strain of observation and experience. His appeal to England, which he knows, is stronger than his appeal to the United States, which he does not. Santayana says: 'It will take some hammering to drive a coddling socialism into America.' Leading strings we have in plenty; but the race for wealth is open to all, go as you please, and the Devil take the hindmost.

AGNES REPPLIER

A Mirror for Witches, by Esther Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 12mo. 214 pp. Illus. \$2.50.

This story of old and unhappy things is written simply, in those 'plaintive numbers' which are chosen by wise folk intent on conveying dignity and tragedy to their readers. David Garnett used them well in *Lady into Fox* and Sylvia Townsend Warner in *Lolly Willowses*. And Miss Forbes in her new book has used them with great and lovely skill. 'Everything reminded him of Doll—the birds that sang, the flowers in the grasses, even the mystery and the silence of the dawn. Yet these things should not have reminded him of a woman, but of her Maker.' The fifty thousand words (or less) which tell the tale of Doll Bilby, the witch child, her fantastic, cruel life and her bitter death, are sketched with no waste of imagery, no reveling in detail, but with conscious care for the necessary touch, for the perfect figure, and, above all, for the necessary tone. That is why Miss Forbes's plaintive numbers, like the 'melancholy strain' of the solitary reaper, linger in the inward ear long after they are heard no more.

One of the chief charms of *A Mirror for Witches* is the extreme deftness of the characterization. Economical as is Miss Forbes's method, her people are unforgettable: Jared Bilby, a thwarted poet; Hannah, his wife, beset by jealousy and suspicion of Doll; Titus Thumb, most normal of youths set over against Doll's 'demon lover,' whose villainies we might in a thoughtless moment forget in the consummate and bewitching art of his love-making by moonlight in the white birch thicket. Most delicate and poignant of all is Mr. Zelle, the Puritan minister, who did not really pray at all,—that is, as Mr. Increase Mather prayed,—but who in Doll Bilby's cell by her straw bed talked to God as you might talk to a friend, and sweated in agony of

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soul. We are never told that he loved Doll Bilby, — we do not need to be, — but surely it is he as well as Doll who discovers that Hell is only 'around a corner' from Paradise.

A subtle yet terrible irony is the unifying thread which holds the book together. There is hardly a page without its brilliant, cruel gleam: Jared Bilby's ship is named 'God's Mercy'; Goody Greene, the witch woman, searches the woods for an herb called 'Love-lies-bleeding'; Mr. Zellej's prayers to God contribute to the evidence which hangs him, for it is remembered that one approaches demons in friendship, but never God.

One wishes for space in which to comment on the seventeenth-century atmosphere of the book in its quaint chapter headings, in which to praise its woodcuts. One wishes for more — a paragraph, a column — to use in quoting that loveliest of passages, the climax of the story, which chronicles the swift burst of ecstasy, the breaking open of the quiet earth, that comes to Doll in the arms of her 'demon lover.' On pages 126-127 you will find it, and upon reading it you, too, will perhaps call to mind Hecuba's plaintive words, weeping over Troy: —

. . . the sound of a song
Left by the way, but long
Remembered, a tune of tears.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

The Ways of Behaviorism, by John B. Watson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. 8vo. 144 pp. \$2.00.

Psychological Care of Infant and Child, by John B. Watson, with the assistance of Rosalie Rayner Watson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1928. 12mo. 195 pp. Illus. \$2.00.

It is said that when Faraday showed a group of scientists his discovery of magneto-electricity, someone asked: 'Of what use is it?' To which he replied: 'Of what use is a babe?' Dr. Watson not only answers this question, but shows us his own experiments, which may prove of greater value to the human race than even Faraday's.

His teaching has begun to 'soak' into the American intelligentsia. Eugenics has been weighed and found wanting. Habits are stronger than heredity. Rearing rather than breeding is the slogan. The mild habit of thumb sucking will yank an infant's jaw out of plumb and start a gorilla jaw growing. And the habit of fear, inflicted upon a frail babe, may later tilt its personality beyond the margin of the normal.

Dr. Watson's recent books are crammed with high spots of his earlier studies. But besides, they more than hint at new techniques for the cure and the prevention of unsound behavior. He prescribes, for example, a simple method for blotting out false feelings, such as fears of harmless things, so fatal to the child's emotional growth. And his exposure of the Freudian

'subconscious' is as refreshing to the student of Behaviorism as was his theory of thinking.

The Ways of Behaviorism is the finest of Dr. Watson's writings. He has finally succeeded in 'humanizing' the most elusive of the sciences. There are chapters as crisp in style as any William James ever wrote. And this is unique. For it is a well-known fact that the vague dreams of the ancients were less slovenly verbalized than the solid data of the moderns.

But his two-edged sword prunes and weeds too zealously. He is 'conditioned' against the lovable philosopher and the harmless poet, and against his less clear-eyed colleagues, to a degree that verges on intolerance, though that is a nasty word to use about a great thinker. Dr. Watson's crusading fervor, no doubt, rouses his reader, and heaven knows the reader needs to be roused. But by it his epoch-making teaching loses some of the mellow maturity that otherwise would give implicit confidence.

Psychological Care of Infant and Child is a godsend to parents. It is less attractive in form than *The Ways of Behaviorism*. And it is unfortunate, indeed, that such important research that has taken years of patient toil should make its debut garbed, presumably, in lecture notes, stenographed, and minus the lecturer's skill with the spoken word. But after all, nothing in the vast literature of psychology compares in importance with Dr. Watson's teaching. He is more revolutionary than Darwin, bolder than Nietzsche, and, best of all, more useful to the human race than the fatalistic eugenicist.

CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

Letters from Joseph Conrad, 1895-1924, edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Garnett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. 8vo. 313 pp. Illus. \$3.50.

LORD BACON, in his essay 'Of Friendship,' said: 'We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flour of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.'

Such a friend Joseph Conrad had in Edward Garnett, who for more than thirty years fulfilled his office with a high sense of its privileges and obligations. There seems to have been from the first a sympathy and understanding between the two men which their long association served to make more precious, but could hardly have made more complete. It was an amazing piece of luck that Conrad should have found, at the outset of his literary career, a friend who was at the same time so discerning, enlightened, and honest a critic of his work. Taking all the facts into consideration, the chances were at least a

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thousand to one against such a possibility, and no one realized this better than Conrad himself. In one of his earliest letters to his 'literary father,' as he called him, he said: 'To be read—as you do me the honour to read me—is an ideal experience—and the experience of an ideal. . . . Your appreciation has for me all the subtle and penetrating delight of unexpected good fortune—of some fabulously lucky accident. . . . Your words have not fallen into barren ground. The crop will ripen in good time. You shall see.'

That it ripened, we know, and the manner of its ripening is here made plain, for most of these letters, which cover the entire course of his writing life, are concerned with Conrad the literary artist. But the note of confidence struck in the early letter just quoted is a rare one throughout this correspondence. Viewed in the light of his achievement, it is a matter for wonder that Conrad's doubts and black despairs with respect to his work should have so far outweighed his hopes, and he seems rarely, if ever, to have known that keen joy in creation which other great artists have experienced. According to Mr. Havelock Ellis, 'whatever the art may be . . . there is no mastery till ease is attained.' If this is true, then Conrad is the brilliant exception that proves the rule, for, if we may trust the evidence of the letters, ease he never attained. Every victory he gained, as an artist, seems to have been won only at the cost of desperate toil, in a bloody sweat of the spirit. It was fortunate indeed, one feels, that he had a few friends such as Mr. Garnett, who knew victories when they saw them and who continually heartened and encouraged him in a struggle which often seemed to him nothing more than a succession of defeats.

That he was splendidly heartened again and again is clear. His rich, generous, and unconquerable nature is made equally clear throughout this intimate record; and yet the effect—the cumulative effect—of the letters is to cast a kind of gloom over the spirit of the reader. One feels that Conrad had far more than his share of suffering, not only as an artist—as a man. Persistent ill health and the nagging worries about how to make ends meet are, no doubt, partly responsible, but there were deeper causes for the bitterness, the weariness of spirit that so often reveals itself. Perhaps he saw life too clearly. He had few, if any, of the illusions that enable most of us to walk complacently across our little strips of daylight out of one darkness toward another. To be sure, in one of his letters he says: 'When once the truth is grasped that one's own personality is only a ridiculous and aimless masquerade of something hopelessly unknown, the attainment of serenity is not far off,' but one feels—again judging from the correspondence—that if he grasped this truth it must have been only intellectually.

Mr. Garnett's letters to Conrad are not included in this volume, but it is probable that

they still exist, and that eventually we may have the complete record of one of the most interesting and fruitful friendships in the history of English letters.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

Octavia, by Margot Asquith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1928. 12mo. 331 pp. \$2.50.

THE Countess of Oxford and Asquith's *Octavia* has been said to resemble the work of Jane Austen. In all humility, but with the utmost vociferousness, the present reviewer dissents from this judgment. It is true that the first few pages, and a subsequent paragraph or two, are written if not in imitation at least in obvious mindfulness of the great Jane. But these passages are in a sharply different key from the bulk of the book, to which they stand in rather arbitrary contrast. And, moreover, the slightly arid crispness of the countess is poles apart from the soft luminosity, as of candlelight, as of hawthorn-filtered sunlight, that mellows, without dulling, the shy wit of Jane. But to multiply points of unlikeness is futile; *Octavia* is no nearer to Jane Austen than it is to Michael Arlen.

In a novel built around the author's bright image of his early self, a certain chirrup sometimes makes itself heard. Such a chirrup rises from the pages of *Octavia*, insistent as cricket fiddling in August. For the young Octavia is in so many particulars the young Margot of the *Autobiography*, and the incidents of the novel are in so many cases transcripts from that lively volume, that only wary readers will avoid inferences too large and identification not well founded.

Octavia is simply the best rider in England. She is beautiful. She is irresistible. Men of all ages and all temperaments, from the quiet Professor Horncastle to the horsey young Tilbury, fall at her feet thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. She is a thinker, and finds most of her circle obtuse. In her middle teens and earlier, her pronouncements upon life and other abstractions are incisive and rather acid. But when, at seventeen, she makes her triumphant sally into the world, her conversational style alters abruptly; it becomes ingenuous, tentative, questioning. In action, however, her decisiveness suffers no such eclipse.

The chapters that deal with Octavia's hunting experiences are thoroughly absorbing. Here speaks, with most telling matter-of-factness, a past mistress of the sport. Those readers whose relations with horses are cordial but superficial will feel that their eyes have been opened by the countess's equine characterizations; the portrait of Havoc, for instance, a horse of 'little conscience, no sense of humor . . . giddy and impressionable'; given to 'tortuous antics done out of swagger'; 'a silly horse,' in short. In vitality and reality the hunting episodes far surpass the rest of the narrative.

Into the latter part of the book Aphrodite flits

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and again. For her ultimate license to hold revel, she has to thank none other than Coventry Patmore, a passage from whose works, submitted to Octavia by the intuitive professor at just the right receptive moment, topples over that young rebel's policy of austerity toward her husband. It is not unthinkable that the poet's eyebrows might have risen as high as to his hair at the application made of his admonitory verses; however, the reader's concern is not with him, but with the reclaimed Octavia.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The Realm of Essence: Book First of Realms of Being, by George Santayana.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. 8vo. xix+183 pp. \$3.50.

HAS anyone ever adequately expressed the debt of present-day readers to George Santayana? Has anyone ever paid fitting tribute to his wonderfully illumined mind, to the books into which he has poured unexcelled beauty of language and moving profundity of thought? His influence has been great, but it seems to have been the influence of parts and fragments of his work rather than of the whole; of an aspect of his writings — the wonderful richness of poetry, wisdom, subtlety, which informs page after page — rather than of the considered philosophical position which his writings exist to define.

Few philosophers have contributed so bountifully to literature, or have offered so much to the reader of general tastes. In his *Poems*, in *Soliloquies in England*, in *Dialogues in Limbo*, are inculcable treasures for any sensitive and reflective mind. But it is only natural that severe difficulties should be presented by the exposition of his philosophy — the matured views of a mind of great spaciousness, acute in the particular problems and methods of the most subtle and sublimated of all human inquiries, the inquiry into the validity and means of knowledge itself and of the universe which it

reveals. And the difficulties are at their sharpest in the present volume. *The Realm of Essence* is the systematic and highly technical discussion of what seems fitted to prove the most difficult and the most remote of all the elements of Mr. Santayana's philosophy to the general educated reader of to-day. Incidental passages and aphorisms of wonderful discernment, of beauty, or of wit are present in the volume; it would not otherwise be a book by Santayana. But although passages in Mr. Santayana's poetic and general vein have their part in the book, what has been said of its difficulties as a whole will be illustrated on all but every page.

In the last analysis, Mr. Santayana is a philosopher of 'common sense.' In *Scepticism and Animal Faith* he declared, 'I think that common sense, in a rough dogged way, is technically sounder than the special schools of philosophy.' In the preface to the present volume, he says, 'The world is old, and can have changed but little since man arose in it, else man himself would have perished. Why, then, should he still live without a sure and sufficient philosophy? . . . There is actually a dumb human philosophy, incomplete but solid, prevalent among all civilized peoples. They all practise agriculture, commerce, and mechanical arts . . . and they necessarily possess, with these arts, a modicum of sanity, morality, and science requisite for carrying them on, and tested by success in so doing. Is not this human competence philosophy enough? Is it not at least the nucleus of all sound philosophy?' When Mr. Santayana addresses himself to the elucidation of this common sense, he seems, at least to this reviewer, profound, wise, and governed by an exquisite sense of reality. But the metaphysical doctrine of essence, to which the present volume is devoted, seems often at a far cry from this 'nucleus of all sound philosophy,' and the reader may not be able to regard it — as much as he understands of it — with the same credulity.

THEODORE MORRISON

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

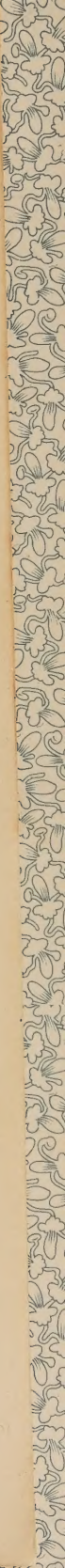
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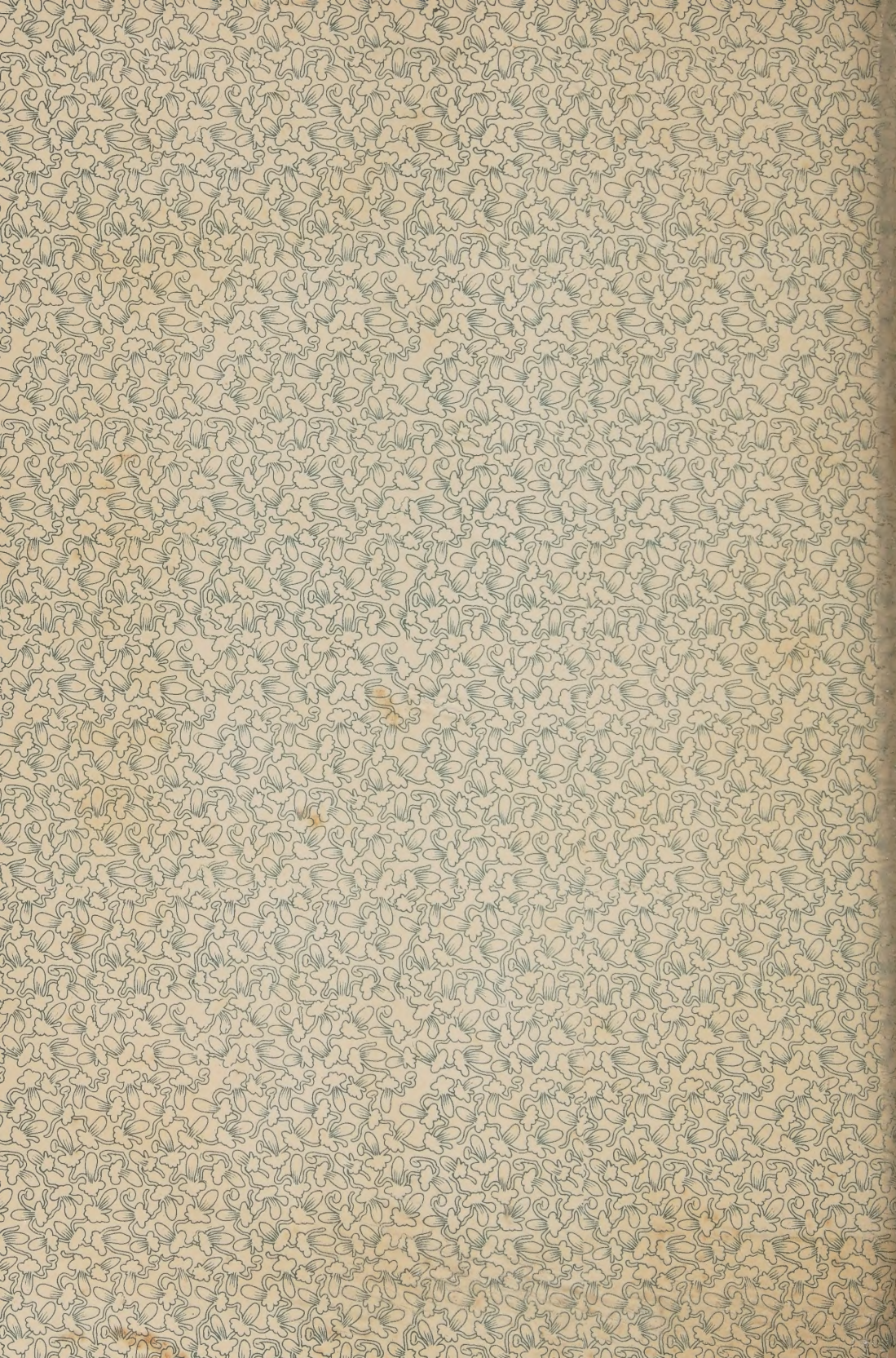
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